

The Smithsonian Associates Presents

20th CENTURY CONSORT

December 6, 1997

Marion and Gustave Ring Auditorium,
Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

The Smithsonian Associates
presents

20th Century Consort

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director and Conductor

Daniel Foster, viola
David Hardy, cello
Thomas Jones, percussion
Dotian Levalier, harp
Linda Mabbs, soprano
Robert McCoy, piano
Michael Rusinek, clarinet
Robert Oppelt, contrabass
David Salness, violin
William Sharp, baritone
Sara Stern, flute
Edwin Thayer, French horn

Susan Schilperoort, manager
Curt Wittig, electronics
Marcus Wyche, stage manager

Saturday, December 6, 1997
Pre-Concert Discussion 4:00 p.m.
Concert 5:00 p.m.

Marion and Gustave Ring Auditorium
Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

The 20th Century Consort's 1997-98 performance
series is funded in part by the Smithsonian Office of the Provost



Pre-Concert Discussion

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director, 20th Century Consort
Jon Deak, composer
Linda Hoeschler, Executive Director, American Composer's Forum

Program

"Like the Dickens"

Miss Havisham's Wedding Night Dominick Argento

| ~~An Opera in One Act~~

| Ms. Mabbs, ~~Mr. McCoy~~ → KIM WHITMAN

Intermission

The Passion of Scrooge, or A Christmas Carol. Jon Deak

Act I

Scrooge and Marley

Act II

Scrooge and His Ghosts

Mr. Foster, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Jones, Mr. Kendall, Ms. Levalier,
Mr. Oppelt, Mr. Rusinek, Mr. Salness, Mr. Sharp, Ms. Stern, Mr. Thayer

In honor of Inge Cadle and in memory of Don D. Cadle

The audience is invited to join the artists in the Plaza Lobby for
an informal post-concert reception, sponsored by the
Friends of the 20th Century Consort

Program Notes

by Steven Ledbetter

DOMINICK ARGENTO

Miss Havisham's Wedding Night

Opera is all the rage these days, but there are few composers who have successfully devoted themselves largely to the serious musical stage. Among the handful of Americans who have successfully done so, Dominick Argento has long been among the most highly respected. Born in York, Pennsylvania, in 1927, Argento took piano as a child and learned theory and orchestration from books borrowed from the library. After military service as a cryptographer, he studied with Nicholas Nabokov at the Peabody Conservatory, receiving the annual composition prize for three consecutive years. His interest in opera was clearly already marked, for he chose to take additional private study with Hugo Weisgall, another American who has devoted his composing almost entirely to the stage. From 1955 to 1957, he studied at the Eastman School of Music, earning his Ph.D. in composition and producing the comic opera *The Boor*, based on a story by Chekhov, a work that is still in the repertory. In 1958 he joined the faculty of the University of Minnesota, where he continues to teach, and where some of his students (most notably Stephen Paulus) have also worked heavily in opera. Argento's breakthrough piece was the surrealist opera *Postcard from Morocco* (1971), which has been recorded and widely performed. Four years later he won the Pulitzer Prize for the dramatic song cycle *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*, for mezzo and piano.

His opera *Miss Havisham's Fire*, produced by the New York City Opera in 1979, has a libretto by John Olon-Scrymgeour based on Dickens' novel *Great Expectations*. Those who have read the novel will certainly recall the devious and destructive madwoman, Miss Havisham, who was jilted by her fiancé as she was dressing for her wedding. Unable to cope with this experience, she has attempted to stop the passage of time, continuing to wear the wedding outfit (all but one shoe that she had not yet put on when she learned the news) and kept the wedding banquet table, including an enormous cake, untouched for many years. Moreover she plans vengeance on the fickle tribe of men by training the beautiful young Estella to break the heart of Pip, the protagonist of the novel. The opera deals almost entirely with Miss Havisham's psychology, ranging in period from

about 1810 to about 1860 (and is thus a trope on the novel rather than an operatic version of it). The title refers metaphorically to the "fire" that brings Miss Havisham to wreak her slow, carefully thought-out vengeance on innocent people and also to the actual conflagration that, in the novel, finally ends her tormented life and consumes the decades-old wedding cake.

