

THE SOUND BARRIER

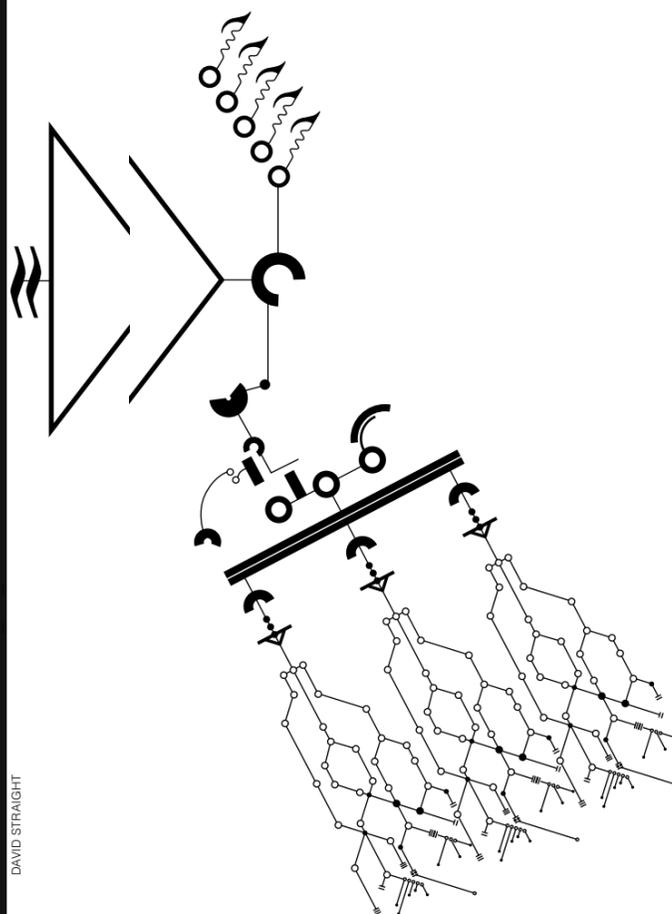
BY ANDREW CALDWELL

Hamish McKeich, conducting 175 East in one of a pair of performances from their October 2005 programme, has cellist Katherine Hebley under his wing. 175 East, named after Auckland's longitude, is the northern of New Zealand's two professional contemporary music ensembles. The other, Stroma, is based in Wellington.

DAVID STRAIGHT

To stubbornly conditioned EARS, anything new in MUSIC has always been called NOISE.

—Edgar Varese



MARK LANGFORD, 21 GRAPHIC SCORES (DETAIL)

A FEATHER-LIGHT snow descended in languid spirals, alighting on woollen hats and hunched shoulders, dissolving on contact with worn cobbles. The sun had set at 4 p.m. and the city was washed in the spectral glow of street lamps. Glimpsed through iron gates, the graveyard flanking Greyfriars Kirk appeared to have been lifted from a Christmas card, pyramids of snow topping all the horizontal ledges.

Situated at the top of Candlemaker Row in Edinburgh's Old Town, Greyfriars, with its long and venerable history, seemed an ironic institution to be hosting an alien invasion. It was the venue for a festival entitled New Zealand, New Music, a week-long gig on the Scottish stage for Kiwi composers. Kenneth Young, a regular conductor-performer with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra and an accomplished composer in his own right, was holding the baton for the impressive BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra.

Chatting with Ken earlier in the week, I'd been struck by the realisation that I'd never actually attended an orchestral concert in New Zealand dedicated specifically to New Zealand music. Certainly I'd been to many NZSO and Auckland Philharmonia concerts that had managed to squeeze in a local work, but Kiwi compositions often fly under the radar, sandwiched into programmes celebrating the works of long-dead Europeans. Only now, this winter's night in this corner of old Europe, was I to experience such a rare delight.

BENEATH LARGE stained-glass windows set within heavy stone arches, penguin-suited musicians tuned their instruments. The distinctive noise an orchestra makes prior to performance is something I find strangely compelling. Every team-musician becomes an individual, tightening or easing strings, checking reeds, fingering difficult solo passages and organising page turns. From this pre-flight checklist, the receptive listener can sometimes glimpse the entire programme, albeit chopped into fragments that thrust and parry, a melting pot of unexpected liaisons.

The same pre-concert ritual can also be viewed as a sort of passport stamp at the start of a journey. To audiences of the classical repertoire, its burst of sound presages a tour through familiar and much-loved terrain. But for audiences of works by living composers, it usually heralds a foray into uncharted waters. The maps used by ancient mariners were bordered with dragons and tempests to indicate the limits of knowledge, but those same seafarers also told stories of fabled lands with jewel-encrusted streets and lakes of ambrosia. Anything might exist beyond the horizon.

The concert began. First off, a piece by prominent English composer Edward Harper, *Intrada after Monteverdi*, which was delivered in the spirit of a Scottish welcome-cum-challenge, a kilted haka. Toying with Monteverdi's famous theme, Harper made an unequivocal statement: You Kiwis are playing with the big boys now, playing our game on our field—we invented this music!

I could feel some collective adrenalin in the Kiwi contingent around me, a buzz of nerves, excitement, possibly even uncertainty. This was to be a telling exposure for a group of our leading composers—antipodean upstarts under the critical scrutiny of an informed international audience. How would they fare? Would they cut the mustard?

With the opening bars of Gillian Whitehead's *Resurgences* came an exhalation of relief. As the first Kiwi respondent, this work was smart programming. It is an unimpeachable masterpiece. Shot through with flickering motifs that weave around a darker undercurrent, *Resurgences* contrasts a delicate touch with searing intensity. The BBCSSO, which specialises in



THE SCOTSMAN

new music, was clearly in its element.

Then came Jack Body's seductive *Melodies for Orchestra*, a score based on transcriptions of folk and street music from Greece, Indonesia and India. Pulsating with energy and imbued with exotic Eastern motifs, *Melodies* is another classic work. As it hurtled to a climax, I felt my feet tapping, my breath shortening. It's hard to communicate how exciting an orchestra going full tilt with a dynamic work can be to anyone who has not experienced it first-hand.

After the intermission, the momentum was given a further boost by Helen Bowater's ebullient *New Year Fanfare*, another window to the East. Bowater lifted her sound world for this piece from street celebrations she had joined in Yogyakarta. The Javanese take to the streets with paper hooters and whistles to welcome the change of the year in a riot of colour and sound, and the old church reverberated with their transmogrified enthusiasm.

Lyell Cresswell's *Salm* then launched us into a soundscape more familiar to many in the audience. A Wellingtonian, Cresswell has been based in Edinburgh for 30 years and was the principal architect of the festival. *Salm* is a piece that evolves from a lonely invocation, in which cello supplants voice in a system of Gaelic psalm-singing. With this archaic style of church music, a precentor leads his congregation, who, joining in piecemeal with heterophonic variations on his theme, weave their voices in and out as they build to an exultant climax. *Salm* is a beautiful work, complex, rooted in tradition, yet decidedly contemporary. From the opening few bars I found myself again on the edge of my seat.

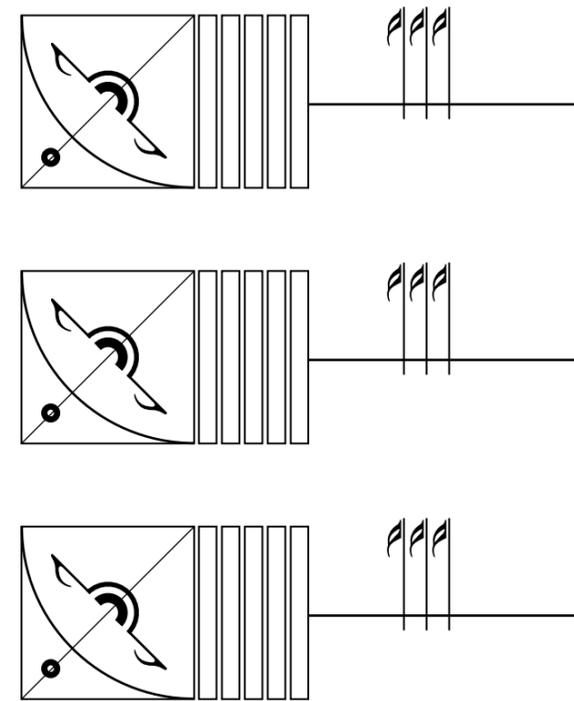
Rounding the evening off was a newly commissioned piece, the high-octane *Seikilos* by John Psathas. Building on an epitaph from a second-century Greek gravestone—a reminder to enjoy life in its "sweet fleeting"—Psathas added yet another ethnic strand to the international flavour of the concert.

