



Model photographer
Stina Richardson,
Musici's new in-
house photographer

7th June 2005 www.londonmusici.com

Mu'azzin calls the Azan at concert

13 year-old AlHarith Hafiz and 14 year-old Hannah Style, from the King Fayed Academy and the Jewish Free School respectively, will open and close the first piece on the programme, *Incantations*, with prayers. This is probably the first time this has been done in this way in a concert hall. Hopefully, the music will speak for itself as music should: a celebration of Life itself, breaking down barriers and bringing people together as one. The parents Dr and Mrs Hazif and Mr and Mrs Simon Style have been wonderfully supportive.

Best dance band in the land

Rambert Dance Company's house band London Musici plays to 58,000 people annually in theatres across the UK and will shortly be notching up 1000 performances since it teamed up with Britain's flagship contemporary dance company ten years ago. Choreographer Christopher Bruce, who recently broke with tradition at the

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Model virtuosos Live at the Cadogan

Tonight's concert at Cadogan Hall features four young virtuosos from the ages of 17-28, all inspirational role models for other aspiring young musicians. They've been clothed especially for this concert by Paris fashion house agnès b. Singers need time to develop their voices for the big operatic roles, but the soprano Delphine Gillot (signed to Stafford Law) already has an international career underway at 28. Tonight



she sings Poulenc's disturbing *La Voix Humaine*.

Eduard Kunz, 24, (signed to Askonas Holt) is at the

outset of his career as a solo pianist. This evening he performs Dmitri Shostakovich's First Concerto.

Charles Siem, 19, (signed to IMG Artists) and violinist Valeriy Sokolov, 17, are cutting their teeth with orchestras across the world, to critical acclaim, and continue studying full-time. Tonight they play Arnold's Double Concerto.

Hip hop youth goes classical

When a group of students from The Academy at Peckham first started playing percussion, little did they know that it would take them on a musical journey from Peckham High Street to Sloane Square, new home of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at Cadogan Hall, Chelsea. On Tuesday, June 7th, twelve students of the Academy will perform the world première of their work, *Incantations*, orchestrated



by film and TV composer, Gabriel Currington, accompanied by top

chamber orchestra London Musici, conducted by Mark Stephenson. Four young professional percussionists, Musici associates Sam Staunton, Owen Gunnell, Oli Cox and Christopher Woodham of Batterie Percussion, have worked with the students on a weekly basis, the genesis of which was a music project with the Academy in 2004 for

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Tonight's programme

Conducted by Mark Stephenson

Incantations – orch. Gabriel Currington
Concerto for Two Violins – Sir Malcolm Arnold
Concerto No.1 in C minor for Piano, Trumpet & Orchestra – Dmitri Shostakovich
'La Voix Humaine' – Francis Poulenc

The Russians are here

Valery Gergiev has just been appointed chief conductor of the LSO and a certain well known oligarch has already colonised Chelsea's sporting jewel. Now watch out for the young ones, particularly 24 year-old pianist Eduard Kunz, born in Siberia, who plays tonight. In the view of conductor Mark Stephenson, Kunz follows in the footsteps of the great Russian giants of the piano, but he'll hopefully introduce fresh ideas and approaches into concert halls. Most importantly, he might succeed in communicating with young people. Broadcaster Sean Rafferty, of BBC Radio 3's *In Tune* interviewed Kunz with Stephenson last Thursday during the rush-hour and it is hoped lots of motorists tuned in and have subsequently come tonight to hear him and the other young virtuosos live!



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Who's in the band?

First Violin

Chris George
Rick Koster
Nicola Goldscheider
Maya Bickel
Gregory Warren-Wilson
Louisa Fuller
Emil Chekolov
Sonia Slany

Second Violin

Juliet Snell
Tom Pigott-Smith
Eleanor Mathieson
Martin Owen
Bogdon Offenberg
Paula Kempton
Kirsten Klingels

Viola

Claire Maynard
Reiad Chibah
Sam Burstin
Maya Rasooly
Kathy Burgess
Jake Walker

Cello

Ben Chappell
Zoe Martlew
Helen Issac
David Kadumukusa
Harriet Davidson

Double Bass

Stacey Watton
Cathy Colwell
Jaroslaw Mroz

Flute

Anna Noakes
Ian Mullin (piccolo)

