

# BRODSKY & KATIE QUARTET & NOONAN

WITH LOVE AND FURY

Friday 29 April 8pm  
Elisabeth Murdoch Hall

## ARTISTS

**Katie Noonan**, voice

### *Brodsky Quartet*

**Daniel Rowland**, violin

**Ian Belton**, violin

**Paul Cassidy**, viola

**Jacqueline Thomas**, cello

## PROGRAM

### PART I

Specially commissioned works inspired by the poetry of Judith Wright

Late Spring

To a child

Sonnet for Christmas

After the Visitors

The Surfer

Night after Bushfire

Company of Lovers

The Slope

Failure of Communication

Metho Drinker

Elena Kats-Chernin

David Hirschfelder

Paul Dean

Andrew Ford

Katie Noonan. Strings arranged by Steve Newcomb

Iain Grandage

Paul Grabowsky

Carl Vine

John Rodgers

Richard Tognetti

### INTERVAL

### PART II

Australian Tryptych

*From Nourlangie*

*Cradle Song*

*Stradbroke*

My moodswings

I almost had a weakness

Hyperballad

Possibly Maybe

Fragile

Peter Sculthorpe

Andrew Ford

Robert Davidson

Elvis Costello. Strings arranged by Paul Cassidy

Elvis Costello/Brodsky Quartet

Bjork. Strings arranged by Paul Cassidy

Bjork. Strings arranged by Ian Belton

Sting. Strings arranged by Paul Cassidy



Brodsky Quartet & Katie Noonan  
*With Love and Fury*  
is available for purchase from the venue.

Brodsky Quartet & Katie Noonan will be signing  
copies in the foyer following the concert.

## POEMS BY JUDITH WRIGHT

### Late Spring

The moon drained white by day  
lifts from the hill  
where the old pear-tree fallen in storm  
springs up in blossom still.  
Women believe in the moon:  
this branch I hold  
is not more white and still than she  
whose flower is ages old,  
and so I carry home  
flowers from the pear  
that makes such obstinate tokens still  
for fruit it cannot bear.

### To a Child

When I was a child I saw  
a burning bird in a tree.  
I see became I am,  
I am became I see.

In winter dawns of frost  
the lamp swung in my hand.  
The battered moon on the slope  
lay like a dune of sand;

and in the trap at my feet  
the rabbit leapt and prayed,  
weeping blood, and crouched  
when the light shone on the blade.

The sudden sun lit up  
the webs from wire to wire;  
the white webs, the white dew,  
blazed with a holy fire.

Flame of light in the dew,  
flame of blood on the bush  
answered the whirling sun  
and the voice of the early thrush.

I think of this for you.  
I would not have you believe  
the world is empty of truth  
or that men must grieve,

but hear the song of the martyrs  
out of a bush of fire—  
“All is consumed with love;  
all is renewed with desire.”

### Sonnet for Christmas

I saw our golden years on a black gale,  
our time of love spilt in the furious dust.  
‘O we are winter-caught, and we must fail,’  
said the dark dream, ‘and time is overcast.’  
And woke into the night; but you were there,  
and small as seed in the wild dark we lay.

Small as seed under the gulfs of air  
is set the stubborn heart that waits for day.

I saw our love the root that holds the vine  
in the enduring earth, that can reply,  
‘Nothing shall die unless for me it die.  
Murder and hate and love alike are mine’;  
and therefore fear no winter and no storm  
while in the knot of earth that root lies warm.

### After the Visitors

All day I have lived in front of myself  
My house a hollow box of talk  
Of voices crossing darting in melee  
Of crossing glances, hands offering and taking food,  
Cups, glasses, crossing purposes flashing to air and diving  
I turn to myself again, now they are leaving  
About to go back to my proper house,  
My private face.  
Yes, yes of course I love you, I think I love you,  
I think we agree, no we do not agree,

I do not believe you  
Yes darling, yes I believe you –  
We dip for a moment and drink from eye to eye  
Bodies slant and balance  
To and away miming the flux of talk or contradicting.  
But now you are gone  
I shake you off and return  
No longer needing to question or reply.  
House settles. Walls calm. Air cools.  
I put away glasses, adjust the house to my shape  
And turn to my work.  
Is it you again alone?  
We are old companions, self.  
We can go on, sometimes in love, sometimes lonely  
With the old pang, the old delight  
The living balance between waking, waking and sleep

### The Surfer

He thrust his joy against the weight of the sea;  
climbed through, slid under those long banks of  
foam--  
(hawthorn hedges in spring, thorns in the face stinging).  
How his brown strength drove through the hollow and coil  
of green-through weirs of water!  
Muscle of arm thrust down long muscle of water;  
and swimming so, went out of sight  
where mortal, masterful, frail, the gulls went wheeling  
in air as he in water, with delight.

Turn home, the sun goes down; swimmer, turn home.  
Last leaf of gold vanishes from the sea-curve.  
Take the big roller’s shoulder, speed and serve;  
come to the long beach home like a gull diving.

For on the sand the grey-wolf sea lies, snarling,  
cold twilight wind splits the waves’ hair and shows  
the bones they worry in their wolf-teeth. O, wind blows  
and sea crouches on sand, fawning and mouthing;  
drops there and snatches again, drops and again snatches  
its broken toys, its whitened pebbles and shells.

### **Night after Bushfire**

There is no more silence on the plains of the moon  
And time is no more alien there, than here.  
Sun thrust his warm hand down at the high noon,  
But all that stirred was the faint dust of fear.

Charred death upon the rock leans his charred bone  
And stares at death from sockets black with flame.  
Man, if he come to brave that glance alone,  
Must leave behind his human home and name.