It came as a shock to plunge back into the chilly embrace of a north-

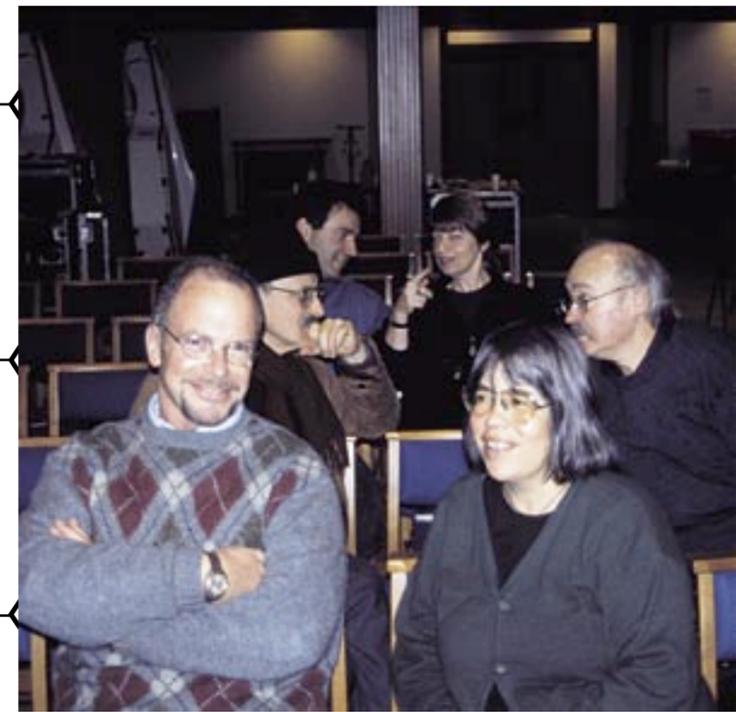
Kenneth Young (above) conducts the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra at Greyfriars Kirk, 2001. Attending orchestral rehearsals in Glasgow for the 1998 New Zealand, New Music festival (opposite) are Gordon Burt and Gillian Whitehead (front), Jack Body and Lyell Cresswell (middle), and John Psathas and Helen Bowater (back).

All the GOOD music has already been written by people with wigs and STUFF.

—Frank Zappa



MARK LANGFORD, 21 GRAPHIC SCORES (DETAIL), ANDREW CALDWELL (PHOTO)



ern winter, my head ringing with music from warmer latitudes. Are New Zealanders really an amalgam of all these diverse cultural influences? Sure, they treat overseas travel like a birthright, but this pot-pourri of influences could have been the music from planet Earth that NASA would stick in a probe and fire off at alien worlds. You could almost taste the alternating fragrances of hibiscus, lemongrass and resina wafting insolently about those Celtic flagstones and recesses. A great tonic for a Scottish winter, but where were Fred Dagg, No. 8 wire, the All Blacks and the haka?

Of course—or my inability to detect—a Kiwi accent was merely intriguing. The message being spelt out on this cold night was pointed: Vikings and other invaders of the British Isles are old history. Here come the Kiwis!

SITTING WITH composers at rehearsals—watching them flinch and grimace during the playing of their own work, react with delight at things too subtle for my ear, or smile enigmatically through the creations of their colleagues—I feel like an impostor.

It isn't that I don't appreciate their product. I do. What is strange, and what confounds me, is their approach to music, an enterprise that you might think holds few remaining mysteries. They listen to sound with different ears, speak to each other and through their music in a different language. Whereas we ordinary mortals tune in to melody, pulse, harmony and lyrics, and use music to facilitate or augment our mood, composers tune in to invention.

They create sonic textures, sculpting their sounds into melodic contours. They specify odd tunings and use strange

metres or complex polyrhythms with an overriding view of music more akin to architecture or abstract art. They get excited about raw sound sources and ethno-musicological obscurities. They like to put glass and bolts inside expensive grand pianos because of the way junk resonates on the strings or changes the instrument's timbre. They ask accomplished musicians to play on parts of their instruments that were not designed to be played—on the wrong side of the bridge of a stringed instrument or inside a piano—or to modify their technique to invoke overtones and other strange effects on woodwind and brass.

Subversive thinking is par for the course among artists, but few in other media seem as irreverent in their attitude towards their tools. How many movie-makers, for example, deconstruct their cameras? How many painters mutilate their brushes before starting a canvas?

Even more perplexing is that, for a bunch of artistic deviants, composers look rather ordinary. Unlike the self-tagging of goth, punk, country or rap musicians, there is no clue in a composer's general appearance to their strange passion. No black uniform, face paint, video gimmickry or bling jewellery. No headlining drug excesses or hotel-wrecking sex orgies. Composers walk past you in the street and they don't register. Any one of them could be your kind aunt or industrious bespectacled nephew.

Yet the scariest death-metal rocker is musically dull by comparison, imprisoned by ultra-conservative 4/4 time signatures, their sharpest tools impoverished chord changes and dinky rhyming word-patterns. Drab-looking composers, on the other hand, can produce art so radical and anarchic it beggars belief. To them, the edgy stage antics of

hard rockers who smash guitars into amplifiers, with all that unpredictable feedback, are little more than crude testosterone theatre. They might be interesting for their sonic possibilities, but you can bet a composer would explore those possibilities far more inventively than any Pete Townshend or John Entwistle.

Even when framed in a conservative language, the creations of contemporary composers are complex and not for the faint-hearted. As one who dabbles occasionally in rock music, where a chord chart is an unusual indication of pro-

LYELL CRESSWELL left New Zealand in 1972 to complete musical studies in Aberdeen. Not wanting to take up an academic post and with more opportunities in Britain for freelance composing, he became established there without any real intention. It was an accidental migration—and serendipity for the Scottish arts community, which embraces him now as a national treasure.

I had my first exposure to his work at the 1987 Wellington Sonic Circus, an extravaganza of New Zealand music orchestrated by Jack Body. Cresswell had journeyed home

recording or historic performance to be compared with. A combination of a demanding score and a tight rehearsal schedule can lead to a fine work sounding like a shambles, with the result that the audience—unfamiliar with it—will assume the fault lies in the piece. A safety-first approach is therefore prudent. Invention and risk-taking are easier to flirt with as you move up the food chain, because the virtuosity of the players you work with increases.

“I think you could also say that you’re not influenced by fashions to the same degree when you’re older,” says Cresswell. “You have more confidence to take risks.”

**FIRST of all I LISTEN to music.
I like MUSIC.**

—Gyorgy Ligeti



HELEN BOWATER (ALL PHOTOS)



fessionalism, I am mesmerised by scores, especially orchestral scores. Concert musicians are not only told what to play and when to play it, they are also instructed how loud to play, what mood to approach a note with, and how much expression to draw from it.

An orchestral score contains instruction sets for 90–odd musicians to play parts written specifically for their instruments. All of which means a lot of notation, perhaps a hundred A3 pages of dense scoring for a mere 10 minutes’ playing time.

On completion, a score is entrusted to players or a conductor to interpret. The performance that follows is entirely dependent on the skill and empathy of their interpretation. I can think of no other artistic format, save perhaps script-writing, in which the creator takes such a large risk with the presentation of their art.

A composer knows absolutely what all the different parts playing together should sound like without hearing a performance of the work, because the score is constructed on an inner template. I have witnessed a look of horror in the eyes of a composer at a rehearsal when a single instrument in the great orchestral wash has been played *p* (softly) instead of *pp* (very softly) as specifically indicated. Welcome to Planet Nuance, the home of control freaks—somewhere beyond the asteroid belt!

to present part of *A Modern Ecstasy*, a large-scale work for orchestra. Some friends told me not to miss this piece, so I dutifully filed into the Michael Fowler Centre to see why there was such a buzz. I watched and listened and felt truly perplexed. *A Modern Ecstasy* sounded like the work of a master! It seemed so accomplished, challenging, and so very musical—why had I not heard of Cresswell before? He walked shyly onto the stage to accept the excited applause, a smallish man in his forties, balding and with thick glasses—someone’s Uncle Lyell in a cardigan—who had just tamed a huge beast of an orchestra with a work of daring originality.

Artists supposedly mellow as they mature, becoming the “establishment” that later generations resist, while radical art remains the province of youth. Cresswell and many of his cohorts illustrate the principle in reverse. Career paths in composition usually start in the establishment before leading off into the unknown. As composers grow and develop their craft, they often shrug off conservative musical values, pitting themselves against what has already been done, including what they have already done themselves. This is not so surprising when you consider that composers invariably enter the arena as musicians, a community breast-fed on the classical repertoire.

But Cresswell thinks there’s more to it than that. Any new composition, by definition, has no precedent—no famous re-

One of his recent projects was a major commission from the Scottish Arts Council—a work of music theatre that explores issues of exile and identity. A subject of this work, Norman McLeod, was the fiery 19th-century Scots preacher whose exile with a band of followers, the Normanites, brought him to Waipu, south of Whangarei.

Exile is a theme that crops up regularly for Cresswell. Coming to terms with his own sense of uprooted national identity led him to the concept of a Kiwi music festival in Scotland. He wanted to show his adopted community that he was just the visible tip of an iceberg and that an exciting hub of art-music has flourished away from its European birthplace. His belief that the excitement and freshness of New Zealand composition would win over an arts-savvy European audience gave the project its momentum.

