## CONCERTO FOR EIGHTEEN PLAYERS

## PAUL ROBINSON (1994/5)

## INSTRUMENTATION:

Flute doubling Piccolo Oboe Clarinet in B flat, A and E flat Alto saxophone doubling Bass Clarinet Bassoon Trumpet Horn in F Trombone Percussion One: Vibraphone

Whip

2 Congas

2 Wood Blocks 4 Coconut Shells

Snare Drum 2 Timbales

Bass Drum with pedal

Percussion Two: Hi Hat

Cowbell 1

2 Wood Blocks Snare Drum 2 Timbales

Bass Drum with pedal

Synthesiser: with harpsichord voice and amplitude pedal(damper) -amplification through reasonable combo amp in direct vicinity of player.

Pianoforte

Bass Guitar: (with option of using synth with good bass sound eg.

a Korg M1 'Fretless Bass' voice)

Violin Violin Viola Cello

Double Bass

This piece is related to two other works of mine-'Sleep Hath no Geography' for flute, cello and piano written for the Phoenix Trio and 'Dark Song of the Night' for two pianos to be premiered by Andrew Ball and Catherine Edwards in March 1995.

Broadly speaking all of these pieces are reflections on solitude and bring together the experiences of a variety of celebrated prisoners, both political prisoners and prisoners of conscience. However, it was not the circumstances an individuals incarceration that was of interest to me but the means in which their imaginations adapted themselves deprivation. Here a very rich tapestry of ideas was to be found that dispelled the potentially gloomy nature of such subject matter.

A starting point for this cycle of pieces was a chance comment overheard during a visit to Berlin that Albert Speer the architect of Nazi Germany - 'walked around the world' during his extended imprisonment following the war, pacing round his cell and plotting distances walked on a map.

Other subject matter was more conjectural, particularly the use of various pieces from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book (used also in this piece). The conjecture here was that the copyist of book, Francis Tregian, who was himself a long prisoner, copied the manuscript as a means of waging war against empty days. In 'Dark Song of the Night' this conjecture is used to suggest a dream sequence where extracts from the music he has been copying visit him in his sleep.

The direct stimulation for this piece was a passage from Brian Keenan's 'An Evil@radling' cited overleaf.

From the sporadic splutterings of a motor amplified through a ventilation shaft to his cell (depicted throughout the piece by figurations on a hi hat cymbal) Keenan imagines all the music he has ever heard and enters a kind delirium as one rhythmic pattern gives way to another. Following an extended duet for sax and bassoon, continuous pulse elements assert themselves as do references to divergent styles of music, in particular- a 'soupy' Hollywood string and sax passage over staccato piano and bass guitar figurations and the gradual and eventually triumphant emergence of a passage from Giles Farnaby's 'The King's Hunt' from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book.

Following a cadenza for piano and trumpet the work closes in a 'whirling dervish' flurry of activity driven by percussion around the image projected in the Keenan passage overleaf of the lone naked figure dancing around his cell in candlelight to non existent music.

I knew they had a motor-generator to light the prison at night whilst bringing in new prisoners. On one occasion the generator was running, though there was no light, and the ventilation pipe was blowing in dusty hot air as usual. I could not see the dust falling. I wasn't bothered by it. But I remember listening to the noise of the machine and the air as it passed through this long vent of piping. My mind seemed to be pulled into the noise until the noise became music. And I listened entranced in the dark to the music that was coming from this pipe. I knew that there was no music and yet I heard it. And flowing out melodiously was all the music that I had ever loved or half remembered. All at once, all simultaneously playing especially for me. It seemed I sat alone in a great concert hall in which this music was being played for me alone. I heard the ethnic music of Africa. The rhythmic music of bone on skin. I heard the swirl and squeal of bagpipes. I heard voices chanting in a tribal chant; great orchestras of violins; and flutes filling the air like bird flight, while quiet voices sang some ancient Gregorian chant. All the music of the world was there, playing incessantly into my cell. I lay at first smiling and listening and enjoying this aural feast. I kept telling myself 'There is no music Brian, it's in your head.' But still I heard it and the music played on and on ever-changing, ever-colourful. I heard the uileann pipes' lilting drone.

I heard fingers strum and pluck a classical flamenco. I heard ancient musics of ancient civilizations coming all at once to fill my cell and from simply smiling and laughing I fell into a musical delirium and began to tap and dance and beat softly upon the walls the different rhythms offered to me.

For how long I did this, I cannot tell, but then suddenly I was fearful. This music that was not there but that I heard had taken hold of me and would not let me go. I could not silence it. It was carrying me away. I called for it to stop. I pressed by hands over my ears foolishly trying to block out a music that was already thumping in my head and it would not go away. I could not end this or silence it. The more I tried the louder it swirled about me, the more it filled the room. And in its loudness I was gripped with a fear that was new to me. I did not know how to contain myself or how to end this thing. My fight against it was defeating me. It was crushing out every part of me and filling me with itself. Could not bear it.

I fumbled under my mattress to find the stubs of candles that I had squirrelled away. I took out one candle and lit it in the hope that light would dispel the music that filled the room, but it did not. With my mind only half conscious, I lit another and another candle until I had filled the cell with candlelight, bright, dazzling, soft, alluring light. But still the music played around me. Everywhere the bright burning of the small candles and me waiting and hoping that this imagined music would stop. And then I remembered again you do not overcome by fighting, you only concede the victory to the madness within. You overcome by going beyond it.

Like a somnambulist, I got up from my mattress and in that tiny cell, naked and wet with sweat, I began to dance. Slowly, slowly at first then going with the music, faster I danced and faster until I went beyond, and beyond the music's hold on me. I danced every dance I knew and dances unknown to me. I danced and danced until the music had to keep up with me, I was a dancing dervish. I was the master of this music and I danced and danced. The sweat rolled off me and I bathed myself in the luxury of it. I felt myself alive and unfearful. I was the pied piper who was calling the tune. A tiny cell, a dozen candle stubs and a madman dancing naked. I was laughing. The laughter was part of the music around me. Not the laugh of hysteria, but the laugh of self-possession, the laugh that comes with the moment of victory. Every part of me, every limb, every muscle energized in this dance. For how long I danced or how long I laughed I cannot tell. But it seemed that I would be dancing forever.

















































