Carry like a threatening thing your soul away,  
And do not look, do not look, do not look too long  
To left or right, for he whose soul wears the strict chains  
of day  
Will lose it in this landscape of charcoal and moonlight.

### **Company of Lovers**

We meet and part now over all the world;  
we, the lost company,  
take hands together in the night, forget  
the night in our brief happiness, silently.  
We, who sought many things, throw all away  
for this one thing, one only,  
remembering that in the narrow grave  
we shall be lonely.

Death marshalls up his armies round us now.  
Their footsteps crowd too near.  
Lock your warm hand above the chilling heart  
and for a time I live without my fear.  
Grope in the night to find me and embrace,  
for the dark preludes of the drums begin,  
and round us round the company of lovers,  
death draws his cordons in.

### **The Slope**

Dropping my head between my hands I said:  
Black vortices in matter and the mind  
Draw all things to their end, their end  
All tissue capable of joy and breath, and breath  
Whirls on that slope and disappears and  
Man runs down destruction like a hound

'That's your true tail, that's your true tail'  
Cries the great analogue of us all  
Cries the great analogue of us all  
'You are the instruments of this planet's death.'

The core of suicidal Earth plotted them, then?  
That politician, his grey look sidling like a rat?  
Those profit makers cheating for position?  
These muddy men too numb to know they kill?  
These, the consummate product of time's will?

If you can believe that, cried my revolted spirit,  
Then die at once, you would be better dead

Can you forget the ones you truly love?  
Poets and fighters with their eyes on truth.  
Swearing like Thomas Traherne, So perfectly to hate

The dull corruption of their greed  
That you had rather suffer the flames of hell  
Than be like these?

Will you deny the burst of glory in the world and man?  
I call you up, true men who liv'd and died;  
My dead beloved, my guides, my living friends.  
I say your names, I sing you to my side.

Keep far from me the sickness of despair.  
The sickness of despair.  
Even on the last black slope among images that rave or  
weep,  
Let all your voices call me back to air:  
Show me my true beginnings and their ends.  
Show me my true beginnings and their ends.  
Show me my true beginnings and their ends.

### **Failure of Communication**

What is the space between,  
enclosing us in one  
united person, yet  
dividing each alone.

Frail bridges cross from eye  
to eye, from flesh to flesh,  
from word to word: the net  
is gapped at every mesh,

and this each human knows:  
however close our touch  
or intimate our speech,  
silences, spaces reach  
most deep, and will not close.

### **Metho Drinker**

Under the death of winter's leaves he lies  
who cried to Nothing and the terrible night  
to be his home and bread. 'O take from me  
the weight and waterfall ceaseless Time  
that batters down my weakness; the knives of light  
whose thrust I cannot turn; the cruelty  
of human eyes that dare not touch nor pity.'  
Under the worn leaves of the winter city  
safe in the house of nothing now he lies.

His white and burning girl, his woman of fire,  
creeps to his heart and sets a candle there  
to melt away the flesh that hides from bone,  
to eat the nerve that tethers him in time.  
He will lie warm until the bone is bare  
and on a dead dark moon he wakes alone.  
It was for Death he took her; death is but this;  
and yet he is uneasy under her kiss  
and winces from that acid of her desire.

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

**Katie Noonan's** technical mastery and pure voice makes her one of Australia's most versatile and beloved vocalists. A mother, singer, producer, songwriter, pianist and business woman, this four-time ARIA Award winning and seven-time platinum selling songstress first received widespread praise as the angel-voiced songstress of indie-pop band George and has since taken audiences on sublime excursions through Jazz, Pop and Classical music. Her various releases include recently her Vanguard's acclaimed release 'Transmutant', her jazz folk trio's self titled album 'Elixir' and the 2012 ARIA winning "First Seed Ripening", the No. 1 selling classical album 'Two of a Kind' with her mother Maggie, her gold-selling top ten solo album 'Skin' and the acclaimed 'Songs of the Southern Skies.' She has also worked with the country's top orchestra's including her fruitful collaborations with Richard Tognetti and the Australian Chamber Orchestra and recently with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

Since its formation in 1972, the **Brodsky Quartet** has performed over 2000 concerts on the major stages of the world and released more than 50 recordings. A natural curiosity and insatiable desire to explore has propelled the group in many artistic directions and continues to ensure them not only a place at the very forefront of the international chamber music scene but also a rich and varied musical existence. Their energy and craftsmanship have attracted numerous awards and accolades worldwide, while ongoing educational work provides a vehicle for passing on experience and staying in touch with the next generation.

## A FEW WORDS FROM KATIE:

*Thank you to Jacky, Paul, Ian and Daniel for your inspired playing and for welcoming me lovingly into your music world, it is an absolute privilege and an honour.*

*Thank you to the incredible Judith Wright for living her life with such love and fury and for birthing words that I believe are still the beating conscience of our nation today. Your legacy is an inspiration and I dearly hope your dream for reconciliation between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Australians comes true in my lifetime and that we continue to fight for protecting our precious environment.*

*Thanks Meredith McKinney (Judith's daughter) for your generosity and support. I hope our respect and admiration for your mother shines through in the pieces we have created.*

*Thank you to Paul D, David, Elena, Andrew, John, Iain, Paul G, Carl and Richard for writing such gorgeous notes for us to play, it has been a real pleasure to explore your music and I feel so honoured you all agreed to write for us.*

*And a special thank you to our awesome guest bass players; Sam Pankhurst, Ben Hanlon, Hannah James, Milush Piochaud, Phil Stack and Pete Jeans."*



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### **A note on environmental friendliness:**

In an effort to commit to greener performances, programs are printed to share one between two people. If you would like to download additional copies of these program notes, please visit [melbournerecital.com.au/programs](http://melbournerecital.com.au/programs)



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