



BROMLEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTOR – ADRIAN BROWN

LEADER – BERNARD BROOK

PROGRAMME

SATURDAY 20TH MARCH 2010

THE GREAT HALL, RAVENSBOURNE SCHOOL,
HAYES LANE, BROMLEY. BR2 9EH

£1.00

www.bromleysymphony.org

Box office: 020 8464 5869

PROGRAMME

BRIDGE
THE SEA

CHAUSSON
POÈME DE L'AMOUR ET DE LA MER

INTERVAL - 20 MINUTES

Refreshments are available in the Dining Hall.

BRITTEN
SEA INTERLUDES FROM PETER GRIMES

DEBUSSY
LA MER

Our next concert is on May 22nd
Kabalevsky Overture 'Colas Breugnon', **Tchaikovsky**
Piano Concerto No.1 with soloist **Masa Tayama**,
Prokofiev Romeo and Juliet (selection from the ballet).

ADRIAN BROWN – CONDUCTOR

John Carmichael



Adrian Brown comes from a distinguished line of pupils of Sir Adrian Boult. After graduating from the Royal Academy of Music in London, he studied with Sir Adrian with whom he worked for some years. He remains the only British conductor to have reached the finals of the Karajan Conductors' Competition and the Berlin Philharmonic was the first professional orchestra he conducted. Sir Adrian said of his work: "He has always impressed me as a musician of exceptional attainments who has all the right gifts and ideas to make him a first class conductor".

In 1992 Adrian Brown was engaged to conduct one of the great orchestras of the world, the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1998 he was invited to work with the Camerata Salzburg, one of Europe's foremost chamber orchestras at the invitation of Sir Roger Norrington.

Adrian has conducted many leading British orchestras including the City of Birmingham Symphony, the BBC Symphony, the BBC Scottish Symphony and the London Sinfonietta. He is also a great proponent of contemporary music and has several first performances to his credit.

The 2007-8 season saw concerts in Snape Maltings celebrating Elgar's 150th Anniversary, a performance of 'Hansel und Gretel', and engagements with Huntingdonshire Philharmonic and Southgate Symphony. A full season with Bromley Symphony included Elgar's Second, Bruckner Seventh, Tchaikovsky Fourth and Holst's 'The Planets'. 30 years of wonderful concerts with Waveney Sinfonia were celebrated with their dedicated musicians and audience.

For his 60th Birthday Year in 2009, Adrian has been appointed Music Director of Huntingdonshire Philharmonic performing Beethoven's 'Choral' Symphony, and has conducted many works on a 'celebration wish list' including Sibelius's Fourth, Elgar's First, and (with Bromley) Mahler's Ninth. He also had a major success conducting the Lithuanian State Symphony Orchestra in Vilnius performing Berlioz in a concert broadcast nationally. Bromley Symphony honoured him with a 30th Anniversary/60th Birthday concert in November.

Future plans include a performance of Elgar's 'The Dream of Gerontius' in Ely Cathedral with Huntingdonshire Philharmonic, a debut with the Corinthian Orchestra and an important lecture to the Berlioz Society.

Adrian Brown was one of a hundred musicians presented with a prestigious Classic FM Award at their Tenth Birthday Honours Celebration in June 2002.

THE SEA — FRANK BRIDGE

Frank Bridge began his career as a violist in string quartets before a conducting breakthrough at Covent Garden led to him becoming Sir Thomas Beecham's assistant. Bridge's early works were mainly chamber-orientated but the first to be adopted into the standard repertoire was *The Sea* (1911).

There are four sections: 'Seascape' rolls out in a grand, Bax-ian style, while the delicate flecks and triplet swells of 'Sea-foam' and 'Moonlight' are more reminiscent of Delius. 'Storm' is the most impassioned as well as the most technically difficult, while the return of the Seascape theme at its conclusion rounds off the work triumphantly.

In later years, Bridge was to experiment with far more unusual and astringent harmonies than here, yet *The Sea* still inspired his youthful pupil Benjamin Britten to fervid admiration.

