

The Smithsonian American Art Museum Presents

21st CENTURY CONSORT

February 23, 2013

Nan Tucker McEvoy Auditorium
Smithsonian American Art Museum

The Smithsonian American Art Museum
presents

21st Century Consort

Christopher Kendall, Artistic Director
Boyd Sarratt, Manager

Elisabeth Adkins, Violin
Paul Cigan, Clarinet
Lisa Emenheiser, Piano
Aaron Goldman, Flute
Mark Jaster, Mime
Matthew Schultheis, Assistant Piano/Harmonium
Lucy Shelton, Soprano
Rachel Young, Cello

Mark Huffman, Recording Engineer
Mark Wakefield, Stage Manager

Saturday, February 23, 2013
Pre-Concert Discussion 4:00 p.m.
Concert 5:00 p.m.
Nan Tucker McEvoy Auditorium
Smithsonian American Art Museum



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www.21stcenturyconsort.org

The Smithsonian American Art Museum
presents

How it Begins

Elegy (1993)

Bruce MacCombie

Ms. Adkins, Mr. Cigan, Ms. Emenheiser, Ms. Young

To Wake the Dead (1978)

Stephen Albert

(Six Sentimental Songs and an Interlude after *Finnegans Wake*)

1. How it ends
2. Riverrun (ballad of Perse O'Reilly)
3. Pray your prayers
4. Instruments
5. Forget...Remember
6. Sod's brood, Mr Finn
7. Passing Out

Ms. Adkins, Mr. Cigan, Ms. Emenheiser, Mr. Goldman, Mr. Kendall,
Mr. Schultheis, Ms. Shelton, Ms. Young

INTERMISSION

Pierrot Lunaire, Opus 21 (1912)

Arnold Schoenberg

(Three times seven poems by Albert Giraud)

- | Part I | Part II | Part III |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Moondrunk | 8. Night (Passacaglia) | 15. Homesickness |
| 2. Columbine | 9. Prayer to Pierrot | 16. Vulgar Horseplay! |
| 3. The Dandy | 10. Theft | 17. Parody |
| 4. A Pale Washerwoman | 11. Red Mass | 18. The Moonfleck |
| 5. Valse de Chopin | 12. Gallows Ditty | 19. Serenade |
| 6. Madonna | 13. Beheading | 20. Homeward Journey
(Barcarole) |
| 7. The Sick Moon | 14. The Crosses | 21. O Ancient Scent |

Ms. Adkins, Mr Cigan, Ms. Emenheiser, Mr. Goldman, Mr. Jaster, Mr. Kendall,
Ms. Shelton, Ms. Young



The audience is invited to join the artists in the lobby for an informal post-concert reception, sponsored by the Friends of the Consort and the Smithsonian American Art Museum.

If you would like to be included in news of the Consort and upcoming programs, please provide your email address at the sign-up desk in the lobby at intermission or following the performance, or by emailing Consortmanager@gmail.com.

Please visit the Consort's web site at 21stcenturyconsort.org

Program Notes and Texts

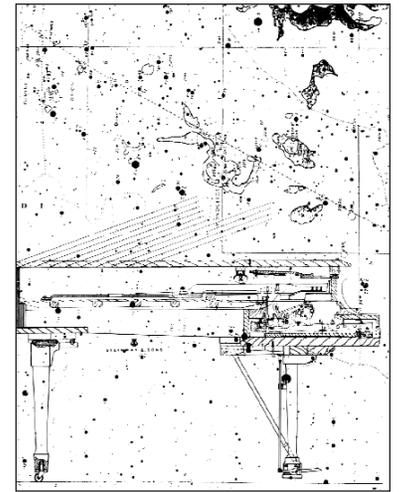
Elegy **Bruce MacCombie** (1943-2012)

Bruce MacCombie earned degrees from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and his Ph.D from the University of Iowa. He also studied at the Freiburg Conservatory on a post-doctoral grant from the German Academic Exchange Service (DAAD). He was on the Music Theory and Composition faculty at Yale University and from 1980 to 1986 served as Vice President and Director of Publications for G. Schirmer and Associates Music Publishers. He served as Dean of the Juilliard School from 1986 to 1992, and was Dean of the College of Fine Arts at Boston University from 1992 to 2001. He was Executive Director of Jazz at Lincoln Center until becoming Associate Dean of the College of Humanities and Fine Arts at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, from 2002 to 2006, and, upon his retirement, was named Professor Emeritus.

MacCombie was awarded the first Goddard Lieberon Fellowship by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His music has been commissioned by the Jerome Foundation the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the Da Capo Chamber Players, the Seattle Symphony, the Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival, the Bath International Guitar Festival, the Juilliard School and others, and recorded on the BGS label, Virgin Classics, BIS Singapore, and the Eastman American Music Series. His works have been performed at such venues as Carnegie Hall, the Seattle

Opera House, the Kennedy Center, the Hirshhorn Museum, the Warsaw Autumn Festival, the Hong Kong Arts Festival, Alice Tully Hall, and the Victoria Concert Hall, Singapore.