The opera ended with an epilogue in which the older, unhappily-married Estella recalled her many visits to Miss Havisham, and the old lady's strange behavior. Two years after its production, Argento and his librettist returned to the material for a somewhat different presentation of Miss Havisham and the story as presented in the epilogue. Here is a monodrama set about 1840—that is, some twenty years before the climax of the opera—in which, as the composer notes below, Estella visits Miss Havisham for the first time, thus making it a "present tense" glimpse at one of the great mad characters of literature. Not surprisingly, perhaps, owing to a long tradition running at least from *Lucia di Lammermoor* to Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers*, the madwoman is a coloratura soprano.

The monodrama, *Miss Havisham's Wedding Night*, is an elaboration of the full-length opera, *Miss Havisham's Fire*, and although they share much in common I feel they are essentially autonomous pieces—the monodrama, scored for a chamber ensemble of 16 soloists [presented here in a smaller version for piano and harmonium] as opposed to the epilogue's full symphonic group, is almost twice the length of the latter.

Both versions deal with the passing of a typical night in Miss Havisham's existence after she was jilted; both portray her fitful recollections, moods, ravings and imaginings—and both end with the arrival of morning and a visit from the little girl, Estella.

Since an already-married Estella is the one recalling these nightly events in the epilogue version, obviously the visit of her young counterpart is regarded as just another *memory* old Miss Havisham brooded over, even after Estella had grown up to become the avenging agent the old lady had shaped her to be (thus ruining not only Pip's life but Estella's as well—which is precisely what the opera preceding the epilogue is all about).

In the monodrama version, however, I prefer to interpret young Estella's morning visit as *real*—that is, the first time it actually happened—which means that this particular evening of Miss Havisham's life occurred some twenty years or so before the fire that eventually killed her and just shortly *before* her bitterness drove her to devise the destructive scheme involving young Pip and Estella.

This different chronology is important (to me, at least) because I

would like the viewer of the monodrama to concentrate only on mad Miss Havisham as a blameless victim of circumstances and nothing else. The evil machinations she later contrives for vengeance are properly the subject of *Miss Havisham's Fire*.

—Dominick Argento

Miss Havisham's Wedding Night
(libretto, after Dickens, by John Olon-Scrymgeour)

Setting: Satis House, Essex, England,
c. 1850. Miss Havisham's dressing room

(The high ceiling is lost in darkness. By the light of a hearthfire the room is seen to contain a dressing table with gilded looking glass covered with dust and cobwebs. An armchair with a cushion at its feet, at its side a table with a decanter. Trunks half-packed, dresses scattered about—all dust-covered. A large clock with a broken face and a broken pendulum case has stopped at nine o'clock. On the dressing table together with brushes, combs, atomizers, etcetera, is a white satin shoe. The windows are heavily curtained.)

After a moment the door is kicked open. Miss Havisham stands in the opening, a burning candle in one hand, a crutch-headed stick in the other. Miss Havisham seems pleased with her role in melodrama and the candle held in the palm of her hand drips long tears of wax between her fingers. When Miss Havisham is certain the room is empty she enters and places the candle in a holder on the table. She stares at the candle for some moments. She returns to the door, closes it and bolts it. She returns to the table. Stares at the candle. Then... with little sounds of disgust she removes the dried wax from her hand. She walks about the room, pausing before the candle. She stares. Miss Havisham's unspoken thought is: "What shall I do now?" Miss Havisham listens at the door; listens at the clock. Appears to embrace the clock.)

