



The world according to Bob

Two days of music and talks
around the work of Bob Gilmore

Tuesday, 1 March 2016 | Wednesday, 2 March 2016

City University London & Cafe OTO



City University London (Performance Space), St John Street, London EC1V 4PB

Tuesday, 1 March 2016: Arrival/Registration 10.45am (doors open 11.10), until 21.00

Wednesday, 2 March 2016: Arrival/Registration 10.30am (doors open 10.50), until 17.00

Cafe OTO, 18-22 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL

Wednesday, 2 March 2016: Doors 20.00 (performance starts 20.30), until late

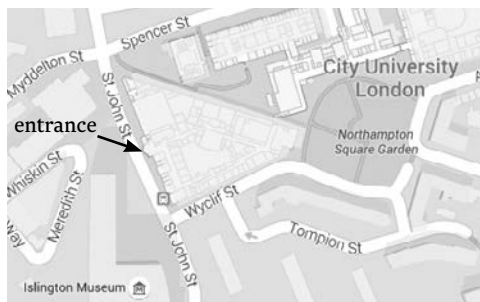
Directions

Public Transport

For all journeys in London, the following website is helpful: www.traveline.info

City University London (Performance Space)

Address: City University London, St John Street, London EC1V 4PB



The nearest Tube Station is Angel. From there it is 8-10 minutes walk to the venue. First walk South towards St John Street, and then continue South on St John Street. The entrance for all the City University London events is on the left hand side (walking South) beneath a red-brick clock tower. To get to the 'Performance Space', enter the building, go through the turnstile and descend one floor. For further guidance, including bus routes, see www.city.ac.uk/visit#travel=5

Cafe OTO

Address: 18–22 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL

Overground & East London Line: There are two overground stations very close to Cafe OTO: Dalston Junction and Dalston Kingsland. These connect you quickly to the rest of London. **Bus:** The following buses stop nearby: 30, 38, N38, 67, 76, 149, N149, 56, 277 & 242.



On the Wednesday afternoon, the final concert at City Uni finishes at 17.00. If you are going on to Cafe OTO, we recommend the No. 56 Bus from Goswell Road in the direction of Whipps Cross.

Photo: Bob with Alfrun Schmid and Elisabeth Smalt in Amsterdam

Front cover: Bob photographed for the Orpheus Instituut by Paolo Giudici



The world according to Bob

Bob Gilmore's presence on the new music scene radiated a unique combination of energy, openness, excitement, critical insight, sympathy and humour. His outstanding biographies of Harry Partch and Claude Vivier, and his musicological and other writings, were all complemented by Bob's passionate and informed advocacy of an extraordinary range of composers and music of recent times. Much of the music he embraced and wrote about was radically new and highly individual. Latterly, performing and commissioning with Trio Scordatura (now renamed Scordatura), he became directly involved in creating the work he loved.

It was clear, following his death in January 2015, that many musicians felt his work and its implications deserve serious and more widespread recognition. In 'The World according to Bob', we hope to encourage that recognition by engaging with his achievements and what they mean for music, musical biography, history and musicology, and also to ask how Bob's legacy might be passed on for the future.

Our 'Bob Fest' packs nine concerts into two days, with music by Harry Partch, Horatiu Radulescu, Claude Vivier, Frank Denyer, Christopher Fox, Linda Buckley and others—many of whom Bob championed through his writings, through friendship, or both.

In addition, there will be eleven short talks from distinguished speakers including Paul Griffiths, John Schneider, Sam Richards and several of the featured composers. Celebrated performers include Andrew Zolinsky, Anton Lukoszevics, Catherine Tunnell, Ian Pace and others, as well as Scordatura itself.

Over the two days, the programme also includes more than 20 premières by composers associated with Bob.

The finale at Café OTO on Wednesday night—'A Night of Irish Music'—curated by Ergodos, features music by Jennifer Walshe, Kevin Volans, Donnacha Dennehy, Deirdre McKay and others, interspersed with readings from Bob's writings by Toner Quinn and Bernard Clarke.

In the spirit of Bob—Welcome!

Elisabeth Smalt, Patrick Ozzard-Low and Frank Denyer



Bob Gilmore 1961 – 2015

A personal view

Carrickfergus in County Antrim is a large county town only eleven miles from Belfast. Bob Gilmore thought of it as his home town although he was born in Larne, on June 6th 1961. He pointed out on various occasions that if one wished to pursue a career in the arts it is difficult to imagine a more unlikely place to spend one's formative years. At that time the catholic/protestant divide created a highly charged political atmosphere which put considerable pressure on the individual to proclaim and make visible their tribal allegiances. Bob's early attraction to music and the arts perhaps offered a way to bypass these tensions. This may also help us understand his instinctive encouragement of social inclusivity and his aversion to situations where one might be asked to take sides.

He took piano lessons at Belfast Music School, although by the time he left school he was still uncertain what he wanted to do apart from collecting gramophone records and reading. For a while he sold insurance like his father but this would soon change. One fateful day in January 1979, while visiting Belfast Central Library he came across *A Genesis of Music* by Harry Partch. This volume together with the writings of Wilfrid Mellers which he was also enthusiastically devouring, were responsible for him deciding to study music at university. He specifically applied to York because the music department there was largely Mellers' invention, and gave heavy emphasis to contemporary composition and ethnomusicology. And so, no doubt full of hope and optimism, Bob set out for York in 1982.

The modular structure at York allowed freedom to explore a multitude of musical avenues some of which would have been quite new to him. Apart from much else Bob joined the Javanese gamelan which was led by Neil Sorrell. In the autumn term of his 3rd year he took part in a project led by Vic Hoyland that focussed on Stravinsky's *Les Noces*. In its preparation Bob took the role of the bride's father and found himself next to the mother of the bride played by Maria Marquise, a quixotic first year student who had been born in Russia (significant for *Les Noces*) and had strong interests in ethnomusicology. Maria came from an eminent musical family that had settled in Amsterdam and she soon shared Bob's enthusiasm for Partch. Not surprisingly their relationship blossomed and they formed an intimate partnership that lasted for the next eighteen years. This period at university culminated in Bob gaining a BA with 1st class honours in 1985 and later an MA in 1987.

Bob then took the decision to pursue his PhD at Queen's University, Belfast. He was committed to biographical research on Harry Partch about whose life and music there was very little published information, but for this it was essential to get to California. He was awarded a Fulbright scholarship which enabled him to start work based at the University of San Diego. Partch had died only ten years previously so many of his close collaborators were still in southern California. The initial task was to contact as many of these key individuals as possible. During their first few months in the States Bob and Maria's son Benjamin was born.

Bob's successful PhD thesis (1992) focussed on Partch's *Seventeen Lyrics by Li Po*, but his work in San Diego also laid the foundations for his later great biographical study of Partch. Following his PhD Bob continued at Queen's University as a lecturer for another two years.

He joined Dartington College of Arts in South Devon in 1993, first as senior lecturer, five years later as reader and finally as professor in 2006/7. The college discovered in Bob a man of diverse abilities, not only an outstanding scholar but indeed a dedicated and popular teacher and (unlike many creative academics) a very able administrator. Moreover, he loved performing and took every opportunity to organise and play in concerts with others across the campus.

In all he remained thirteen years at Dartington. In the early days he was full of optimism. His son Ben was developing into an unusually gifted child and Bob, always a devoted father, was deeply engaged in meeting the needs of his son's prodigious early development. (Towards the end of Bob's period in Devon Ben won a place as a violinist at the Menuhin School.) In his professional life he had started publishing a steady stream of articles about the composers that interested him, also writing book reviews and CD liner notes. More significantly, his book *Harry Partch: a biography* was completed and published by Yale University Press (1998), nineteen and a half years after that fateful encounter with *Genesis of a Music* in Belfast City library. The book was awarded an ASCAP-Deems Taylor Award by the American Society of Composers and Publishers in New York. Eight years later, his next published book, an edited collection of the writings of Partch's follower Ben Johnston—*Maximum Clarity* (University of Illinois Press, 2006)—again received an ASCAP-Deems Taylor Award.

After the Partch biography Bob spent some years actively searching for a suitable subject for another full scale biography. For a time he seriously considered Feldman but abandoned the idea when it became clear he would not have full access to all Feldman's papers. We can only imagine what a loss this has been. Bob eventually settled on the French-Canadian composer Claude Vivier and embarked on a whole new round of research trips with his customary enthusiasm.

At Dartington, apart from teaching on the undergraduate and graduate courses,

Bob markedly raised the profile of new and difficult music by being pivotal in inviting composers like Gavin Bryars, Horatiu Radulescu, Kyle Gann, James Tenney (who was awarded an honorary doctorate by Dartington), writers like Dan Warburton and progressive music ensembles such as The Barton Workshop from Amsterdam, Crash Ensemble with Donnacha Dennehy from Dublin, Icebreaker directed by his old friend James Poke, and Black Hair with Roger Marsh, as well as many individual performers like Anne La Berge, Andrew Zolinsky and Marc Couroux. They all came for short residencies and contributed to the making of an exciting context for the department's work. The Barton Workshop came for a number of residencies and Bob helped give each event a special focus. One of these centred on the 60th birthday concert for Frank Denyer which was linked to an article Bob wrote in the *Musical Times*. Another involved the participation of Christian Wolff to mark his 75th birthday, and yet another residency by the Barton Workshop extended into a whole festival around the presence of Alvin Lucier. Lucier remembered coming to Dartington with the Sonic Arts Group in the sixties. Now the Dartington community collaborated in a week during which he helped coach students, gave seminars and performances, received an honorary doctorate and was publically interviewed by Bob. It all culminated in Lucier's Great Hall concert with the Barton Workshop.

During one of these Barton Workshop residencies he met Elisabeth Smalt, the group's viola player, who would become Bob's partner for his remaining fourteen years. This new relationship had an energising and uplifting effect on Bob's life. There always seemed to be a feeling of happiness and fun, permeating the ever-increasing range of projects which they undertook together in the ensuing years.

In these years he somehow also found time to join a French language class, a language in which he became proficient and incidentally not only helped him enjoy everything French but later helped his research in Canada. It had an added attraction because part of Elisabeth's family is French-Canadian.

Meanwhile Dartington became embroiled in a battle for its survival as it attempted to adapt to new government educational policies which urged an increase in student numbers above all other considerations. Like many other institutions, Dartington tried to tailor its courses to be more responsive to popular styles of music, and also relaxed its entry requirements in the hope that these changes would bring in the extra numbers. In so doing the college merely signed its own death warrant. It was an unhappy time for all concerned and Bob was increasingly disillusioned and at odds with these changing priorities. He resigned from Dartington in 2007 to take up a part-time lectureship at London's Brunel University. The wounded college limped on, finally closing its doors in 2010.

Prior to this, Bob was starting to look for ways to extend his performance activities. From October 2005, as a first tentative move he took his duo work

with graduate pianist Imogene Newland to other venues in the South-West. His growing confidence as a performer was reinforced by experienced professional encouragement from Elisabeth, and together in spring 2006 they founded *Trio Scordatura* with the vocalist Alfrun Schmid. Based in Amsterdam, the Trio specialised in new music in alternative tuning systems, taking the Partch Li Po songs as their inspiration and starting point. Bob was their keyboard player and artistic director. The Trio later went on to give concerts throughout Northern Europe and in North America with considerable success. They also recorded the CD *Dubh*, an aural snapshot of a young generation of Irish composers released by Ergodos Records in July 2010; *Natural Science*, a portrait CD of Christopher Fox released by Divine Art/Métier in December 2011; and *E (and sometimes Why)* in collaboration with *If Bwana* on the Pogus label. Alfrun's speech at the Bob's funeral captures beautifully the atmosphere amongst the Trio:

"'Scordatura on the road' [Bob] used to shout whenever we stepped in the Skoda [...] Bob missed every sense of direction but in the beginning in the car I kept following his directions, knowing that he was our leader. It resulted in long journeys across the Belgian countryside. We didn't feel the urge to buy a GPS, because it didn't matter, every extra hour in the car was a pleasure."

His new employment at Brunel involved a weekly commute between Amsterdam and the UK but the role brought new opportunities as Bob found himself part of an impressive team that included several internationally known composers. Again we find him inviting figures such as François-Bernard Mâche and others to present seminars to staff and students. In 2010 Bob became Head of Music at Brunel.