Oboe

Jo Sanders

Cor Anglais

Lucy Foster

Clarinet

Juliet Bucknall
Rachel Brown

Bass Clarinet

Sarah Watts

Bassoon

Chris Gunia
Joanna Cackett

Horn

Simon Morgan
Jane Hanna

Trumpet

Ben Gant
Gillian Hicks

Trombone

Katy Pryce

Tuba

Kevin Morgan

Harp

Lucy Wakeford

Timpani

Sam Staunton

Percussion

Owen Gunnell
Oli Cox
Christopher Woodham

Classical music is dead, long live classical music

Commentators are saying more young people are taking Grade exams on musical instruments and GCSE music than ever before. But the picture is very patchy in the big culturally diverse metropolitan cities where, in many London schools, classical music hardly exists. Is Classical Music becoming an irrelevance to our diverse communities? Is it still associated with privilege and patronage?

This makes little sense when everyone from Café Nero customers, television advertisers, movie producers and even rap artists have made it mainstream. Classic FM has a total reach of 5.97 million, but

only 770,000 are in the 18-34 age range and the large audience at the BBC Proms, relates little to the diverse population that travel on the tube.

A leading London orchestra manager has warned that without the tourists, halls could become empty, so a leading cultural institute is commissioning a report on new concert formats to make classical music more attractive. The big Orchestras fear losing their core audiences by experimenting with new concert formats, but if they don't, they'll fail to attract that new core audience to replace the old. Could it be that the smaller orchestras could change direction faster and pioneer new concert experiences for

younger audiences?

Would Wagner have been composing film music today and what is the Los Angeles Philharmonic up to, playing music for video games live at concerts? The future lies with our young musicians and young audiences here tonight. Take an iconic piece of classical music, interpret it in a modern way with no cultural barriers, and you might achieve wider appeal. Wake up orchestras, we are the biggest cover bands in the world, let's try and relax a bit!

London première

INCANTATIONS is an orchestration by Gabriel Currington of an original composition created for The Academy at Peckham Percussion Ensemble by Batterie Percussion Quartet (London Musici Associates) under the artistic direction of Mark Stephenson. Supported by JP Morgan Fleming Educational Trust.

'*Incantations*' which opens the programme is very special. It is a work that embodies youth and culture and brings together young musicians of diverse backgrounds, faiths and ethnic backgrounds to perform and work with professionals on a piece that partly derives from their own invention.

At a root level, incantations comes from the Latin, 'incantare' which simply means to sing. The voices in this score are the voices of the performers themselves, from the azan at the start of this – which is a calling to prayer in the Muslim faith - to a light percussive opening of bells which represents grace and subtlety.

The strings enhance this by adding their own melody played very quietly, almost meditatively until we reach a moment where the percussionists join in to play a sequence of rolls of notes that eventually becomes its own distinct sound which goes through soft to loud dynamics.

The main section is a series of repetitive notes, which start from a single marimba player. And the string section embellishes this by adding a different melody and timbre, which incorporates the rhythms that are played as the percussionists build up their sequences.

This in turn leads to an even larger and more energetic growth with an un-tuned percussion section vibrantly playing the same rhythms.

When this finishes, there is again stillness and purity as we hear strings at first being completely still sounding with the bells distantly echoing. As this slowly fades out we hear a young Jewish singer ending the piece on a closing prayer. Translations of the opening and closing prayers can be found on page 4.



NEWS IN BRIEF

Leader/violinist

Christopher George has been appointed leader of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra.

www.sco.org.uk

Charles Siem becomes a student at Girton College, Cambridge in September 2005 and will continue his violin studies with the international virtuoso Shlomo Mintz.

www.imgartists.com

Valeriy Sokolov completes his education at The Yehudi Menuhin School and becomes a student at The Royal College of Music in September 2005, where he will study violin with Professor Felix Andrievsky.

www.rcm.ac.uk

Mark Stephenson makes his debut conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Philharmonia Orchestra in 2006.

www.londonmusici.com/main/markstephenson

Andrew Crowley (trumpet) is one of the finest young trumpeters around. He spends a lot of his time in the studio recording film soundtracks, where a considerable number of our finest and highest-paid orchestral players can be found. Fortunately Andrew still likes to perform, although there are likely to be fewer royalties!

