

The Smithsonian Associates Presents

20th CENTURY CONSORT

February 7, 2004

Marion and Gustave Ring Auditorium,
Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

The Smithsonian Associates
presents

20th Century Consort

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director

Elisabeth Adkins, Violin
Audrey Andrist, Piano
Paul Cigan, Clarinet
Lisa Emenheiser, Piano
Gabrielle Finck, French horn
Martin Goldsmith, Narrator
Lucy Shelton, Soprano
James Stern, Viola
Rachel Young, Cello

Susan Schilperoort, Manager
Curt Wittig, Electronics
Mark Wakefield, Stage Manager

Saturday, February 7, 2004
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 2003-2004 performance series is sponsored by The Smithsonian Associates and funded in part by generous contributions from The Cafritz Foundation, the Aaron Copland Fund for Music, the Dimick Foundation, and the Friends of the 20th Century Consort.



The Smithsonian Associates

Pre-Concert Discussion

Christopher Kendall with Martin Goldsmith and Daniel Kellogg

Program

"Dylan"

And the Dust Shall Sing Like a Bird Daniel Kellogg
Ms. Adkins, Ms. Emenheiser

Mr. Tambourine Man: Poems of Bob Dylan John Corigliano
Ms. Emenheiser, Ms. Shelton

1. Blowin' in the Wind
2. All Along the Watchtower
3. Masters of War
4. Mr. Tambourine Man

Intermission

Valediction (Dylan Thomas, 1953) Elisabeth Lutyens
Ms. Andrist, Mr. Cigan

A Winter's Tale Charles Wuorinen
Ms. Adkins, Ms. Andrist, Mr. Cigan, Ms. Finck, Mr. Kendall,
Ms. Shelton, Mr. Stern, Ms. Young

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

At the age of twenty, with the publication of *Eighteen Poems*, Dylan Thomas immediately began to attract wide attention and critical acclaim for the refinement, imagination, and lyric perfection of his poetry. The year was 1934, and the young genius was to have but twenty more years in which to shape a body of writing that captivated readers all over the English-speaking world, to say nothing of composers, who found his verse intrinsically musical. Thomas made four trips to America, and it was on the last of these that he collapsed and died, on November 9, 1953. Among the projects that were prematurely ended by his death were plans to create a libretto for an opera by Igor Stravinsky.

In the last half century, his poetry has only increased in acclaim and influence. It is technically polished, filled with vivid metaphor, and often enlivened by a rowdy wit. And more and more composers turn to his poetry for musical inspiration, sometimes setting the words to music, sometimes reacting to his thoughts with purely instrumental conceptions.

One artist who responded strongly to the Welsh poet was an American folk musician named Robert Zimmerman, who was moved to change his name to Bob Dylan in homage. Bob Dylan's own song texts have become the poetry of a generation, and a more distant homage to his namesake, Dylan Thomas—so some of the homage to the Welsh poet presented here comes from the responses of his American admirer.

DANIEL KELLOGG (b. 1976)

and the dust shall sing like a bird, for violin and piano

Connecticut native Daniel Kellogg received his Masters in Music from Yale University where he studied with Ezra Laderman and Joseph Schwantner. Already in 2000/2001, he was composer-in-residence at the University of Connecticut. He has received a number of awards aimed at young composers from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Curtis Institute, and three Morton Gould Young Composer Awards from ASCAP. His works

have been broadcast on NPR's "Performance Today," WQXR and China National Radio in Beijing.

The poem *and the dust shall sing like a bird* is from *Ceremony After A Fire Raid*, one of several poems where Dylan Thomas responds to the death of an infant during the fire raids over London in World War II. The poem is filled with lament and rage for the lost child and evokes images of a dark and fallen world. Through what would seem to be complete despair, the poet somehow sees a distant hope or redemption as he cries out "glory glory glory" at the end of the poem.

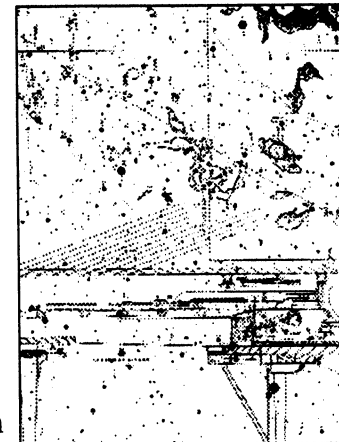
This piece of music is a meditation upon this poem and the overwhelming emotions it brings forth. It was commissioned by Young Concert Artists, Inc. for Nicolas Kendall. The work received its world premiere at the Kennedy Center on January 12, 2003.