2011 saw Bob lead a number of performances with Brunel students, including Britten's *Noye's Fludde* in Amsterdam; these were important experiences for many of those involved. Phill Niblock's CD/DVD *Brazil 84* also came out that year, and featured performances by Trio Scordatura. November of that year saw the publication of *The ear of the voice of the eye: Yannis Kyriakides, composer* (Tilburg teleXpress, 2011), a bilingual book with Dutch translation by Moze Jacobs.

Bob was diagnosed with terminal cancer in September 2012.

For some time the chemotherapy treatment seemed to work well, although it weakened Bob physically and he required more periods of rest. He resigned from Brunel University, but in 2013 he became a research fellow at the Orpheus Research Centre in Music in Ghent. As was his wont, he was soon actively involved in all of Orpheus Instituut's main interests, sitting on the Orpheus Editorial Board, participating in docARTES sessions, supervising doctoral students, and co-convening and chairing many Orpheus events. As elsewhere, he was admired for both his intellectual and human capacities.

His colleague Luc Vaes wrote:

“...his keen sense for what can and needs to be researched, his ever powerful striving for discovery, as well as his experiences and vision with regards to academia.... were exactly what the institute had been looking for when Bob came along. His warm and fun-loving disposition, always ready for a chat, or with a helping hand and mind, made Bob a most cherished colleague... and friend to all of the institute’s staff, students and guests.”

In 2013, Bob succeeded Calum MacDonald as the editor of TEMPO: a quarterly review of Modern Music (Cambridge University Press), and he quickly set about a thorough editorial renewal for this long established British journal. The first issue under Bob’s editorship was published in January 2014.

October 2014 saw the launch in Ghent of his new project for Trio Scordatura. It was called, *‘Nicola Vicentino: a second life’*, based around newly commissioned compositions using the enharmonic tuning system of the Renaissance composer.

Inevitably he realised he was not going to be able to complete his ambitious plans for future books. His first priority was to finish *Claude Vivier: a composer’s life* (University of Rochester Press 2014). In his final months he made a series of audio documentaries whose subjects were the composers about whom he had planned to write more extensively. These documentaries entitled *Tentative Affinities* were published on his website www.bobgilmore.co.uk between August and December 2014. They fulfil Bob’s ideal of music criticism as he once defined it:

“The sort of criticism that interests me most is the kind that stays closest to the activities of making and playing music, with all their inherent difficulties; criticism that probes and provokes but finally leaves us dying to hear the music under discussion”. Bob Gilmore (1961-2015). A short tribute written for the Brunel University website, Christopher Fox, 2015.

Bob died in Amsterdam on 2nd January 2015.

He will of course be remembered for his two fine biographies and many visionary articles, but also for his tireless energy and enthusiasm in listening to, promoting, and defending the music he loved and believed to be important. His humour and remarkable gift for friendship, and the pleasure all his friends found in being around him, were also essential ingredients of Bob. Indeed this part of his nature was a significant factor in his work as a writer, musicologist and much else. His friendships and direct engagement with composers, many of them distinguished figures, were at the heart of what he did, while in his writing he had the added gift of always being able to stand back and see the wood for the trees. Finally one small attribute that is often unmentioned but which I think was a fine but rare virtue, namely his complete tolerance of all the ‘peculiar’ personality quirks of the composers he admired.

Frank Denyer



Programme

At City University the Welcome, Concerts and Round Table are all in the ‘Performance Space’. Talks are either in the Performance Space or in Lecture Theatre AG21 (as indicated). [BG] indicates programme notes by Bob Gilmore.

Tuesday, 1 March 2016

11.30 Welcome

11.40 Concert 1: Preface

Harry Partch *Study on Archytas’ Enharmonic* arr. Bob Gilmore for Scordatura

Harry Partch *The Rose*

Marc Sabat *Gioseffo Zarlino*

Harry Partch *By the Rivers of Babylon*

SCORDATURA: Alfrun Schmid *voice, harp*, Reinier van Houdt *Chromelodeon/keyboard*, Elisabeth Smalt *viola, Adapted Viola*, Lucas van Helsdingen *bass clarinet*, Samuel Vriezen *Kithara I*, with special guest John Schneider *voice and Adapted Guitar I*.

Study on Archytas’ Enharmonic (1946) by Harry Partch (1901-1974) was originally written for Harmonic Canon II and Bass Marimba, as part of a series of studies about different Ancient Greek tunings, of which Partch kept only two (the other one is called *Study on Olympos’ Pentatonic*). Bob wanted to arrange it as an introduction to Scordatura’s ‘Vicentino Project’. He was not able to finish it, so we did, in this case as a ‘Preface’ to BobFest. It is one of the very few purely instrumental pieces by Partch, and a charming example of an Ancient Greek tuning which influenced both Vicentino as well as Partch. The scale is 1/1, 28/27, 16/15, 4/3, 3/2, 14/9, 8/5, 2/1. [ES]

The Rose (1942) is part of the song cycle *December 1942* which will be performed complete by John Schneider in the ‘all Partch’ concert tomorrow. Partch was the main composer in Bob’s life. In his essay ‘On being Northern Irish’ he mentions how his encounter with Partch’s music in the local library led to important choices later in his

life. Without Partch I wonder what would have happened to Bob. On the other hand, I wonder what would have happened to Partch without Bob—his biography of Partch (Yale University Press, 1998) filled a gap in musical history and has helped to bring Partch's music into the world of today. [ES]

Gioseffo Zarlino (2015), for variable instrumentation. Inspired by reading Claudius Ptolemy, in 1558 the theorist Gioseffo Zarlino described a rational tonal space ideal for vocal counterpoint combining Pythagorean divisions with 5-limit consonances. In addition to the major whole tone 8:9, produced by moving between the perfect fourth 3:4 and perfect fifth 2:3, there is a minor whole tone 9:10, between the perfect fifth 2:3 and major sixth 3:5. A singing voice sometimes makes a major tone step, at other times a minor tone step, without consciously perceiving the small enharmonic difference of a comma between them. These two whole tones produce two diatonic species of the melodic major third 4:5 (major+minor, minor+major). In my piece, the two main voices move mainly by tones, making consonant counterpoint. Comma differences are composed and notated; by intoning simple ratios, the two voices realise different size tones. Their successive combinations outline three different thirds: the Ptolemaic 4:5 (major+minor), Pythagorean 64:81 (major+major), and the small third 100:81 (minor+minor) sometimes heard in Byzantine chant. Unlike his contemporary Nicola Vicentino, who separates genera to seek out the enharmonic, Zarlino sees the greatest subtlety and beauty in diatonic genera mixed with subtle chromatic and enharmonic intervals. Both theorist-composers opened doors to a remarkable universe of microtonal explorations. [MS]

Bob programmed *By the Rivers of Babylon* (Psalm 137) on Scordatura's very first concert in 2006 and it has remained our 'party piece' ever since. Partch was the starting point of our journey to find new territories in which unusual tunings became an inspiration for creating new pieces. Bob asked composers to write for us, stimulating them to explore the creative possibilities of these tunings, always communicating to the composers his own taste and ideas in his charming and fun way. In the process we made a lot of new friends—like many of you present today. Today we play 'Babylon' for the very first time in the 1943 version with a copy of the original Kithara I, built by William Lindhout in Amsterdam. [ES]

12.00 Paper Session 1: Performance Space

Chair: Catherine Laws

Christopher Fox: The Climate since Bob Gilmore takes its title from an article, ‘The Climate since Harry Partch’, which Bob wrote for *Contemporary Music Review* in 2003. Bob’s title was itself an Anglicisation of the title of a Sciarrino work for piano and orchestra from 2000, and I want to explore the way in which Bob’s work as musicologist and performer, particularly where it focused on tuning systems, was in turn a process of mediation between the domains of creation and theory. Bob wrote that ‘we need a novel kind of wide-angle lens to see Partch clearly’; I will attempt to demonstrate why the same is true of Bob’s work.

Jennifer Walshe: Hacking History and Re-Imagining Ireland: The Aisteach Foundation Hedge-school teacher, occult adept and skyward-gazing dandy Albert Hunt; a beekeeping ecclesiast by the name of The Reverend Joseph Garvan Digge; a reclusive nun and drone composer Sr Anselme O’Ceallaigh; IRA-supporting sound poets the Guinness Dadaists; the half-blind Futurist twins Sinead and Fiachra O’Laoire who professed their love for “the bash and rattle of huge cranes, vast clanking chains tumbling across plates of metal, the fizz and spurting crackle of welding”: these are some of the pioneering figures of the Irish avant-garde whose recordings, materials and ephemera are held at The Aisteach Foundation in Dublin. The Aisteach Foundation is a communal thought experiment, a revisionist experiment in ‘what if?’, a huge effort by many people to create an alternative history of avant-garde music in Ireland.

12.50 Lunch

14.00 Concert 2: Frank Denyer: the hidden voice

Viola, Woman and Crow (2004)... *Whispers 1–7* (2010)... *A Fragile Thread 1* (1979)... *Whispers 10–12* (2010)... *A Fragile Thread 2* (1979)... *Woman with Jinashi Shakuhachi* (2008) with a new *Epilogue* for Bob (2016).

Elisabeth Smalt *viola*, Kiku Day *shakuhachi*, Benjamin Marquise Gilmore *violin*, Frank Denyer *voice*

The experience of listening to Frank Denyer’s music is extraordinary, quite distinct from other aspects of our contemporary musical lives. [...] And while these sounds sometimes seem to embody a covert narrative of sorts, as though a story is hiding,

waiting to be told, any such narratives are never made explicit. [BG]

Woman, Viola and Crow was written for the Dutch viola player Elisabeth Smalt. [...] Besides playing the viola and singing, the player has to wear an elaborate set of rattles on her back [...]; she also wears special shoes to make audible footsteps. Finally, she has to produce a vocal imitation of a crow call, a haunting sound that lends the piece its distinctive aura. The piece in performance is not music theatre: it is more like an obscure ritual. [...] The crow is often an augur, sometimes a portent of death; the footsteps signify both approach and escape; and the rattles seem almost shamanic in their power to ward off, or to attract, we know not what. [BG]

Whispers, for solo voice with ancillary instruments [...], marks a radical (and, so far, a one-off) change in Denyer's working methods. [...] It is the first piece of his to be a mosaic of short movements, some very short indeed. [...] The piece was not specifically intended for his own voice, but Denyer's performance [on CD] offers a marvellous sense of immediacy, as though the pieces are coming into existence as we listen. [BG]

A Fragile Thread In the score the music is described as "two movements for a bowed string instrument and/or voice" thereby suggesting the possibility of performance beyond the western art music ambit as well as within it. Around the time of composition in 1979, I actually designed and built a four stringed bowed instrument with a lizard skin covered body as one possible vehicle for the piece. The instrument sounded moderately well but proved rather heavy for the player to support. Today we are using a violin, its sound modified by a practice mute. This equally well creates the delicate sound I had imagined. [FD]

Woman with Jinashi Shakuhachi [with a new *Epilogue* for Bob (2016)] [...] responding to a request from shakuhachi player Kiku Day, [Denyer] wrote the second of what would become a set of four works with a woman performer in mind. Part of the stimulus was that Day played the jinashi shakuhachi, the original shakuhachi associated with mendicant Buddhist priests, [...] which women were traditionally forbidden from playing. [...] In the context of Denyer's output, this marks the drawing of a line after the many compositions he wrote for the shakuhachi master Yoshikazu Iwamoto in the decades up to 1999 (four of them collected on *Another Timbre ATO3*). [BG]

14.40 Break —please vacate Performance Space for rehearsal/soundcheck

15.00 Paper Session 2: Lecture Theatre AG21

Chair: Frank Denyer

John Schneider: Partch: ReGenesis of a Music Harry Partch (1901-1974) created two dozen unique, hand-built instruments to perform his extraordinary music—but by doing so, he virtually condemned his repertoire to obsolescence. Or did he? The originals are alive and well at the Harry Partch Institute (U. of Washington/Seattle), but they rarely travel and are aging quickly. For the past 25 years, John Schneider has been building roadworthy copies to bring this sensually alluring and emotionally compelling music to concert stages around the world. A few of his Adapted Instruments are now being used by Musikfabrik in Cologne. He will illustrate that process, and show video of his group PARTCH performing excerpts from *Castor & Pollux*.

Sam Richards: The Global and the Local Based on personal conversations with Bob Gilmore, *The Global and the Local* will dip a toe in the water of some issues deriving from the very slight overlaps in the 1930s and '40s between Harry Partch and the burgeoning folk music movement. In particular this presentation will mention some implications of Partch's global vision as compared with a sense of localism that can be read into his work. This short talk will list matters for research and further investigation.