POÈME DE L'AMOUR ET DE LA MER — ERNEST CHAUSSON

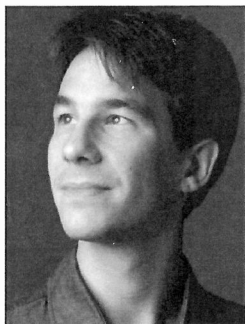
This dramatic setting of two poems by Maurice Bouchor was completed in 1890 and dedicated to Henri Duparc (a talented but troubled composer whose dramatic song settings had inspired Chausson).

The first poem, *La fleur des eaux* (*The flower of the waters*), is bathed in a soft glow, with undulating waves, and a glorious climax upon sighting his beloved – but the mood darkens when she must depart across the sea, perhaps forever. Chausson famously agonised over his word painting, and one can find almost every tremor of text aptly reflected in the music.

A brief orchestral interlude presages the elegiac tone of what is to come. The sunny opening of *La mort de l'amour* (*The death of love*) is soon clouded, as the singer's loved one withdraws, and romance itself appears to have bitten the dust. A recurring theme (the time of lilacs...) mourns the loss of love, the tragic tone riven with gusts of near-Tristanesque passion.

EMILIEN HAMEL — BARITONE

Emilien Hamel graduated in musicology at the Paris-Sorbonne University and one year later obtained the Premier Prix de Chant au Concours de la Ville de Paris. He was awarded a bursary to study at the Royal Academy of Music and joined the opera course. Emilien has appeared as soloist in concerts and in a variety of operas in England, France, Denmark and Portugal.



(English translation by Peter Bruce)

La Fleur des eaux

L'air est plein d'une odeur exquise de lilas, / Qui, fleurissant du haut des murs jusques en bas,
Embaument les cheveux des femmes.
La mer au grand soleil va toute s'embrasser, / Et sur le sable fin qu'elles viennent baiser
Roulent d'éblouissantes lames.

O ciel qui de ses yeux dois porter la couleur, / Bri se qui vas chanter dans les lilas en fleur
Pour en sortir tout embaumée,
Ruisseaux, qui mouillerez sa robe,
O verts sentiers, / Vous qui tressaillerez sous ses chers petits pieds,
Faites-moi voir ma bien aimée!

Et mon coeur s'est levé par ce matin d'été;
Car une belle enfant était sur le rivage,
Laisant erer sur moi des yeux pleins de clarté, / Et qui me souriait d'un air tendre et sauvage.

Toi que transfiguraient la Jeunesse et l'Amour, / Tu m'apparus alors comme l'âme des choses;
Mon coeur vola vers toi, tu le pris sans retour,
Et du ciel entr'ouvert pleuvaient sur nous des roses.

Quel son lamentable et sauvage
Va sonner l'heure de l'adieu!
La mer roule sur le rivage,
Moqueuse, et se souciant peu
Que ce soit l'heure de l'adieu.

The Flower of the waters

The air is full of an exquisite scent of lilacs, / Which, cascading in bloom down the walls,
Infuse the women's hair.
The sea basks in the full sunshine's embrace, / And on the fine sand which they come to kiss
Stunning waves roll in.

O sky that must gather the colour from her eyes, / Breeze that goes to sing in the flowering lilacs
To emerge all perfumed,
Rivulets that dampen her dress,
O green pathways, / You who tremble under her dear little feet,
Let me see my beloved!

And my heart is lifted by this summer morning, / Because a beautiful child was on the shore,
Letting her luminous eyes roam over me, / And smiling at me with a wild and tender air.

You who transfigured Youth and Love, / You appeared to me then like the essence of things;
My heart flew towards you, you caught and held it,
And from the veiled sky roses rained down on us.

What piteous and savage sound
Will toll the farewell hour!
The sea rolls on the shore
Mockingly, and little caring
That it is time to bid farewell.

Des oiseaux passent, l'aile ouverte,
Sur l'abîme presque joyeux;
Au grand soleil la mer est verte,
Et je saigne, silencieux,
En regardant briller les cieux.

Je saigne en regardant ma vie
Qui va s'éloigner sur les flots;
Mon âme unique m'est ravie
Et la sombre clameur des flots
Couvre le bruit de mes sanglots.