Bruce MacCombie's connection with Stephen Albert was long and important to Albert's career, and paralleled Albert's extensive work with the 20th Century Consort and Christopher Kendall. MacCombie had the foresight to recognize the quality of Albert's music and to sign him to an exclusive contract with the music publisher G. Schirmer only weeks before Albert's symphony *RiverRun* won the Pulitzer Prize. Later he hired Albert to teach composition at Juilliard, and was working on plans to have him move to Boston University at the time of Albert's death. Regarding his *Elegy*, the composer writes:



The tragic death of Stephen Albert in December of 1992 had a major impact on the music world. It marked the loss of an enormously talented composer and a wonderful human being. For me, learning of Steve's death was as if time had suddenly stopped. He had become a great friend and colleague who was an inspiration through his friendship and through his music.

Elegy, written for the Aeolian Chamber Players in memory of Stephen Albert, is a brief musical mediation on the sudden departure of this remarkable musician. The opening, a reference to the beginning gesture of his Symphony *RiverRun* (transposed up a half step to A minor, or 'Aeolian' mode), turns abruptly quiet and contemplative, then gradually ascends to connect with the repeating pitches E and G, a reference to the setting of the work 'yonder' from my own soprano-and-orchestra work *Leaden Echo, Golden Echo*, on a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins. After reaching again for the opening *RiverRun* chord, the contemplative beginning then becomes the end.

To Wake the Dead

Stephen Albert (1941-1992)

Pulitzer Prize- and Grammy-winning composer Stephen Albert was recognized in his lifetime for a body of work at once powerful, dramatic, colorful, and deeply emotive. Contemporary in sound, yet firmly rooted in traditional compositional techniques, Albert's music sought to establish links with fundamental human emotions and musical archetypes. He drew inspiration from the rich emotional palette of 19th-century music, and sought to discover, within the context of a personal 20th-century idiom, new connections with music of the past.

Born in New York City on February 6, 1941, Albert first studied composition at the age of 15 with Elie Siegmeister, and enrolled two years later at the Eastman School of Music, where he studied with Bernard Rogers. Following composition lessons in Stockholm with Karl-Birger Blomdahl, Albert studied with Joseph Castaldo at the Philadelphia Musical Academy (BM 1962); in 1963 he worked with George Rochberg at the University of Pennsylvania.

Stephen Albert won the 1985 Pulitzer Prize in Music for his symphony *RiverRun*, and from 1985 to 1988 served as composer-in-residence with the Seattle Symphony. He received commissions from the Chicago, National, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and Seattle symphonies, The Philadelphia Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and the Library of Congress and wrote works for the 20th Century Consort, David Gordon, Yo-Yo Ma and David Shifrin among others. Additional awards and honors include two MacDowell Colony fellowships, a Huntington Hartford Fellowship, two Guggenheim fellowships, two Rome Prizes, and grants from the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Ford Foundation, and the Alice M. Ditson Foundation.

From 1988 to the time of his death, he was professor of composition at the Juilliard School of Music. Recordings of Albert's music are available on the Nonesuch, Delos, New World, CRI, and Smithsonian Collection labels.

Stephen Albert's *To Wake the Dead* takes its text from James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, that all-but-incomprehensible novel of rich imagery, mysterious atmosphere, and fascinating rhythm. Albert's

powerful and moving settings, strongly melodic and thoroughly tonal, clarify the dream state of the texts, which are unified in theme (Birth, Death, and Transfiguration) if not in detail. The music for the cycle is based to a large extent on Joyce's version of "Humpty Dumpty" (see particularly the second song). A few excerpts from "A Skeleton Key to *Finnegan's Wake*" by Joseph Campbell provide a useful summary:

Tim Finnegan of the old vaudeville song is an Irish hod carrier who gets drunk, falls off a ladder and is apparently killed. His friends hold a death watch over his coffin; during the festivities someone splashes him with whiskey at which Finnegan comes to life again and joins the general dance.

...Finnegan's fall from the ladder is Lucifer's fall, Adam's fall, the setting sun that will rise again, the fall of Rome, a Wall Street crash....it is Humpty Dumpty's fall and the fall of Newton's apple. And it is every man's daily recurring fall from grace.... By Finn's coming again (Finn-again)—in other words, by the reappearance of the hero—....strength and hope are provided for mankind.

Text: *To Wake the Dead* (fragments from James Joyce)

1. How it ends

Oaks of ald lie in peat
Elms leap where ashes lay
Phall if you but will, rise you must
In the nite and at the fading.

What has gone,
How it ends,
Today's truth
Tomorrow's trend.

Forget remember
The fading of the stars
Forget...begin to forget it.

2. Riverrun (ballad of Perse O'Reilly)

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he fell with a roll and a rumble
And curled up like Lord Olafa Crumple
By the butt of the Magazine Wall
Of the Magazine Wall
Hump helmet and all.

He was once our king of the castle
Now he's knocked about like a rotten old parsnip
And from Green Street he'll be sent
by the order of his worship
To the penal jail of Mount Joy
Jail him and joy.

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he...

—Riverrun, riverrun
Past Eve and Adam's
From Swerve of shore to bend of bay—

...How he fell with a roll and a rumble
And not all the king's men nor his horses
Will resurrect his corpus
For their's no true spell in Connacht or Hell
That's able to raise a Cain.

—Riverrun, riverrun—

3. Pray your prayers

Loud hear us
Loud graciously hear us
O Loud hear the wee beseech of thees
We beseech of these of each of thy unlitten ones.
Grant sleep.

That they take no chill
That they ming no merder, no chill,
Grant sleep in hour's time.

Loud heap miseries upon us
Yet entwine our arts entwine our arts with laughter low.

Loud hear us
Hear the we beseech of thees.