15.50 Break—return to Performance Space

16.00 Concert 3: Intermezzo

Christopher Fox *The Dark Road*

Anton Lukoszevieze *Score Lexicon*

Anton Lukoszevieze, *cello*

The Dark Road (cello and tape) is the second part of *The Dark Roads*, originally written for Trio Scordatura. Bob had suggested that he might be interested in a work that reduced his role within the ensemble to 'triggering a few sound-files' and to begin with I thought that these might be made up of filtered road noise. This led me to thinking about motorways and then to Ian Duhig's 'Róisín Bán', a poem about the Irish labourers who built the M1 and the tune 'Róisín Dubh'. The solo string music of *The Dark Road* is

a variation on that tune, accompanied not by the noise of roads but by the overlapping voices of three of the men who built them. [CF]

Score Lexicon (cello solo, 2013) is a collection of visual scores derived from pages of a novel (and a few other things). [AL]

16.20 Break—please vacate Performance Space for rehearsal/soundcheck

16.30 Paper Session 3: Lecture Theatre AG21

Chair: Trevor Wiggins

Marc Sabat: Composing with tuneable intervals Some years ago I proposed a new definition: any interval that may be tuned directly by ear—by listening to the sound—could be considered a consonance. Any interval that cannot be directly tuned would be considered a dissonance or a mistuned consonance. This approach may be extended to structures of several tones as well: certain dissonances superposed become consonant (for example, higher primes as summation tones combined in the form $a:b:a+b$), whereas some structures made entirely of tuneable dyads superposed may become dissonant as chords. How might regions of tolerance (mistuning) around the various tuneable intervals act as characteristic “srutis” or qualities affecting movement in a tonal space? In this talk I present some researches of tuneability in my recent music.

Kevin Volans: Art begins where Craftsmanship Ends These are some of the ideas I was discussing with Bob Gilmore in the last months of his life: Music as an art form, non-conceptual composition, problems of compositional preplanning and systems, myths of conceptualism, strategies for non-conceptual composing and some further speculative ideas on colour, surface, scale, content and music as a media artefact, etc.

Paul Griffiths: A Little of What We Lost Frank Denyer is a composer with whom Bob Gilmore felt particularly in tune, perhaps most of all for the “asideness” of his music, but surely also for its freshness and immediacy, the pinpoint focus of an extraordinarily wide awareness. This talk will take Gilmore’s writings on Denyer into consideration and, through the prism they offer, examine one of the composer’s works.

17.45 Break

—Rehearsals taking place in the Performance Space, please do not disturb—

18.50 Doors open

19.00 Concert 4: Nicola Vicentino: a second life

Nicola Vicentino	<i>Madonna il poco dolce</i>
Yannis Kyriakides	<i>poco dolce, molto amaro</i>
Harald Muenz	<i>allo studio con Nicola</i>
John Croft	<i>Soav'e dolc'ardore</i>
Nicola Vicentino	<i>Soav'e dolc'ardore</i>
hans w. koch	<i>il poco dolce</i>
Anne La Berge	<i>Languid sighs</i>
Lucia D'Errico	<i>Madonna il poco dolce</i>
Scott Mc Laughlin	<i>Untitled (for Bob)</i>
Christopher Fox	<i>dolce... pianto</i>
Linda Buckley	<i>Musica prisca caput</i>
Nicola Vicentino	<i>Musica prisca caput</i>

Excepting the Vicentino, all are UK premières, composed 2014 or 2015.

SCORDATURA & guests: Alfrun Schmid *voice*, Elisabeth Smalt *viola*, Reinier van Houdt *keyboard*, Benjamin Marquise Gilmore *violin*, Lucas van Helsdingen *bass clarinet*, *coffee grinder*

The visionary 16th century composer and music theorist Nicola Vicentino (1511-1576) is famous for his advocacy of an ancient Greek enharmonic mode and for the microtonal cembalo that he designed for it. Only four of his madrigals (1555) survived, of which three are unfinished. Bob Gilmore, with Scordatura, asked composers to complete them or respond freely to them. The original madrigals will be performed in a Scordatura arrangement, together with the new compositions.

Here is a fragment from Bob's lecture *Nicola Vicentino: a second life*, given with Scordatura, at the Orpheus Instituut, Ghent, in 2014.

[...] Beyond facts we have our imaginations, our interpretations. Beyond our imaginations we have our dreams, where Vicentino has yet a further existence. "Our dreams are a second life", claimed the French nineteenth-century writer Gérard de Nerval at the beginning of his last prose composition, *Aurélia*. "A drowsy numbness steals over our thoughts, and it becomes impossible to determine the precise point at which the *self*, in some other form, continues to carry on the work of existence. Little by little, the dim cavern is suffused with light and, emerging from its shadowy depths,

the pale figures who dwell in limbo come into view, solemn and still. Then the tableau takes on shape, a new clarity illuminates these bizarre apparitions and sets them in motion—the spirit world opens for us.” [Gérard de Nerval, *Selected Writings*]

[...] Our project *Nicola Vicentino: a second life* is not an attempt to tidy up Vicentino’s legacy, to regard his idiosyncratic harmonies and his fragmentary compositions simply as further rediscovered pieces of the jigsaw that is the western art music canon. Rather, we have accepted his work as the puzzling, inconsistent, touching, inspiring collection of notations, texts, instruments and ideas that it is. If we compare him to Gesualdo, say, or Monteverdi—figures with whom he has things in common—he seems merely inadequate. If, in contrast, we approach his work imaginatively—as though it were entering a second life—it has the power to inspire us in new ways. [BG]

Yannis Kyriakides *poco dolce, molto amaro*

The four madrigals of Nicola Vicentino form the basis of ‘Poco dolce, molto amaro’, as do his ideas about reviving the ancient Greek enharmonic mode. The material is based on encryptions of the complete text of the four madrigals using various ciphers mapped onto the enharmonic mode. The sound of the coffee grinder which features in the piece is fed through a resonance filter patch in the computer to create the various harmonic pedal points. This in turn refers to the title of the piece, which comes from one of the lines of the madrigals; it describes the taste of a perfect coffee: very bitter, and a little bit sweet.

Harald Muenz *allo studio con Nicola*

As the base of my Vicentino tribute I have freely recombined pre-existing Italian madrigal texts by Vicentino, Gesualdo and Petrarca into an ironic collage. My music contains similarly ambiguous elements underneath its apparently smooth surface. The music developed from Vicentino’s scale spirals up in two consecutive waves until it reaches some almost Late Romantic chromaticisms. Here the viola seems to become fixed around a C sharp presenting this in always new and different variants of intonation. At this point, a Vicentino 698ct fifth is celebrated in the keyboard’s low B and F; I have marked this in the score with ‘La Quinta del Vicentino’ (Vicentino’s fifth). On top of this, the viola’s high C sharp now turns into the most ambiguous third possible, located right between major and minor, which is, however, still contained in Vicentino’s scale. After this traumatic event the music falls apart and comes to its standstill.

John Croft *Soave dolc'ardore*

This short piece sets the original text from the surviving part of Vicentino's madrigal of the same title, and draws freely on its harmonic material, although quarter-tones are substituted for Vicentino's 31-note system. I chose the clavichord for the keyboard part as it has the virtue of being readily re-tuneable and capable of dynamic variation—a rare combination for a keyboard instrument—and for the fact that the pitch varies slightly according to dynamic level. In tonight's performance, it is replaced by the "Bobsichord", a Max-based clavichord alternative I made for the first piece I wrote for Trio Scordatura. I remember Bob being quite taken his Bobsichord—so I am very pleased that it lives on in this piece dedicated to his memory.

Anne La Berge *Languid sighs*

Languid Sighs is a musical conversation about two lovers trying to find one another while a third person accompanies them with somewhat vague Elizabethan texts. Their gentle pursuits are contemplative and on occasion a bit lazy. It was composed with great affection for Bob, Elisabeth and Alfrun.

hans w. koch *il poco dolce*

in his 1990 edition of vicentinos "four enharmonic madrigals", alexander silbiger writes regarding the 4th madrigal "madonna il poco dolce" that "...according to vicentino even this composition can be performed in different manners, presumably by ignoring the chromatic and/or enharmonic accidentals." il poco dolce suggests doing just that: the 3 players play the same melodic line together, while player one ignores all accidentals (except for the signature B flat), two plays the chromatic version (according to silbiger's suggestions), three does a "complete" enharmonic rendering. starting simultaneously, each player moves through the piece at his own pace, preferably slow and with soft dynamics.

Lucia D'Errico *Madonna il poco dolce*

What I tried to do in this version of Vicentino's madrigal *Madonna il poco dolce*, is not to take possession of a musical code and manipulate it. But rather, to distil a sensation that could function as a greatest common divisor between Vicentino's original text and an extant experience of it. The result is a suspension, a static and yet animated state of being, a compressed musical space with no development and direction.

Scott Mc Laughlin *Untitled (for Bob)*

I've spent a long time with Trio Scordatura's performances of these Vicentino pieces. In all the years of concerts it was always a wonderful pleasure to hear *Musica Prisca Caput*, and to watch the audience reaction as the microtonal shifts become

increasingly gnarly! What was left for me to do but present my cut-up of the Vicentino, this piece wallows in the sonic joy of my favourite crunchy transitions quoted from *Musica...*, and starkly projecting them against Elisabeth's gently emerging viola harmonics; reflecting in no small part another happy memory of her Radulescu performances.

Christopher Fox *dolce... pianto*

dolce... pianto is based on the text and some of the musical materials of Nicola Vicentino's four-voice madrigal, 'Madonna, il poco dolce'. It was written for Trio Scordatura, to whom it is dedicated, and they premiered it in the Orpheus Instituut, Ghent, on 1 October 2014. Most of this song was written in my hotel room in Darmstadt, during the 2014 new music summer school there, and I think both Bob and I enjoyed the mismatch between what I was writing and where it was being written.

Linda Buckley *Musica prisca caput*

I had long been fascinated by Vicentino and his Archicembalo, and felt particularly connected to the text in this original Latin ode, music being sent "to a new height above the ether". This reminds me of conversations with Bob about the transcendental qualities of music, as he said "an area of experience that new music is generally shy of, which, simplified and reduced to a single word, I'd call ecstasy... exultant, heightened states of being that are the product of an excitable sensibility, of an emotional response to the world that sees the bright places of life as clearly as the dark."

19.45 Interval

20.00 Concert 4 (cont.): Gilmore String Quartet with Alfrun Schmid (voice)

Claude Vivier *Quatuor à cordes no. 1* (1968)

Walter Zimmermann *Novalis Fragment 'for Bob'* (2015)

Kevin Volans *Movement for String Quartet* (1987)

John Cage *String Quartet in Four Parts* (1950):

1. *Quietly Flowing Along – Summer*
2. *Slowly Rocking – Autumn*
3. *Nearly Stationary – Winter*
4. *Quodlibet – Spring*

Benjamin Marquise Gilmore *violin*, Sijie Chen *violin*, Hannah Shaw *viola*, Christian Elliott *cello*

This string quartet by Claude Vivier, although entitled on the manuscript *Quatuor à cordes no. 1*, is the composer's only work for this medium. Although a student work, it was the first item he included in his catalogue of works, thereby showing his high regard for the piece. The musical language of the *Quatuor à cordes* bears little relation to the language of the later works for which Vivier has become known. Yet the piece is a significant achievement, both in its own terms and as the first step on one of the most compelling compositional journeys of the late twentieth century. [BG, Vivier Catalogue, Boosey & Hawkes] Two movements only are extant [...] It is not clear whether the second [...] is actually complete. [BG, from *Claude Vivier—A Composer's Life*, p.233].