Stage furniture for *La Voix Humaine* tonight comes courtesy of B&T Antiques, Ledbury Road, who specialise in Art Deco and count Madonna and Joan Collins amongst their clients.

agnès b are clothing tonight's soloists in latest Paris chic.

www.agnesb.fr

Ed Potter (Acting Orchestra Manager) recently graduated from York University where he read Music. His main interests are music theatre and performing with his own Dixieland jazz combo.

www.tradjazz.co.uk

Eduard Kunz (pianist) continues his studies at the Royal Northern College of Music as a postgraduate in September 2005. He has won numerous competitions and prizes.

www.askonasholt.co.uk

The Purple Dragons (COLO) and High G's (HGS) manage and stage performances in the atrium at KPMG, Salisbury Square on July 4th to 200 City guests as part of a music management project devised by London Musici in association with the KPMG Community Partnerships programme.

www.kpmg.co.uk

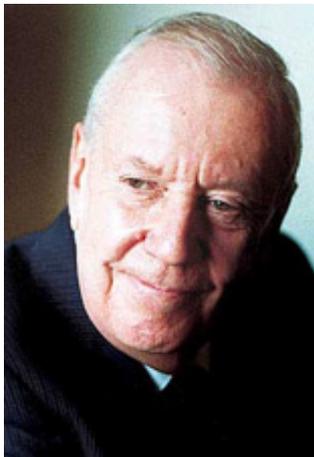
A knight of music approaches 85

Sir Malcolm Arnold, one of Britain's most prolific living composers, will be 85 in 2006. Many composers don't get the recognition they deserve until well after they have gone. Hopefully the airwaves and the concert-halls will resound to his music next year. Sir Malcolm Arnold was renowned for composing orchestra scores straight from his head onto manuscript with an ink pen – no eraser was needed! London Musici's first recording was of Arnold Concertos in 1989 and was *Record of The Week* in The Sunday Times.

Arnold Double

Tonight's Concerto For Two Violins Op.77 (1962) by Sir Malcolm Arnold (1921-) will be performed by Charles Siem and Valeriy Sokolov. The three movements are Allegro risoluto, Andantino and Vivace.

Malcolm Arnold loves writing concertos for his friends. The challenge of writing a work which is not only apt for the instrument but which also conveys something of the character of an individual artist fascinates him, and all his concertos have been strongly stimulated by the particular players for whom they were intended. "When I compose" he says, "the characteristics of the material I have in mind suggest their own instrumentation, and this instrumentation in turn conditions the material".



The Concerto for Two Violins is scored for strings and is an unusually serious work, less overtly coloristic than much of Arnold's output. It was commissioned by an unusually serious artist, Yehudi Menuhin, and was first performed by Menuhin and his pupil, Alberto Lysy, at the Bath Festival in 1962, Arnold himself conducting. An assertive rising seventh and interlocking major and minor thirds provide the basis of interplay between the soloists in the first movement, the second is characterised by the minor triad and in the finale they seem intent to outdo one another, until all is resolved in C major.

www.fabermusic.com

Shostakovich's First

Tonight's Concerto No.1 in C minor for Piano, Trumpet & Orchestra Op.35 by Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975) will be played by Eduard Kunz (piano) and Andrew Crowley (trumpet). The four movements are Allegro moderato, Lento, Moderato and Allegro con brio.

Dmitri Shostakovich was Russia's finest post-revolutionary composer – and the most enigmatic. A chain smoker, painfully awkward in the presence of strangers, he riddled his music with private musical codes and ciphers. He completed his First Concerto in 1933, one that started out initially for the solo trumpet but which rapidly became transformed into one for his own instrument - the piano – but with the solo trumpet still playing an important role. Shostakovich throws virtually everything into the stylistic melting pot, from vaudeville, music hall, jazz and honky-tonk, to passing references to Beethoven, Haydn, Mahler and a knockabout finale reminiscent of Milhaud slapstick.

www.boosey.com



- INTERVAL -
approx. 20 mins

"La Voix Humaine"

Finally this evening, soprano Delphine Gillot sings Francis Poulenc's 1958 lyric tragedy in one act on a text by Jean Cocteau.

For information on the work, and the full translation, see pages 5-7.

Who's in the house?