Say your prayers Timothy.

4. Instruments (Voice Tacet)

5. Forget...Remember

Rush, my only into your arms
So soft this morning ours
Carry me along
I rush my only into your arms.

What has gone
How it ends
Today's truth
Tomorrow's trend.

Forget
Remember.

6. Sod's Brood, Mr. Finn

What clashes here of wills
Sod's brood be me fear.
Arms appeal
With larms appalling
Killy kill killy a-toll a-toll.
What clashes here of wills
Sod's brood.

He points the death bone...

Of their fear they broke
They ate wind
They fled
Of their fear they broke
Where they are there they fled
Of their fear they fled
They broke away.

O my shining stars and body.

Hold to now
Win out ye devil, ye.

...and the quick are still
He lifts the life wand
And the dumb speak.

* * *

Ho Ho Ho Ho Mister Finn
You're goin' to be Mr. Finnagain
Come day morn and O your vine
Send-days eve and, ah, your vinegar.
Ha Ha Ha Ha Mister Fun
Your goin' to be fined again.

7. Passing Out

Loonely in me loonelyness
For all their faults I am passing out,
O bitter ending.
I'll slip away before they're up
They'll never see nor know nor miss
me.

And it's old, it's sad and weary.
I'll go back to you
My cold father
My cold mad feary father
Back to you.

I rush my only into your arms.
So soft this morning ours

Yes
Carry me along
Taddy
Like you done through the toy fair
Taddy
The toy fair
Taddy

First we pass through grass
Behush the bush to.
To wish a gull
Gulls
Far far crys
Coming far
End here
Us then Finnagain
Take, bussofthe memormee
Till thou sends thee
Away alone
a last a loved
along the

Pierrot Lunaire

Arnold Schoenberg

Words and music. Voice with instruments. These phrases suggest the art of the lyric singer in the bel canto tradition or the dramatic outburst of the musical theater. But singing—whether lyric or dramatic—is only one way in which the voice can be used, and composers in the twentieth century have been particularly inventive in trying new ideas, in “updating” the oldest musical instrument of all, the human voice. Our voices’ range of expression goes all the way from the guttural grunt of the cave to the primal scream, from normal speech to coloratura song. Only a very limited part of that broad range is normally used in western music. Arnold Schoenberg’s epoch-making *Pierrot lunaire*, one of the seminal works of our century, draws on and extends the tradition of the Berlin cabaret, heightening speech with pitched declamation.

Pierrot lunaire (“Moon-struck Pierrot,” or, perhaps, in the present context, “Looney Pierrot”) sets twenty-one of O. E. Hartleben’s German translations of modish French verses by Albert Giraud. The poems draw on images and characters from the *commedia dell’arte*, especially the pensive, white-faced clown Pierrot and his beloved Columbine (in whose costume the first performer of *Pierrot lunaire* was dressed), put into modern situations that range from the grotesque to the sentimental. The surprise here is that Schoenberg decided to have his vocal soloist recite on pitch, but not sing (except in a few carefully designated spots). He termed the device *Sprechstimme*, which means, literally, “speaking voice,” though the speaking voice required here is by no means the usual one of normal conversation.

Composers had occasionally made use of spoken effects in 19th-century German opera, sometimes even employing a notation for it, as Schoenberg did. But in *Pierrot*, his source seems to be not so much the passionate outbursts of romantic opera as the cool distancing of the Berlin cabaret, in which a chanteuse, a woman dressed in a tuxedo, would sing (or half-sing or even speak) songs with texts written from a distinctly male point of view. The effect of *Sprechstimme* is, indeed, a distancing from too dramatic an emotional involvement, a light ironic tone overall. No doubt the kind of work Schoenberg wrote was affected by the fact that he composed it at the request of a non-singing actress, Albertine Zehme. Her evident commitment to the piece at the first performance (given on October 16, 1912, after more than forty re-

hearsals) was total; even the critics who did not care for *Pierrot* found her performance compelling.

The work itself became, as Stravinsky once remarked, “the solar plexus as well as the mind of early twentieth-century music.” Schoenberg had been struggling with ways to organize his musical material naturally and effectively without reference to the harmonic architecture that had shaped nineteenth-century music, the expressive value of which he felt to be exhausted. This struggle had led to a series of tiny pieces composed at great effort. But with *Pierrot*, Schoenberg suddenly recaptured the extraordinary fluency he had known earlier when writing such huge scores as *Verklärte Nacht*, the *String Quartet No. 1*, and *Gurrelieder* (the first two small in performing forces but huge in breadth and imaginative scope, the last-named huge in every respect). His best work almost always came at white heat, put down on paper almost as fast as he could write. Two-thirds of the 21 songs in *Pierrot lunaire* were composed in a single day each, and, except for nos. 14 and 15, the piece as a whole occupied the ten weeks from March 12 to May 30, 1912. (The two remaining songs were composed on June 6 and July 9.)

The ensemble called for in *Pierrot*—flute, clarinet, violin, cello, and piano, with vocalist (and with doubling on the related instruments viola, piccolo, and bass clarinet)—has become a standard instrumentation for contemporary music, much as the string quartet was the standard chamber medium of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Many composers since Schoenberg have conceived their music in terms of the “*Pierrot* ensemble,” and permanent groups have been formed on that basis, confident of finding a substantial and varied repertory to play—one of the continuing legacies of *Pierrot*.