Novalis "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" Chapter I: "He dreamed, that he was walking alone in a dark forest, [...] that he was sitting on the soft turf by the margin of a fountain, whose waters flowed into the air, and seemed to vanish in it. [...] But what most attracted his notice, was a tall, light-blue flower, [...] he gazed at the blue flower long upon with inexpressible tenderness. [...] The flower bended towards him, and revealed among its leaves a blue, outspread collar, within which hovered a tender face." [WZ]

Movement for String Quartet was originally my second string quartet, commissioned by the Durban Art Gallery for South African artist Andrew Verster's fiftieth birthday retrospective. It was called *Notes d'un Peintre*, after an essay by Matisse. The inspiration for this piece however was more Philip Guston than Matisse, in particular his work 'Painter's Forms 1' in which the artist presents a repertoire of objects which occur in many of his paintings: a boot, a bottle, the sole of a shoe ... falling like garbage from a mouth in the upper left hand corner of the canvas. [KV]

Bob didn't have much affinity with Cage's later works, but he loved the *String Quartet in Four Parts*. He said he wished that Cage had continued to write 'real' music instead of 'chance' pieces with the stopwatch. Bob never had a conversation with Cage, but he once saw him in a London park, during a Cage festival. In between concerts he went to get some air and couldn't believe his luck when suddenly the master himself appeared and sat down on a nearby bench. Bob desperately wanted to get up and walk towards the other bench, but his legs didn't seem to work. He was too shy, and he thought Cage wanted to relax and be alone without 'fans' demanding his attention. The moment passed, and he did nothing. And then Cage got up and went. Bob followed him and they stopped together at the traffic lights, where they stood together waiting. Bob was all the time of course thinking to himself: Come on, say something! NO! It's too late. Yes you can! No you can't... [ES]

20.45 Concert ends—please vacate building by 21.00—Thank you

Wednesday, 2 March 2016

11.00 Concert 5: Preface

Marc Sabat *Bob Gilmore, Elisabeth Smalt* (2015) for violin and viola

François-Bernard Mâche *Kubatum* from the song cycle *Kengir, chants d'amour sumériens*, for mezzo-soprano and sampler, op 68 (1991)

Claude Vivier *Tao Tao Tao* from *Kopernikus* (1979), arr. Bob Gilmore for Scordatura

Benjamin Marquise Gilmore *violin*, Hannah Shaw *viola* (*Sabat*)

Scordatura: Alfrun Schmid *voice, tubular bells*, Elisabeth Smalt *Adapted Viola*, Reinier van Houdt *keyboard*, Lucas van Helsdingen *bass clarinet*, Samuel Vriezen *glockenspiel*

The first and second parts of this duo (an intonation and fleeting ritornello) were written in January 2015 and premiered by Elisabeth Smalt and Diamanda Dramm at Splendor, Amsterdam. The third part (cantando) was added in November, and opens a warmer, singing tone which took me by surprise with its gentleness. The music was written in memory of the remarkable musician Bob Gilmore, with heartfelt remembrance of his joyous and intense belief in music, his love of the beautiful worlds it could embrace, and especially of his wonderful musician partner Elisabeth. [MS]

Kubatum sets an ancient Sumerian love poem, in a scale of five equal divisions of the octave. Sumer is the earliest known civilization of the ancient Near East, located in the southern part of Mesopotamia (South-Eastern Iraq) from the time of the earliest records in the mid 4th millennium BC until the rise of Babylonia in the late 3rd millennium BC. [BG]

The music of the French-Canadian composer Claude Vivier (1948-1983) is permeated with a sense of ritual, perhaps not surprisingly for someone who, in his own words, was “born to music” during a midnight Mass at the Catholic religious school he attended in his teens. Vivier’s belief was of an unorthodox kind, and his music, likewise, sounds like that of no other composer. [...] And finally, we end in the dream-world of Claude Vivier’s opera *Kopernikus*, with the aria *Tao tao tao* which closes its first act. The opera is the story of a woman, Agni, on a spiritual journey from this world to the next. Throughout the opera, as in many of Vivier’s vocal works, the characters sing mostly in an invented language, ambiguous in meaning but rich in sonority. Contemporary music doesn’t get more beautiful than this. [BG]

11.15 Paper Session 4: Performance Space

Chair: Trevor Wiggins

Frank Denyer: Some Questions that Remain Bob Gilmore could never accept received musical wisdom without constantly testing it against his own musical experiences. He was aware that for many of us, the old assumptions are no longer viable and as we enter an uncertain future, no single tradition, however impressive its past, offers a clear path forward. In this sense all traditions are failing. Do we need a general renewal of the ways we think about music perhaps starting with a radical revision of our narrow historical frameworks? These are some of the questions I refer to in the title.

John Croft: Spectral Music and the Taming of Sonority Spectral music, once radical, ended up neutralising the very thing it tried to liberate, quantifying the last apparently irreducible element in music. Timbre became a parameter, as pitch and duration had become before it. This is perhaps the inevitable fate of any aesthetic insight that becomes first neutralised then ‘positivised’ into a kind of music. If there is one thing shared by the composers who most fascinated Bob, it is that they were (to put it unfashionably) singular. This ‘non-positivistic’—perhaps Romantic, in its more radical sense—attitude, at once open and hermetic, will be considered in relation to affirmative contemporary music culture and the transition of sonority from ‘genotext’ to ‘phenotext’.

12.00 Break

12.10 Concert 6: Harry Partch: The Truth about Tune

Harry Partch *December 1942*

Come Away, Death (Shakespeare, Twelfth Night II:iv), The Heron (Tsurayuki, 13th century Japanese, trans. Waley), The Rose (Ella Young, 1938)

Harry Partch *Two Psalms* (1932 – new version 1943)

Harry Partch *Barstow: Eight Hitchhikers' Inscriptions from a Highway Railing at Barstow, California* (1941)

Today I Am a Man / Gentlemen / Considered Pretty / A very good Idea / Possible Rides / Jesus was God in the Flesh / You Lucky Women / Why in Hell did you come?

Harry Partch from *Seventeen Lyrics by Li Po* (1930-1933):

A Midnight Farewell / The Long-Departed Lover / On the City Street / The Intruder / An Encounter in the Field / On Hearing the Flute at Lo-cheng One Spring Night / The Night of Sorrow / I am a Peach Tree

Harry Partch *Dark Brother* – Final Two Paragraphs from Thomas Wolfe's "God's Lonely Man" (1943)

Harry Partch *Letter from Hobo Pablo* (1943)

John Schneider voice, *Adapted Guitar I, Adapted Viola*; Alfrun Schmid voice; Elisabeth Smalt *Adapted Viola*; Reinier van Houdt *Chromelodeon (keyboard version)*; Samuel Vriezen, *Kithara*; Lucas van Helsdingen, *Indian drum*

The American composer and instrument builder Harry Partch was the son of Christian missionary parents who spent the last decades of the 19th century in China. He himself was born following their return to California, and grew up in small desert towns far from the orthodoxies of the European classical tradition. Around 1930 he began to devise a musical system of his own, rejecting equal temperament in favour of a microtonally extended system of just intonation, and rejecting the conventions of classical singing in favour of a particular form of "intoning" text. [BG]

This all-Partch concert offers two premières: firstly we present the 'first version' of *Dark Brother*. This contains a part for Indian drum, which in 1951 was changed into a part for Bass Marimba. The early version with Indian drum was premiered in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1945. The Indian drum part is lost, but we reconstructed it from the one and only existing recording—dating from the same year.

The second première is that of an instrument: the Kithara I, built as a gift to Bob by the Dutch visual artist William Lindhout. This was instigated by Harm Mouw as the director of the Amsterdam based Klankkleur Festival, and supported by the Dutch Gaviniès foundation.

Another unusual feature is the presence of two Adapted Violas on the same stage, which is a rare phenomenon, as Adapted Violas are rare anyway! In fact, my relationship with Bob started with our mutual search for an Adapted Viola. Bob was hoping to meet a musician who would take up the challenge to build and play one, because the Li Po songs for voice and Adapted Viola were the main subject of his Partch research PhD. And I myself was on the look-out for someone who could tell me how to play the Li Po songs; how to find an instrument, the sheet music and how to decipher the notation. And so we suddenly found ourselves with each other. Coincidentally, just after we met, the Dutch concert organiser Huib Ramaer called Bob to ask if he knew musicians who could play Partch, and although we hadn't started yet with the Adapted Viola project, without hesitation Bob mentioned me as an 'excellent Adapted Viola player'. When Huib called me after that, I didn't dare to confess that there was not one in existence yet, and that I wasn't so sure that the outcome would be 'excellent'! But this situation prompted us to actually proceed with it all and to be ready in time for a concert tour. The 'birth' of our own Adapted Viola (Amsterdam, 2001), then the only one in Europe, was a very exciting moment in our lives, and in 2002 the Partch concert tour went ahead, with John Schneider as our special guest, under the name *The Truth about Tune*. Bob's idea, after a quote from the American composer Lou Harrison about Partch: "Harry told the truth about tune as Kinsey about sex." [ES]

December 1942

This is a song cycle setting texts from Shakespeare, ancient Japan and modern America. Partch seems to have been not entirely satisfied with the work and destroyed the manuscript; fortunately (for us) a microfilm copy has survived. [BG]

Two Psalms

Partch's *Two Psalms* are early pieces: *The Lord is My Shepherd* is based on the recitation of the text (Psalm 23) by Cantor Reuben Rinder of the Congregation Emanuel in San Francisco, which Partch heard in 1932. He asked the Cantor to read the Psalm for him as he wanted a "truly Hebraic interpretation". Partch noted down the pitch inflections as he read and used it as the basis for this piece. The voice part is highly microtonal, and the Chromelodeon doubles it and harmonises it. *By the Rivers of Babylon* follows a similar idea, with a more conventionally melodic, and very beautiful, middle section. It is a setting of Psalm 137, which expresses the feelings of the Jewish

people exiled following the Babylonian conquest of Jerusalem—feelings to which the nomadic Partch could perhaps relate. [BG]

Barstow: Eight Hitchhikers' Inscriptions from a Highway Railing at Barstow, California

This version for voice and *Adapted Guitar I* is the original version, written April 14 to May 18, 1941 in La Mesa, Los Angeles Convict Camp. Harry Partch wrote the following preface for it:

"I took the following eight inscriptions from a highway railing just north of Barstow, California, on the road either to Needles, 153 miles to the east on US 66, or to Las Vegas, Nevada, 157 miles to the northeast on US 91. The way toward either destination is through the townless waste of the Mojave Desert, and rides are scarce. Hitchhikers get to Barstow easily, but there they are stuck in a bottleneck, and many of them never get rides, finally giving up and taking freights.

For hour-on-hour of probable waiting under such circumstances they generally choose a place just outside of town in the direction they are going, someplace where a motorist would have to slow down, a sudden turn in the road, or some obstruction, and above all, a good place to sit down. This particular spot supplied just one of the requisites—a place to sit, and incidentally a place to scribble.

Only a hitchhiker would see the inscriptions. They are generally written in pencil, or carved in the wood with a pocket knife. Every so often highway workers come along, and these little stories, epics of American hitchers, come to oblivion in a few strokes of white paint. I took all the legible inscriptions from this particular spot, and I think they are representative. The words are first spoken freely, then any phrases that suggest music are repeated, either in a semi-spoken manner or in caricature, in harmony with the guitar".

Seventeen Lyrics by Li Po (1930-1933) for intoning voice and *Adapted Viola* (excerpts) The completion of the *Adapted Viola*, the first of the thirty instruments Partch built or adapted during his lifetime, inspired him to make a complete break with his musical past. He burned all the music he had composed to that time and began over again, with these exquisite settings of texts by the eighth-century Chinese poet Li Po. The songs are in a microtonal tuning system with pure intervals and with very fine divisions of the octave. They sing of the life of the wandering poet, exiled by society. With their themes of meeting and departure, loneliness, drunkenness, love, and the beauty of the natural world, these are among Partch's most haunting and beautiful compositions.

[BG, August 2001]

Dark Brother – final two paragraphs from Thomas Wolfe’s “God’s Lonely Man”
The spring and early summer in Chicago were difficult, and Partch was plagued by bouts of ill health and extreme poverty.

[...] As ever, there were ideas in his mind for new compositions, but he held little hope of realizing them. His inability to concentrate on composition was not helped by the fact that since his arrival in Chicago he had been lodging with one friend after another, being unable to afford a room large enough to accommodate his instruments permanently. The Chromolodian had been stored in a friend’s basement since the time of the recordings in March, and although another friend had offered to pay transportation expenses for the instruments still in storage in Carmel, they were not sent until later in the year.

[...] On July 11 he wrote to Luening: “My musical work has been in complete abeyance since my trip east in April. And for just one reason: a precarious means of existence. I have had two dishwashing jobs in Chicago restaurants in the past two months and I have occasionally been aided by friends who can ill afford the luxury of a penniless composer... Day after tomorrow I am taking a blanket and going north to try to participate in the fruit and grain harvests.”

His wanderings took him up to northern Michigan, where he had a job as a “flunky” in a lumber camp dining room. While working there he received a reply from Moe that encouraged him to apply for Guggenheim support.