The Scottish press, lavish in its praise of the concerts, mooted that New Zealanders must be “natural multi-culturalists”, alluding to the way their composers move so easily through a sea of cultural influences. It’s hard to disagree with this assessment, but this and a second festival three years later included works that could only have grown out of New Zealand soil. Two were even based on New Zealand birdsong: Eve de Castro-Robinson’s haunting *Other Echoes*, and Gillian Whitehead’s *Journey of Matuku Moana*, which also explored the composer’s tipuna.

A number of composers, including Whitehead, Jenny McLeod and Helen Fisher, have identified strongly with Maori, collaborating with indigenous performers, artists and writers. Quite a few have been attracted to native birdsong, too. The distinctive kokako finds its voice translated in pieces by Douglas Lilburn, John Rimmer and Ross Harris, to name but a few, and

Composer Ross Harris (opposite) follows the score of visiting Italian composer Stefano Muscaritolo while his piece is being played by an ad hoc ensemble, including Miranda Adams (violin) and Ingrid Culliford (flute), at the Nelson Composers’ Workshop. This is an annual event that gives students and non-professional composers a chance to have their works performed and recorded by professionals and discussed by tutors. Composer-tutors Eve de Castro-Robinson and Jenny McLeod share their thoughts between performances (centre). Student Mary Binney (above), surrounded by the performers of her work—Monique Hay (flute), Reetta Nääätänen (clarinet), Andrew Uren (bass clarinet), Liesbeth Kok (viola) and Ashley Brown (cello)—answers questions in an open discussion about the piece.



ALAN KNOWLES

many works evoke a range of voices from the dawn chorus.

New Zealand composers have turned to other aspects of their physical surroundings, too, for stimulus, infusing their music with the same vision of landscape that informed painters like Colin McCahon. Yet where a landscape falls most conspicuously on the eye, so does visual art. Translating sight into sound, on the other hand, is an abstract process resulting in something impressionistic at best. The hills of New Zealand rendered as music might easily merge into hills elsewhere. Lilburn's *Overture: Aotearoa*—an iconic New Zealand work—could be enjoyed by someone not familiar with the specific landscape the composer had in mind as an evocation of, say, Sibelius' Finland.

In other words, drawing inspiration from the New Zealand environment does not guarantee a distinctive Kiwi voice. It is also worth noting that New Zealand still doesn't have a full generation of dead composers.

Douglas Lilburn, who holds the mantle of "Father of New Zealand Composition", died in 2001. Edwin Carr, Lilburn's contemporary, died in 2003, and was still writing music at the start of the century. Another composer of that generation, David Farquhar, is still writing substantial works. New Zealand music is a mingling of its first few generations, very much in its infancy.

While such a lack of historic depth could be viewed as a handicap, it has an upside, albeit one probably better appreciated from abroad. In the established music centres of

Europe, stylistic movements often hold sway, meaning many composers work within the confines of particular schools or trends, closely bound to—and constrained by—a living tradition. New Zealand composers, by comparison—and other composers around the Pacific rim—while informed by musical directions in Europe and the United States, do not seem to be tied to them to the same degree. The music they produce is ineffably different. To my ear it can sometimes seem less measured, but it is extremely varied and has a certain unmistakable vitality and virility.

ONE KIWI composer who regularly looks towards Asia for inspiration is Jack Body. Like many other New Zealanders of his generation, Body went to Europe for "finishing", attending institutions in Cologne and Utrecht, then for two years in the late 1970s lived in Java, a guest lecturer at the Indonesian Music Academy.

Body's interest in Asia was first kindled during a journey he made on his way back to New Zealand in 1971. Seeing life and death so vividly played out in places like India and Afghanistan caused him to think deeply about his art, placing it in a social and political context.

These days Body, an associate professor at the NZ School of Music, is still an inveterate traveller. While his work interests extend over the widest possible musical gamut and spill over into visual art, it is his synthesis of Eastern and Western music that creates the most immediate impression.

"Nothing for me, but three letters for Douglas!" Lyell Cresswell investigates the letterbox at Lilburn's former residence, home to the composer and his wife Catherine during his stint as 2006–07 Creative NZ-NZ School of Music Composer in Residence. Of his graphic scores (below), composed for Jack Body's 50th birthday, he says: "There is no artistic, communicative, logical, coherent, meaningful, cogent, enchanting, devotional, seditious, wholesome, misanthropic, didactic, perverse, perverted, succulent, organic or, indeed, carnivorous basis, or reason for their existence".



I can't understand why people are FRIGHTENED of new ideas. I'm frightened of the OLD ones.

—John Cage



LYELL CRESSWELL, EARS (ABOVE), TOES (BELOW), FROM BODY MUSIC

In 1998 Body staged an opera, *Alley*, with librettist Geoff Chapple, to open the New Zealand International Arts Festival in Wellington. Rewi Alley is a folk hero to the Chinese, admired for his lifelong dedication in their country to the principles of peace and education. Alley's response to the grinding poverty and hardship he encountered in Shanghai in the late 1920s—rolling up his sleeves and getting stuck in—is one New Zealanders think of as typically Kiwi. Body's fascination with Asian cultures mirrors Alley's in many ways. He says he is drawn by the profound cultural differences between Asia and New Zealand.

"Perhaps the emptiness we New Zealanders feel, the lack of a sense of identity, the insecurity about who or what we are, all this somehow assuaged by his (my/our) engagement with a culture and history so ancient and volatile and sure of itself...through this experience we learn who WE are—I believe Alley always thought of himself as a "real Kiwi"—he could certainly never be or become a Chinese!"

Asia is no longer merely a travel destination—it has come to us. In recent years, central Auckland has witnessed a steady transformation of facial features from predominantly European and Polynesian to largely oriental. And just as Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Vietnamese and Indians today fill the country's universities, Body foresees Asian perspectives assuming greater influence in the arts.

He has transcribed Asian folk music regularly for Western instruments. Transcription is the process of taking something you hear and turning it into a score. Reversing the normal flow of score to music is, he says, a fascinating way to approach composition: "Music just exists in time and space and passes before our ears—transcribing creates a text to understand it."

In his orchestral work *Pulse*, Body pushed his transcriptions further, exploring pulse as a concept in Eastern and Western music. Along with the difficult metre of a Papua New Guinea fire dance, he combined Beethoven, Berlioz and Stravinsky into a web of juxtapositions. *Pulse* examines the primitive power of pulse in classical music. For some listeners it becomes a game of spot the famous theme, but the work warrants concentrated listening beyond that.

Hearing it for the first time, I sensed something new and exciting, an artist stepping back from his art to open up an unexpected vista. Rather than listening to new music with old ears, it seemed as if I was being instructed how to listen to old music with new ears! And therein lies a hint of the magic that one finds in this type of music—accompanying the text are layers of subtext, wheels within wheels.

Transcription supplies Body with a rich vein of possibilities, but it is just one of many ways to approach composition. The traditional image of a Mozart-like figure poring over his score with quill in hand is valid, but this is by no means the only way of arriving at a finished work. Jenny McLeod pioneered tone clock theory in New Zealand, a system that, from a given entry point and within certain parameters, dictates tone sequences. Other composers have mooted magic squares, random numbers, obscure mathematical systems or even messy old intuition to make musical choices. Some composers write from the middle out or from the back to the front, or cut and paste blocks of material. There are a few who annotate an essentially improvised structure, even playing directly to score via computer, while others are notorious technophobes who employ copyists to clean up their scratchings so that they are legible to players.

Then there are those who approach from a different angle entirely: rather than using notation, they manufacture the circumstances for an intriguing sound world to occur. Annea Lockwood's 1960s work *Piano Burning* entails immolating an aging instrument to draw from it new sounds—an exploration of the boundary between creation and destruction.



ALAN KNOWLES

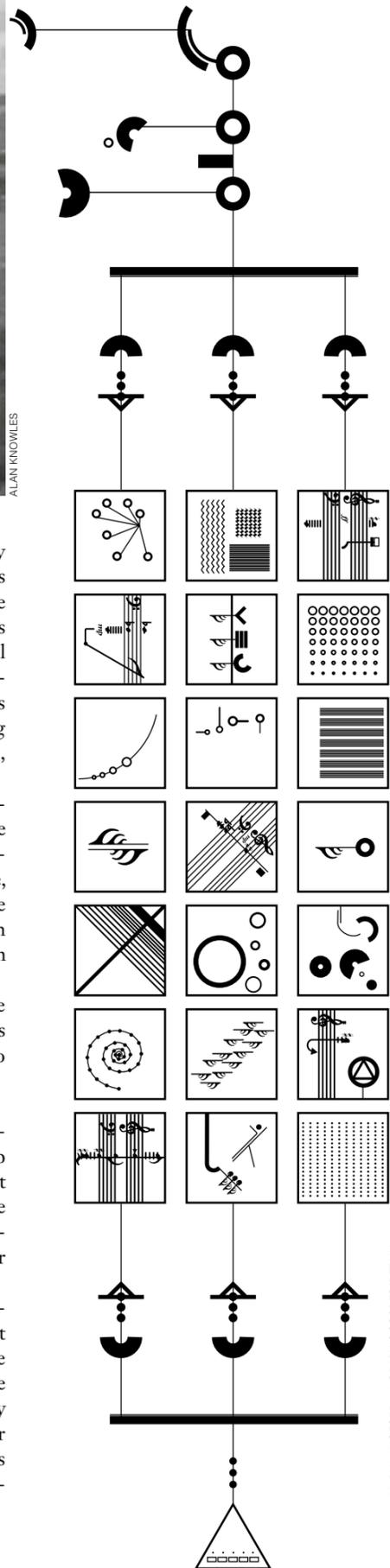
Using a specific system does not necessarily dictate the way a piece finally sounds. For instance, a system that throws up melodic or rhythmic sequences still says little about how a work might be conceived or how it evolves. There are composers who see an overview of their work in visual terms, as shapes, colours or motion. Some explore a single motif or pattern, extrapolating all the material required for the work from this nucleus. Some approach composition as problem solving or, like Ross Harris, relate to music as a language which contains expectations of form and familiarity that are open to manipulation. By viewing it linguistically, Harris says, he can layer his composition “with mixed messages, illusions, false trails and almost never more than a hint of redemption”.