The twenty-one songs of *Pierrot* are arranged into three sets of seven each, but the groupings show the greatest possible internal variety. Scoring changes from song to song (with certain obvious illustrative and parodistic elements, such as the “Serenade,” in which Pierrot “scratches on his viola with a grotesque giant bow”—and the cellist erupts in virtuoso display). Sooner or later just about every possible combination of instruments occurs. At the same time the various numbers draw upon or refer to a dizzying range of musical styles, sometimes for direct expression, at others with grotesque or parodistic intent.

Much of the music is built up out of tiny motives of three or four notes each—heard sometimes melodically, sometimes as chords. This intense motivic working is varied in many ways. No. 5 (“Valse de Chopin”), for example, has an obvious element of parody, but at the same time the waltz genre gives Schoenberg a reference point for rhythmic and melodic gestures, while emphasis on a particular chord creates a certain hierarchy. Some of the most famous movements are the most contrapuntal in conception: No. 8 (“Night”), a somber passacaglia growing out of a tiny three-note motive elaborated with extraordinary ingenuity, and No. 18 (“The Moonfleck”), a canon in which the top two parts, at the midpoint of the piece, start running literally backwards, while their companion lines in the piano part continue running forward at half-speed. Indeed, each song forges its own expressive and technical adventure.

Of the fifty poems in Giraud’s original collection, Schoenberg chose slightly less than half to form the particular arrangement found in *Pierrot lunaire*. The songs may be seen to trace a progress through the depths from a divine intoxication and sexual longing to blasphemy and despair, finally emerging in a homecoming that offers some promise of healing. Whatever significance Schoenberg had in mind in making this arrangement seems to have been subconscious; certainly he expressed the thought in a letter, ten years after the premiere of *Pierrot*, that he had read the poems far more naively than some of his commentators: “Anyway,” he went on, “I am not responsible for what people insist on reading into the words. If they were musical, not one of them would give a damn for the words. Instead they would just go away whistling the tunes.”

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A note on the mime for *Pierrot Lunaire*

The original performance of *Pierrot Lunaire* apparently had the instrumentalists behind screens, with the singer, Albertine Zehme, performing dressed as Colombine, so staging has always been part of its history. Nevertheless the complex, rich, taut score of this modern classic presents a challenge to those with sufficient courage to consider adding a visual, theatrical element. The persona of the singer shifts. The mood

changes rapidly. The imagery is surreal. The musical structure of the individual pieces and their roles in the suite as a whole is a kind of architectural miracle.

And through it all floats the figure of Pierrot, the artist’s surrogate, muse, saviour, laughing stock, hope, a link to the past, and perhaps a messenger for the future. As the moon reflects light, this old character from the *commedia dell’arte* and later the *funambules* mutely reflects the ideas of those who portray him, from the Italians and the performers of the French boulevards through Watteau, Giraud, Hartleben and Schoenberg.

Something about Pierrot’s perennial fascination to artists is at the heart of the text of these songs and Schoenberg’s settings. Could it be Pierrot’s enduring ability to reflect back to us our own foibles and the face of our own era? Schoenberg clearly succeeded in ushering him into the modern age, allowing him in addition to his accustomed romance and simplicity a good modern dose of cruelty, vanity, nostalgia, horror, paranoia, lust, disease, spiritual crisis, and sheer lunacy, all in an unmistakably modern musical palette.

In making choices about the staging, I was guided by the conviction that a visual accompaniment must be spare to enrich and not encumber the piece. I sought singular or simple images to capture “a fleck of moonlight” from the text in sections in which I appear, rather like accompanying illustrations in a book of poems. As the composer and the poets responsible for the text have done before me, I have also hearkened back to some artistic forbears: the *Commedia*, Marceau, and perhaps a touch of Chaplin. After all, *Pierrot Lunaire* like all great art is also about Art.

The final song in each of the three parts is performed without Pierrot’s presence, reflecting what I see as a more personal meditation in those numbers on the part of the singer, whom we’ve cast as the storyteller throughout.

—Mark Jaster

Pierrot lunaire, Op. 21 • by Arnold Schoenberg

PART I

1. Mondestrunken

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt
Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste, schauerlich und süß,
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,
Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

2. Colombine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen,
Blühen in den Julinächten—
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt war all mein Sehnen,
Dürft ich so märchenheimlich,
So selig leis—entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

3. Der Dandy

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

1. Moondrunk

The wine that one drinks with the eyes
pours down at night from the moon in waves,
and a spring flood overruns
the still horizon.

Lusts, frightful and sweet,
swim without number in the flood!
The wine that one drinks with the eyes
pours down at night from the moon in waves.

The poet, driven by piety,
gets well-oiled on the holy brew;
rapt, he tilts up to Heaven
his head, and, giddy, slurps and swills
the wine that one drinks with the eyes.

2. Columbine

The moonlight's pale blossoms,
the white miracle roses,
bloom on July nights—
O! could I pluck but one!

To soften my fearful pain
I seek in the dark stream
of the moonlight's pale blossoms
the white miracle roses.

All my longing would be stilled
if I could (as in a fairytale)
in gentle bliss let fall
onto your dark hair
the moonlight's pale blossoms.

3. The Dandy

With a fantastic ray of light
the moon illuminates the crystal flasks
on the dark high altar, the washstand
of the silent dandy from Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen
Klangs.

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich
schminkt?