By early September 1942 he had moved to Chappaqua, New York, staying first with Donald Flanders and his family, to whom Clara Shanafelt had introduced him several years before. Their home was about thirty miles north of the city on the New York Central rail line. [...] When the Flanders learned that Partch needed a place to stay, they offered him the use of their attic and agreed to let him set up his instruments there. The Kithara and the Chromatic Organ console were crated and sent from Carmel, and the Chromolodian from Chicago. Partch planned to stay with them until he received word of his status with respect to military service, which was to be decided within a few weeks.

[...] Partch fitted harmoniously into the Flanders’ household. He was content for the most part to keep his own counsel, but participated from time to time in the social round. The Flanders’ sixteen-year-old son, Peter, who was learning the cello, took an interest in their houseguest, and following some mild coercion from Partch marked the fingerboard of his instrument with the degrees of Partch’s scale. “I also spent quite a bit of time in the attic,” Peter Flanders recalls, “listening to Harry talk about his theories

and to his playing his instruments. My mother was a little uneasy about my spending all that time with Harry alone, but there was no sexual overtone, and she had sufficient confidence in his integrity not to interfere.”

Working conditions in the Flanders’ attic proved ideal. Partch began a setting of the last two paragraphs of Thomas Wolfe’s essay “God’s Lonely Man,” a text in which Wolfe extols the joys of loneliness and isolation, declaring that loneliness is a more common shared experience for modern man than the experience of love as advocated by Christ. Partch’s setting would emerge the following year as *Dark Brother*, for voice, Adapted Viola, Chromolodian, and Kithara, a somber and angst-ridden work, the emotional world of which could scarcely be further from that of Barstow. *Dark Brother* was the first composition to be conceived originally for the Chromolodian. The music is a prolonged passage of what Partch termed “tonality flux”: a nondirectional sequence of chords, each of which resolves onto the next by narrow, microtonal intervals. This principle often characterizes his writing for the instrument, the keyboard layout of which, with its wide physical spans producing relatively narrow intervals, seems to have influenced him toward the narrow resolving distances in this type of harmonic movement. (The span of an octave on the keyboard, moving up twelve of the degrees of Partch’s forty-three-tone scale, produces an interval of approximately a minor third.) Thomas Wolfe may have been on Partch’s mind at this time because among the friends of the Flanders family was Edward Aswell, Wolfe’s last editor. [Excerpt from *Harry Partch, a biography*, BG]

Letter from Hobo Pablo

This is a setting of a letter which Partch received from a hobo pal in 1935. In a note on the piece Partch commented: “The piece is stylized, partly to underline the perverse humor and the obviously warm regard, but mostly to convey—through sound and rhythm—the delight of reading a very unexpected letter from an old companion for the first time”. [BG]

13.00 Lunch—please vacate Performance Space for rehearsal/soundcheck

14.00 Paper Session 5: Lecture Theatre AG21

Chair: Catherine Laws

Scott Mc Laughlin: All Young Composers need a Bob in their Lives Bob Gilmore left great legacies in his writing and performing, but for myself and many others he was also invaluable as a mentor and energising force in new music. This short talk addresses his impact on young Irish composers.

Linda Buckley: Bob Gilmore as Guiding Light for New Music in Ireland Bob Gilmore was a passionate advocate for new music in Ireland. He had tremendous insight and a unique ability to perceive the composer's spirit and intention within the music itself. What was it that Bob connected with in our music? It certainly went beyond any sense of 'Irishness', but rather a fascination with individuality in music, the essence of the person who created it, and the powerful interaction of intuition and emotion that is such an integral part of the composing process.

14.30 Break

14.40 Concert 7: Intermezzo

Claude Vivier *Pièce pour Violon et Piano* (1975)

Patrick Ozzard-Low *Four Piano Pieces* (2013-16)

Benjamin Marquise-Gilmore (violin), Andrew Zolinsky (piano),
Patrick Ozzard-Low (piano)

In the autumn of 1974, Vivier was commissioned to compose a set of eight pieces for the Tremplin International Competition, one of Canada's most prestigious events for young performers [...] As befits a set of competition pieces, each work is a far-going exploration of its featured instrument, providing an opportunity to show off the performer's technique to best advantage. [BG, Boosey's Vivier catalogue] [I]n a collection of pieces that might broadly be characterized as Expressionist in tone, Vivier makes use of an intervallic palette that is much more varied than the endlessly reiterated sevenths and ninths characteristic of much Webernian (and post-Webernian) Expressionism [...] In *Pièce pour violon et piano* he has the violinist play whole chains of sixths, something often found in the piano music of Chopin or Liszt but unacceptable to the Darmstadt-based avant-garde. [BG, from *Claude Vivier—A Composer's Life*, p.105]

These four short and essentially simple (if decorated) pieces should not be met as if they declare a manifesto. They are leaves on a tree in the wind. In 'The Demons', Dostoyevsky describes "...one of those idealistic beings commonly found in Russia, who catches a comet that falls from the sky... and having caught it continue for most of their lives to carry it on their back, despite its crushing weight." Chosen from amongst almost 40 pieces begun since 2010, each is perhaps merely a tentative step, a reorientation, a search for light—the comet having rolled to the floor and into the past. Two were heard at Splendor (Amsterdam) last June; the other two are heard here for the first time. [POL]

15.05 Round Table Discussion

Chair: Christopher Fox

16.00 Concert 8: Horatiu Radulescu

Radulescu *Lux Animae* for solo cello (1996)

Radulescu *Piano Sonata No 2 op. 82* (1990-91)

I. Immanence II. Byzantine Bells III. Joy

Radulescu *Exil Intérieur op. 98, Sonata for cello and piano* (1997)

I. Dramatic Apse II. The Sacred Sound III. Ancestral Bells IV. The Origin G

Catherine Tunnell *cello*, Ian Pace *piano*

Lux Animae is a musical meditation on the soul. The composer tells us that this seven-minute work is structured, on a micro level, in the form of “twenty-one windows on the soul-light”. [BG] It was originally conceived for cello but has been also done successfully on viola [...] In this piece the open strings of the instrument are retuned to what Radulescu called a “spectral scordatura”, simulating the fundamentals of a theoretical low E, below the range of the instrument. The four strings are tuned, from low to high, to what would be its third partial, B; its fourth, E; its seventh, a low D; and its eleventh, a quartertone-sharp A [...] Compositionally, as we can hear in this piece, Radulescu’s music can be quite rhapsodic: there is usually an elegant plan of the macroform, often structured by means of Fibonacci proportions, but the music itself is in no way systematic. *Lux Animae*, like many other Radulescu scores, is elaborately microtonal and avoids tempered pitches in favour of the pure tunings of natural harmonics. [BG, extract from ‘Tentative Affinities’]

The thirteen minutes of the *Second Sonata*, “being and non-being create each other” op. 82 (premièred by Ortwin Stürmer at the University in Freiburg im Breisgau, Germany in 1991), are divided into the unequal proportions 8mn, 3mn and 2mn. The first movement, “Immanence”, opens with a powerful sonority built from spectral functions of a low B flat, answered by simulations of the 5th, 16th and 21st partials of a C spectrum and then by a transposition of the opening chord a semitone higher, to a B fundamental. The wide spacing of this opening material gives a sense of immensity and a strength of utterance typical of the composer. A second theme is an invented folk-like melody played quietly in the right hand as though a spectral emanation from the pedal notes played strongly by the left. Other thematic ideas are used as transitions and developmental material. The second movement, “Byzantine Bells,” sets a melody

built from an unusual six-note mode spanning a perfect fifth (B C D E F F —a mixture of Locrian and Phrygian) against a sudden fortissimo bell-chord on a C fundamental (an echo of the first movement). The right pedal is held down throughout the movement, giving the sense of music travelling to the listener across a great distance. The finale, “Joy”, is in an “aksak” macro-metre of fifteen beats divided as 2+2+2+3+3+3. Into this ostinato structure are set fragments from early compositions of Radulescu—some of them written 45 years previously—which here are heard afresh in the new spectral language of his mature self. [BG, extract from CD liner notes for Radulescu *Lao tzu Sonatas*, recorded by Ortwin Stürmer CPO 999 880-2]

The *Sonata for Cello and Piano* was commissioned by the Baden-Württemberg Ministry for Science and the Arts and received its world première in Paris, at the Lucero Festival in 1997, given by Catherine Marie Tunnell and Hannelott Weigelt-Pross.

Dramatic Apse—a sonata form built equally on self-generative spectral functions (first theme), on ‘diffracted’ heterophony of imaginary folklore (second theme) as well as an abrupt spectral ring-modulation as a third theme.

Sacred Sound—a varied *Lied* using the most accurate approximations of spectral ring-formants of a D-fundamental (cello—up to the 21st harmonic, and the piano—up to the 28th)

Ancestral Bells—a ‘diffracted’ heterophony on an authentic Romanian Christmas Carol from Moldavia, a hymn dedicated to the sun.

The Origin G—a conclusive *ostinato* based on archetypal micro-music events colliding progressively and reaching an enlightening climax.

[Adapted from notes by HR, © Lucero Print]

17.00 Concert ends—please vacate Performance Space before 17.30—Thank you



A night of Irish music

We put together *A night of Irish music* to showcase some of the composers and performers from our little island and it's bubbling musical life, which Bob loved so well.

Our first introduction to Bob, as recent as 2006, said much about his giving spirit and eagerness to help young composers. We were both students of Donnacha Dennehy at Trinity College, Dublin; Bob gave a guest lecture as well as one-on-one sessions with the composition students. Despite being fully-booked, Bob made time to meet us both, and responded to our work with a warmth and enthusiasm that felt like a real vote of confidence. We each walked out having received a crash course in microtonal theory (just one of Bob's great interests), and a thick pile of articles and recordings.

Bob used to say, "I don't feel right unless I've burnt at least one disc for someone each day." He was extraordinarily generous about sharing the music he was passionate about, and thus probably more of a catalyst for creativity than we (or even he) ever knew. Reading tributes to Bob this week, it is remarkable but unsurprising just how many people Bob touched, not just at a distance or in passing, but profoundly and all over the world.

He gave us serious encouragement to follow our own creative paths, and to make things happen in a concrete way. Later that year we founded Ergodos by producing our first festival; Bob's gentle influence has been with us ever since. He was directly involved in many of our productions and releases—our first record was with his group Trio Scordatura—but also more obliquely by way of his benevolent presence, and kindness. Until his diagnosis with cancer, Bob thought nothing of flying to Dublin just to attend a concert; his confidence in us was always felt.

Bob made an art out of the very absence of artifice; the unpretentiousness of his person and writing was both refreshing and rare. For Bob, it seemed, there was no great distinction between his love of Ulster potato bread and the hobo songs of Harry Partch, an emphatic swear-word or the dense harmonies of Phill Niblock. Bob's writings frequently communicated the most complex of ideas in the simplest of terms. He brought together the most contrasting fields of experience with such ease.

Our memories of Bob stream in: Rehearsing in the living room of Bob and Elisabeth's old apartment in Van Oldenbarneveldstraat, Bob listening with ferocious intensity. A midnight drive through snow-covered Belgian fields, Bob in the back seat drinking Jupiler and eating nuts to Philip Glass' *Music in Twelve Parts*. Performing Alvin Lucier's *I remember* in a Dublin church with Bob's soft voice resonating in a teapot. Bob, with his familiar black jacket and famous hair, advancing down a railway platform, arms open.

Garrett Sholdice & Benedict Schlepper-Connolly



A night of Irish music

Cafe OTO, 18-22 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London

Wednesday, 2 March 2016: doors 20.00 (performance starts 20.30), until late

Deirdre McKay *For Bob*

Elisabeth Smalt *viola*

Kevin Volans *For Bob*

Elisabeth Smalt *viola*, Kevin Volans *piano*

Ailís Ní Riain *Into The Sea of Waking Dreams*

Ailís Ní Riain *piano & voice*

Linda Buckley *Fridur*

Andrew Zolinsky *piano*

Scott Mc Laughlin *Blues for Horatiu*

Reinier van Houdt *piano*

Jennifer Walshe *Historical Documents of the Irish Avant-Garde Vol. 1: Dada*

Jennifer Walshe *voice*

interval

Karen Power (*electronics*) & **John Godfrey** (*guitar*)

duo improvisation

Garrett Sholdice *I remember Bob*

Michelle O'Rourke *voice*, Garrett Sholdice *piano*,

Benedict Schlepper-Connolly *synthesiser*

Benedict Schlepper-Connolly *Cyan*

Benedict Schlepper-Connolly *violin*

Donnacha Dennehy *Bulb*

Elizabeth Cooney *violin*, Kate Ellis *cello*, Andrew Zolinsky *piano*

with texts by Bob Gilmore read by Bernard Clarke and Toner Quinn

Deirdre McKay *for Bob*

So much about Bob's teaching and friendship, thankfully, still feels like a constant presence. I am so grateful for how precious he was, both as a uniquely dedicated teacher and wonderful human being.