What? What? What? What? *(Turns suddenly as though there were a knock)*

Come in! *(rejects this)* Agh! *(mimics)* "Come in. Come in. Bah!" *(She sits in the armchair)*

I have done with all mankind and want diversion. *(Looks about her room)* The Queen. *(She waves her stick)* The Queen! The Queen! The Queen! The Queen of Infinite Space. Queen of Dust. Queen of Clocks. Great Nebulae. Silent galaxies. *(She pounds her stick on the floor)* The Queen demands diversion. *(She looks about. She spies the decanter)* Hello. *(She removes the stopper. Immediately replaces it. Nods to decanter)* Miss Anaesthesia, I presume. Aurelia Havisham. Delighted. *(She pours brandy)* Oh, I am full of invention. Things will go well tonight. *(She drinks)* The Great Nebula of Orion. *(She raises her glass)* Orion! *(She drinks. Pours another)*

Mmmmmmm. *(Stares into glass)* Let us take the journey now. To the street out there! *(Disgusted gesture)* To the sea. The open sea. No, too close. Up! Up! Into the blue distance... a journey into the blue distance... beyond the stars, the silent galaxies. Up to darkness to black. But how? No matter. Up. *(She closes her eyes and sinks back into the chair)*

(She mimics sadly) "Come in. Come in." Come in! As good a way to begin as any. No, wait. *(She limps to the dressing table. The looking glass throws back no reflection. Then sweetly)* Come in! *(She appears to see a reflection in the glass)* Nanny! *(She turns to greet her visitor)* Nanny! *(The door has not opened)* Oh, how fine you look! And all in green as I requested! But what a green! Breath of spring. Heart of the whitest rose. Nanny,

you beast, am I to be put in that shade on my own wedding day? And your hair! Oh, I cannot bear to look. I will not look. *(She returns to her dressing table and covers her eyes)* But look at me, Nanny, look at me... *(She rises)* Will I do?

(She giggles and twirls) I am not altogether! Look, I have not even put on my shoe. Nanny, how would it do if I were to limp down the aisle? *(She demonstrates)* Limp down the aisle to the... altar. To the altar. For a moment I could not recall the name. Limp down the aisle with those Martin brats carrying the train and Father's arm rigid under my hand as though he held there Mother, drunk as you please on valerian.

It is Miss Havisham's Wedding Day! Miss Havisham's Wedding day! Unique behavior is expected. Well, they shall have it, all of them non-entities, fools! Oh, how I have always indulged them and fanned their illusory flames. Those faded dowagers and their fatuous kin. The elegant gentlemen with their ladies in tow, chained to a ring round one finger. *(She stops as though there were a knock)* Who is it? Nanny, go and see. *(Pauses, as Nanny 'opens' the door)* Father! How good of you to come! *(Approaches the father. Stops abruptly)* No. Not now. Foolish old creature, not now. That is later... Where was I?

It is Miss Havisham's Wedding Day! Miss Havisham's Wedding Day! Unique behavior is expected. No, I will not limp. All will be well and Miss Havisham's Wedding Day will be remembered for generations. *(With obvious effort, she holds back her tears and composes herself)*

Leave me now, Nanny. I must finish this... enrobing alone. Don't look at me like that! I know you disapprove. "Matthew Compeyson is not worthy of Aurelia Havisham."... the grand Miss Havisham... the good Miss Havisham...

I am your grand Aurelia. Your good Aurelia. Your grand and good. But what good am I alone? I am a grey personage who wanders about... in a domestic com-

edy... on an empty stage... in a dim light. Yes, she is called Aurelia. But for herself she is no one. No one. A body without a name. And then he came. Then he came, my love, my love. The source of light that filled this lonely world. And he is mine. He is mine! No... gently, Aurelia, gently, true love should never... grasp. What? Unaware of my goodness. My goodness? This you say to me, then, lifting your ice-green skirts, off you go to other worlds, to other galaxies, leaving me here alone with this... information! Alone here with this... Nanny, you are my friend, my only friend. He is something... other. He is... *(She approaches and whispers in Nanny's ear. Loud laughter. Nanny appears to move away)* No, Nanny, please don't go. Nanny, no! *(She stops, considers this. Laughs)*

Nanny, no. Say not so! Hey, nonny, nanny no, hey nonny nanny no! *(Loud laughter)* A witticism. After all these years, a brand new witticism! What is it the green grocer was wont to say? "A wi'icism! Miss Aitch, you were always one for a wi'icism! By my parsley and saf from you are a feast of levity!" *(She laughs. Then, suddenly sad)* No Nanny, I am still... here. Oh Nanny, my dearest friend, my only friend. Allow me this one moment of joy before all my clocks cease their... din. He loves me Nanny, he loves me! I can prove it! *(She takes up some old papers and ashes from the hearth)* Look, a letter a day, sometimes twice, even when I have left him lately. One came only a moment ago. Look, to prove my love to you I will read it aloud, and I have not so much as glimpsed the ink. Listen... *(Nanny appears unbending. Miss Havisham lets fall the papers and ashes)*