JOHN CORIGLIANO

Songs from *Mr. Tambourine Man: Poems of Bob Dylan*

John Corigliano has established himself as one of the most prominent American composers, having won major awards for his Symphony No. 1, a searing and moving response to the AIDS crisis (written for the Chicago Symphony while he was composer-in-residence there), and his Symphony No. 2. His successful new opera for the Met, *The Ghosts of Versailles*, was wildly cheered on its opening night, broadcast, recorded for video release, and revived in a subsequent season. He has also occasionally composed film scores (his recent film score for *The Red Violin* won a 2003 Academy Award), but most of his music has been for the recital stage and the concert hall.

Born into a musical environment—his father (also John Corigliano) became the first American-born concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic—John Corigliano studied with Otto Luening at Columbia University and later worked with Vittorio



Giannini and Paul Creston. As this list of teachers might indicate, Corigliano was never part of the ultra-radical New York school of the period, and his music always revealed a somewhat conservative tendency that was mocked by the avant-gardists of the time, though it has become the leading tendency of new music in the last decade or so, particularly when employed with such color and imagination.

Regarding the song cycle titled *Mr. Tambourine Man*, the composer writes:

When Sylvia McNair asked me to write her a major song cycle for Carnegie Hall, she had only one request: to choose an American text....I had always heard, by reputation, of the high regard accorded the folk-ballad singer/songwriter Bob Dylan. But I was so engaged in developing my orchestral technique during the years when Dylan was heard by the rest of the world that I had never heard his songs. So I bought a collection of his texts, and found many of them to be every bit as beautiful and as immediate as I had heard—and surprisingly well-suited to my own musical language. I then contacted Jeff Rosen, his manager, who approached Bob Dylan with the idea of re-setting his poetry to my music.

I do not know of an instance in which this has been done before (which was part of what appealed to me), so I needed to explain that these would be in no way arrangements, or variations, or in any way derivations of the music of the original songs, which I decided to not hear before the cycle was complete. Just as Schumann or Brahms or Wolf had re-interpreted in their own musical styles the same Goethe text, I intended to treat the Dylan lyrics as the poems I found them to be. Nor would their settings make any attempt at pop or rock writing. I wanted to take poetry I knew to be strongly associated with popular art and readdress it in terms of concert art—crossover in the opposite direction, one might say. Dylan granted his permission, and I set to work.

Four of the original seven settings will be performed here. Corigliano describes *Blowin' in the Wind* as shaped by a pas-sacaglia; *All Along the Watchtower* as “a premonition of an apocalyptic future”; *Masters of War* as “political theory” with a hammered ostinato; and *Mr. Tambourine Man* as “fantastic and exuberant.”

NOTE: In the following texts, “...” is used where Corigliano has omitted Dylan lyrics.

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind...

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
...blowin'...
...blowin'...

All Along the Watchtower

“There must be some way out of here,” said the joker to the thief,
“There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.
Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth.”

“No reason to get excited,” the thief, he kindly spoke,
“There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely, the hour is getting late.”

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too.

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

Masters of War

Come, you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly...

You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins...

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

Mr. Tambourine Man

...Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,
Vanished from my hand,
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
To be wanderin'.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready...to fade
Into my own parade, cast your
dancing spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run...
And if you hear vague traces of
skippin' reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're
Secin' that he's chasing.

...Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

...I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to...

ELISABETH LUTYENS (1906-1983)

Valediction (Dylan Thomas, 1953), for clarinet and piano

Elisabeth Lutyens was one of the most stylistically advanced composers in England in the 1950s. Along with Humphrey Searle, she was among the very few British composers to employ the twelve-tone system. When she wrote *Valediction*, her use of the technique “seems to have been considered almost morally reprehensible,” according to Antony Payne.

Her father was the architect Sir Edwin Lutyens. Though the family was cultured, she later described it as having no musical interests at all. She discovered the violin at school and began writing small pieces by the age of nine or ten. Having an independent income, she was fortunate to be able to pursue musical studies at the Ecole Normale in Paris and later at the Royal College of Music. By the late 1930s she had developed her own advanced style (largely, she insisted, without specific influence from the radical musical developments in Vienna and elsewhere) and had withdrawn most of her earlier music. By the end of the war, she had achieved her mature style, but had relatively few opportunities to hear performances.

