

Dinos Constantinides

LISTENINGS
AND SILENCES

for voice alone

LRC111

CP



Conners Publications



#264

Duration: *circa* 6'30"

Listenings and Silences
LRC111

Text by Pinkie Gordon Lane

- I. A Quiet Poem (*circa* 2'45")
- II. Poem Extract (*circa* 1'00")
- III. Listenings (*circa* 2'45")

Time and dynamic markings should be strictly observed.

Accidentals are valid for the entire measure, in the indicated octave only.
Many additional accidentals have been added for clarity.

Listenings and Silences (1988) portrays an intimate monologue of one musician based on the text by Pinkie Gordon Lane. Its style is declamatory and its material is derived from various modes. Intervallic relationships pervade the cycle, thus giving unity to all three parts.

The music of Dinos Constantinides has been performed throughout the world. He is the recipient of many grants, commissions and awards, including first prize in the Brooklyn College International Chamber Opera Competition, the First Midwest Chamber Opera Conference, and the Delius Composition Contest. He also received the American New Music Consortium Distinguished Service Award, the Glen Award of l'Ensemble of New York, several Meet the Composer grants, numerous ASCAP Standard Awards, and he was honored with a Distinguished Teacher White House Commission on Presidential Scholars.

| |
|---|
| <p>Additional scores are available from Conners Publications 503 Tahoe Street * Natchitoches, LA 71457-5718 * USA ALMEI@aol.com * http://hostnet.pair.com/conners/ or Dinos Constantinides * 947 Daventry Drive * Baton Rouge, LA 70808 * 225-766-3487 For a complimentary paper catalogue from Conners Publications, please contact the appropriate address above.</p> |
|---|

© 1988 Dinos Constantinides
All rights reserved; member ASCAP
Published 2001 by Conners Publications
Conners Publications is a division of *A & L Musical Enterprises, Inc.*
All scores printed in the USA.

Listenings and Silences

for voice alone

by Dinos Constantinides

Poetry by

Pinkie Gordon Lane

I. A QUIET POEM

This will be a quiet poem.
Black people don't write many quiet poems
because what we feel
is not a quiet hurt.
And a not-quiet hurt
does not call
for muted tones.

But I will write a poem
about this evening
full of sounds
of small animals, some fluttering
in thick leaves, a smear
of color here and there –
about the whisper of darkness
a gray wilderness of light
descending, touching
breathing.

I will write a quiet poem
immersed in shadows
and mauve colors
and spots of white
fading into deep tones
of blue.

This is a quiet evening
full of hushed singing
and light that has no
ends, no breaking
of the planes, or brambles
thrusting out.

II. POEM EXTRACT

Your speaking
silence
floods the air
like rivers.
You haunt me
and I listen
to your eyes.

III. LISTENINGS

There are running feet
on my roof's top.
Mice? or squirrels?
Or perhaps only the ghost
of windfall. Why
do they hurry so – plunge
to the edge, then back
again, an endless frantic
game? Is it a chase
to beat the evening's chill?
A pursuit, or a death's race?
Or only sun, an urgent
need for fun to tilt
the scales?

Nothing now.
Only a shrill call
and the silence of night,
grumbings of a distant truck,
and a dog's bark. I count
the minutes. Wait.

Will the stillness reach
the level of pond's water?
Or carry me out to the
sea?

Listenings and Silences

for voice alone

I.

A Quiet Poem

Poetry: Pinkie Gordon Lane

Dinos Constantinides

Warmly ρ $\bullet = 84$

This will be a quiet poem. Black peo-ple don't write

ma-ny quiet poems be-cause what we feel is not a quiet hurt.

Agitated f

And a not-quiet hurt does not call for mut-ed tones. But I will write a

Agitated f

poem a-bout this eve-ning full of the sounds of small

Agitated f

a-ni-mals, some flut-ter-ing in thick leaves, a smear of

Slower, relaxed

co-lor here and there a-bout the whis-per of dark-ness a

Agitated f

gray wil-der-ness of light des-cen-ding, touch-ing

© 1988 Dinos Constantinides
All Rights Reserved; member ASCAP
Published 2001 by Connors Publications
Printed in the U.S.A.

pp $\bullet = 84$ *p* *Slow* *mf* *f*

breath - ing. I will write a quiet poem im - mersed in *gliss.*

pp *p* *ppp* *mf*

sha - dows and mauve col - ors and spots of

p *pp* *mp*

white fa - ding in - to deep tones of

Warmly $\bullet = 84$ *Slower* *p*

blue. This is a quiet eve - ning full of hushed

mf

sing - ing and light that has no ends, no break - ing

f *mf* *p* *Very slow* *mf* *gliss.*

of the planes, or bram - bles thrust - ing out.

II. Poem Extract

Very slow *mf*

Your speak - ing _____ si - lence floods the air like

pp *f* Agitated *rit.*

ri - vers. _____ You haunt me _____ and I lis - - - - ten _____

Very slow *p* *pp*

to _____ your eyes. _____

III. Listenings

$\bullet = 100$ *mp*

There _____ are run - ning feet on my _____ roof's _____ top. _____

mf *f* *gliss.*

Mice? or squir - rels? Or _____ per - haps on - ly the ghost of

wind - fall. _____ Why do they hurry so _____ plunge to the edge, then back again, an endless frantic game?

$\bullet = 100$ *mp* (spoken)

Is _____ it a chase _____ to beat the e - vening's _____ chill? _____ A

f *gliss.* Slow *p* *cresc.*

pur - suit, or a death's _____ race? _____ Or on - ly sun, an

ff *p* (bend the sound by 1/4 tone)

ur - gent need for fun to tilt the scales?

mp *f* *p*

No - thing now. On - ly a shrill call and the

(spoken) *pp* *gliss.*

si - lence of night, grum - blings of a dis - tant truck,

♩ = 100 (humming)

and a dog's

f *ff* *dim. e rit.* *Slower mp*

bark. I count the mi - nutes.

Slow mp *p*

Wait. Wait. Wait. Wait.

pp *gliss.* *ppp* *♩* = 100

Wait. Will the still - ness

p *pp* *f* *gliss.*

reach the le - - - vel of pond's wa - ter? Or

Slow ff *mf* *p*

car - ry me out to the sea?