Yes it is time... Leave me, Nanny. I must finish this enrobing alone. *(A knock seems to be heard)* Nanny, see who it is. Discretion, Nanny. *(Nanny 'opens' the door)* A letter? Why, thank you Orlick. Thank you very much. *(She takes up a very worn envelope from the table)* You must remind me never to complain of Orlick. He said that very well. *(Imitating)*

Orlick) "I hope Miss Havisham has a most joyous ceremony." Ha, ha! A letter? Oh, from Matt. The dear, dear impetuous boy! (*She hesitates, looks shyly at Nanny*) You will forgive me...? Oh, Nanny, Grace-Helen, goodbye. (*She embraces Nanny. Nanny leaves*)

(*Miss Havisham leans against the door*) Time? What does she know of time? Silly nit! Future, past... Past, future. Future, past... Past, future. It is Now! Always the eternal Now. Something else is slipping by out there—out there where they speak of such things... where they countenance such foolishness, such... folly, lies! Oh, yes... sometimes I hear... something... Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh... wind, is it? Or peep, peep... A bird? Or a brook flowing... girlish laughter round the rocks... (*Imitating in a loud cackle. Remembers letter*) Time... there is plenty of time. (*She opens the letter... she reads... drops the letter. Walks distractedly about the room. Stares at the fallen letter. Picks it up. Reads*) No. Wait! Wait! Wait! (*Walks about the room... Takes up poker. Strikes clock. Strikes pendulum case*) What? What? What shall I do now? (*She screams. Long pause. She abandons her melodrama*) Fudge. All fudge. (*She sits. She pours brandy. Stares into glass. Addresses the brandy*) You are a social failure. Do you know that? A social failure. I'll none of you. (*Sets glass down*) I am tired. I have done with all mankind... I am tired... Tired of what I have got. Tired of what I have lost... (*Laughs quietly*) If he were to walk in this room now... Not my foolish fantasy. He himself. Yes. I summon you. I command you! Ha! The Queen demands diversion!

The door opens slowly, slowly... Fear, is it? Apology...? Is it you, Matt? Oh, is it you? (*Loud laughter*) Oh, forgive me. Please... I am sorry. Please forgive me. I am a little... out of my wits. You are looking well... I? Why, how kind of you to inquire. I am mad. Quite mad. I am the mad Miss Havisham who lives in the dark house with the garden gone to seed. Yes, I am mad.

There is no comfortable place for you to sit, but you will not be long. *Non, non, non, du calme, monsieur* No... recriminations... no... reminiscence... no... regrets. So you married... One more beautiful than Aurelia...? One... richer than Aurelia? Yes, I went mad. No matter.

I could have got over you, Matt. I could have got over you. Others had. The laundry maid whose tears I pretended not to see. It took her only two weeks. Only two weeks! And Cousin Julia the slut! Looking at me with knowing eyes. And the others... Oh, I could have got over you. Drop by drop we take the poison of men till we become immune. As the seconds tick by, the minutes, hours, days... years! We all could bear the crushing weight of men's bodies, of men's lies—with time! With time! But all at once, on the stroke of nine—One, Two—and Aurelia Havisham, the good Miss Havisham learned it all—all of men's cupidity and wickedness—Three, Four, Five and gentle Aurelia, the white violet of the garden, went mad. She shut herself away and clung with bleeding fingers to a memory—a false memory, a bright memory and more beautiful than this reality which stands before me now with its paunch and with its vacant eyes!

Yes, I am mad, Matthew. I am the mad Miss Havisham who lives in the dark house with the garden gone to seed. The old neglected garden where we sat. Dead aloes, convolvulus, everlasting, heath, helenium... stinging nettles... willow... wormwood... Dead. All dead. Extinguished hopes... Neverceasing remembrance... Solitude, tears, cruelty... What was I saying...?