During the early 1950s she lost two very close artistic friends: the composer Constant Lambert (d. 1951) and Dylan Thomas. “Never since,” she wrote later, “have I found anyone to replace them in their power to enrich life.” She saw Thomas just before his last departure for New York and in her autobiography *A Goldfish Bowl* recalled receiving the news of his premature death:

In November [1953] we heard the tragic news of the death of Dylan in New York, and I wept like a baby. It seemed so short a while ago that he had left London and on our last evening together was brimming over with plans for future plays and looking forward to collaboration with Stravinsky on a projected opera.

She had just finished an elaborate choral motet to words of Wittgenstein and was relaxing in the aftermath of busy composition. While napping one afternoon, she “was kicked violently awake by a musical idea” which she thought of as a lament for the poet. She imagined it as a choral work and looked for a suitable text. One possibility was a translation by Shelley of a Greek

poem on the death of Adonis. She liked the idea conveyed by the words but felt they did not match the musical image she had in mind. Again, from her autobiography:

Before I had written down a note I received a phone call from Georgina Dobrée, the clarinetist,...asking me to write her a piece for clarinet and piano. So I transposed my new idea, still, luckily, in embryonic form, to the desired combination, thereby solving my problem of unwanted words and wrote my *Valediction (Dylan Thomas 1953)*.

The *Valediction* unfolds in two substantial slow movements, the first passionately expressive and “rather fantastic,” as the tempo marking suggests, while the second is more contrapuntal in character, suggesting a theme and variations, though not formally divided as such. Though most of the more traditional composers of the time found Lutyens’ music beyond the pale, she was gratified when William Walton let her know that he found the *Valediction*, a piece with great personal meaning to her, to be very beautiful.

CHARLES WUORINEN (b. 1938)

A Winter's Tale, for soprano, clarinet, horn, piano, violin, viola, and cello

Charles Wuorinen is a highly prolific and widely performed composer. His work ranges from pieces created electronically, such as *Time's Encomium*, which received the 1975 Pulitzer Prize (he was the youngest composer ever to receive the Pulitzer), to full-scale works for chorus and orchestra, such as the cantata *Genesis*, composed in 1989 for the San Francisco Symphony (for which he was composer-in-residence from 1984 to 1989). His large output of chamber music ranges from medieval reconstructions and elaborations (drawing upon a keyboard collection called the *Glogauer Liederbuch* or the work of Guillaume de Machaut) to a 1975 tribute to Igor Stravinsky using that composer's final sketches, with his widow's permission (*A Reliquary for Igor Stravinsky*). He was the first composer commissioned by the Cleveland Orchestra in the directorship of Christoph von Dohnanyi (*Movers and Shakers*) and the first to be commissioned by the New World Symphony in Miami (his *Bamboula*

Beach was written for the orchestra's inaugural concert). The majority of his chamber works have been composed for The Group for Contemporary Music, which he co-founded in 1962, and which has long been one of the most prestigious of American new-music ensembles.

Although he is more widely known for his instrumental works, which have been more frequently recorded, Wuorinen has written music for the voice consistently and regularly for more than four decades. These include the traditional art song, with piano accompaniment, and ensemble pieces for voices with a varied group of instruments. He composed *A Winter's Tale* in 1990/91, in two versions, one for voice with piano, the other with the accompaniment of a small instrumental ensemble. The first thing that strikes the listener here and elsewhere in Wuorinen's songs is that he must have read this poetry out loud before setting it, and probably many times. However complex both vocal line and accompaniment sometimes become, the rhythm of the words is that of an expressive speaker of English, and the vocal melody, even in the rangiest passages, often reflects the natural rise and fall of a speaker's voice (though naturally more extravagant in extent), and this makes clear the way Wuorinen himself understands the poem.

A Winter's Tale

by Dylan Thomas

It is a winter's tale
That the snow blind twilight ferries across the lakes
And floating fields from the farm in the cup of the vales,
Gliding windless through the hand folded flakes,
The pale breath of cattle at the stealthy sail.

And the stars falling cold,
And the smell of hay in the snow, and the far owl
Warning among the folds, and the frozen hold
Flocked with the sheep white smoke of the farm house cowl
In the river wended vales where the tale was told.