Mr and Mrs Cezary Bednarski; Miss Monica Bjelde, Mike Notes and the Purple Dragons from The City of London Academy; Mr Gerry Paci, Mr Samuel Dubois and the High G's from Highbury Grove School; Mr Peter Crook and guests from The Academy at Peckham; Mrs Mary Graham and guests from Kingsdale School guests; Eton College guests; Lycée Français Charles de Gaulle; St Pauls Girls School guests; City of London Girls School guests; Westminster School guests; Allan Hall guests; Royal College of Music guests; Royal Academy of Music guests; Mr and Mrs Itzhak Rashkovski and family; Eton College guests; Mr Simon Appleman and guests from JFS; Mr and Mrs John Capaldi and guests; Dr and Mrs Hafiz and family; Mr and Mrs Simon Style and family; Mr and Mrs Kristian Siem & guests; Mr Mel Cooper & guests; Mr Geoffrey Potter; Mr and Mrs Alasdair Saunders & guests; Mr and Mrs Leslie Bishop & guests; Mr and Mrs Noel d'Abo & guests; Mr and Mrs Russ Carr; Mr Luiz Moreira & friends; Mr and Mrs Eric Stephenson and the Burnham Choral Society; Mr and Mrs Frediani; Mr and Mrs Keith Clark; Mr Mark Bowden; Mr Rupert Chandler; Mr Dominic Uglow; Mr John Kehoe; Ms Beverley Mason; Mr Rod Bowkett and guest; Mr and Mrs Keith Jamieson; and many others.

The Azan

اللَّهُ أَكْبَرُ ط اللَّهُ أَكْبَرُ ط

God is Most Great. God is Most Great

اللَّهُ أَكْبَرُ ط اللَّهُ أَكْبَرُ ط

God is Most Great. God is Most Great

أَشْهَدُ أَنْ لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ ط أَشْهَدُ أَنْ لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ ط

I bear witness that there is no god but God
I bear witness that there is no god but God

أَشْهَدُ أَنَّ مُحَمَّدًا رَّسُولُ اللَّهِ ط أَشْهَدُ أَنَّ مُحَمَّدًا رَّسُولُ اللَّهِ ط

I bear witness that Muhammad is the Messenger of God
I bear witness that Muhammad is the Messenger of God

حَتَّىٰ عَلَىٰ الصَّلَاةِ ط حَتَّىٰ عَلَىٰ الصَّلَاةِ ط

Come to Prayer. Come to Prayer

حَتَّىٰ عَلَىٰ الْفَلَاحِ ط حَتَّىٰ عَلَىٰ الْفَلَاحِ ط

Come to Success. Come to Success

اللَّهُ أَكْبَرُ ط اللَّهُ أَكْبَرُ ط

God is Most Great. God is Most Great

لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ ط

There is no god but God

From the reading of the Torah on Sabbaths and Festivals

While the Torah Scroll is being placed in the Ark, the following is said:

"It is a tree of life to them that by hold of it, and happy is everyone that retaineth it.
Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord,
and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old."

La Voix Humaine

Tragédie lyrique sur un texte de Jean Cocteau

By Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

On 6 February 1959, La Voix Humaine was first performed at the Salle Favart in Paris. The solo singer was Denise Duval who had worked with Poulenc on the final score, the conductor George Prêtre and the orchestra of the Opera-Comique. A single character, an enclosed set, a succession of ideas coming from a personality in a state of crisis, and so with no great inherent logic, the absence of the very words (those of the lover on the other end of the telephone)

around which the whole thing is built: this "lyric tragedy in one act", as the composer called it, brings together a number of elements that are by nature anti-theatrical. Yet we are indeed dealing with an opera here. This forty minute "drama of the ego" à la française depicts a character living through her drama of separation in a situation produced by modern life, since there is no letter, no real encounter, but a virtual confrontation through the

medium of the telephone, which has become an explosive device, the means of both connecting and of splitting up with the loved one, a tenuous thread destined to be broken. In this anti-love duet, the silences of the female voice make way for a male voice whose answers and questions we can only imagine: carrying the drama along with them, they acquire an expressive intensity that music rarely attains. Poulenc's correspondence describes the work as "frightening and ultra-

sensitive"; "as terrifying in the calm passages as in the turbulent ones"; "the whole thing is dreadful"; "the orchestra hammers away"; "It's a monstrous work". The orchestra's role is to convey the emotional climate by playing on recurrent motifs. Cocteau and Poulenc avoid any escape from reality, they confront us with an emotional brutality that is probably without precedent in French music.