And this is once again my Wedding Night. Whose Wedding Night? Mine! Mine! Whose Wedding Night? Mine! Aurelia's. Young Miss Aurelia with her golden hair. Mine alone! Ah, go from me.

I have done with all mankind. I have done... even with ghosts. Wait... before you go... just one kiss. It is, after all, my Wedding Night... One kiss. (*They kiss... Miss Havisham sinks into her armchair*)

What a long night... what a cold night... Oh, Matt... (*There is an audible and loud knock on the door. Miss Havisham rises quickly, looks about, startled. Knock again*) I heard. (*Starts to fluff veil, pinch cheeks. Stops*) Wait. (*She goes to the door. Opens the door. Sunlight without. She staggers back, shielding her eyes. A chambermaid stands in the doorway, a silhouette*) Morning, is it? Tea! (*The Chambermaid nods*) Call Estella. (*The Chambermaid nods and leaves. Miss Havisham returns to her armchair. Enter Estella, a beautiful girl dressed in the style of 1846*)

My love! You bring the cold in with you! Come sit by the fire. (*The Chambermaid enters with the tea tray. Estella sits on the cushion at Miss Havisham's feet. The Chambermaid pours tea. Estella looks up, starts to speak. Miss Havisham touches a finger to her lips*) *Pas devant la domestique.* (*Chambermaid leaves*) There now. Ah, my love, my coney. You have come again to visit your old friend. My sweet, my pretty... Now let us drink our tea and I will tell you all about men. (*They drink their tea as curtain falls*)

JON DEAK

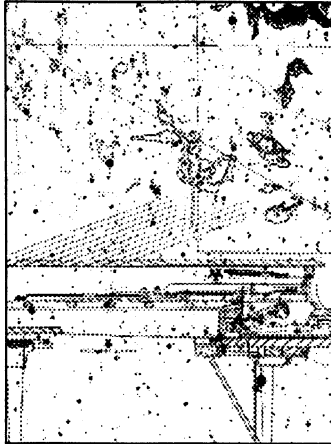
The Passion of Scrooge, or A Christmas Carol

Jon Deak is no stranger to 20th Century Consort audiences. No fewer than eleven of his works have appeared on these concerts, in addition to which three major orchestral works have been presented by the National Symphony Orchestra in recent years.

Mr. Deak has just completed a 3-year appointment as composer-in-residence with the Colorado Symphony, The Colorado Children's Chorale, and the Denver Public Schools, sponsored by Meet the Composer, Inc. During this time, he began implementing his dream of teaching young children (as early as third grade) to compose directly for the symphony orchestra. Several of his students have been featured on network television.

Jon Deak was born in Hammond, Indiana, on April 27, 1943. He grew up in an artistic environment—his father was a sculptor, his mother is a painter. He himself has worked in sculpture. But music seized his attention; he studied double bass and composition at Oberlin, Juilliard, the Conservatory of Santa Cecilia in Rome, and the University of Illinois. The greatest influence on his work has come from Salvatore Martirano and John Cage and from the Soho performance art movement of the late 1960s and early '70s. Since 1970, Deak himself has been a member of the double bass section of the New York Philharmonic. Spending much of his professional life as a performer, rather than as an academic, the more common role held by composers these days, has no doubt contributed to his interest in what is known as "performance art"—a creation that involves more than simply the notes on the page, that comes alive only in the person of the executants.

Of course, all music is really a performance art; the printed score is not the work, but only a blueprint of it. But Jon Deak's works, as we have seen in these concerts, are performance scores in a different sense; the work has a visual and theatrical element that transcends the customary relationship of pitch and rhythm. They are a kind of "story theater," to borrow the name of a theatrical performing company of the 1970s that produced elaborated versions of fairy tales in which actors began by narrating (as outsiders observing the story), then gradually became the characters they had been describing. Similarly, in Jon Deak's many "concert dramas" (the term he has come to prefer for this kind of work), there can be soloists who both narrate and enact the story, and the instrumentalists themselves take part in various ways, both by word and sound.