Once when the world turned old
On a star of faith pure as the drifting bread,
As the food and flames of the snow, a man unrolled
The scrolls of fire that burned in his heart and head,
Torn and alone in a farm house in a fold

Of fields. And burning then
In his firelit island ringed by the winged snow
And the dung hills white as wool and the hen
Roosts sleeping chill till the flame of the cock crow
Combs through the mantled yards and the morning men

Stumble out with their spades,
The cattle stirring, the mousing cat stepping shy,
The puffed birds hopping and hunting the milkmaids
Gentle in their clogs over the fallen sky,
And all the woken farm at its white trades,

He knelt, he wept, he prayed,
By the spit and the black pot in the log bright light
And the cup and the cut bread in the dancing shade,
In the muffled house, in the quick of night,
At the point of love, forsaken and afraid.

He knelt on the cold stones,
He wept from the crest of grief, he prayed to the veiled sky
May his hunger go howling on bare white bones
Past the statues of the stables and sky roofed sties
And the duck pond glass and the blinding byres alone

Into the home of prayers
And fires where he should prowled down the cloud
Of his snow blind love and rush in the white lairs.
His naked need struck him howling and bowed
Though no sound flowed down the hand folded air

But only the wind strung
Hunger of birds in the fields of the bread of water, tossed
In high corn and the harvest melting on their tongues.
And his nameless need bound him burning and lost
When cold as snow he should run the wended vales among

The rivers mouthed in night,
And drown in the drifts of his need, and lie curled caught

In the always desiring centre of the white
Inhuman cradle and the bride bed forever sought
By the believer lost and the hurled outcast of light.

Deliver him, he cried,
By losing him all in love, and cast his need
Alone and naked in the engulfing bride,
Never to flourish in the fields of the white seed
Or flower under the time dying flesh astride.

Listen. The minstrels sing
In the departed villages. The nightingale,
Dust in the buried wood, flies on the grains of her wings
And spells on the winds of the dead his winter's tale.
The voice of the dust of water from the withered spring

Is telling. The wizened
Stream with bells and baying water bounds. The dew rings
On the gristed leaves and the long gone glistening
Parish of snow. The carved mouths in the rock are wind swept strings.
Time sings through the intricately dead snow drop. Listen.

It was a hand or sound
In the long ago land that glided the dark door wide
And there outside on the bread of the ground
A she bird rose and rayed like a burning bride.
A she bird dawned, and her breast with snow and scarlet downed.

Look. And the dancers move
On the departed, snow bushed green, wanton in moon light
As a dust of pigeons. Exulting, the grave hooved
Horses, centaur dead, turn and tread the drenched white
Paddocks in the farms of birds. The dead oak walks for love.

The carved limbs in the rock
Leap, as to trumpets. Calligraphy of the old
Leaves is dancing. Lines of age on the stones weave in a flock.
And the harp shaped voice of the water's dust plucks in a fold
Of fields. For love, the long ago she bird rises. Look.

And the wild wings were raised
Above her folded head, and the soft feathered voice
Was flying through the house as though the she bird praised
And all the elements of the snow fall rejoiced
That a man knelt alone in the cup of the vales,

In the mantle and calm,
By the spit and the black pot in the log bright light.
And the sky of birds in the plumed voice charmed
Him up and he ran like a wind after the kindling flight
Past the blind barns and byres of the windless farm.

In the poles of the year
When black birds died like priests in the cloaked hedge row
And over the cloth of counties the far hills rode near,
Under the one leaved trees ran a scarecrow of snow
And fast through the drifts of the thickets antlered like deer,

Rags and prayers down the knee-
Deep hillocks and loud on the numbed lakes,
All night lost and long wadding in the wake of the she-
Bird through the times and lands and tribes of the slow flakes.

Listen and look where she sails the goose plucked sea,
The sky, the bird, the bride,
The cloud, the need, the planted stars, the joy beyond
The fields of seed and the time dying flesh astride,
The heavens, the heaven, the grave, the burning font.
In the far ago land the door of his death glided wide,

And the bird descended.
On a bread white hill over the cupped farm
And the lakes and floating fields and the river wended
Vales where he prayed to come to the last harm
And the home of prayers and fires, the tale ended.

The dancing perishes
On the white, no longer growing green, and, minstrel dead,
The singing breaks in the snow shoed villages of wishes
That once cut the figures of birds on the deep bread
And over the glazed lakes skated the shapes of fishes

Flying. The rite is shorn
Of nightingale and centaur dead horse. The springs wither
Back. Lines of age sleep on the stones still trumpeting dawn.
Exultation lies down. Time buries the spring weather
That belled and bounded with the fossil and the dew reborn.