Strange fragments of (vaguely) Feldmanesque repetition, from our classes in the nineties, flitted through my ears as I pencilled this, thinking of Bob, and those early days, when Bob widened out our universe.

Dedicated to dearest Bob and written for his loving partner, Elisabeth.

Kevin Volans *for Bob*

Before and after I wrote this piece I was nagged by the question: what does the viola have to do with the piano? Did this combination evolve by accident? The viola was perfected in the 18th Century. Its natural métier is private chamber music. The piano on the other hand kept growing and blossomed in the 19th Century as the ultimate public instrument. If the piano is to play with the viola, it has to rein back its power and pose as an accompanist.

Maybe a third instrument, perhaps from the 20th Century, is needed to mediate between these two very different sound worlds. So when we play this 'trio' with 2 instruments I invite the listener to mentally add the silent part(ner).

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Ailís Ní Riain *Into the Sea of Waking Dreams*

A set of miniatures.

Linda Buckley *Fridur*

The genesis for *Fridur* began during a stay in Iceland in 2014, with much of the harmony and atmosphere for the piece created in a wooden cabin overlooking the great expanse of Lake Laugarvatn,

and volcano Mount Hekla. At the time, I couldn't put into words the feeling I had when writing it, but there was a sense of calm and peace (in Icelandic, 'fridur') and an almost panoramic wish to widen the music, to open it out—just like the vast landscape and beauty before me. *Fridur* was composed for the New York based Irish pianist Isabelle O'Connell.

Scott Mc Laughlin *Blues for Horatiu*

Bob always talked so wonderfully about Radulescu and his music, bringing to life his joy of exploring sound. I've never found the piano particularly easy to write for, but Radulescu's pieces—especially the 6th sonata—gave me a new way of thinking about the spectral sound of the low strings. This little piece is a homage to that exploration.

Jennifer Walshe *Historical Documents of the Irish Avant-Garde Vol. 1: Dada*

Dada in Ireland centered around the activities of Dermot O'Reilly, Kevin Leeson and Brian Sheridan. All three worked at the Guinness brewery in Dublin — for this reason the Irish Dadaists are usually referred to as the "Guinness Dadaists". They were most active between 1920 and 1922, during the period of the Irish War of Independence. Led by O'Reilly, the Guinness Dadaists put on performances and created sculptures, wall hangings and sound poetry. The latter was composed using the rules of pronunciation of the Irish language and as such is extremely difficult for non-Irish speakers to read or perform. www.aisteach.org

John Godfrey

Like many electric guitarists, I employ guitar and effects as a dyad. However, I am more concerned with a holistic interpenetration of analog instrument and digital processing than with the traditional usage of effects as a post-hoc

colouration of played materials. Focussing on sonority, I employ the guitar as a trigger/seed for sonic environments, the use of the analog instrument allowing natural flexibility and human-scale timing despite the complexities of interfacing with computer-based processing. The foundation for this practice was laid at York University a long time ago under Bob's influence. Bob and I shared a great interest in microtonality and spectral music, the ancestors of the idea that pitch (and everything else) is merely a subset of sonority; we used to discuss the theory and experiment with practice over much time. And more drinks. Thanks, Bob!

Karen Power

In this performance I combine my interest in field recording, our world's natural timing, musical structures and the performance space. These partially-improvised soundscape performances create simultaneously real and imaginary soundscapes for audiences to wander and explore. Such improvisatory work specialises in using audible and normally inaudible environmental and everyday sounds, all of which I have recorded from around the world, as catalysts for constructing multiple sonic paths and soundscapes, which could not physically coexist outside of each artist-made performance space. Tonight's performance considers Bob's musical openness and preferences in my choice of materials. My intention is closely aligned with my compositional practice and a desire to play with that fragile space, which lies between the comfort in recognising a sound and your personal association with it, and the wish to move beyond this into hearing new sonic possibilities for that same sound. Audiences are invited to find their own way into each and every sound.

Garrett Sholdice *I remember Bob*

This piece was written especially for this celebration of the work and interests of Bob Gilmore and was composed for myself, Benedict Schlepper-Connolly and Michelle O'Rourke to perform. The three of us sang for Bob for his 50th birthday. This piece is a simple song for him after his passing. The title refers to Alvin Lucier's *I remember*, a text score that Bob invited myself and Benedict Schlepper-Connolly to perform with Trio Scordatura on a couple of occasions. In this piece, the performers sing into resonant vessels and freely interpolate spoken statements—each statement a memory personal to each performer, beginning “I remember...”.

Benedict Schlepper-Connolly *Cyan*

Cyan was composed in Dublin, York and Indianapolis in early 2008, and combines a single melodic line with sine tone harmonies and a field recording made in County Sligo. It has been performed with solo voice, trumpet, viola (notably by Elisabeth Smalt), piano and once—at Bob's encouragement—for multiple voices as an audience participation number.

Donnacha Dennehy *Bulb*

Bulb was commissioned by the Fidelio Trio with funds provided by the Arts Council of Ireland. It takes as its basis the overtone series built on a very low G, and it grows outwards from a small band of these overtones by means of pulsing glissandi (in the violin and cello). Well in fact these pulsing glissandi are for the most part made of 2 notes (one moving, the other providing a reference drone by its repetitions). By the end, the violin and piano have swapped registral places. It's an artificial vandalism of a natural phenomenon (the overtone series), like the way electric lighting is of the visual spectrum, or the paintings of Bridget Riley are of various natural perceptions.



Remembering Bob

In a few days, in Paris, Ilan Volkov will conduct my work *Kassandra* with Ensemble Intercontemporain—one more reason for me to feel keenly the disappearance of Bob Gilmore, who had prepared a detailed study of the piece and recommended it to Ilan Volkov. Bob had included an analysis and some extracts of it in a remarkable broadcast that he devoted to me in 2014, with unfailing enthusiasm offering my music a level support that I rarely met from anyone else. Five years ago Bob invited me to present a masterclass at Brunel University and I was able to see at first hand how much his students appreciated his personality. Musicology can sometimes be boring or too fussy but not with Bob. He conducted his research with a voracious passion, an everlasting energy and a wide scope, as if he guessed his life would prove too short to achieve all his projects. He had signed a contract for the translation of my book *Musique au singulier*, but unfortunately he was able to complete only a few chapters before his death. Bob was a musician: beyond his brilliant activities as a researcher, his Trio Scordatura helped communicate his studies to a wider audience as the trio explored some little-known areas in music, thanks also to his talented partners Elisabeth Smalt and Alfrun Schmid, to whom I also express my gratitude. We all miss Bob. **François-Bernard Mâche**

.....

Dear Bob of the Fiery Head, the very burning pizzle of erudition and spade-calling. How dare you die? Just trying to get to Harry first and verify a few outstanding questions? I expect a full report.

Remember when we first met in 1987? Kenneth Gaburo said there was an Irish scholar wanting to check our archives in his Iowa City attic, a place hidden from Harry's mortal enemies: musicologists. Anyway you showed up, we drank Guinness (though you said the inverse square law applies that relates taste to distance from the brewery), you read and took notes for a bit, and toddled off. Lo and behold our Partch books come out around the same time and what took you three days took me ten years of research and constant digging. You're the real deal, man.

Your generosity is also legendary—we traded Partchian tidbits for 25 years—but it was not endless. I recall one fellow scholar (who never apparently returned any favours) asking you for a score for this or that as though you were a librarian. He found your limit and got the shaft.

I await our continued correspondence in the style that only Partch-nerds of a certain angle of erection would get. Something like the following, random day-brightener: “Haven't a clue! Isn't it something rather obvious, like Mom is the Power

and the hyper-ejaculating son the Glory? Or am I being too banal? Blessings be upon all your orifices.”

And also upon thine, Gilmore⁴³. Everyone else is a completely different serving of tapioca. **Philip Blackburn**

I corresponded with Bob Gilmore long before I met him, and when I took the train into Totnes, visiting Dartington at his invitation, I was rather startled to see through the train window this unruly mass of red hair, which indeed turned out to belong to my host. The hair, as it turned out, was merely a modest hint of the personality underneath. Bob was wild, irreverent, cynical, profane, sardonic, irrepressible, ruthless, hilarious and a masterful observer of the contemporary music scene. His insights were priceless and delivered with a rapier wit. His conversation was the closest thing I’ll ever have to the experience of having known Oscar Wilde. Finding that I had not learned to comprehend the world of spectralist music, he gave me a whirlwind course in it one evening, well lubricated by libations, and it was not the only side of the music world he illuminated me about. Yet for all his audacity he was a very serious scholar and a marvellous writer. His biographies of Harry Partch and Claude Vivier are fantastically absorbing, models for how musicology should be written. His Ben Johnston collection treads fearlessly into the thorniest theoretical thickets. And the range with which he could encompass the European avant-garde and the mathematics of American just intonation has been paralleled by very few scholars. He strode the new-music world like a colossus on two continents. I am highly indebted to him for scores, insights, and warm hospitality in three cities. The loss to the music world of his untimely death is incalculable; but his legacy will retain the vividness that characterized him in person. **Kyle Gann**

My first contact with Bob was about twenty-five years ago when he telephoned me out of the blue. He had somehow heard my music and wanted to meet. For my part, I had heard there was an interesting individual in Northern Ireland called Bob Gilmore, working on a detailed biography of Harry Partch. As an inveterate Partch enthusiast I was also eager to meet him. When we did get together I soon realised the depth of Bob’s knowledge and occasionally we played a game where I picked a random date from Partch’s life and Bob told me what Partch was doing on or around that time. Happily we became both close friends and colleagues at Dartington College of Arts.

When Bob listened to a composer’s music, he gave it his full attention and then went further by returning to it for repeated listening. He had an almost encyclopaedic knowledge of the classical canon but the irreverence to think outside this box. These

qualities, although remarkable, are not really enough to understand what made Bob so special. They were allied and transformed, first by a pervasive good humour that made his compendious knowledge sit very lightly indeed, but the most important capacity of all was his passionate love of music. It may seem strange to say this but Bob just loved listening to music; he loved studying it, thinking about it, writing about it, talking about it, he loved performing it, encouraging musicians and, last but not least, sharing these experiences with others. Such engagement on numerous levels really set him apart from most other writers and performers.

As a composer I have a lot to thank Bob for. He wrote about my music, talked to others about it, organised concerts and recordings and championed it generally, so that during dark times when there seemed no interest in what I was trying to do, there was always this one glimmer of light. That made a difference. Yes, but above all I miss him as a friend and just being here. **Frank Denyer**

.....

My first contact with Bob was corresponding with him after being introduced at IRCAM in Paris. Bob Gilmore was a very kind and friendly person but also very skilled in dealing with complicated academic problems along with international politics. Together Bob and I wrote a book which won an award from ASCAP. Bob was very much interested in the emerging interconnections of American and European music. What I miss most about him is hard to say because there's so much that was admirable, valuable and challenging. **Ben Johnston**

.....

Life without Bob The strange thing about life without Bob is how much more present he seems to be than when he was alive. Bob was my best friend. He used to come and stay at my house a good deal, so I saw quite a lot of him. However, of course, in reality he was only there for a relatively small proportion of the time, and when he wasn't there, well he wasn't there, altho' we might email or Skype and there were obviously a lot of times when I would think of something to tell him or music I would play him, but the rest of the time he wasn't around.

But since he's gone, he seems to be ever present. I've commented on this before but he seems to be around as much as ever. He just won't go away ("As I was walking up the stair, I met a man who ...")

He was always such an incredible source of information and inspiration, he was incredibly funny and irreverent and entertaining to have around, he was a fount of ideas and he was so supportive of everybody he knew. Without Bob being around there's a missing reference point, a hole in the fabric of the world, a missing source of reassurance that everything's going to be alright. I didn't know it was possible to miss somebody this much.