Deak will often turn to an old story—whether folk tale or, as here, a work of literary fiction. Other examples in his output include *The Ugly Duckling* and *The Bremen Town Musicians*, and *Lucy and the Count* (based on Bram Stoker's *Dracula*). All make use of speech rhythm turned into music. The words of the tale become music, which sometimes takes over the storytelling entirely and sometimes supplies the background to the declamation. The instrumentalists evoke words "woven into the music as a sound event." As the composer explained, he is sometimes "more concerned with the sound event than with the meaning of the words."

A Christmas Carol is scored for flute, clarinet (doubling bass clarinet), horn, harp, percussion, violin, viola, violoncello, and contrabass. It is the latest and one of the longest of these musical narratives. It also took the longest time in composition. The idea for the project first arose in 1986, partly through the mediation of Christopher Kendall. But it did not get beyond preliminary sketching, "probably," as the composer explained, "because the time wasn't right for me."

Then Jack and Linda Hoeschler approached Christopher Kendall and me about rekindling this project. It turned out to be a big piece—and they have been *very* patient! As I worked further on it, my point of view changed. I started adapting the original libretto, which was written for me by Isaiah Sheffer, and as I continued to work on the piece, I made more and more changes from the first version, so now the libretto is essentially by me, though it retains some of Isaiah's work, and of course we both based what we did on the Dickens

novel. The piece turned out to be a work for baritone and chamber ensemble because I felt that it was best to have just one person up there. I think it works perfectly that way because, in this story, all the characters come out of Scrooge's head—the whole drama takes place within his head. If we had a lot of characters there, it could be didactic: society putting pressure on Scrooge to reform. But this way it's internal, depicting his own struggle. That's why I changed the title to something that sounds rather Dickensian in style: *The Passion of Scrooge, or A Christmas Carol*.

The piece is cast in two acts. During the first we are introduced to Scrooge and his departed partner Marley, who comes as the first Christmas Eve ghost to warn Scrooge that he must change his grasping, greedy ways. Although our virtuoso baritone soloist will embody both roles of Scrooge and Marley, various instruments within the ensemble provide close emotional underpinning to specific roles: the contrabass (at times aided by the bass clarinet) to Scrooge's angry, injured self, the cello to Marley, the viola to Bob Cratchit, and so on. The harp embodies the ghost of Christmas Past, the horn as Christmas Present, and spectral strings and effects create the role of Christmas Future. The second act introduces these three ghosts of Christmas who confront Scrooge, provoke his passion, and help him accomplish his increasingly urgent transformation. And finally, then, we can have some urgently-needed fun!

The composer offers this information for anyone who is curious about the long-extended process of composition and the possible change of style during that time: roughly the first three minutes of the piece as it now stands were composed in 1986, the next ten minutes in 1996, and the remainder of the score this year. The music of Scrooge and Marley, those outcasts from human warmth and expression, operates with tone rows or segments of tone rows, while the remaining characters (and, gradually, Scrooge himself) are more tonal, even romantic in character. Scrooge is constantly testing new self-images, and his music is constantly changing, though it is built out of a half-dozen different motives, all of them interrelated.

The Passion of Scrooge was commissioned by Jack and Linda Hoeschler in honor of Inge Cadle and in memory of Don D. Cadle. The score is also dedicated to the composer's mother, Mary-Ellen Jarbine.

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About the Artists

DANIEL FOSTER, Principal Violist of the National Symphony Orchestra, is also active as a soloist, chamber musician and teacher. Since capturing the First Prize in both the William Primrose and Washington International Competitions, he has appeared in recital and as soloist with orchestras in Washington, DC and throughout the United States. Mr. Foster has been a member of the Manchester Quartet since 1993, and spent four summers at the Marlboro Music Festival, touring the United States on two occasions with Music from Marlboro. Mr. Foster is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music.