Qui sait si cette mer cruelle
La ramènera vers mon coeur?
Mes regards sont fixés sur elle;
La mer chante, et le vent moqueur
Raille l'angoisse de mon coeur.

Birds pass by on outstretched wing,
Over the depths, carefree;
In full sunlight the sea is green,
And I bleed, silently,
Watching the heavens shine.

I bleed, watching my life
Drift away upon the waves;
My very soul is torn from me
And the dark clamour of the waves
Covers the noise of my cries.

Who knows if this cruel sea
Will bring her back to my heart?
My gazes are fixed upon her;
The sea sings, and the mocking wind
Taunts my anguished heart.

INTERLUDE

La Mort de l'amour

Bientôt l'île bleue et joyeuse
Parmi les rocs m'apparaîtra;
L'île sur l'eau silencieuse
Comme un nénuphar flottera.

A travers la mer d'améthyste
DouceMENT glisse le bateau,
Et je serai joyeux et triste
De tant me souvenir Bientôt!

Le vent roulait les feuilles mortes;
Mes pensées
Roulaient comme des feuilles mortes,
Dans la nuit.

Jamais si doucement au ciel noir
n'avaient lui / Les mille roses d'or d'où
tombent les rosées!
Une danse effrayante, et les feuilles
froissées, / Et qui rendaient un son
métallique, valsaient,

The Death of Love

Soon the blue and joyful isle
Will appear to me among the rocks;
Upon the silent water the isle
Floats like a water lily.

Across the amethyst sea
The boat gently glides,
And I will be joyful and sad
At how much I remember, soon!

The wind swirled the dead leaves;
My thoughts
Swirled like dead leaves,
In the night.

Never so gently did the black sky
hold / The thousand golden roses
from whence these petals fell!
A frightening dance, and the
crumpled leaves,
Which rattled metallicly, waltzed,

Semblaient gémir sous les étoiles, et
disaient / L'inexprimable horreur des
amours trépassés.

Les grands hêtres d'argent que la lune
baisait / Étaient des spectres: moi, tout
mon sang se glaçait
En voyant mon aimée étrangement
sourire.

Comme des fronts de morts nos fronts
avaient pâli, / Et, muet, me penchant
vers elle, je pus lire
Ce mot fatal écrit dans ses grands
yeux: l'oubli.

Le temps des lilas et le temps des
roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des
roses
Est passés, le temps des oeilletons aussi.

Le vent a changé, les cieux sont
moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut
fleurir.

Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de
l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las! que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs
écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des
roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

Seemed to groan under the stars, and
spoke / The inexpressible horror of
past loves.

The tall silver beeches that the moon
kissed / Were spectres: as for me, all
my blood froze
Watching my beloved strangely
smile.

Like the brows of the dead, our
brows paled, / And, mute, leaning
towards her, I could read
That fatal word written in her wide
eyes: oblivion.

The time of lilacs and the time of
roses / Will no longer return to this
springtime;
The time of lilacs and the time of
roses / Has passed, the time of
carnations too.

The wind has changed, the skies are
sullen,
And we will no longer run, and pick
The lilacs in bloom and the beautiful
roses;
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh! joyful and sweet springtime,
That came, last year, to bathe us in
sunlight,
Our flower of love is so wilted,
Alas! your kiss cannot awaken it!

And you, what can you do? no
budding flowers, / No gleam of
bright sun nor cool shade;
The time of lilacs and the time of
roses,
Along with our love, is dead forever.

SEA INTERLUDES from PETER GRIMES — BENJAMIN BRITTEN

In 1939, Benjamin Britten left Britain for New York, as a gesture, an act of 'conscientious objection' against the war. Yet the war was far from over when in 1942 he returned to Aldeburgh, and to the bleakly spare Suffolk coast to be reminded of the icy blasts from the North Sea.

The inspiration behind Peter Grimes came from E.M. Forster's article on the English poet George Crabbe. In the latter's *The Borough* Britten found the tragic story he was looking for—and set in his beloved Suffolk! Once acquainted with the tale, the famous conductor Serge Koussevitzky commissioned Britten to write the opera in memory of Natalie, his late wife.