The Human Voice

English Translation of the original French text by Jean Cocteau

Hello, hello...No, no, Madam. But this is a party line. Please hang up...But I was on the wire first...If you please, will you get off the line!...Operator please...Oh no, this not Dr. Schmidt...0-0-8, not 0-0-7...Hello! This is absurd...They keep ringing. I wonder why? Hello!...But Madam, what do you want me to do?...What do you mean? Not at all!...Operator, please...Would you kindly tell this lady to hang up.

Hello, it's you?...Yes...quite clearly...It was dreadful not to hear what you were saying, because of all those people...Yes...Yes...no...It just so happens...I came back a little while ago...Perhaps you called while I was out?...Ah!...no, no...I went out for dinner...with Martha...It must be a little past eleven...Are you at home?...Then take a look at the clock in the hallway...It's just as I thought...Yes, yes, chéri...Last night?

Last night I thought I would go to bed early, but then I had trouble in falling asleep. I took a pill...No...only one...at nine o'clock...I did have a bit of a

headache, but then it went away. Martha came this morning, and we had breakfast together. I did some errands, and then I came directly home...I...What?...I'm trying...Oh I think I've lots of courage...And then? And then I got dressed for the evening, had a lively time with Martha, came home around eleven. She's really been an angel...She seems aloof, but she's really not. Yes, you were completely right as always...My black and white evening dress...Yes, it's the one you liked-I still have it on...And you? You went out?...Or did you stay at home tonight?...What lawsuit? Ah! yes,

Hello, chéri...If we're cut off you must call me back right away...Hello! No...I'm still here.. The bag? Your letters and mine. Yes, you can send for it when you like...It's not easy. I understand...Darling you needn't apologize. That's not at all strange. It is I...I who am stupid...You are so nice...You are so nice...Nor did I. I didn't think I had the courage.....

Putting on an act?... Hello... Who...You think I'm putting on an act? Me!...You know me well. I am not the sort of person who would ever pretend...Not at all..I'm not angry...You will see...I said: You will see. Tell me do I sound like a person who has something to hide?...No. I made up my mind that I would be brave, and I will...I got what I deserved. I was out to be reckless. I was taking achinaca... Darling please listen... Hello!... chéri... please... hello... please let me talk. Do not blame yourself. It was all my fault. Yes, yes...

You remember that Sunday in Versailles when I sent that wire?...Ah! ..You see!...It was I who said I wished to come. It was I who would not let you speak. It was I who behaved as if I did not care...No...no...now you are unfair...I...I remember-I called you first...A Tuesday...I'm quite sure. Tuesday, the twenty-third. You ought to realize that I know those dates by heart...Your mother? But why?...It is hardly worth the trouble...I honestly don't know... Yes...

perhaps...Oh, no! certainly not right away. And you?...

Tomorrow?...I had no idea that it would be so soon...Well then, we'll manage...it's so simple...tomorrow morning I'll leave the bag with the janitor. Joseph can come and pick it up tomorrow...Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'll stay awhile in the city. Or I may decide to go away for a couple of days in the country, at Martha's...Yes, chéri...but of course, chéri...

Hello...What is wrong... Dearest, I am speaking loud...And now you hear me? I said:and now do you hear me?...It's funny, I can hear you as plainly as if you were right beside me..Hello!...hello!...Oh its really absurd! Now I cannot hear a word...As if from afar, from far...Now can you hear? ...I can hear you better than before, but there is a buzz in your phone. It doesn't sound like your telephone at all.....

I can see you, oh yes...What scarf?...You have on the red one...You have your sleeves rolled back a little...In your left hand? The receiver. And a fountain pen in your right. You are drawing on the blotter,

hearts and profiles and stars. Ah, you smile! I have eyes tucked away inside my ears...

No, no! chéri, oh please don't look at me now...Afraid? I am not afraid...Its even worse...Oh darling, I'm no longer used to sleeping alone...Yes...yes..yes.... I promise...I promise....You are so nice...I do not know. I try not to look at myself. I do not dare any more to turn on the light in my dressing room. Last night, there I was suddenly face to face with an old woman....No, no! an old woman with hair so white, and a face full of little wrinkles...You are too kind! But, chéri, a face that everyone envies-that is worst of all. That is for an actress...I preferred it when you said: "Funny face! Where did you get that funny face?"...Yes, my dear sir!...Iwas joking...Don't be silly...How lucky that you are so awkward and that you love me. For if you do not love me and were not so awkward, this telephone could easily become a terrible weapon. A weapon that would leave no marks, not make a noise... Me, naughty?..... Hello! hello! chéri...Are you there?....