DAVID HARDY, cello, achieved international recognition in 1982 as the top American prize winner at the Seventh Annual Tchaikovsky Cello Competition in Moscow. Mr. Hardy is a graduate of the Peabody Conservatory of Music. He has studied with Laurence Lesser, Stephyn Kates, Berl Senofsky and Mstislav Rostropovich, making his solo debut with the Baltimore Symphony at the age of 16. In 1981 he became the Assistant Principal Cellist of the National Symphony and the youngest member of that organization, and in 1994, he was appointed Principal Cellist. Mr. Hardy is the cellist of the Opus 3 Trio, and his playing can be heard on recordings under the Melodia, Educo, and Delos labels.

THOMAS JONES, percussion, graduated from the University of Maryland and is a freelance musician who enjoys playing many styles of music. He plays drums and is percussionist at the Kennedy Center, National Theater and Wolf Trap. He is the timpanist with the Smithsonian Chamber Orchestra, percussionist with the 20th Century Consort and works regularly as the drummer in a variety of bands. He has long experience in recording studios as a drummer and percussionist.

CHRISTOPHER KENDALL, Artistic Director and Conductor, is Director of the School of Music at the University of Maryland and founder and lutenist of the Folger Consort. From 1987 to 1992, he was Assistant, then Associate Conductor of the Seattle Symphony, and from 1993-1996 directed the music programs at Boston University and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute. Guest conducting engagements include the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Da Capo Chamber Players, Boston's Collage and Dinosaur Annex, New York Chamber Symphony, Annapolis Symphony, Dayton Philharmonic, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival and the Symphony, Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra of the Juilliard School. His performances can be heard on the Delos, CRI, Bard, ASV, and Smithsonian Collection labels.

DOTIAN LEVALIER, Principal Harpist of the National Symphony Orchestra, is a graduate of the Curtis Institute of Music, where she studied with Carlos Salzedo and Marilyn Costello. Before joining the orchestra in 1969, she was the Principal Harpist of the Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra. Ms. Levalier has made numerous recital, television, and radio appearances as well as guest artist performances with orchestras other than her own. Ms. Levalier has been a guest artist with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Emerson String Quartet, Theatre Chamber Players, and with the National Symphony at Lincoln Center, the Kennedy Center, and at Wolf Trap. She has performed concertos with conductors André Kostelanetz, Antal Dorati, and Mstislav Rostropovich among others. Ms. Levalier records on the Erato, Sony, and Pro Arte labels.

LINDA MABBS, soprano, is a frequent performer with many leading orchestras in the United States and England, including the Chicago, St. Louis, Minnesota and National Symphonies; the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra; Music of the Baroque; and the English Chamber Orchestra. During the 1994-95 season, she made her New York City Opera debut as the Marshallin in a new production of *Der Rosenkavalier*. She also appeared with the Guarneri String Quartet, Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, the Florida Philharmonic, the Washington Chamber Symphony, and the Rembrandt Chamber Players. Her 1996-97 season included performances of Haydn's *Harmoniemesse* with the Saint Louis Symphony, Mahler's Symphony No. 8 with the Columbus Symphony Orchestra, and Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* with Music of the Baroque in Chicago. Ms. Mabbs is Professor of Voice at the University of Maryland School of Music.

ROBERT MCCOY, piano, enjoys a versatile career as a collaborating pianist, vocal coach, and conductor. The recipient of a Fulbright Grant to Paris, he has collaborated with many leading artists, including Gérard Souzay, George Shirley, Sherrill Milnes, Benita Valente, Mady Mespié, John Shirley-Quirk, and Bernard Greenhouse. He has appeared in concert in Paris, Aix-en-Provence, Bayreuth, Berlin, Vienna, Beijing, and New York. He has been a member of the music staff of the Washington Opera, the Académie Internationale "Maurice Ravel," and the Vienna Kammeroper, and has served as official pianist for the Washington International Competition and the Belvedere International Vocal Competition. He is currently Professor of Music at the University of Maryland.

ROBERT J. OPPELT, contrabass, joined the National Symphony Orchestra in 1982 and in 1984 was promoted to assistant principal. After national auditions in 1996, Leonard Slatkin appointed Mr. Oppelt to lead the orchestra's bass section. Since coming to Washington, D.C. in 1982, he has performed regularly with the 20th Century Consort and many other chamber groups in the Washington, D.C. metropolitan area. He also enjoys performing as soloist and will appear as such with the Millbrook Orchestra of

Shepherdstown, WV and Cascade Symphony of Edmonds, WA during their 1997-98 concert season. He is a graduate of North Carolina School of the Arts where he was twice recipient of the Vittorio Giannini Memorial Award.