Despite the limitless variety of tools at the composer’s disposal, technical limitations impose some common constraints. While composers don’t need to be able to play all of the instruments they write for, they need to understand the properties of each: where its top and bottom notes sit; if there are any holes in the range, or intervals that are too difficult to span; how harmonics and other effects are produced; how fast a hand can travel around the frets or keys; and how much breath a musician can pour into a mouthpiece before going blue in the face. Even freeing up a hand to turn the page becomes a consideration in dense passages.

Yet, for all this, what is heard in the finished product seldom betrays the methods used by its author. At the heart of any piece is the same motivation as drives all art: a desire on the part of the artist to discover who they are and to find a way to express that tenuous insight in a tangible way.

CHRS CREE BROWN is a Christchurch-based composer who has gained a reputation for pushing all kinds of boundaries. He has occasionally stirred up audience reaction by infusing some of his music with social commentary. At the 1987 Sonic Circus in Wellington, he presented a work for orchestra plus tape and video, *Black and White*. This was a personal perspective on the 1981 Springbok tour, which had aroused political protest and civil violence to a degree never previously experienced in New Zealand’s well-ordered backwater.

Black and White is a potent piece, an emotionally concentrated political statement. The years between the events that inspired it and its premiere had not softened any of the scar tissue; emotions still ran high. During the performance a number of NZSO players laid down their instruments and walked off the stage in protest. They objected to being the mouthpiece for a political viewpoint they didn’t necessarily support. This action could not have been scripted to better effect. A confrontation of issues that had created so much social division was met by a performance that was itself beset with tense emotions and divisive be-



MARK LANGFORD, 21 GRAPHIC SCORES (DETAIL)

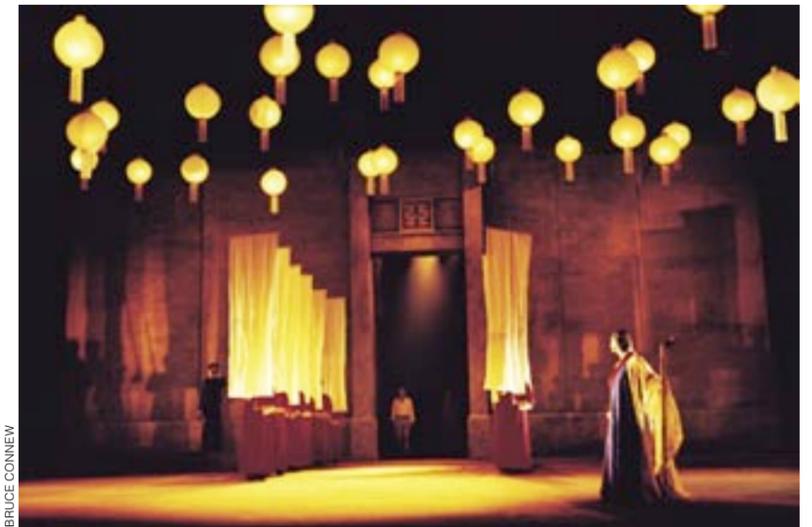


ALAN KNOWLES

Composer John Cousins (opposite) turns the formula on its head by having life reflecting on him in a Summer cafe. Jack Body (above), a member of the NZSM’s Gamelan Padhang Moncar, plays the balungan, or “skeleton” melody, of a piece on the slentem, simultaneously striking the instrument and dampening the previous sound. This central-Javanese gamelan is an orchestra of bronze percussion instruments, led by the kendang (drum), often including gerong (singers), suling (flute), rebab (two-string fiddle) and pasinden (solo soprano), which have a partially improvisatory role. Budi Surasa Putra leads this gamelan, which includes current music students and a core group of experienced players, including Body and (to his left) fellow composer Judith Exley. Body’s opera *Alley* (right), was commissioned by the NZ International Arts Festival in 1998.

Never be ashamed to write a MELODY that people remember.

—Burt Bacharach



BRUCE CONNEW

haviour. Some in the audience stormed out while others gave a standing ovation. Seldom is an artwork so aptly titled!

Cree Brown is not alone in using music to vent his political concerns. Douglas Lilburn’s heart-rending *Poem in Time of War* (1967), an electroacoustic work protesting against the excesses of the conflict in Vietnam, *As Though There Were No God* (2003), by Ross Harris, which moves the spotlight to Iraq, and Helen and David Bowater’s theatrical *The Chafing of the Stump* (1987), a meaty smorgasbord of animal carcasses demanding vegetarian relief, give a sense of the spectrum of



CHRIS CREE BROWN



TYLER KIDDER, COURTESY OF BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY, LEWISBURG



CHRIS CREE BROWN



ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY, EVENING POST COLLECTION

issues that can give rise to art laced with political messages.

But politics is only one among many landscapes that Cree Brown chooses to explore. In 1999 he found himself at Scott Base participating in the Artists to Antarctica programme. An electroacoustic work, *Under Erebus*, that issued from this experience involved the manipulation of the unique soundscape he encountered: wind, penguin calls, crunching footsteps and a variety of other sounds, recorded both above and beneath the ice. *Under Erebus* is a haunting evocation of an alien wilderness rendered with exquisite timing, a million miles from the long-baton charges of the Red Squad.

Cree Brown's 2002 installation *Aeolian Harp* in Christchurch Botanic Gardens—an instrument that played shimmering harmonics in the lightest of breezes—revealed yet another startling and subtle dimension to his work. Like fellow Christchurch composer John Cousins, he creates at the cutting edge of an experimental music that blurs any meaningful distinction between music, performance and other branches of the visual arts.

WHEN DOUGLAS LILBURN died on 6 June 2001, it was a significant day for New Zealand music. Nevertheless, the event rated only a small column on an inside page of those newspapers that chose to mention it—the merest media blip compared with the outpouring of public grief that accompanied the death of a prominent sportsman a few months later. Such muted acknowledgement, however, was all too accurate a gauge of the profile and popularity of contemporary music in New Zealand.

Lilburn was a towering figure, a pioneer who left behind a body of work that made New Zealand music a viable concern. He studied with Ralph Vaughan Williams at the Royal College of Music in London during the late 1930s. A founding lecturer at the music faculty of Victoria University, he established the electronic-music studio there and became a pioneer of the medium.

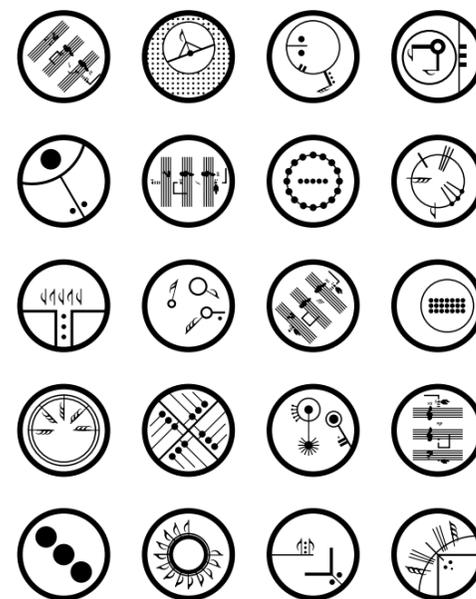
Crossing boundaries between music, sculpture and art is a regular approach Chris Cree Brown takes in his work. *Aeolian Harp* (above, upper left), a 40 per cent model of his design, was *in situ* in Christchurch Botanic Gardens for three months during 2002 as part of the Art and Industry Biennale, its open-ended igloo shape creating a wind tunnel to direct wind over the strings, while also focusing the sound at a point inside the structure. *The Dinner* (above, right) is an installation work conceived in collaboration with his wife, sculptor Fiona Gunn. Cree Brown produced a sonic setting suggestive of a lively dinner party, to form a commentary that integrated with Gunn's austere formal arrangement.

As impressive aurally as it is visually, Annea Lockwood gives voice to the sound of heat in *Piano Burning* (above, lower left), performed at Bucknell University, Pennsylvania, 2004.