Fort schiebt er das Rot und des Orients Grün
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

4. Eine blasse Wäscherin

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher,
Nackte, silberweisse Arme
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen
Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen—
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

5. Valse de Chopin

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

Wilder Lust Accorde stören
Der Verzweiflung eisigen Traum—
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heiss und jauchzend, süß und schmachkend,
Melancholisch düsterer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

In the resonant bronze basin
the fountain laughs brightly with metallic
sound.

With a fantastic ray of light
the moon illuminates the crystal flasks.

Pierrot, with waxen face,
stands pondering and thinks: what sort of
makeup today?

He pushes away the rouge and Orient green
and paints his face in nobler style—
with a fantastic moonbeam.

4. A Pale Washerwoman

A pale washerwoman
washes at night her pale linen,
stretches naked silver-white arms
down into the flood.

Through the glade slip breezes;
gently they agitate the stream.
A pale washerwoman
washes at night her pale linen.

And the mild maid of heaven,
tenderly cajoled by the branches,
spreads out on the dark meadows
her bed linen woven of light—
a pale washerwoman.

5. Valse de Chopin

As a pale drop of blood
tints the lips of a sick man,
so there rests upon these tones
the joy of annihilation-seeking.

Wild chords of desire disturb
despair's icy dream—
as a pale drop of blood
tints the lips of a sick man.

Hot and exultant, sweet and longing,
melancholy gloomy waltz,
you never leave my mind!
You cling to my every thought
like a pale drop of blood!

6. Madonna

Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.

Deine ewig frischen Wunden Gleichen
Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit—
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

7. Der kranke Mond

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergross,
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten schleicht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel—
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

PART II

8. Nacht (Passacaglia)

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,
Ruht der Horizont—verschwiegen.

6. Madonna

Mount, O Mother of all sorrows,
up on the altar of my verses!
Blood from your meager breasts
spilled at the sword's rage.

Your eternally fresh wounds
resemble eyes, red and staring.
Mount, O Mother of all sorrows,
up on the altar of my verses!

In your wasted hands
you hold your son's corpse,
to display him to all mankind—
but the gaze of humanity avoids
you, O Mother of all sorrows.

7. The Sick Moon

You nocturnal, death-sick moon
there on the sky's black pillow,
Your glance, so feverish and swollen,
captivates me like a strange melody.

Of unquenched love-sorrow
you die, of longing deeply suppressed,
you nocturnal, death-sick moon
there on the sky's black pillow.

To the lover who, in a rush of feeling,
sneaks thoughtless to the beloved,
the play of your beams is delight—
your pale blood born of torture,
you nocturnal, death-sick moon.

PART II

8. Night (Passacaglia)

Dark, black giant butterflies
killed the sun's splendor.
A sealed book of magic spells,
the horizon rests—silent.

Aus dem Qualm verlorder Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder...
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

9. Gebet an Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloss—Zerfloss!

Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!

O gieb mir wieder,
Rossarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot—mein Lachen!

10. Raub

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab—zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da—strauben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsternis—wie Augen!—
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

From fumes of lost depths
rises a scent, murdering memory!
Dark, black giant butterflies
killed the sun's splendor.

And from heaven earthwards
descending in heavy circles,
invisible, the monstrous swarm
sinks down upon men's hearts,
dark, black giant butterflies.

9. Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! My laughter
I have forgotten!
The image of splendor
dissolved—dissolved!

Black blows the flag
from my mast now.
Pierrot! My laughter
I have forgotten!

O give me back—
veterinarian of the soul,
snowman of song,
Your Highness of the Moon,
Pierrot—my laughter!

10. Theft

Red, princely rubies,
bloody drops of ancient fame,
slumber in the caskets
below in the sepulchers.

At night, with drinking pals,
Pierrot breaks in—to steal
red, princely rubies,
bloody drops of ancient fame.

Yet there!—their hair's on end—
ashen fear freezes them in place:
Through the darkness—like eyes!—
stare out from the caskets
red, princely rubies.

11. Rote Messe

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar—Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider
Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.

Mit segnender Geberde
Zeigt er den bange Seelen
Die triefend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz—in blutgen Fingern—
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

12. Galgenlied

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen—
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

13. Enthauptung

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch gross—dräut er hinab
Durch schmerzsdunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher
Und starrt empor in Todesangsten
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

11. Red Mass

At the gruesome Eucharist,
amid the dazzle of gold,
amid the flickering candlelight,
to the altar comes—Pierrot!

His hand, sacred to God,
tears his priestly vestments
at the gruesome Eucharist,
amid the dazzle of gold.

With a gesture of blessing
he shows to the trembling souls
the dripping crimson Host:
His heart—in bloody fingers—
at the gruesome Eucharist.

12. Gallows Ditty

The dried-up whore
with the long neck
will be his last
lover.

Into his brain
sticks like a nail
the dried-up whore
with the long neck.

Scrawny like the pine,
with hank of hair,
lasciviously she'll
embrace the rogue,
the dried-up whore!

13. Beheading

The moon, a bright scimitar
on a black silk cushion,
ghostly huge, hangs threatening down
through pain-dark night.

Pierrot paces about without rest,
and stares up in fear of death
at the moon, the bright scimitar
on a black silk cushion.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

14. Die Kreuze

Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt—erstarrt die Locken—
Fern, verweht der Lärm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone.—
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

PART III

15. Heimweh

Lieblich klagend—ein kristallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,
Klingts herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern,
So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,
Lieblich klagend—ein kristallnes Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergisst Pierrot die Trauermienen!
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten—schweift die
 Sehnsucht
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel,
Lieblich klagend—ein kristallnes Seufzen!