Hello, hello operator. Hello. Someone cut us off. Hello, it's you?...No, no, operator. I was cut off...I don't know... I mean...yes...just a moment.... Auteil seven-seven-three. Hello! Auteil seven-seen-three! Hello! It's you, Joseph?...It's Madam...Monsieur and I , we were disconnected...Not home?...Yes...yes...he's not coming back tonight...How stupid of me! Monsieur must have telephoned me from outside. We were disconnected, so I called his number-my mistake. Excuse me, Joseph...I will...Thank you...Good night, Joseph...

Hello! Ah, chéri. It's you?...They cut us off....No, no I was waiting. Someone rang. I answered right away, but there was no one...I suppose so...Of course...You are sleepy...It was kind of you

to call again...So kind...No, I am here...What? Forgive me ...it's too silly... Nothing... there's nothing wrong...But I swear there's nothing wrong...Nothing's changed... Not at all. You're mistaken...It is only that all this talk, this talk...My darling, listen. I never told you lies...Yes, I know, I believe you. I'm sure of it dear...No, it isn't that...It's only that I lied to you before...yes...on the telephone, just fifteen minutes ago. I know well that it's too late for my luck to return. But a lie won't bring me back luck.

Beside, I hate to tell you a lie. I cannot lie-I cannot lie to you, even for your own good...Oh, nothing serious, mon chéri... I lied in describing the dress that I was wearing also when I said I had dinner with Martha...I've had no dinner, I'm not wearing my red dress, only a coat over my nightdress, because I was waiting all evening for you to call. And what with my staring at the phone, and sitting down, and jumping up, and pacing up and down the room. I was almost frantic! And so I put on my coat. I was going out to take a taxi, to wander underneath your windows... stand there waiting...ah yes, stand waiting-I don't even know what for...You are so right...Yes, I am listening...I shan't be foolish...and I will keep my head, I promise...Right here...I didn't eat a thing...I simply couldn't.....

Last night I meant to take a pill that would put me to sleep. I thought that if I took more than one, I'd sleep so much better. I thought that if I took them all I'd sleep without a dream and never wake - I'd sleep forever!And so I swallowed twelve.....In hot water....All in a lump...Then - then I was dreaming. You were going away. And then when I awoke I felt so happy, because it was just a dream. But when I knew it was true, that I was alone, then I knew I could not go on living....My body felt cold and light, and my heart was no longer beating, and death was

slow in coming. Since I was in terrible pain, after an hour I managed to phone Martha. I lacked the courage to die alone... chéri...chéri...

It was four o'clock in the morning. Finally she came, and with her that doctor who lives in her house. I had a hundred and two. The doctor wrote out a prescription, and Martha remained till tonight. I begged her to leave me alone, since you had promised to phone me as soon as you were free - I was afraid they would try to keep us apart...I'm all right...don't worry now..... Hello!...I thought they had cut us off....You're so kind, chéri...My darling whom I have hurt so very much....Yes speak. Say anything at all...I have suffered enough to drive me mad; yet you have only to speak, and I feel well again, and can close my eyes. You know, sometimes when we are in bed, and my head was resting in its usual place, pressed against your chest, I could hear your voice exactly as it sounds over the telephone tonight.....

Hello! Why do I hear music?..... I said: Why do I hear music?.....Well then, you should knock on the wall and complain if your neighbours play their gramophone so late at night...It's useless. Anyhow, Martha's doctor is coming back tomorrow....Don't you worry now....Of course...She will let you know what he said...What?...Oh yes! So much better. If you hadn't called tonight I would have died...

.....Forgive me, dear. I know you find this scene quite unbearable, and that you are being very patient. But if you knew what torture I suffer. This wire-the only bond that still connects me with us.....

Monday evening? I slept quite well. I went to bed with the telephone....No, no. In my bed...Yes, I know I'm being silly. But I kept the telephone in my bed. In spite of all it is a link - something that connects

us...only because you are speaking. It's five years now that I've lived through you, that I've spent my time waiting for you, thinking you were dead every time you were late-I could die at the thought-and reviving the moment you appeared; and when you were finally here, dying at the thought that you'd leave me. And now I can breathe because I hear your voice...but of course, my sweet darling I slept. Oh indeed. I could sleep because it was only the first time....