For the bird lay bedded
In a choir of wings, as though she slept or died,
And the wings glided wide and he was hymned and wedded,
And through the thighs of the engulfing bride,
The woman breasted and the heaven headed

Bird, he was brought low,
Burning in the bride bed of love, in the whirl-
Pool at the wanting centre, in the folds
Of paradise, in the spun bud of the world.
And she rose with him flowering in her melting snow.

Program notes © Steven Ledbetter 2004

About the Artists

ELISABETH ADKINS, violin, is Associate Concertmaster of the National Symphony Orchestra. She received her doctorate from Yale University, where she studied with Oscar Shumsky. She is active as a recitalist, concerto soloist, and chamber musician. Recent appearances include concertos with the National Symphony, the Springfield Symphony, and the Eclipse Chamber Orchestra, and recitals at the Kennedy Center, the National Gallery, and the Phillips Collection. She is a founding member of the American Chamber Players; her recordings with the group can be heard on Koch International Classics. The daughter of noted musicologists, she and her seven siblings comprise the Adkins String Ensemble, which gave its debut concert in 1993 and has completed a CD recording. Ms. Adkins is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music.

Canadian pianist AUDREY ANDRIST is a graduate of Juilliard's doctoral program, where she studied with Herbert Stessin. Ms. Andrist is the winner of numerous competitions, including the San Antonio International, Mozart International, and Canada's Eckhardt-Grammatté Competition for new music. She has appeared as soloist with the Juilliard Orchestra, the National Arts Center Orchestra (Ottawa) and CBC Vancouver Symphony. Ms. Andrist has performed in many of North America's most prestigious venues, including Alice Tully Hall, Chicago's Ravinia Festival, and Place des Arts in Montreal. A member of the Stern/Andrist Duo with her husband, violinist James Stern, and Strata, a trio with Stern and clarinetist Nathan Williams, Ms. Andrist has recorded for Albany, Summit, CRI, AUR and Capstone Records, and NPR's "Performance Today."

PAUL CIGAN, clarinet/bass clarinet, began his musical education at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music studying under David Breeden and David Neuman, both of the San Francisco Symphony. After transferring to Temple University, he received a Bachelors degree under Anthony Gigliotti, former principal clarinetist of the Philadelphia Orchestra. While in Philadelphia, Paul performed with the Concerto Soloists Chamber Orchestra. He has performed as principal clarinetist with the San Antonio Symphony, Colorado Symphony, Virginia Symphony, and the Sarasota Opera. Other orchestras he has performed with include the National Repertory Orchestra, New World Symphony, and the Spoleto Festival USA Orchestra. Currently a member of the National Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Cigan has also performed as chamber musician with members of the National Symphony and National Musical Arts.

LISA EMENHEISER, piano, is a graduate of the Juilliard School, where she received both Bachelor and Master of Music degrees as a student of Ania Dorfmann. She has performed in recitals at Alice Tully Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall, and appears frequently at the Kennedy Center and National Gallery. She has served as acting principal pianist for the National Symphony Orchestra, and has appeared as soloist with both the Baltimore and Richmond Symphonies. As an established chamber musician, Ms. Emenheiser has performed across the globe with such artists as Julius Baker, Eugenia Zucherman, Ransom Wilson, Jean-Pierre Rampal and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg. She has recorded for Pro Arte Records, VAI Audio, and Delos. Ms. Emenheiser is the pianist of the Opus 3 Trio.

GABRIELLE FINCK, French horn, is the newest member of the National Symphony Orchestra, having joined the orchestra in September of 2003. In the two years prior to that she held positions in the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra and in the Chicago Civic Orchestra. She has also performed with the New World Symphony, the Milwaukee Chamber Orchestra, the Albany Symphony Orchestra, the Elgin Symphony Orchestra, and the California-based Ariel Ensemble Wind Quintet. A gifted chamber musician, Ms. Finck has been heard frequently in concert in Washington DC, Milwaukee, Chicago, Boston, at Tanglewood, and on various national and international tours. Ms. Finck is a graduate of Boston University and has twice been a fellow of the Tanglewood Music Center.