His knees shake beneath him,
he collapses in a faint,
thinking: it's already whizzing in punishment
down upon his sinful neck—
The moon, the bright scimitar.

14. The Crosses

Verses are holy crosses
on which poets mutely bleed to death,
eyes struck blind by the vultures'
ghostly fluttering swarm.

Daggers caroused in their bodies,
reveling in their blood's scarlet!
Verses are holy crosses
on which poets mutely bleed to death.

Lifeless the head—stiff the locks—
far off the noise of the mob blows away.
Slowly the sun sinks downward,
a red royal crown.—
Verses are holy crosses!

PART III

15. Homesickness

Gently keening, a crystalline sighing
from Italy's old pantomime
resounds: how Pierrot's grown so wooden,
so sentimental in the modern mode.

And it sounds through the heart's wilderness
sounds, muted, through all his senses,
gently keening, a crystalline sighing
from Italy's old pantomime.

Pierrot drops his sulky look;
through the pale flame of moonlight,
through floods of the sea of light his yearning
 soars
boldly upward, up to his native skies,
gently keening, a crystalline sighing.

16. Gemeinheit!

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,
Zärtlich—einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkschen Taback
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten türkschen Taback
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

17. Parodie

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich—horch!—ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen—
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

18. Der Mondfleck

Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauern Abend,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,
Er beschaut sich rings und findet
richtig—
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.

16. Vulgar Horseplay!

Into the shiny pate of Pantaloon,
whose screams rend the air,
Pierrot, with hypocritical mien, bores—
tenderly!—with a surgeon's drill!

Then he tamps with his thumb
his genuine Turkish tobacco
into the shiny pate of Pantaloon,
whose screams rend the air!

Then he screws a stem of cherrywood
onto the polished pate behind
and nonchalantly puffs away
at his genuine Turkish tobacco
out of the shiny pate of Pantaloon!

17. Parody

Knitting needles, bright and shining,
in her gray hair,
the duenna sits there murmuring
in her red dress.

She's waiting in the arbor,
she loves Pierrot with painfully,
knitting needles, bright and shining,
in her gray hair,

Then suddenly—hark!—a whisper,
a breath of wind titters:
the moon, wicked mocker,
is aping with his beams
the knitting needles, bright and shining.

18. The Moonfleck

With a white spot from the bright moon
on the back of his black jacket,
Pierrot strolls in the mild evening air,
hunting for good fortune and adventure.

Suddenly something about his suit upsets him.
He looks himself all over and finds, sure
enough,
a white spot from the bright moon
on the back of his black jacket.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch—bringt ihn nicht
herunter!
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen—
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

19. Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander—wütend
Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen—
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Fasst den Kahlkopf er am Kragen—
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

20. Heimfahrt (Barcarole)

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot:
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück;
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont.
—Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

Phooey! he thinks: that's some white plaster!
Rubs and rubs, but can't get it
off!
And so goes on, his mood poisoned,
rubs and rubs until early morning—
a white spot from the bright moon.

19. Serenade

With a grotesquely giant bow,
Pierrot scratches tunes on his viola,
like a stork on one leg,
he sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Suddenly Pantaloon draws near—furious
at the nocturnal virtuoso—
With a grotesquely giant bow,
Pierrot scratches tunes on his viola.

Now he tosses away the viola;
with his skilled left hand,
he grabs the bald head by the collar—
And dreamily plays upon his pate
with grotesquely giant bow.

20. Homeward Journey (Barcarole)

The moonbeam is the rudder,
a water lily serves as boat:
On this Pierrot sails southward
with a favorable wind.

The river hums deep-toned scales
and rocks the light skiff.
The moonbeam is the rudder,
a water lily serves as boat.

To Bergamo, homeward,
Pierrot now returns;
Already in the glows twilight-pale
the green horizon.
—The moonbeam is the rudder.

21. O alter Duft

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein glücklich Wünschen macht mich froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet:
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen Unmut gab ich preis;
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster
Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten...
O alter Duft—aus Märchenzeit!

—German version by
O. E. Hartleben

21. O Ancient Scent

O ancient scent of yesteryear,
again you enchant my senses!
A silly swarm of fancies
hovers in the gentle air.

A fortunate wish makes me happy,
a wish for joys that I long disdained:
O ancient scent of yesteryear,
again you enchant my senses!

I surrendered all my bitter mood;
From my sun-framed window
I look out freely upon the lovely world
and dream away to blissful distances...
O ancient scent of yesteryear!

—English translation by
S. Ledbetter

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 Baltimore Symphony, the Dallas Symphony, and Eclipse Chamber Orchestra, and recitals at the Kennedy Center, the National Gallery, and the Phillips Collection. She was 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 presents a concert series in Dallas and has recorded several CDs. Ms. Adkins is on the faculty of the University of Maryland School of Music.

PAUL CIGAN, clarinet, began his musical education at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music studying under David Breedon 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, he 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

Spoletto Festival USA Orchestra. Mr. Cigan is currently second clarinetist of the National Symphony Orchestra. He has performed as chamber musician with members of the National Symphony and National Musical Arts, Theatre Chamber Players and Eclipse Chamber Orchestra. Mr. Cigan is currently on the faculty of The Catholic University of America, a returning coach for the National Orchestral Institute at the University of Maryland, and former member of the clarinet faculty at the Peabody Institute of Music.