Dancer Lyne Pringle (opposite), appropriately attired in cheese cloth, hangs out with carcasses, meat cleavers, pigs' heads and sausages during a performance of David and Helen Bowater's *The Chafing of the Stump*, a vegetarian-advocacy work of music, dance and theatre for cello, saxophone, electroacoustic soundtrack, dancer, pigs and sheep. This work featured at the 1987 Sonic Circus in Wellington's Michael Fowler Centre.

You have to give PEOPLE something to DREAM on.

—Jimi Hendrix



MARK LANGFORD, 21 GRAPHIC SCORES (DETAIL)

Having built a reputation as New Zealand's leading composer with an eloquent individual writing style that at times evoked Vaughan Williams, Sibelius and Stravinsky, Lilburn changed tack mid-career, pursuing a new idiom for self-expression. At an open lecture at Otago University in 1969 he explained:

"I felt the impact of a revolutionary new music stemming from Darmstadt, and also of a radically new medium of electronic sound. This situation became alarming, began to make me feel that unless I somehow kept up with all the new developments I might be condemned to a musical inconsequence or sterility. Of course, in human or musical terms this would be intolerable—to spend one's life keeping up with the Darmstadt Joneses.

"But for a time I really felt as though I'd taken a tumble through the looking glass, and I would have to run faster and faster even to keep in the same place. It turned out not to be that, but a curious thing postulated by 16th century navigators, and perhaps by Einstein—roughly, that if you travel far enough in the same direction you arrive back in the same place, but a different person."

Lilburn's musical curiosity and taste for experimentation influenced the next generation of artists, setting the course new music has since taken in New Zealand. He formed Waiteata Music Press, which publishes works of New Zealand composers, and in 1984 founded the Lilburn Trust, a generous and largely invisible hand that has fostered the growth of composition in New Zealand, thereby helping promote a Kiwi artistic identity. His legacy cannot be overstated.

Composition would hardly exist in New Zealand without the fostering hand of the universities. Some composers work as lecturers, and ex-students often retain lecturers as mentors who encourage their efforts in a largely indifferent marketplace. Trapped by circular dependence, composition has suffered from an ivory-tower stigma, galling for practitioners who long to see their art accepted by a wider public.

In a kind of middle-aged crisis, it dawned upon me that there was a POSSIBILITY that music might not even be an art form.

—Morton Feldman



An electronic-music studio was established by Douglas Lilburn (above) in the Hunter Building basement at Victoria University in 1966, the first of its kind in the Southern hemisphere. Lilburn was director until his retirement in 1980, dedicating the last 15 years of his career to this branch of composition. In newer surroundings, studio director Lissa Meridan (opposite) records Donald Maurice for her piece *Tunnel Vision*, for solo viola and train, written to celebrate the studio's 40th anniversary.

Composers insist that music is, or can be, a serious art form and need not be treated as ear-candy. They ask audiences to extend themselves when listening and to accept that the effort required to unravel a work will lead to a commensurate reward, just as it does in the literary, visual and dramatic arts. The basis of any creative work is experiment—bold experiment—and irreverence. Bach and Beethoven were revolutionaries, too, in their time. But getting that message across is an uphill battle.

In 1995, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa stirred up an anguished howl of protest with a flippant remark delivered during a TV interview in South Africa. She had been employed to sing the theme song for the Rugby World Cup, being staged at the time in that country. Asked if, while in South Africa, she would be performing any New Zealand music, she replied: “No, I’m sorry. We haven’t got a wealth of composers out there unfortunately.”

Invited to respond to this comment, composers sent an avalanche of outraged letters to *Music in New Zealand*, the (now sadly defunct) magazine for the musical fraternity. Of course, Dame Kiri’s principal repertoire is pre-20th-century operatic, and it is perfectly true that no indigenous work from that period and genre exists. But her remark was nevertheless a strangely dismissive one for New Zealand’s leading musical icon to make.

Auckland composer John Elmsly noted in one of many open-letter responses: “Divas are narrow specialists who excel in a small number of famous roles—success partially guaranteed because the music is so familiar that beautiful mimicry is more important than the ability to fashion a great performance from the unknown.”

Elmsly’s response encapsulates a defining dilemma for composers. Audiences are drawn to what is familiar, composers to its polar opposite. The unknown is a bad place to be working if you want to be popular.

POPULAR MUSIC is virtually a soundtrack for our lives—in shops and cafés, piped through work places, blaring out of cars and sports stadia, or dubbed into movies, TV dramas and documentaries—and classical music and jazz nurture smaller slices of the public consciousness, but there are few outlets for contemporary art-music.

Radio New Zealand’s Concert FM sets aside broadcast time in which it features new and home-grown music, but it is the only branch of the media that shows any significant interest. Major newspapers usually review, and sometimes preview, performances in their arts sections, and some are very good, such as the *New Zealand Herald*, which employs William Dart. But there has always been a small number of reviewers who show little empathy, or even display a feral dislike, for contemporary music. I recall sitting next to a Wellington critic who shamelessly and loudly snored his way through a performance and still managed, in the next day’s paper, to dislike what he hadn’t heard. Artists should be critiqued according to the deficiencies of their work, not judged against the deficiencies of their reviewer. The paradoxical prerequisite to survive for any artist, it seems, is a thick skin to complement heightened sensitivity.

Until recently, New Zealand works have tended to feature only rarely in, and even to be completely absent from, the concert seasons of some orchestras and many ensembles. The situation has improved dramatically in the last few years as a number of dedicated contemporary chamber groups have sprung up in the main centres and established institutions are at last seeing the wisdom of fostering home-grown talent.

We have also witnessed the coming of age of large-scale arts events in this country such as the New Zealand International Arts Festival, the Asia Pacific Festival, and the Auckland Festival. The size and importance of the New Zealand International Arts Festival, a multi-arts event, make it a major contributor to the commissioning and performance of new

music. The Asia Pacific Festival highlights composers and brings to New Zealand leading performers of indigenous instruments, allowing us a glimpse of what is happening in the region.

The NZSO now takes a very active role in commissioning, premiering, workshoping and generally fostering new music. In its 2006 concert season, it premiered five works by New Zealand composers. This is in stark contrast with seasons over the previous decade that boasted little or no home-grown content, a situation equivalent to the National Art Gallery omitting New Zealand works from all its

be recorded by the orchestra and played on the channel. For their considerable efforts, most entrants receive nothing; a handful of finalists get a token prize, and the winner, chosen in tandem with public voting, collects a sum equivalent to a normal commission fee plus the promise of future commissions.

It may seem to the public that an orchestra, by staging such a competition, is championing New Zealand music, but how many plumbers would accept such conditions to fix a broken toilet—a prize of proper payment to the best job?

And yet, in the inaugural 2000 competition, some 74 en-



exhibitions.

Even in these more enlightened times, the problem of too few opportunities for composers has not been completely remedied. The five premieres of commissioned works given by the NZSO plus three by the Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra, also in 2006, amount to performances of new works, by two of the country’s top orchestras, of less than 2 per cent of its composers. It is a sad fact that many, among them some highly promising original artists, will never be commissioned by—or even have the opportunity to write for—an orchestra.

Proof of this can be seen in the number of entries submitted for the Douglas Lilburn Prize, a triennial competition run by the NZSO and Concert FM. Part of the prize is to

tries were received. For far too many composers this contest is that all too rare a thing: the opportunity to write for orchestral forces with the prospect, however unlikely, of actually being performed. In 2000, the competition was deservedly won by Penelope Axtens with her work *Part the Second*, but there were many other fine entries, such as *Nightdances* by runner-up Michael Norris, which at the very least deserved a commission fee. Norris won the competition in 2003 with his *Rays of the Sun, Shards of the Moon*, so poetic justice might be said to have been meted out for him, and in 2006 Lissa Meridan scooped the prize with *This Present Brightness*, but numerous other artists have found themselves working on substantial pieces without pay.

The Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra has shown a



ALAN KNOWLES

commitment to Kiwi composition over many years. Aside from regularly commissioning new works—and being adventurous in its commissioning practice—it runs a resident-composer scheme. This accommodates one highly trained, uniquely skilled composer each year in a paid position with an income at the giddy level of a building labourer's. The APO has limited resources, and composers have learned to accept low wages for their services, so this is a highly sought-after post. In 2007 Gareth Farr will be added to a list of composers who have held the APO residency, which reads like a who's who of New Zealand composition.

Other significant residencies are the Creative NZ, NZ School of Music in Wellington and the Mozart Fellowship attached to Otago University, and from these stipends a fortunate composer might enjoy a few years of steady income. But there are few who can draw a sustained living from composition alone. Wellingtonian Farr and Dunedin's Anthony Ritchie have generated sufficient appeal to be regularly commissioned, but even they are occasionally confounded by the vagaries of the marketplace. Most composers have to teach or lecture in music, copy scores, work at other day jobs or depend on family members to top up whatever erratic commission fees they might command.

Unlike in the visual arts, where a painter or sculptor can build up sufficient demand for their work to live on the proceeds of sales, in this world there is no tangible product for a composer to sell, apart from a one-off performance that is

thereafter lost to the ether. Compact discs are costly to produce and, with performers being major stakeholders, fraught with copyright issues, while new composition commands only a tiny market share in any case, all of which makes CDs an insignificant source of income. Given these conditions, Creative New Zealand has become a major supporter and funder of composition.