The first night you sleep.... What is really hard to bear is the second night-last night; and then the third-tonight! And then day after day, doing what, dear God?...And..then I'm able to sleep I still have to face the horror of dreams, and awaking, and eating, and getting up, and getting dressed to go out-to go out where?...Oh my darling, my sweet, all I've ever had to fill my life was you. Martha has organised her life....I'm alone.

Hello!hello!Madam, will you hang up? But you cut into our line. Hello! Oh no Madam...But, Madam, we're not trying to be interesting, I can assure you...If you really find us so, silly, why are you wasting your time instead of hanging up?...Oh!...Don't be angry. At Last!...No, no. She just hung up, after having been so terribly nasty...You sound upset...Yes, you are upset. I know your voice...But dearest, she must have been a very sick woman, and she doesn't know you at all. Perhaps she believed you were just like the others.....Oh no, chéri it is not at all the same. People think its either love or hatred. Once an affair is over, it's over...they know everything. You will never make them understand... You will never make them understand that things are not simple. It's better to do the same as I: laugh at them all...and ignore them... Oh!...Nothing. I could swear that we were talking just the same as always. All of a sudden I realized the truth...When we still saw one

another, we could still raise our heads, forget a broken promise, and take such chances. Our love could conquer every doubt with a tender kiss, or with a wild embrace. Just a look could change everything. But what with this telephone between , what is done is done...

Don't worry. No one ever tries to kill himself twice...I would hardly know where to buy a revolver... Can you see me buying a revolver? Where would I find the strength to think up a lie at this moment, my poor darling?...I couldn't...I would never have the courage. There are circumstances where a lie might be useful. If you had lied to me, to make our separation

seem less painful...I did not say you were lying. I said: if you had lied and I knew about it. If, for example, you were not at home, and you were to tell me...No, no chéri! Listen please...I believe you... Yes, your voice suddenly sounds angry. I meant only to say that if you told a lie out of kindness, and I had known that you did, it would only cause me to love you more...

Hello!...hello!.....Dear God, make him call me back. Dear God, make him call me back. Dear God, make..... We were disconnected. I was saying that if you lied out of the goodness of your heart, and I noticed you were lying, it would only cause me to love you more.... Of course...You

are mad!...Oh my love...my dearest love.....I know well that we must, but its is dreadful....I never could summon up the courage.... Yes, I have the illusion that I'm right beside you. And all at once, the cellars and sewers, a whole city lies between us....I have wound the chord around my neck....I can feel your voice around my neck....your voice surrounding my neck.... They could hardly cut us off, except by mistake....Oh chéri! Oh how could you even imagine I'd think such an ugly thought? I am well aware that this thing is more difficult for you, more painful in every way than for me...no...no...To Marseilles?.....Oh listen, chéri. Since you will be in Marseilles

at least for a week, may I ask.....I really would like....I would like it if you did not go to that little hotel where we always stayed together. You are not angry?....Because the things I don't have to imagine do not exist. Or let's say that they exist in some very vague kind of place that does not hurt so much....You understand?... Thank you...thank you. You are good. I love you...

So here we are...I was about to say out of habit, "I'll see you soon"....I doubt it...Oh!...Its better...Much better..... Oh darling...my sweet darling... I'll be brave. Let's make an end. Go on. Hang up! Hang up quickly! I love you. I love you...love you....



Members of London Musici at Sadler's Wells in 2005. Photograph by Timothy Walker.

Best dance band in the land

Continued from front page

Royal Opera House choreographing the music of Jimmy Hendrix alongside the Rite of Spring, signed a contract with Mark Stephenson back in 1994 which London Musici renews in its eleventh year under the Mark Baldwin - Paul Hoskins artistic partnership at Rambert, providing large scale orchestral live music on a regular basis, unparalleled globally.



Photo: Anthony Crickmay

London Musici and Paul Hoskins (Rambert's Music Director) won the Time Out Award for "Outstanding Achievement in Dance" in 2004 and, subsequently, the orchestra will perform for choreographer-dancer Adam Cooper's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* in 26 performances at Sadler's Wells Theatre July-August and with Michael Clarke's company for a week at The Barbican in the Autumn of 2005.