LISA EMENHEISER, pianist, is regarded as one of Washington DC's most respected performing artists. She has been performing with the National Symphony Orchestra for the past 20 years, and appears as both their Pops pianist and acting principal keyboardist. A graduate of the Juilliard School, Ms. Emenheiser has performed in recital at Alice Tully Hall, Avery Fischer Hall, Carnegie Recital Hall and has appeared in many venues in DC, including the National Gallery, Phillips Collection, Smithsonian Institution, and the Kennedy Center. Ms. Emenheiser has appeared as soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra, the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, the Richmond Symphony, the Kennedy Center Opera House Orchestra, the Virginia Chamber Orchestra, the Fairfax Symphony, the McLean Orchestra, and was one of the featured piano soloists at the Kennedy Center's Piano 2000 Festival. She was also a soloist for the Kennedy Center's "Journey to America" Festival, and the NSO's *Composer Portrait: Mozart*. Most recently, Lisa performed as soloist at Wolf Trap with the National Symphony Orchestra, premiering Tan Dun's "Banquet" Concerto. An established chamber musician, Ms. Emenheiser has performed across the United States, as well as many international venues, including performances with some of the world's most renowned artists. She is also an avid performer of contemporary music, and is pianist for the 21st Century Consort and Opus 3 Trio. Ms. Emenheiser has recorded for the Pro Arte, VAI Audio, Centaur, Arabesque, Delos, AUR, and Cascades labels. She has appeared on national television as an expert artist commentator and performer in the PBS documentary entitled "Exploring Your Brain." A committed teacher, she holds a private studio in her home.

AARON GOLDMAN is Principal Flute of the National Symphony Orchestra. Prior to joining the NSO in September 2006, he held Principal Flute positions with the Orlando Philharmonic and the Greater Lansing Symphony Orchestra. He has performed as guest principal with the Baltimore Symphony and has participated in the Arizona MusicFest, Central City Opera, Chautauqua Symphony, and Grant Park Music Festivals. An active performer, Mr. Goldman has been featured with the Virginia Chamber Orchestra, Eclipse Chamber Orchestra, Orlando Philharmonic, Chamber Orchestra of Florida, and has performed Headliner Recitals at the National Flute Association's annual convention. Mr. Goldman participates in many educational programs with the NSO, including performances in the Family Theater, Terrace Theater, and in many District schools. He has given lectures at the Smithsonian Institution such as "The

Magical Flute” and “Math and Music: Closer than you think” alongside NSO cellist Yvonne Caruthers. Mr. Goldman teaches at Catholic University, through the NSO’s Youth Fellowship Program, and founded and conducts the DC Flute Choir through the Flute Society of Washington. A native of Needham, Massachusetts, Mr. Goldman received his Bachelor of Music degree from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, NY, where he studied flute with Bonita Boyd and piccolo with Anne Harrow.

MARK JASTER studied with 20th-century masters Marcel Marceau and Etienne Decroux. He served as teaching assistant to Mr. Marceau and teaches frequently in artist residencies, theatres, and dance programs, including The Maryland Opera Studio, The American Academy of Ballet, and The Shakespeare Theatre. Jaster has had a long career touring solo mime shows to countless venues like Wolfrap’s Theater-in-the-Woods, the Philadelphia International Children’s Festival, The Cincinnati Playhouse, and The Edinburgh Fringe Festival. He has been featured often in the Washington Christmas Revs, as Herr Drosselmeyer in the Maryland Youth Ballet’s *Nutcracker*, and for many years at The Maryland Renaissance Festival as *A Fool Named ‘O’*. Mr. Jaster is a proud member of The Big Apple Circus’ Clown Care Unit, performing as “Dr. Baldy” at the Children’s National Medical Center in Washington, DC. He recently served as Movement and Mime Director for the 75th anniversary production of *Our Town* at Ford’s Theatre. Since 2006, he has codirected Happenstance Theater with Sabrina Mandell, devising and appearing in critically acclaimed collaborative, original works of “Visual, Poetic Theater,” including *The Seven Ages of Mime*, *Manifesto!*, and *Cabaret Macabre*.
www.happenstancetheater.com

CHRISTOPHER KENDALL, conductor, has been Dean of the University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre & Dance since 2005, following nine years as Director of the University of Maryland School of Music during the building of the Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center. At Michigan, he led the celebration of the School’s 125th anniversary and a change of the school’s name to embrace all the performing arts disciplines. He has initiated “Arts Engine,” an interdisciplinary project involving the arts and engineering schools, which recently launched a national initiative involving 50 leading U.S. academic institutions entitled Alliance for the Arts at Research Universities (A2RU). In May 2011, he accompanied the U-M Symphony Band on its tour of China. Prior to 1996, he was Associate Conductor of the Seattle Symphony (1987-1993) before taking the position of Director of the Music Division and Tanglewood Institute of the Boston University School for the Arts. He is also founder and lutenist of the Folger Consort, early music ensemble-in-residence at the Folger Shakespeare Library, with whom he has performed, toured and recorded since 1977. He has guest conducted widely throughout the U.S. in repertoire from the 18th to the 21st century, and his performances as conductor and lutenist can be heard in recordings on the Bridge, ASV, Centaur, Bard, Delos, CRI, Nonesuch, and Smithsonian Collection labels.

