JUDITH SHATIN

Three Summers Heat

Soprano or Mezzo and Electronics



Program Note

Three Summers Heat, whose title and inspiration comes from the sultry summer lyrics of fifth-century Chinese poet Tzu-yeh, is scored for soprano or mezzo and electronics. Commissioned by the Barlow Foundation, for the Sistrum Ensemble, it was premiered by Marilyn Boyd DeReggi at the Synthèse 89 Bourges Festival in France. She requested a piece inspired by summer for a program built around the seasons and I decided to focus on summer. Tzu-yeh's lyrics are brief but telling and the seven contrasting poems I chose link cycles of nature with those of human feelings. They also speak to the evanescent nature of all.

I would like to thank Marilyn Boyd DeReggi for the English language samples used in the electronics and to Professor Anne Behnke Kinney for the Chinese ones. The English translations, by Lenore Mayhew and William McNaughton, are used with permission from the Charles E. Tuttle Company. Three Summers Heat was recorded by Susan Narucki on the Centaur label on the CDCM Computer Music Series. The piece is also available in an acoustic version for soprano or mezzo, flute, viola and harp commissioned by the Azure Ensemble and their director flutist Susan Glaser, creating a different timbral world, where my goal was the same: to create a sonic atmosphere that meets the poetic one. For more information, visit www.judithshatin.com –JS

I. Just now the sea-green banners fly Late spring's already spilled away. Forest magpies change to summer tropes,

And from the wood just now the loud cicadas cry.

II. Just now the early peach is red; Will beauty mean that mine won't please,

But go unlooked for and ungathered Like dropped flowers from mid-summer trees?

III. It's midsummer and too hot to walk.
My thoughts are tight as tangled silk.
I take a boat and drift among the lilies
And scatter them in Rose Hibiscus Lake.

IV. Summer earth is windless. Heat still presses.

Sparse clouds cluster when night skies come.

Thick leaves are hiding two joined hands And the gaudy gourd covers the plum.

V. Light clothes, few clothes
No brocade for me.
These are hot and howling winds
If these devil days of summer ever pass,
You've my promise
I will powder, rouge and dress.

VI. I remember desire like white light And that you left as though you longed to stay.

Whispy mists half-hide the lotus flowers I see the blossoms but the color blurs.

VII. I lift my head and look at Tung trees Those flowers I love the most of all. I wish that we had neither storm nor snow

And Tung trees had a thousand years to grow.

Three Summers Heat













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