MARTIN GOLDSMITH, narrator, is a nationally noted classical radio personality. He is the author of the just-published *The Beatles Come to America* and an earlier book, *The Inextinguishable Symphony: A True Story of Music and Love in Nazi Germany*. Mr. Goldsmith is the director of classical music programming at XM Satellite Radio in Washington, DC, and the former host of NPR's "Performance Today." He is a well-known presence on public radio in Washington D.C. where he has served as co-host of "Songs for Aging Children." He has appeared with the 20th Century

Consort as a narrator several times over the past dozen years, including performances of Igor Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" and Paul Schoenfield's "Sparks of Glory."

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. Recent guest conducting engagements include a concert on the Seattle Symphony Orchestra's New Music Series, Boston's Dinosaur Annex at Jordan Hall, and the Da Capo Chamber Players in tributes to composer Stephen Albert at Bard College and in New York City. His performances can be heard on the Delos, CRI, Bard, ASV, innova, and Smithsonian Collection labels.

LUCY SHELTON, soprano, is an internationally recognized exponent of 20th and 21st century repertory. She has premiered over 100 works, many of which were composed for her by leading composers such as Stephen Albert, Elliott Carter, Mario Davidovsky, David Del Tredici, Alexander Goehr, Gerard Grisey, Oliver Knussen, Ned Rorem, Joseph Schwantner and Augusta Reed Thomas. Her concertizing has taken her to major cities across the globe (from Australia to Japan, Brazil to the United Kingdom and throughout the United States) for performances of orchestral, chamber and solo repertoire. She has recorded extensively for such labels as Deutsche Grammophon, Bridge Records, NMC and Naxos. Lucy Shelton is a two-time winner of the Walter W. Naumburg award, as a chamber musician and as a solo singer. Her collaboration with the 20th Century Consort began in 1978.

JAMES STERN, violin, maintains an active schedule of recitals, chamber music, and concerto performances that has included the Library of Congress, New York's Lincoln Center, and Carnegie Hall. He has also performed at the Marlboro, Banff, and Ravinia summer festivals. Recent concerto engagements have included the Stockton Symphony, the Palo Alto Chamber Orchestra, the Contra Costa Chamber Orchestra, and the UC Davis Symphony Orchestra, as well as appearances in Las Vegas, Salt Lake City, and Woodstock. Stern is a member of the Stern/Andrist Duo with his wife, Canadian pianist Audrey Andrist, and Strata, a trio in which the two of them are joined by clarinetist Nathan Williams. In addition to touring internationally, these ensembles have made recordings for CRI and Arizona University Recording labels. A former faculty member of the Cleveland Institute of Music and the University of the Pacific, Stern is now Associate Professor at the University of Maryland School of Music.

RACHEL YOUNG, cellist with the National Symphony Orchestra, has appeared as soloist with the National Chamber Orchestra, the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, the New England Conservatory Chamber Orchestra, and the National Symphony Orchestra's Summer Youth Ensemble. Prior to her appointment to the National Symphony she was the Principal Cellist of the Kennedy Center Opera House Orchestra and founder of the Isosceles Duo. Ms. Young has presented recitals at Strathmore Hall, the German and Austrian Embassies, New England Conservatory, and the Anderson House Museum, as well as solo appearances at the Corcoran Gallery of Art and the John F. Kennedy Center. She has appeared as a chamber artist with the Twentieth Century Consort, the National Musical Arts Society, the Embassy Series, the Washington Music Ensemble, the Contemporary Music Forum, on WGMS Radio and at the White House. Ms. Young received the Bachelor of Music degree from the New England Conservatory of Music where she studied with Laurence Lesser, and her master's degree is in cello performance with Stephen Kates at the Peabody Conservatory.

20th Century Consort

2003-2004 SEASON

The 20th Century Consort celebrates the Hirshhorn's Douglas Gordon exhibition in two programs reflecting, respectively, the artist's fascination with opposing extremes and time out of whack:

MARCH 13, 2004 ♦ *No Place to Hyde*

Bela Bartok	<i>Contrasts</i>
Perry Goldstein	<i>Of Points Fixed and Fluid</i>
Arthur Levering	<i>Clarion/Shadowing</i>

APRIL 17, 2004 ♦ *Running Backward*

Mario Davidovsky	<i>Flashback</i>
Paul Schoenfield	<i>Partita</i>
Sebastian Currier	<i>Variations on "Time and Time Again"</i>
Nicholas Maw	<i>Ghost Dances</i>

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