MATTHEW SCHULTHEIS is a high school freshman who has been studying piano with Lisa Emenheiser Sarratt for the past four years. He has received awards in various Northern Virginia Music Teachers Association and Washington Music Teachers Association competitions. He has performed at George Mason University as part of the 2012 Young Artist Musicale series and on the Kennedy Center Millennium Stage. In 2012 he also was awarded prizes in several local competitions including the Bland Scholarship Competition, the Kirkwood Competition, and Loudoun’s Got Talent. In addition to performing as a pianist, Matthew is an avid composer. He currently studies composition with Dr. Frances McKay and his works have been performed at The Levine School of Music and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

LUCY SHELTON, soprano, winner of two Walter W. Naumburg Awards—for chamber music and solo singing—enjoys an international career generously marked by prestigious performances. As one of the foremost interpreters of today’s composers, Ms. Shelton has premiered over 100 works, including Elliott Carter’s song cycle *Of Challenge and Of Love*, Oliver Knussen’s *Whitman Settings*, Joseph Schwantner’s *Sparrows* and *Magabunda*, Poul Ruders’ *The Bells*, Stephen Albert’s *Flower of the Mountain* and Robert Zuidam’s opera *Rage d’Amours*, all of which were written for her. She has premiered Grisey’s *L’Icône Paradoxiiale* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic; sung Boulez’s *Le Visage Nuptial* under the composer’s direction in Los Angeles, Chicago, London and Paris; appeared in London, Vienna and Berlin with Kurtag’s *The Sayings of Peter Bornemisza* with pianist Andras Schiff; and made her Aldeburgh Festival debut in the premiere of Goehr’s *Sing, Ariel*. Ms. Shelton has exhibited special skill in dramatic works, including Berio’s *Passaggio* with the Ensemble InterContemporain, Tippett’s *The Midsummer Marriage* (for Thames Television), Dallapiccola’s *Il Prigioniero* (her BBC Proms debut), Rands’ *Canti Lunatici* and staged performances of Schoenberg’s *Pierrot Lunaire* (with Da Camera of Houston and eighth blackbird). Her diverse recordings showcase works of Adolphe, Albert, Benson, Carter, Crawford Seeger, Del Tredici, Goehr, Karchin, Kim, Knussen, Messiaen, Rands, Schoenberg, Schwantner, Stravinsky and Ung. Ms. Shelton coaches privately at her studio in New York City, and is on the vocal faculty of the Tanglewood Music Center and the Manhattan School of Music’s Contemporary Performance Program. Her primary mentor was the legendary mezzo soprano, Jan de Gaetani.

RACHEL YOUNG, a National Symphony cellist since 1998, brings a deep and diverse musical background to her work, ranging from an avid engagement in chamber music to teaching cello and recording film scores and bluegrass albums. She is a member of the Kari Quartet, the 21st Century Consort and the cello quartet 4in Correspondence. Prior to joining the Symphony, Ms. Young was principal cellist of the Kennedy Center Opera House Orchestra. She has performed with many groups, including the Smithsonian Chamber Players, the National Musical Arts Society, the Embassy Series, the Washington Music Ensemble, and the Contemporary Music Forum. She has appeared on

WGMS and WGBH radio broadcasts, at the Garth Newel Music Center, the John F. Kennedy Center and at the White House. Ms. Young has enjoyed solo appearances with the National Philharmonic, the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, and the New England Conservatory Chamber Orchestra. Ms. Young was born and raised in Washington, D.C. She earned a Bachelor of Music degree from the New England Conservatory of Music, where she studied with Laurence Lesser, and her Master's degree in cello performance with Stephen Kates at the Peabody Conservatory. She was a Fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center and attended the Britten-Pears School for Advanced Musical Studies in England where she studied with William Pleeth. Young now teaches a small studio of cellists and serves on the board of the Kindler Cello Society.

Future Programs

April 20, 2013 – **DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY**

The Consort performs music that takes us from the darkest hours of night to the dancing light of dawn, in a program calculated for challenge and choreographed to move. George Crumb's semi-staged, classic environmental manifesto (protesting human incursion into the moon's ecosystem of myth) is a companion to music from a variety of composers for the dance of our imaginations.

DEREK BERMEL – *Mulatash Stomp*

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DAVID FROOM – *Dance to the Whistling Wind*

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GEORGE CRUMB – *Night of the Four Moons*

DONALD CROCKETT – *World Premiere*

For Consort news and ticketing information, please visit the 21st Century Consort website at www.21stcenturyconsort.org and the Smithsonian American Art Museum website at AmericanArt.si.edu/calendar

21st Century Consort

21stcenturyconsort.org

Founded in 1975, the Consort became the resident ensemble for contemporary music at the Smithsonian Institution in 1978. In its annual series at the Smithsonian American Art Museum, the Consort presents concerts frequently related to the museum's exhibitions, featuring music by living composers—often world premieres—along with 20th century classics. In 1990, the Consort was awarded the Smithsonian Institution's Smithson Medal in honor of their long, successful association. Under the direction of its founder and conductor, Christopher Kendall, the Consort's artists include leading players from the National Symphony Orchestra, along with other prominent chamber musicians from Washington, D.C. and elsewhere. In addition to its many recordings of contemporary American music, thirty-five years of live concerts with hundreds of works are archived and can be heard on the Consort's web site at 21stcenturyconsort.org.

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