Briefly, here is Richard Freed's summation of the plot:

An inquest is held into the death at sea of the young boy apprenticed to the fisherman Peter Grimes, who is acquitted but warned not to take on another apprentice. The schoolmistress Ellen Orford, loyal to Grimes, helps him get another boy despite the warning, but quarrels with him when she learns the boy has been treated roughly. When the villagers learn of this they set out after Grimes, who has taken the boy to his cliff-top hut. As Grimes and the boy try to escape, the boy slips and falls down the cliff to his death. Three days pass, and Grimes returns to the village at dawn, physically and emotionally drained. He accepts the advice of the retired captain, Balstrode, who tells him the only way out is to sail out to sea alone and sink his boat, with himself aboard. Grimes's life ends as that of the village resumes for another day like any other.

The Four Sea Interludes (1944) were originally conceived as scene-changing conveniences: however, Britten seized upon them as a perfect excuse to employ his genius for mood-altering power and emotional suggestion. John Ireland described the orchestral interludes: 'He really has achieved something remarkable here ... It was not pleasant or uplifting - rather Satanic, I thought.'

1. Dawn: Echoing cries of seagulls in the violins are interwoven with lower instruments reaching into endless depths of silent blackness inhabited by strange sea creatures. Rigging lines slap impatiently against the masts of the fishing vessels. A mood is set of raw grimness, and elemental natural power.

2. Sunday Morning: Here Britten—assuredly no churchgoer—pokes fun at the petty small-mindedness of the village congregation. Two pairs of horns brilliantly impersonate church bells, and a flute depicts birdsong while piccolo and violins unite to represent the clacking of tongues in poisonous gossip. A restless theme in woodwinds, violas and cellos intervenes.

3. Moonlight: Grimes wanders alone along the moonlit sea-shore. Rising in overlapping small swells and inlets, a hesitant chorale is heard, underpinning a mood of foreboding and unfathomed depths, reinforced by drones and needled by both percussion and woodwind.

4. Storm: The Timpani announce a shriek of pure fury from the brass, ebbing later into wind and spray. The strings are sent into the stratosphere (the cellos off the fingerboard—violins into the horizon); indeed every instrument is shoved well out of its comfort-zone. This movement represents Peter Grimes despair, Ellen's impotent longing, the coarse churlishness of public opinion and (above all) the impervious rule of the sea itself.

As Britten later wrote: 'For most of my life I have lived closely in touch with the sea. My parents' house . . . directly faced the sea, and my life as a child was coloured by the fierce storms that sometimes drove ships onto our coast and ate away whole stretches of the neighbouring cliffs. In writing *Peter Grimes* I wanted to express my awareness of the perpetual struggle of men and women whose livelihood depends on the sea.'

LA MER — CLAUDE DEBUSSY

‘Three symphonic sketches for orchestra’:

- 1) De l'aube à midi sur la mer (From dawn to midday on the sea);
- 2) Jeux de vagues (Play of the waves);
- 3) Dialogue du vent et de la mer (Dialogue of the wind and the sea).

American critics—influenced by Debussy’s recent abandonment of his devoted wife for a singer, the spouse of a rich banker—derided *La Mer* as ‘persistently ugly, a putrified mud-puddle,’ and ‘the dreariest kind of rubbish.’ It was left to posterity to judge it as it deserved — as one of Debussy’s greatest masterpieces, and a musical landmark of the century.

Yet Debussy in his turn proved no less dismissive of his fellow composers, ridiculing most music as being ‘invented by frigid imbeciles riding on the backs of the Masters.’ Instead, he urged, ‘There is nothing more musical than a sunset,’ and suggested to his fellow composers: ‘listen to the wind.’

Or—just possibly—the waves? *La Mer* was completed in Eastbourne, where Debussy stayed with his young mistress, but conceived and developed in land-locked mid-France. He had spent much of his childhood by the sea, confiding in a letter, ‘I have an endless store of memories ... worth more than the reality, whose beauty often deadens thought.’