MICHAEL RUSINEK, clarinet, joined the National Symphony in the fall of 1991 and became the Assistant Principal Clarinetist the following year. He has studied with Avrahm Galper at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto and Donald Montanaro at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. He has performed as soloist with many orchestras, including the Toronto Symphony, the Royal Conservatory Orchestra and the Belgrade Philharmonic. As a recitalist, Mr. Rusinek has performed extensively in Canada, Israel, and the U.S. He has participated in many summer festivals across the country. Currently, he is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music.

DAVID SALNESS is a highly respected teacher and performer on violin and viola. Recently, he joined the University of Maryland faculty as Head of Chamber Music Studies and Associate Professor of violin. As a member of the internationally renowned Audubon Quartet, Mr. Salness toured throughout Europe and North and South America and has recordings on the RCA, Telarc, and Centaur labels. He has collaborated with members of the Guarneri, Cleveland, and Julliard Quartets and has appeared with such noted ensembles as the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia, Orpheus, and the Brandenburg Ensemble of New York. As a member of Nisaika, he won the Deuxieme Grand Prix at the 1983 Evian International String Quartet Competition.

WILLIAM SHARP, baritone, appears frequently in Washington, DC with the 20th Century Consort, the Folger Consort, the National Symphony and the Cathedral Choral Society. His engagements in 1997-98 also include performances with the San Francisco Symphony, Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival and Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, and a tour with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, as well as solo recitals in Massachusetts and California and performances with the Da Camera Society of Houston in Texas and at Lincoln Center. Mr. Sharp has over two dozen recordings, and has been nominated for two Grammy Awards including Best Classical Vocal Performance in 1989. He has won the Carnegie Hall American Music Competition, the Young Concert Artists International Auditions and Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Prize, and the Geneva International Competition. He is currently on the faculties of Boston University School for the Arts and Aspen Music School.

SARA STERN, flute, has performed much of this century's most important solo and chamber music and has premiered and recorded significant new compositions as solo flutist with the 20th Century Consort. Other positions she currently holds are Principal Flute with the Virginia Chamber

Orchestra and the Washington Concert Opera. Ms. Stern's musical evolution has included such diverse turns as the Afro-Cuban "Kwane and the Kwanditos," the San Francisco street trio "Arcangelo," recitals at Carnegie Hall and the Terrace Theater, and guest artist appearances with the Emerson String Quartet and the American Chamber Players. She is also a member of the flute and harp duo "Stern and Levalier" with NSO Principal Harpist Dotian Levalier, and solo flutist with the woodwind-based "Eastwind Consort."

EDWIN THAYER, French horn, studied with Willem Valkenier at the New England Conservatory, James Stagliano in Boston and Tanglewood, and Thomas Holden at the University of Illinois. He has been Principal Horn of the National Symphony Orchestra since 1972. Before that, he was an associate professor of music at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia, and principal hornist of the Richmond Symphony, Richmond Sinfonietta, and the Richmond Windwood Quintet. He has appeared, performed and recorded with many chamber ensembles and symphony orchestras, and has given solo recitals and master classes throughout the United States.

The 20th Century Consort gratefully acknowledges the generous support of the Friends of the 20th Century Consort:

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20th Century Consort 1997-98 Concert Series Upcoming Concerts

January 24, 1998
4:00 pm Pre-Concert
5:00 pm Concert
Meyer Auditorium
Freer Gallery of Art

East West Epigram
TAKEMITSU: Itinerant
GIBSON: 4 Haiku
ICHIYANAGI: Paganini Personal
FROOM: Whistling Wind
SCHOENFELD: Pecos
FOSS: 13 Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

February 28, 1998
4:00 pm Pre-Concert
5:00 pm Concert
Meyer Auditorium
Freer Gallery of Art

Jacob's Ladder
MAW: Sonata
WOLOSOFF: Bodhisattva
DRUCKMAN: Counterpoise