Not all performers are prepared to play the music that results. For a vocalist, unconventional demands can lead to a ruined larynx and an early end to a career. Some instrumentalists also see innovation as a fast track to oblivion. Where recitals of classical music, a repertoire practised and honed since school days, might lead to packed houses and prominent solo careers, new music seems to generate incomprehension and even open hostility.

A musician who has flown in the face of conventional wisdom is pianist Dan Poynton. His first solo album (on Rattle Records), *You Hit Him, He Cry Out*—the title apparently comes from Papua New Guinea pidgin for "piano": big fella, many teeth, you hit him, he cry out—won Classical Album of the Year at the 1998 New Zealand Music Awards. It contains a selection of New Zealand piano works drawn from a repertoire Poynton has toured extensively.

The success of this album was hard won. The automatic assumption made by concert promoters that audiences are interested only in the established classical repertoire means Poynton is always fighting to be heard.



HELEN BOWATER

NZ School of Music lecturer Michael Norris (opposite) bewitches students as he reveals some of the arcane mysteries of composition, while retired Auckland University professor John Rimmer (left) here takes a more relaxed approach to the job of mentoring student Catherine Mitchell.

In 'thinking up' music I usually have some kind of a BRASS band with WINGS on it in the back of my MIND.
—Charles Ives

GRAPHIC SCORES

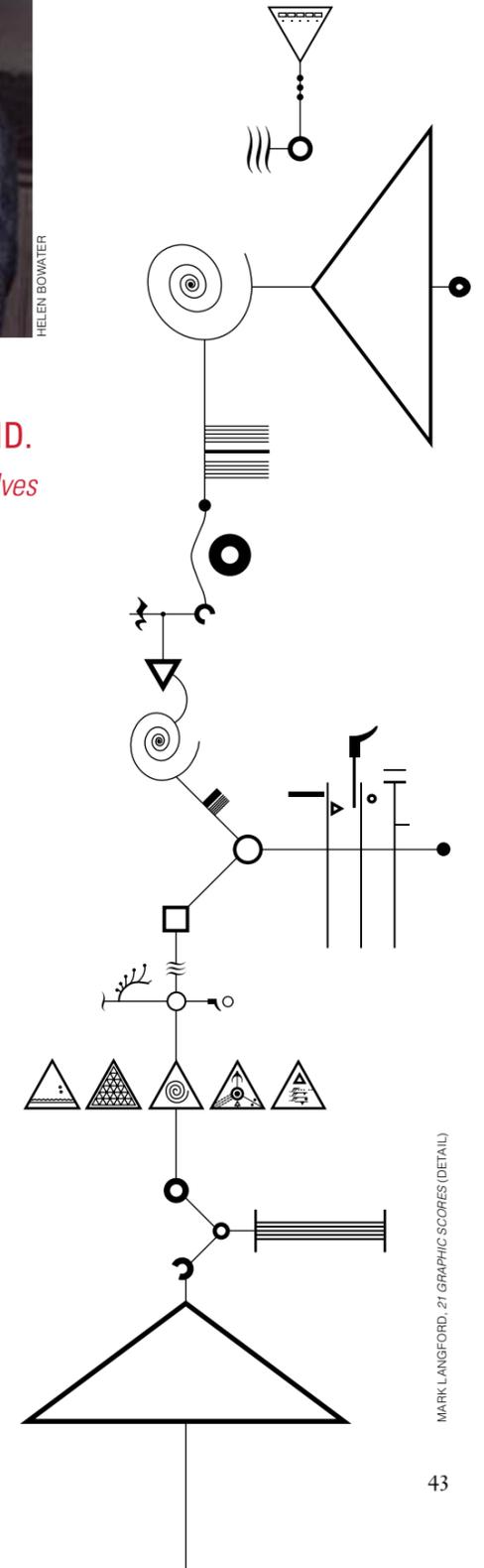
Graphic scoring is an extension of musical notation, taking it into the realm of visual art, and it is not always intended that the scores be played; rather, they are to be appreciated as visual representations of musical ideas.

In 1984, Waiteata Press published a box set of 17 graphic scores by nine composers. Among them are examples of rare beauty that need no augmentation as art works, but some also excite the imagination regarding just how they might sound if they were played.

A number of graphic scores by New Zealand composers found their way to music festivals in Amsterdam and Edinburgh in 2002. Exhibition organiser Philip Dadson—a Laureate Artist in 2001 and known to many as the force behind the percussion ensemble From Scratch—had works on display together with fascinating designs from Wellington's Mark Langford (opposite—with other fragments from his scores throughout this article) and some quirky studies by Cresswell.

Langford explained: "While studying at the Insittuut voor Sonolgie in Utrecht, Jack Body sent over an analogue tape of New Zealand bird song and I commenced work on a computer piece using the two Institute computers, Aagje and Betje. They 'realised' two works, with the aid of Gottfried Koenig's PR1 programme. A tape of birds singing their little lungs out became an unfinished digital and analogue work for children called *Vexations for a Dried Out Liverwort*. Written out, these scores became raw materials for my *21 Graphic Scores*—music slowing metamorphosed from notes on staves in perfect space-time notation, to graphic design, with the odd Fibonacci influence here and there."

This approach to musical notation stretches the concept of music, given that no sonic component is deemed necessary, and demonstrates how far some in the art-music world have strayed from the common fold as they have pushed out the boundaries of their craft. But it provides an insight, too, into the lack of constraint some composers feel as they search for innovative ways to express their musical ideas.



MARK LANGFORD, 21 GRAPHIC SCORES (DETAIL)



REFORMA, MEXICO CITY



HELEN BOWATER



HAWKE'S BAY TODAY



HELEN BOWATER

“You have to slog your guts out if you want to play New Zealand music in New Zealand. You’re always battling to convince people that they should be wanting to hear it—especially concert promoters and bureaucrats—because usually the audience really digs the ‘indigenous’ when someone finally corners them into listening to it,” he says.

Poynton is an engaging character, more in the mould of a roving minstrel than a white-tie performer. He seeks to involve his audiences by talking freely about works or their authors so as to illuminate their mysteries, while handing out chocolate fish. He is as close as the local art-music world comes to having an ambassador.

In recent years Poynton has been recording the entire piano works of Douglas Lilburn over four volumes. Volumes one and two are completed, and incredibly—given Lilburn’s status—they contain works that were previously unrecorded. Volume one was voted Best Classical Album at the 2005 New Zealand Music Awards.

“Deep down I love the stuff my country produces, and I wouldn’t feel relevant if I was just churning out Mozart and Chopin all the time,” he says.

Other fine musicians who carry a selection of Kiwi scores in their travel bags are violinist Mark Menzies, clarinettist Andrew Uren, and Alexa Still, who is a lecturer in flute at the Sydney Conservatorium. Working as a professor at the California Institute of the Arts, Menzies has earned a reputation for his willingness to tackle challenging new work.

On his visits to New Zealand, he makes a point of performing new material from abroad; conversely, he inserts as much New Zealand music into his international performances as he can.

Among the leading chamber ensembles that actively promote new music are two based in Auckland: Karlheinz Company, founded by composers John Rimmer and John Elmsly, and 175 East, whose artistic director, James Gardner, is also a composer. Wellington-based Stroma, like 175 East, counts top performers in its ranks. All three chamber groups perform an innovative repertoire of works by living composers. The excellent NZ String Quartet tours indigenous works, as does the NZ Trio. New Zealand works can also be found in the programmes of many local and overseas choirs, particularly the award-winning Tower New Zealand Youth Choir and New Zealand Voices. With the enthusiasm of key people such as Peter Godfrey and Karen Grylls, many composers have been encouraged and inspired to contribute to a large repertoire of NZ choral works.

NEW MUSIC has traditionally fared somewhat better overseas than it has in New Zealand. In Europe and the US, performers such as the Kronos Quartet or deaf Scottish percussionist Evelyn Glennie have busy performing schedules, playing nightly to packed houses. Some New Zealand composers have recognised this and followed their fortunes offshore.

Douglas Beilman, Rolf Gjelsten, Helene Pohl and Gillian Ansell of the New Zealand String Quartet (opposite) receive warm applause at the Cervantino International Festival in Guanajuato, Mexico, in October 2006. The Festival is the largest cultural event in Latin America and for this occasion the NZSQ performed a mix of programmes incorporating two NZ works: *Three Transcriptions* by Jack Body and *Kartsigar* by John Psathas. Composer-lecturer at the University of Canterbury Gao Ping (above) plays his piece for piano and voice, *Concealed Kisses*, with dazzling virtuosity and sparkling wit. Dan Poynton (upper right) finds the perfect partner in a piano, and Mark Menzies (lower right) is a study in concentration as he learns *Lautari*, a gypsy influenced violin piece by Helen Bowater.

REVOLUTIONS are celebrated when they are no longer DANGEROUS.