James Poke

Bob Gilmore—A Tribute Bob was a wonderfully perceptive musicologist drawn towards some of the most interesting music of the last fifty years, doing the important job of trying to unravel its mysteries, not simply playing some inward-looking musicological game. In his work with Trio Scordatura and the various microtonal societies with which he was connected, he was also something much more than that: a genuinely inquisitive musician who inspired all around him by his passion for music that so needed a champion like him. He was never anything but fiercely involved, possessing a magnetic personality that drew you in. Everyone will tell you too that he was the best of company. He could go from the profound to the hilarious in the turn of a sentence, occasionally interrupted by a very loud and radical burp! He could be mischievous and bold, in the Irish sense, and yet he was always so kind, open-hearted and sincere. You could not have asked for a nicer, gentler soul. I desperately miss our days rambling around, talking (profound) shite. **Donnacha Dennehy**

Bob Gilmore walked through the door of 207 Main Street, Savoy, Illinois, sometime around 1990. That was where I lived, and Bob was coming to the University to look through Partch materials. Someone—probably Ben Johnston—had put him in touch, and I'd offered him our spartan upstairs room for a couple of nights.

I met a rangy, enthusiastic, voluble and entertaining human being, with an astonishing head of red hair, an irresistible smile and a sense of the ridiculous that perfectly matched my own. It's remarkable how many of those qualities remained twenty-five years later. In a few hours I discovered that he knew an astonishing number of things (and not just about Harry Partch), and that he had an unparalleled ability to wear his learning lightly. Every conversation was a gift.

I saw him very little for two decades, though the occasional letter (and later, email) would arrive with news, a question, or a story. Donnacha Dennehy was at Illinois, and I learned some of Bob's doings from him. Later it was Deniz Ertan who kept me informed. Wherever I went, someone knew, loved, or was indebted to Bob.

Then, amazingly, we suddenly were both at the Orpheus Instituut, where we commiserated about comma splices and speculated about experimentalism. His prose, his talk, his ideas animated everyone there. His laughter made everything possible.

Experience is so limited. What can you do with a sound but hear it? But in memory—ah, well, in memory resides the beyond. **Bill Brooks**

I first met Bob on 11 August 2002 at 8 pm, when he visited me in Amsterdam. For his planned book on Claude Vivier he wished to glean some facts from me as Claude's friend.

I last saw Bob on 01 December 2014 at 8 pm at STEIM, Amsterdam, before Juan Parra's PhD-related lecture. He handed me a copy of his wonderful, newly published Vivier book. I sat down a couple of rows in front of him but when the talk was over, I turned around and he was gone.

These two dates form the cornerstones of a deep warm friendship, heavily spiced with humour and punctuated by delightful wining and dining. I particularly enjoyed an Amsterdam canal cruise in the mid-afternoon of 02 August 2007, during which he recorded my comments for an interview and otherwise engaged in witty and thoughtful conversation. Another memorable occasion was my visit to London from 14–18 December 2010 to lecture at Brunel, when we repeatedly dined together.

I just read all his emails to me. It brought a feeling of warmth and quite a few laughs. Some samples: 11.06.03—"Deerk Larents, ...Still obsessing on Vivier matters, I wondered if you might cast your good eye on the attached photos. (As in: the eye of your good self, not the eye that is better than the other eye)." 27.09.03—"...For any such help [in contacting Walter Zimmermann for the Vivier book] I would buy you as much Guinness as you could drink standing on one leg without falling down." 04.01.10—"...I'm trying to finish my book on him [Vivier] and would love to see the pictures. Is there any chance (please, pretty please with sugar on it) you might scan them and send them? May a thousand blessings fall upon your head." **Clarence Barlow**

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Bob was one of the most remarkable people I have ever known. Warm, hilariously funny, courageous, independent, intelligent, self-effacing and generous are only some of the many words I could use to describe him. While I will always be grateful to Bob for sharing his insights into the visionary music of some of his musical idols such as Frank Denyer and Horatiu Radulescu, I will most remember and admire his spiritual presence in my life and the lives of others. Despite the fact that I did not have the opportunity to spend much time in person with Bob (we only saw each other several times either in Los Angeles or Amsterdam), it never changed the sense that when I was with him I sensed that we had been close friends forever. This must have been due to his complete lack of pretence and the genuine interest he had in others. The combination of these qualities with his enthusiasm and joy for life, learning, discovery, and collaboration was unique and inspiring. He was, and remains, a role model of how to live; be true to yourself, be kind to others, work hard at what you love and face the inevitable challenges of life with humour, perspective and strength.

Justin Urcis, Los Angeles, CA

Most of my banter with Bob was over email, especially once we'd started working on TEMPO together. I remember regularly roaring with laughter behind my laptop during some nonsensical exchange with my 'boss'. An early incident involved him getting completely over excited by (and then editing out) my use of the word 'whilst'—an exchange which marked the beginning of a long thread of ridiculous grammar gags (he went with 'while'. Honestly.).

I also appreciated Bob's Scythe of Judgement: who hasn't enjoyed witnessing one of his appraisals, something along the lines of "of course so-and-so is a most eminent and serious blah-di-blah, very highly thought of in such-and-such and having made valuable contributions to the field of x. They happen also to be a complete tosser".

He may not have suffered fools gladly, and evidently enjoyed cutting the pretentious down to size, but Bob was singularly open-minded and generous. I'm so glad that I accepted his mad-cap plan to join him at the helm of TEMPO because it was in that role that I really learned how much Bob knew, and broad church, yet discerning, he was. I so admire the way he championed young or side-lined talent, fostered creative independence and confidence in all his associates, and resolutely pushed to feature more women in the journal.

The pace of Bob was also something to admire. He seemed always to saunter, smiling, through life, always with time to be distracted, diverted, offer advice or support, or indulge in silliness. This is surely testimony, also, to the clarity of his thinking because he somehow combined this unhurriedness with prolific productivity.

My favourite memory is of one night spent with Bob and Elisabeth in Hazenstraat. Lubricated by a fair bit of red wine, I admitted to having played the cello as a child and suddenly there we were playing Haydn piano trios—I hadn't played for about 14 years, and it should have been gruesome and regrettable. Bob made everything fun.

Juliet Fraser

My memories of Bob are mostly personal and musical—occasions on which we collaborated on a project and had fun!

There was the Christmas when the students wanted to hold a Carol Service in one of the music studios—more for musical and social reasons than religious conviction in most cases. Neither Bob nor I felt well equipped to render the accompaniments from 'Carols for Choirs' with enough panache and doublings and make enough of a convincing noise on the studio Steinway. The students gave their all vocally, with the sopranos out-competing each other on all the descants. So we played an extempore duet, taking one stave each and adding to it liberally. I'm not quite sure how it sounded but we didn't really care that much. We both let our musical standards slip somewhat

for other gains.

Another occasion was when Bob had organised a performance of a piece by Steve Reich involving as many people as possible. There were too many tuned percussion parts for percussion students and, moreover, we didn't have enough instruments. BUT, Bob had worked out that, if you were careful, you could make it work by playing four parts on two marimbas—except that one had to be played from the 'wrong' side of the instrument in each case. Guess who got the parts? I just about managed to turn it around in my head after a few rehearsals, but Bob also directed the ensemble.

Trevor Wiggins

Some thoughts on Bobness The thing about Bob Gilmore was that he was very good at everything he did. In some people this can be very annoying, especially if they're the sort of people who insist on pointing it out to you, but Bob didn't do that. Instead he just got on with the business of writing beautifully, researching widely and thoroughly, being an inspiring teacher, playing music with such care and delight. These two days of Bob-events give a hint of his interests and the way in which he gave strength to everyone who knew him.

One of the greatest pleasures of my life in the last ten years was the gradual discovery that Bob really liked the music I had made and was making. This mattered to me because I knew Bob was a great listener, the sort of listener who is directed by what he hears, not what he thinks. To respond to music as Bob did is an act of enormous generosity, but it also places a weight of responsibility on musicians: be bold, don't waste my time. I found this very exciting, but a big challenge too, both to my habits as a listener and to my work as a composer.

People like Bob also make things happen that would not have happened without them. My Vicentino song, *dolce... pianto*, and the solo string and soundfiles piece *The Dark Road* only exist because Bob suggested them and both of them tap into an unrestrained lyricism that I would like to think was mine but which I think has a lot to do with Bob too. To His Most Esteemed Bobness, once again, my heartfelt thanks.

Christopher Fox

Bob's essay "On being Northern Irish" focused on a theme which was undoubtedly central for his entire life. Born in the Northern Irish town of Larne, he describes the marginality and liminality of a life right in the middle of Irish- and Britishness in his typical, very personal, both poignant and moving way. In a period of re-emerging pointless 'patriotism' and xenophobic debates about migrants, Bob's words are of striking relevance:

When they ask me what nationality I am, I say I'm Northern Irish. [...] People reasonably object that 'Northern Irish' is not a nationality, and then generally ask me if I think of myself as Irish or British. For me this question does not have a satisfactory answer; sort of both and sort of neither. I think of myself as Northern Irish, and wouldn't particularly choose to be anything else [...]. People I meet on my travels are delighted when I say I'm from Ireland, but when they discover I'm from the north not the south, Protestant rather than Catholic, and from near Belfast, not Dublin, their smiles vanish. Some people have even said to me, 'Oh, you're not the real Irish, then'. What should one say to this? My family has been in Ireland for 300 years or more; how long is it supposed to take? And what is meant by 'the real Irish' anyway, in a land that has been raped and pillaged for centuries? (Bob Gilmore, *On being Northern Irish*, 2014)

In Bob's CV, under 'nationality', we read 'British/Irish', and Bob's strong personality smoothly bridged this in-between-ness practically. I wonder whether it was one of the roots of his independent thought, his acceptance of very different genres, styles and origins, and his refusal to let himself be monopolised by any schools, fashions or trends.

Open to everybody who showed passion for music, Bob did not exclude anyone from the outset, but valued each individual's typical skills and talents. My own compositional attempts towards microtonality in *stein-sum* or *aldiladellaldiqua* would have been unthought of without Bob's support. He was in no way superficial or uncritical but nevertheless managed to ennoble the tiny things musical that one does. When I mentioned *en passant* in an email six weeks before his death that, in one of my modules, I had briefly touched upon Vivier's *Lonely Child* I got the distinctive enthusiastic reaction: "Wonderful about your seminar at Brunel! I wish I had heard it." Between two teaching blocks we often sat down on the Roland keyboard in my office and played four-hand arrangements of symphonies by Haydn (of whom we were both particularly fond) or Brahms. Once he said to me: "Who loves Brahms as much as you do, truly loves classical music indeed!" On the day of his funeral I discovered his request for Brahms' *Geistliches Wiegenlied* to be played (*Stillet die Wipfel! Es schlummert mein Kind...* (Hush the treetops! My child is asleep...—trans. William Mann) from *Two Songs for Alto, Viola and Piano*, op. 91 no 2). Hearing this music on that unbelievably sad occasion made me involuntarily burst into tears. The text of the third stanza contains a sudden revulsion: it no longer refers to the baby Jesus, now the executed Christ is addressed, and a simple snooze turns into a sleep beyond all earthly troubles. **Harald Muenz**

Hey Ned,

- OK, I'll just extinguish my reefer long enough to write back...
- Do you still have that shit, including in particular the Harry Partch bits?
- Long shot—you don't know anybody in Amsterdam who plays the hurdy-gurdy, do you?
- Hey, how did your orchestra piece go? Are you famous yet?
- We just did a recording in Belgium with Phill Niblock which went really well, so I'm on a high.
- We're happier than pigs in shit to be playing at the Karnatic Lab, so thanks again hunky.
- I'm here doing email on a Saturday night like the sad bastard I am...
- A great loss for music, and of a wonderful friend.
- ... and also this morning I found out that "Uxbridge", where Brunel University is where I teach, is an anagram of "Big Durex"!
- I hate composer competitions ;-)
- OK dude, well we talked about Chopin and Vivier when we were over at your place and I wasn't drunk enough to forget that I'd promised to copy you some!
- good to hear you're feeling better—me too, except I shouldn't drink so much.
- Friday night I'm probably free as a Lynyrd Skynyrd,... so let's pencil in a night of Follies Bergères and general lunacy.
- muy bien Ponchio!
- hasta la vista! Hombre, hombre!
- generally I'm feeling less like putting up with shit that I've put up with (in the interests of a quiet life) for years.
- that was such a great hang last night. I hope you weren't too hungover. I was surprisingly OK considering how much tequila we drank. Thanks for being such a great listener and a great pal.
- Anyway, fuck 'em. It's not surprising, just extremely irritating.
- So, not such great news from the Bobcamp
- be good, y'hear. BJ
- Weird, huh? It feels totally surreal to me.
- So, that's the news I'm afraid—I'm not giving up hope and trying to be as positive as possible. I'm hangin' in there.
- I'm happy to say I have good news.
- so I finished programming the damned tunings for ***'s piece.
- Hey, there's big news in the land of Bob, all good. We need to meet, drink, chew, spit, throw.

