

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 29 June 2024
1.00pm

Wigmore Hall Voices of Today: Jocelyn Campbell

Jocelyn Campbell composer

Riot Ensemble
Aaron Holloway-Nahum conductor

Clara Iannotta (b.1983)

Limun for violin, viola and two page-turners (2011)

Jocelyn Campbell (b.1990)

f o r e v e r 1 9 9 0 for voice and ensemble (2023) *world première*
Commissioned by Wigmore Hall (with the generous support of the
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Limun, by the Italian composer **Clara Iannotta**, is a music of made of friction. Like skateboarders in a concrete bowl, the bows of violin and viola glide across their strings, creating hushed, airy harmonics. At other times, sharp stops and grinding turns cut those sweeps and curves with sudden changes of dynamic or timbre.

Like many of Iannotta's works of the 2010s, *Limun* is in two halves, the second a spiritually inflected resolution or response to the tactility and physicality of the first. Through differing bow positions and finger pressures (both are precisely and independently notated), the first half articulates a musical space that is forever turning in on itself, flipping rapidly from crunching *sul ponticello* to scarcely present *flautando*. The second half pulls those curves into lines and brings the conflicting physical forces to rest. The two page-turners subtly join the ensemble, playing harmonicas wrapped in silk cloths, whose sound resembles a distant high-pitched chiming.

'*Limun*' simply means lemon, a tree notable for its ability to be in fruit and flower at the same time. Yet Iannotta cautions against interpreting her piece too literally: 'it simply reflects the period in my life when the piece was written', she says. *Limun* was written as part of the 'Voix Nouvelles' programme of the Fondation Royaumont. It is dedicated to the violinists Barbara Maurer and Melise Mellinger, who gave its first performance.

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It's all real... none of this isn't real...

forever1990 is a very personal collage of dream-states and musical fragments that have been swimming in and out of my consciousness for years. Much of the musical material is derived from songs I've written and performed under my alias 'phonewifey'; melodies, lyric fragments, hooks, chord patterns and samples act as brief glimpses into a separate strand of my creative work. These song fragments, time-stretched, distorted and transposed are warped into a new musical fabric that combines my more abstract and long-form compositional approach for the concert hall with my practice as a songwriter. This piece, to some degree, is about re-using existing music in a new context: sampling my own work in a different field and transmuting it across genres and platforms, whilst exhuming old, dormant musical ideas which have stuck with me over the years and somehow insisted on their own recursion. In this way, to me at least, *forever1990* feels like a sort of musical diary, a fluid collage of my own ideas set into a continuous and unbroken thread spanning from the present moment all the way back to my childhood.

The other important theme in this piece is dreaming: I often dream of music, and in fact several of the musical

fragments used in this piece were originally heard in dreams and then captured and transcribed upon waking. I've always dreamt vividly and I've always loved art that resembles the surreal nature of dreaming. I love the fluidity of dreams, their often absurd and bewildering nature that is wholly accepted while within them; their frustrating elements (such as not being able to move at speed or see clearly); their non-linearity; the conceptual pile-ups of images and ideas that can seem to move into one another like liquid and the strange strange feelings that they evoke. Peppered throughout *forever1990* are a series of *Dream Reflection* cues, read out by myself and some of my closest friends and creative collaborators; these are my collected thoughts on dreaming manifested through other vessels. Everything is fluid, anything can transform...

DREAM REFLECTIONS

I still remember dreams I had when I was 12, 13... probably even younger
When someone you know so well looks so different that you can't recognise them... but you know exactly who they are... and they can change again... fluid...untethered

It was a single clap of thunder... and it seemed to last for a whole hour... longer even... timeless... if I hadn't woken up it would've lasted forever...

It sounds perverse but I've had nightmares that I've loved... I've felt unearthly terror emanate from nowhere... nothing... and kept staring... paralyzed

It's all real... none of this isn't real...

I was lying backwards down a sand dune, facing upwards, seeing nothing but the sky and the dune's tip... and something began to split the sky in two, a missile, a bolt coming toward me, getting louder... and I fell through, into darkness, into space, black. A single light was coming towards me... enveloping everything

I stand at the foot of my own bed, looking at myself. Seeing through the room's perspective, looking on at both of me

I felt the warmth of a room filling up with water, in impossible windowless daylight... becoming submerged and breathing... fine

and it was, like, an escape route, under the floorboards, that we thought gave way to a tunnel of some kind... and I started to get in, trying to lower myself down, but the floor became soft, and clung to me like a duvet, like a wet sheet, or a sleeping bag...

My endless thanks to: Kakie Taylor, Melanie Hyams, Pav Putley, Alfie Dyson, Dorian Lutz, Rowanne Seward and Günseli Yalcinkaya.

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forever 1990

TEXTS

CUES:

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TEXT FRAGMENTS:

and?...
fear of life...
and I feel... and
all the... and
you fall... on a
beach...
or do you wanna go home?... if
I said to you...
forgive me...
[mmm] myself in the rain...
forgive me lord...
this could be a lie...
feel like [mmm], shirt by [unhh], into the night time,
look right through me...
break through...
a thousand miles away...
and I'm getting better, feeling strong, I think I know
what's going on, I changed my hair, I change a lot, I'm
not the person that I...
disappointed...
call me on the...
don't remind me I got texts on my dream phone...
en-tra...
rolling on me off me try me tell me do you like me
really...
call me in my sleep I'll never be home...
anyway, anyone can...
well it's the way...
and you fall across the table where you draw at... really
tell me is it likely do you want to be beside me I'm in
deep inside my mind I can't see how far down inside
me I see further in the light oh I bleed twice for every
light that shines a light to my surprise oh I'll be fine I
talk in rhyme I have the lines I drop the lime and I see
visions all the time I tread the path I walk the line I'm
in my head I'm in my mind I break apart at the sublime
and I have feelings in my heart and in my
head they...