—Pierre Boulez

John Psathas is one of the generation of mid-career composers who, like Gareth Farr, has made waves with his music. Psathas began forging an international profile when Glennie took up *Matre’s Dance*, a high-energy duet for piano and percussion, touring the world with it in the early 1990s. Noting the public response to this work, Glennie added more Psathas pieces to her repertoire, setting off a snowball effect. Psathas is now in a unique position among New Zealand composers. He is regularly performed by the world’s finest orchestras, ensembles and musicians. His first album, *Rhythm Spike* (Rattle Records), won Classical Album of the Year in 2000, and the follow-up album, *Fragments*, took the 2004 award.

Psathas’ *View From Olympus* was premiered at the Royal Gala Concert for the XVIIth Commonwealth Games in Manchester in July 2002, a prestigious event at which the composer shared concert billing with Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, and a new album of this title has just been released.

Selected from among hundreds of international contenders, Psathas was one of the official composers for the 2004 Olympic Games in Athens, as a result of which his music was heard by hundreds of millions of people around the world. He now rivals film-maker Peter Jackson for having the largest international audience of any New Zealand artist.

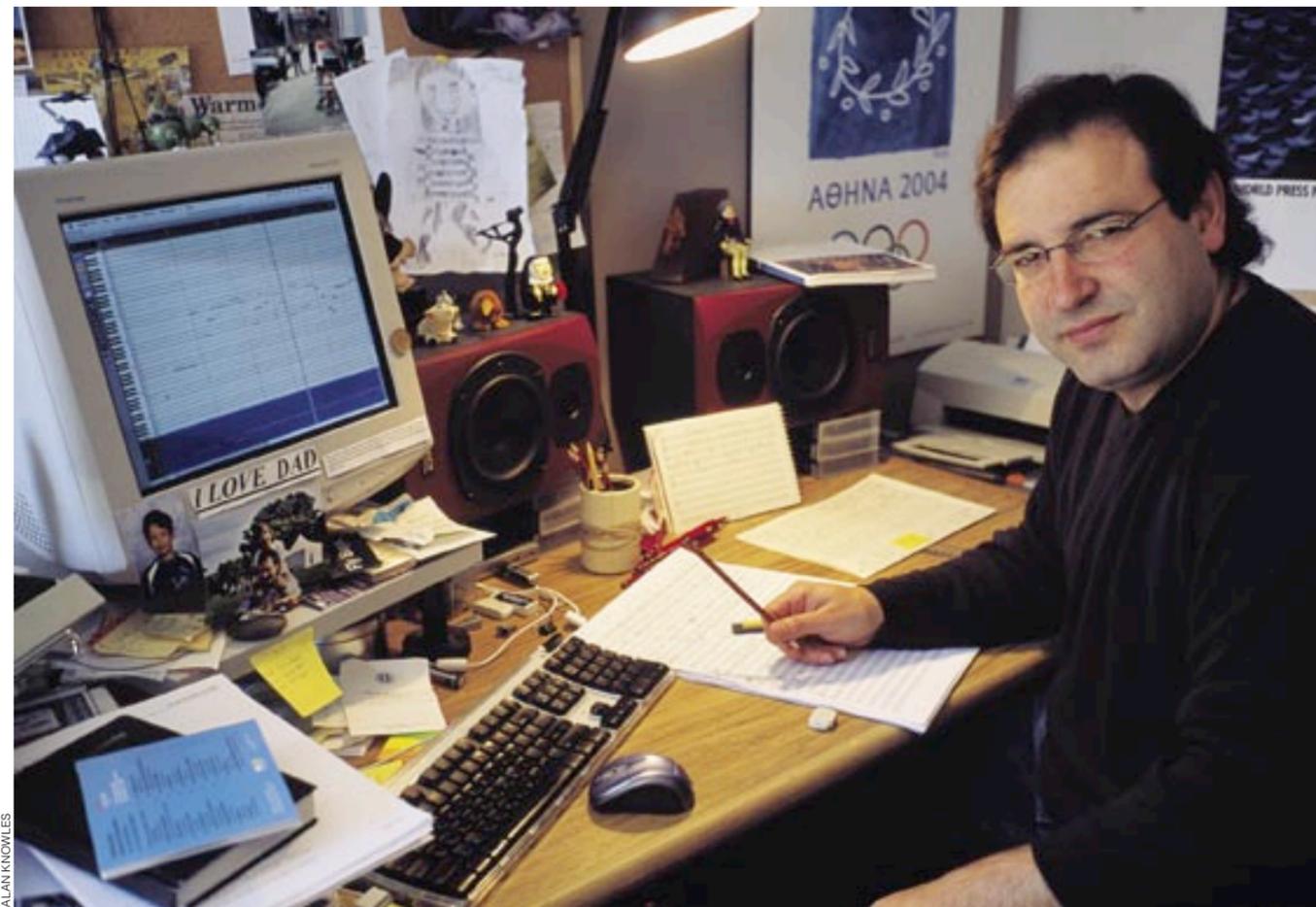
Early on in his career, Psathas had problems with musicians struggling to play his material and altering his score to match their own technical limitations. His music is notorious for its demanding, driving rhythms, which require great virtuosity to perform. But an unexpected benefit flows from the difficulty of his work, which is that the world’s finest musicians are often interested by the challenges it poses—it stretches them—and so they beat a path to his door. With the calibre of performances he now receives, he is able to write to the limit of technical possibility with total



REG GRAHAM



EMMA BASS



ALAN KNOWLES

confidence.

Psathas now enjoys an international reputation which eclipses that of all other New Zealand composers—a feat all the more remarkable given that, like Jackson, he remains adamantly based in Wellington.

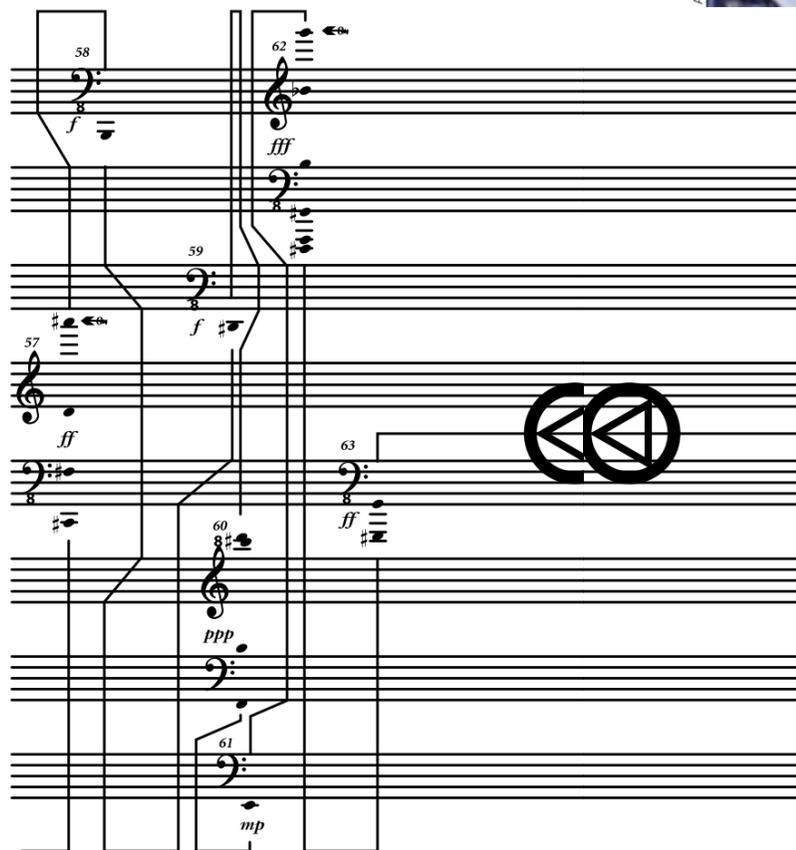
Looking further afield, a number of elite Kiwi composers have pursued performers and audiences by making their homes offshore. Among these Anna Lockwood, a leader of the 1960s New Zealand avant-garde, lives and works in the US, while Denis Smalley and John Young have gained noteworthy reputations in Europe.

Gillian Whitehead has spent most of her artistic life abroad. She studied with Sir Peter Maxwell Davies in Britain and benefited from QEII grants that allowed her to live and work in Italy and Portugal. Making a base in Australia she became firmly established, teaching at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music for 15 years, and is one of the most highly esteemed composers in Australasia.

Whitehead believes that her time in self-exile had the effect of stimulating a desire to delve more deeply into her Maori heritage. She reflects how, on her return home, “it was wonderful to find that this country had been undergoing a renaissance in things Maori!”

Collaboration with Richard Nunns, a leading light in the revival of taonga puoru—traditional Maori instruments—enabled her to explore a subtle and evocative sound world. “Richard was important in the direction my music was taking. I discovered that after working with him, a range of smaller, more subtle sounds began seeping into my writing.”