Ned McGowan

From Belfast to Barstow and Beyond In the summer of 2014 I was sitting in a rehearsal at The Edinburgh Festival of Hunter Thompson's 'Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas' listening to the opening line "We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert..." and in a great memory jolt I was back as an undergraduate in Queen's University Belfast listening to Bob Gilmore introducing me to Harry Partch's music and his collections of hitchhiker graffiti, Barstow from 1942. Bob's unique style of delivery and wonderment of Partch's music set me on a journey into what Hunter Thompson refers to as 'bat country', a place where strange goings on are the norm. In so many ways this is a place that I have visited in my work a number of times, once quite literally in the middle of the night as a Fulbright scholar on a night train from the University of Texas to LA pulling back the blind as we slowed into Barstow junction, a place where Bob and I continued over the years to have a meeting of minds with lots of colourful exchange and debate.

I invited Bob to be on the Board during my time as Chair of the British section of ISCM. His guidance and perception during score reading selection was invaluable. I have yet to meet anyone who listened so carefully to a new work and whose breadth of knowledge gave context to the music in such a passionate way. Bob followed my music starting as a young composer from Belfast where he first encountered my work and his presence at premieres of the orchestral works in subsequent years was something I always valued because I knew that I'd get a true response from him. Bob shared a love of Northern Irishness, of the identity, the gritty landscape, of kinship and of a respect for the processes behind thinking and making music sound. **Deirdre Gribbin**

I had never won a lottery or a raffle in my life, but a joint ticket with Bob, and bingo, we hit the jackpot.

A few years ago I drove with Bob to Den Haag to see a concert of the wonderful Ensemble Klang. As part of the concert promotion, there was a specialty turntable brand in the house, giving away one of their shiny black record players as part of the raffle. Bob and I bought some tickets together, more in support of whatever the charity was, than for any wish to win the damn thing. But win it we did. We had bought five tickets, split the four between each other, and kept the one left over as a joint ticket. It was the joint ticket that came out top. We were now the happy, but slightly embarrassed owners of a slick, black minimalist turntable, the crown jewel of any discerning hipster abode. Except the problem was, we had to decide whose abode it would grace. Divorce and custody arrangements had to be immediately drawn up. We agreed that it would rotate between us at a period of 33 1/3 weeks, and of course Bob insisted that I have it first, he would not accept it any other way. Then he declined to take it when his turn

came up again 235 days later, and then it was too late.

Now whenever I lift the needle to put on a record, I always think of Bob, and then I wonder what he would have thought of the music. And sometimes I imagine what record would have sat on top of that turntable, if he had taken up his part of the time-share. Music for him was primarily about the joy of listening (and playing), and only afterwards, thinking and writing about it. That record player now reminds of where the priority of music should lie. **Yannis Kyriakides**

.....

Bob's passion for live music spurred and energised me and his dislike of over-complicating or over-intellectualising for the sake of it was very grounded, from someone so knowledgeable and clever: one supervision I'll always remember, he basically said "don't bother writing about Deleuze and all that crap, just write about what you discovered, what interests you. We need more of that!" **Sarah Nicolls**

.....

I met Bob Gilmore when we both applied for the same teaching job at Dartington College of Arts, way back when. Neither of us thought we'd done very well in the interviews, so we drowned our sorrows in the bar of the train speeding back to London, bonding (as they say) over numerous cans of tepid Ruddles County. Happily, as it turned out, Bob got the gig, and later used to invite me back once a year to DCA as a Visiting Lecturer in Music Journalism. I spent many a long evening in the White Hart, plying him with ale while his laptop went into overdrive burning me CD-R upon CD-R of Barlow, Denyer, Partch, Radulescu, Vivier and his beloved Irish postminimalists. Anyone who knew Bob will recall that his enthusiasm for this music was utterly contagious, and that he wrote—like all great writers—just the way he spoke. He had the knack of being able to explain ferociously complex theory in a way that was not only clear, but which made you want to listen to the music *and* love it. I loved Bob dearly, and feel privileged to have known him. But I still can't believe he won't just show up here one day, all baggy pants and exploding hair, dragging me out for a pint. **Dan Warburton**

.....

I didn't know Bob for very long, or at least it seems like far too short a time. We overlapped at Brunel University for a year or so, and later on after he gave up his post there. I was very keen to get him as involved as possible in teaching at the Institute of Sonology in The Hague—a plan which was cut short before it had a chance to really get started—although it did give me a chance to spend a little more time with him for a while, which was one of my priorities in getting him invited. I'm sure I share the feeling with many others that Bob was someone from whom you could always learn something

fascinating, and in the most engaging and stimulating way—not by information being dispensed but by enthusiasm and understanding being spread around. I was never Bob’s student of course, but these are some of the things that come to mind when I think of him. Another thing to say is: People, spend more time with your friends!!! I was looking through my correspondence with Bob and was horrified to find how much of it was connected with trying to meet up and not succeeding in doing so, for various reasons that in retrospect seem trivial. In the summer of 2014 I dedicated a new piece to Bob and received the reply: “I will gladly return the favour by buying you all the beer you can drink while retaining the ability to stand.” (Only that much?) It never happened—but here’s to Bob. **Richard Barrett**

What is Tuning? Sometime in about 2000, I think, while I was directing the *Centre for New Musical Instruments* in London, the BBC contacted us, wanting to do an interview about ‘Tuning’. As it happened, I invited Bob to come up to London from Totnes for the day to be there too. And so it was that together Lewis (co-director at CNMI), Bob and I welcomed the interviewer one fine afternoon. “What is Tuning?” the man from the BBC asked, earnestly. Lewis responded first, doing not a bad job of explaining the harmonic series, ratios, string vibrations, nodal points, beating and so on. But would the listeners be any wiser, I thought? My turn came—I can’t remember what I said, but I recall stumbling and failing to get to the bottom of it. “So Bob, what is Tuning?”, said the man from the BBC, ever more earnestly. Bob thought for a moment. ‘Tuning’, said Bob, ‘is to Music, as Focus is to Photography.’ **Patrick Ozzard-Low**

When Bob and I met in 1987, we were both far from home, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Harry Partch was bringing us together for the very first time and there I was, inhaling helium from a red party balloon, speaking in a funny voice to make a young girl laugh.

Bob noticed. He didn’t miss much.

Nearly 10 years passed, but our correspondence began again with Bob recalling the balloon! Within months, he was here, a cloud of red above a smile, strolling towards me in the San Diego airport. An easy friendship followed, as much about life and family as our shared musical interests. Visiting him in Totnes, speaking to his students at Dartington, he was ever the gracious and self-effacing host. Through the years we corresponded on matters personal and professional, each of his written sentences ringing in my ear with the unique cadence and sound of his voice. When I scolded him about a tardy response, he replied:

“Well, in fact, on the night of March 21st my office computer was stolen, transported to Dartmoor, hoisted on top of a large pole, set alight, and burned as an obscene effigy in protest at the technological rape of the Devon landscape. Around it, a group of scantily clad college students danced in pornographic contortions to propitiate the gods of spring.”

Now we’re all living with a big Bob-shaped hole in our universe, united in our inability to adequately fill it. The upside, with Bobbo, is that he carved that space with the most genial of personalities and insatiable minds, and we can’t forget him. I’m grateful that he remains such a positive spirit, a counsellor in my future musings. Bob once wrote: “One of the great things about living in this fairly remote part of south Devon is the night sky. No big cities for 30 miles, enormous dark skies and lots of incredible stars. Spring seems to be about to arrive, and tonight all is clear and everything looks great. You really MUST come and visit.”

This is Bob, resonant: *all is clear, and everything looks great*. I’ll see him soon enough, as Spring isn’t far off.

With Love to Bob,
Jon Szanto
San Diego, California, 28 January, 2016

Thanks to Bob for his great support of my work – Phill Niblock

score: 2 pages to be played simultaneously

BAOBAB

Phill Niblock, 2011

	0'	1'	2'	3'	4'	5'	6'	7'	8'	9'	10'	11'	12'	13'	14'	15'	16'	17'	18'	19'	20'	21'	22'	(23')
1	C ++++	C ++++	C ++++	C ++++	C +++	C +++	C +++	C +++	C++	C++	C++	C++	C+	C+	C+	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C
2	C +++	C +++	C +++	C +++	C +++	C++	C++	C++	C++	C++	C+	C+	Bb	Bb+	Bb+	Bb+	Bb++	Bb++	Bb +++	Bb +++	Bb ++++	Bb ++++	Bb ++++	Bb ++++
3	C++	C++	C++	C++	C++	C++	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C	C	C	C	C+	C+	C+	C++	C++	C++	C++
4	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C+	C	C	Bb	Bb	Bb	Bb+	Bb+	Bb+	Bb+	Bb++	Bb++	Bb++	Bb++	Bb++
5	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C+	C++	C++	C +++	C +++	C ++++	C ++++	C ++++
6	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B--	B--	B--	B--	B--	B	B	B
7	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B	B	Bb	Bb	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-	Bb-
8	B--	B--	B--	B--	B--	B--	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B-	B	B	B	B-	B-	B-	B-	B--	B--	B--	B--
9	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B-	B-	Bb--	Bb-	Bb-	Bb	Bb	Bb	Bb	Bb	Bb	Bb	Bb	Bb
10	B ----	B ----	B ----	B ----	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B---	B-	B-	B-	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B

Score of Baobab by Phill Niblock, prepared by Bob Gilmore.

A four-part round by Larry Polansky in memory of Bob

ואמר

(u'im'ru) (let us enjoin)

polansky

①



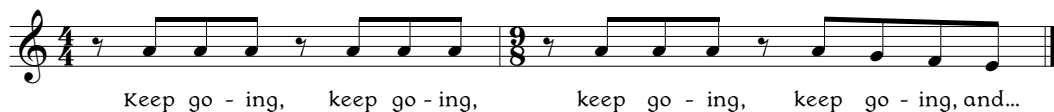
②



③



④



four-part round

for bob gilmore
friend, musician
in loving memory of how he lived

lp, santa cruz, 1/5/15

Manuscript by Walter Zimmermann dedicated to Bob, a sketch for a song "Stern" based on a poem of Lermontov.

UNFINISHED STARSKY FOR BOB GILMORE
(Walter Zimmermann) SKY FROM 10/10/15

PELAGUS AQUARIUS LYRE SWAN EAGLE OPTICUS CAPRICORN

SNAKE LIBRA BOOTES

SCORPION

BOOTES = the most ancient constellation in the sky, mentioned in Homer "Odyssey".

In one of the most popular incarnations, he is called "Bete Gueule" the "Headsman" and his journey around the pole is to keep the celestial beasts together, sic!

BOB = BOOTES



The world according to Bob has been made possible by the fabulous generosity and support of many people. We thank you *all*.

We're especially grateful to everyone who donated towards the Kickstarter campaign for 'The World according to Bob'—and to all the performers, composers, speakers and chairpersons, all of whom agreed to give their time and energies for no fees whatsoever, many of whom also contributed their own travel and

accommodation expenses. We are also extremely appreciative of the support of City University London, all the supporting staff, and particularly Newton Armstrong for patient and indefatigable assistance. None of the events would have been possible without this fantastic level of support.

Further special thanks to

Trevor Wiggins
 Scott Mc Laughlin
 Christian Smalt
 Richard Gonski
 Bruno Mathez
 Harm Mouw
 Café OTO
 Robert Worby
 BBC Hear and Now
 Culture Ireland
 Wooton Printers (Newton Abbot, Devon)
 And anyone and everyone we've forgotten...

Your generosity is in keeping with Bob's spirit.

For an electronic version of this booklet—including biographies of composers, performers and speakers—please visit www.bobgilmore.co.uk shortly after the event.

*Photo: Trio Scordatura in Amsterdam. Credit: Rutger Allan.
 Inset: Bob's Batman & Robin adaptation.*



“I have always felt that music is partly what defines us as human beings. I mean, we ‘do’ music... arguably you can say that some other species like maybe birds also ‘do’ music, but for sure, it is basically a human trait just like spoken language is a human trait so I don’t think it needs any defence more than that. It’s just something very beautiful and I couldn’t imagine my life without music. I think anybody who doesn’t realise or doesn’t acknowledge the great virtue that music has—even if they do not necessarily want to practice it themselves—is deluding themselves because music is, I think, a supremely important part of being human.”

– Bob Gilmore, radio interview, October 2014



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Programme



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