And certainly, as Paul Henry Lang famously noted, this work is ‘a vibrating, oscillating, glimmering sound complex.’ For example, here Debussy splits the strings into upto twelve parts instead of the usual four or five. From start to finish the work glitters, but there is no overall storyline: instead *La Mer* shivers and scintillates like the sea itself: foaming and roaring and glittering and silvering: ostensibly purposeless, yet potentially malevolent.

Debussy’s descriptive title for the first sketch (‘From dawn to midday...’) allowed Erik Satie to quip that he liked the music at 11:15, but he was amusing himself at the expense of Debussy’s subtitle, rather than his music. The influence of this work on later generations of composers is profound. Boulez remarked that Debussy here ‘gives wings to a supple, mobile expressiveness, ... a miracle of proportion, balance and transparency.’

Or, in Debussy’s own words: ‘There is no theory. You merely have to listen. Pleasure is the law.’

BROMLEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

1st VIOLINS

*Bernard Brook (Leader)
* Michael Thompson
Tracey Renwick
Amanda Clare
Rosie Cousins
Claire Dillon
Alan Mitchell
Jane Ferdinand
Jane Rackham
Katherine Crisp
Anne Miles
Audrey Summers
Sheila Robertson
Marian Steadman
Anita Laybourne

2nd VIOLINS

Ann Wibberley (P)
* Ruth Brook
Mike Ibbott
Andrew Condon
Judith Montague
Elizabeth Cromb
Clare Wibberley
Helen Reed
Mark Cousins
Richard Miscampbell
Diana Dunk
Ruth Elliott
Philip Starr

VIOLAS

David Griffiths (Principal)
Angela Bartlett
Rachel Burgess
Jenny Carter
John Davis
Alan Magrath
Chris Newbould
Georgina Oliver
Nicola Oliver
Liz Tarrant
Vanessa Townsend

CELLOS

*Alice McVeigh (Principal)
Helen McDonald
Helen Griffiths
Marion Hitchcock
Sarah Bartlett
Mandy Selby
Andrew Garton
Anne Curry
Mary Fall
Samantha Carter
Helen Ansdell
Berard Somerville
David Brown

DOUBLE BASSES

Norman Levy (Principal)
Adam Precious
Tom Whalley
Philip Johnson
Anthony Barber

FLUTES & PICCOLO

Jane Crawford
Catherine Borner
Marc Esmond (Picc)

OBOES & COR ANGLAIS

* Caroline Marwood
Philip Knight (Cor)
Andrew Mackay (Cor)

CLARINETS

Massimo Roman (Eb)
Tara Roman
David Floyd

BASS CLARINET

David Floyd

BASSOONS

Stephen Fuller
Julian Farrel
Chris Richardson
Aidan Twomey

CONTRABASSOON

Chris Richardson

HORNS

*Roy Banks
Frank Cottee
Mary Banks
Brian Newman

TRUMPETS & CORNETS

Matthew Hart Dyke
*Derek Cozens
Tim Collett
Clive Griffin

TROMBONES

*Peter Bruce
*John Carmichael
Adam Smith

TUBA

Russell Kennedy

TIMPANI

David Coronel

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Catherine Herriott
Adam Payn
Anthony Summers

HARP

Isobel White
Louise Wiggins

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David Grubb

TICKET MANAGER

Riet Carmichael

* denotes a member of the
organising committee

BROMLEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Bromley Symphony Orchestra was formed in 1918 by Miss Beatrice Fowle and Miss Gwynne Kimpton, teachers at Bromley High School for Girls. Over the years, it has earned a high reputation for concerts of professional standard and has worked with many famous soloists and conductors. Sir Adrian Boult conducted regularly in the 1940s and in 1952 Norman Del Mar took over. Internationally renowned soloists who have performed with the orchestra include Paul Tortelier, John Lill, Dennis Brain, Ralph Holmes, Kathleen Ferrier, Hugh Bean, Emma Johnson, Leslie Howard and Sir Donald McIntyre.

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VICE-PRESIDENT Barbara Strudwick ARAM
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