Whitehead’s 1998 opera, *Outrageous Fortune*, dealt with the tensions between the Otakou (Otago) Maori and the 1860s gold-rush settlers. The cast included a number of rising Maori operatic stars, while Nunns played 15 taonga puoru. These ranged from instruments made of gourds, shells, pounamu and wood, to bone flutes and bull-roarers, and were set alongside



MARK LANGFORD, 21 GRAPHIC SCORES (DETAIL)

Soprano Deborah Wai Kapohe performs in the 1998 production of Gillian Whitehead’s *Outrageous Fortune* (opposite, left), an opera that makes extensive use of traditional Maori instruments. Gareth Farr (opposite), adorned as his glamorous alter ego, Lilith, poses on the rocks in Wellington. Contemporary composers frequently choose an Apple Macintosh keyboard over a piano keyboard. John Psathas (above) also has a Greek chorus to judge his efforts—an assortment of creatures whose heads shake or nod to the vibrations as he listens to works-in-progress.

a lighter than usual ensemble of conventional orchestral instruments. The opera proved very popular with Dunedin audiences. Whitehead attributes this acceptance to the work’s local setting and its weaving together of stories of ancestors both Maori and settler.

Given that she is one of New Zealand’s most experienced composers, it might be surprising to hear her speak of new challenges, of a new musical course that she aims to navigate—moving out of her comfort zone and into the formidable electronic media—but it shouldn’t be. There tends not to be much money, prestige or security in the profession. But there is a boundless enthusiasm for new ideas.

BY CIRCULAR fortune I found myself back in Edinburgh a couple of years after the first trip, in time for the next New Zealand, New Music festival. A contingent of Kiwi composers was again present, along with some Kiwi musicians who had been strutting their stuff the week before at a festival in Amsterdam. A cold, miserable rain slanted in from grimy skies—it was decidedly bleak this time—but there again was Greyfriars Kirk, pulsing with Pacific warmth like a tunnel opening into southern latitudes.

Creative NZ supported both festivals to a limited degree, but most resources came from British institutions: the Edinburgh Contemporary Arts Trust, the Scottish Arts Council, the British Council, to name a few. Despite their assistance, a general lack of funding plagued the organisers and finally led to an abridged programme for the second festival and the curtailing of future festivals. Kiwi sponsors should have been falling over themselves to be associated with this showcase enterprise in a major marketplace, but the arts are a hard sell, and, among them, contemporary music is a destitute cousin.

Nevertheless, at the festival I felt a sense of wonder that despite a general lack of public awareness, this music is flourishing right under our noses. We New Zealanders place huge importance on sporting results and scrutinise minutely the private lives and prognostications of people famous for just being famous—all of which will fade into oblivion in decades to come. Our cultural history, on the other hand, will endure, being forged as it is in an era that will probably stand out as an especially fertile age to our descendants.

In that open lecture in 1969, Lilburn quoted Cicero: "If you ask a farmer for whose benefit he is planting, however advanced his age, he will unhesitatingly reply: 'For the immortal gods, who have ordained that I should receive these things from my ancestors and hand them on to my descendants.'" ■

FURTHER READING/LISTENING

The *Sound Barrier* CD (attached to this magazine) features works by 28 NZ composers, a number of whom appear in this article. SOUNZ holds the largest collection of music by NZ composers, which can be obtained through their website (www.sounz.org.nz), together with a retail supply of CDs, scores and books. SOUNZ also offers a range of services to anyone interested in finding out more about music by NZ composers (email: info@sounz.org.nz). An excellent archive of writing by and about NZ composers can be found at www.musicinnz.com, which is also where you can purchase back issues of *Music in New Zealand*. Concert FM (www.radionz.co.nz/cfm/home) features NZ music on its channel, particularly: *Upbeat*, a news programme, weekdays 12–2 pm which includes a NZ composer slot on Wednesdays; *Sound Lounge*, hosted by Kate Mead, every Tuesday from 7pm to midnight; and *Made in New Zealand*, 4pm–5pm weekdays.

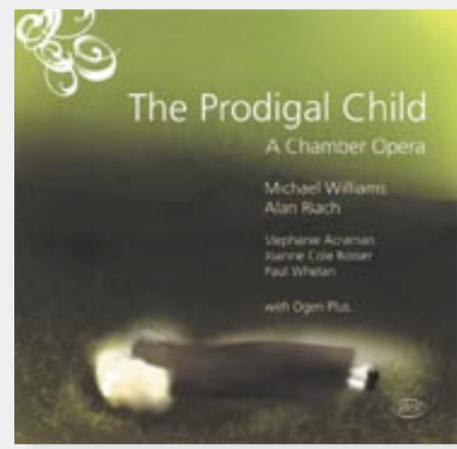
Where to go for live performances:

- NZ International Festival of the Arts • Asia Pacific Festival • AK07 Festival • Adam Chamber Music Festival • NZ Symphony Orchestra • Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra • Christchurch Symphony Orchestra • Southern Sinfonia • NZ String Quartet • NZ Trio • 175 East • Stroma • Strike • Karlheinz Company • Chamber Music New Zealand • Gamelan Padhang Moncar • Saxcess • Ogen Trio • Ensemble Philharmonia • Okta • Flight • Tower New Zealand Voices • Tower New Zealand Youth Choir • Tuhonohono • Auckland Chamber Orchestra • Vector Wellington Orchestra • Nevine String Quartet • Jade String Quartet • Manukau City Orchestra • Waitakere City Orchestra

NB: This listing is meant as a rough guide only and is not a complete list. Check programmes for NZ content or www.sounz.org.nz/calendar.php.

Publishers of NZ music CDs include:

- Atoll : www.atollcd.com
- Ode : www.oderecords.co.nz
- Rattle : www.rattle.co.nz
- Trust : www.trustcds.com
- Waiteata : www.nzsm.ac.nz/publications/waiteata.aspx



The Prodigal Child
A Chamber Opera
Michael Williams
Alan Riach
Stephanie Acraman
Joanna Cole Rosser
Paul Whelan
with Ogen Plus.

Michael Williams' outstanding music drama, with libretto by Alan Riach, explores three souls in crisis – the setting is New Zealand but the story is universal.



Cast
Stephanie Acraman
Joanna Cole Rosser
Paul Whelan

Available now 

www.atollcd.com

NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



Dame Kiri Te Kanawa performs with the NZSO along with many other great conductors and soloists...

2007 Subscription Season on sale now!

For concert details visit
www.nzso.co.nz
or call us **0800 479 674**




You've just received recordings of music by 28 New Zealand composers

Find out more about their music – along with 246 other composers – at SOUNZ, the Centre for New Zealand Music

Library and information services – searchable online database – CDs – DVDs – scores online shop – news – resources – education – projects, events and opportunities

SPECIAL FOR NEW ZEALAND GEOGRAPHIC READERS

Contact SOUNZ and quote this ad to gain a 30% discount on the 10 CD box set

Douglas Lilburn: The Landscape of a New Zealand Composer

the Concert FM documentary series about the life and music of NZ's most influential composer.

RRP \$150 NZ Geographic special \$105

Offer valid for orders placed before January 31 2007.

The Centre receives major funding from Creative NZ, APRA and through PPNZ



...the first place to turn for the music of New Zealand's composers



Created in New Zealand heard around the world
SOUNZ
Toi te Arapūoru
tipua i Aotearoa, rangona e te ao!

Centre for NZ Music
PO Box 10 042
Wellington 6143
New Zealand
p: +64 4 801 8602
f: +64 4 801 8604
e: info@sounz.org.nz

www.sounz.org.nz

CHAMBER MUSIC NEW ZEALAND INTIMATE + IN CONCERT IN 2007

For details of who's playing, what, where and when, visit WWW.CHAMBERMUSIC.CO.NZ or phone **0800 CONCERT (266 2378)** and ask for our 2007 brochure.



AUSTRALIAN STRING QUARTET

formerly the Tankstream Quartet
MARCH-APRIL Auckland, Hamilton, New Plymouth, Napier, Palmerston North, Wellington, Nelson, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill



NEW ZEALAND TRIO

APRIL New Plymouth, Palmerston North, Nelson, Invercargill

JONATHAN LEMALU & MALCOLM MARTINEAU

MAY Auckland, Hastings, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin



MICHAEL HOUSTOUN

MAY Auckland, New Plymouth, Wellington, Nelson, Dunedin, Invercargill

PATRICIA WRIGHT & MICHAEL HOUSTOUN

JUNE Hamilton

NEW ZEALAND STRING QUARTET & PEDRO CARNEIRO

AUGUST Auckland, Hamilton, New Plymouth, Napier, Palmerston North, Wellington, Nelson, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill



THE KUNGSBACKA TRIO

SEPTEMBER Auckland, Hamilton, Napier, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin



JULIA MCCARTHY & JOHN CHEN

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER Hamilton, Invercargill

MUNRO / SMITH / BERLIN & DEAN

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER Auckland, New Plymouth, Napier, Palmerston North, Wellington, Nelson, Christchurch, Dunedin



BRENTANO STRING QUARTET

NOVEMBER Auckland, Wellington



MUSIC ENSEMBLE KOREA (MEK)

Traditional Korean Music
FEBRUARY Auckland, Wellington
in association with Te Papa & STAMP at THE EDGE®
ENCOMPASS



OPEN YOUR EARS TO THE WORLD OF CHAMBER MUSIC!