Photo: Anthony Crickmay

Hip hop youth goes classical

Continued from front page

which Mark Stephenson set the original brief and concept. Gabriel Currington has now orchestrated the original ideas.

This has all been possible due to the vision of the JPMorgan Fleming Educational Trust. The Academy at Peckham (formerly Warwick Park Secondary) is supported by the philanthropist Lord Harris with one of the biggest ever individual donations in the state education sector. It is rumoured that Lord and Lady Harris may attend tonight's concert.

"We've had to work hard to get things right, so

we're going to enjoy ourselves and make sure it's a night to remember!" says group spokesperson, Hamza Noor. Academy students of all ages make up the ensemble playing a variety of percussion instruments. For Yun-Yen Chan, a Year 7 student, her only concern for the big night is the weight of her bass drum; "It hurts my feet!"

London Musici conductor, Mark Stephenson, looks forward to the concert. "What makes the students' work come alive is their different musical cultures coming together with such energy. I was hooked as soon as I heard them, so I'm really looking forward to us all performing together."

The twelve percussionists

taking part in the concert are Hamza Noor, Yun-Yen Chan, Rae Stewart, Lydia Macharia, Jenny Duong, Kweku Dadzie, Chavez Shillingford, Chelsea Abrahams, Fatma Ozer, Remi Stephenson, Hamid Bangura and Samuel Oyetunde. Academy at Peckham music department spokesman, Elgar Clayton, looks forward to the experience; "We encourage pupils to work hard for success, so it's good to see their efforts being rewarded like this: not just for the school, but for everyone in the local community."

www.peckhamacademy.southwark.sch.uk

Delphine Gillot sings Poulenc's tour de force for the human voice

Translated from a recent review in Lausanne.

Prostrate in an armchair, she waits. Waits for the phone to ring. It rings. And so it all begins. We see the end of a love affair, the hour of rupture and a few final words exchanges between lovers. Such is the subject of *La Voix Humaine*, a lyric tragedie in one act composed by Francis Poulenc to a text by Jean Cocteau. The work was given yesterday evening, for one night only, at Opera de Lausanne.

The soprano Delphine Gillot alone occupies the stage in the character of the abandoned, imploring and suicidal woman. In both senses at the end of the line, all slack taken up, she attempts to save that which still links



her to her lover, who finds himself at the other end (the public does not intercept the words of the latter). During a long telephonic monologue, the woman evokes memories, moments shared, photographs and letters; reassures herself in the re-utterance of 'my darling', 'my love', entrusts her disarray to he who is the cause and finishes by admitting to him that she has that evening taken 12 pills to help her to go to sleep and never reawaken.

It is remarkable that Delphine Gillot has taken on this role, reputed for its undoubted difficulty. What presence, what acting, what diction – the sense that not a single word escapes us! And, above all, what a voice! With an infinite suppleness, she passes from cries to murmurs, from laughter to tears, from lyricism to a more battered, rhapsodic manner. She inhabits her character with intelligence, adds flesh to her bones, and renders her suffering palpable in a dazzling manner, without ever being excessive, a caricature or over-theatrical. The soprano from Lausanne puts her talent at the service of the text and music, without betraying either.

www.stafford-law.com

Gabriel Currington - a composer to watch

Young composer and arranger Gabriel Currington's recent and upcoming projects include orchestrations for the "Celestine Prophecy" – a Hollywood film due to be released in the Spring 2006; "Splinter" – an 90 minute independent feature – see the link below for trailer; "Abba: Behind the Blonde" – for Channel 4; "Extraordinary People: The girl who is older than her grandmother" for Five; "Don't make me angry" for Channel 4 and "The life of Donald McGill" for BBC4.

www.splinterthemovie.com
info@eatonmusic.com

City donors support new concertgoers

A group of City donors including Mr Kristian Siem, Mr and Mrs Keith Clark, Financial Risk Management and JPMorgan Fleming Educational Trust have offered to contribute to a ticket subsidy scheme tonight to enable young people, many for the first time, to attend a classical concert. The Paul Hamlyn Foundation continues to enable hundreds of young people to attend The Royal Opera House for a week each year. It's a great way to support Youth and The Arts.



London Musici photos on front and back covers by Stina Richardson.

Programme design and layout by Ed Potter – ed@ectp.co.uk.