

The Ph.D./D.M.A. Programs in Music

December 5, 2005, 7:30 p.m.

Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall



Mostly Virgil Thomson

Mary Thorne, soprano

Elizabeth Hastings, piano

Justin Hines, percussion

Christa Long, clarinet

Patricia Blackman Dunn, flute

Ludions (Léon-Paul Fargue)

Air du rat

Spleen

La grenouille américaine

Air du poète

Chanson du chat

Erik Satie

(1866-1925)

Five Phrases from the Song of Solomon (1926)

Thou That Dwellst in the Gardens

Return, O Shulamite!

O, My Dove

I Am My Beloved's

By Night

Virgil Thomson

(1896-1989)

Mr. Hines

As it Fell Upon a Day (Richard Barnefield)

Aaron Copland

(1900-1990)

Ms. Long, Ms. Blackman Dunn

Three Songs (Gertrude Stein)

Twenty Years After

Is It As It Was

At East And Ingredients

John Cage

(1912-1992)

Susie Asado (Gertrude Stein)

Preciosilla

Virgil Thomson

Thomson

INTERMISSION

Shakespeare Songs

Was This Fair Face the Cause?
Take, O, Take Those Lips Away
Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred?
Pardon, Goddess of the Night
Sigh No More, Ladies

Virgil Thomson

Philomel (Richard Barnefield)

Spring (Kenneth Koch)

Mostly About Love (Kenneth Koch)

Love Song
Down at the Docks
Let's Take a Walk
Prayer to St. Catherine

Ned Rorem

(b. 1923)

Rorem

Virgil Thomson

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the D.M.A. degree
BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS, PLEASE SWITCH OFF YOUR CELL
PHONES AND OTHER ELECTRONIC DEVICES. PLEASE DO NOT USE
FLASH CAMERAS DURING THE CONCERT.

Artist's Statement

My fascination with Virgil Thomson began when I stumbled upon a recording of his *Stabat Mater* with string quartet sung by the great soprano, Jennie Tourel. I was astounded. Here was this beautiful music, innately American sounding, and yet who was this composer and why hadn't I sung this piece?

This program is the result of delving into the Thomson catalogue. I uncovered his roots, his influences, and those he influenced. Almost as gratifying as singing his music is reading his writings. He wrote as a critic for the *New York Herald Tribune* from 1940 to 1954, and his criticism has been published in several volumes. Books he wrote range from an autobiography to *The State of Music*, and his letters have been published in collections.

It is in these writings that I found the voice for this program, which I could have called "the friends and enemies of Virgil Thomson." Erik Satie, whom Thomson deeply admired, died before Thomson could make his formal acquaintance. While Aaron Copland and Thomson shared Nadia Boulanger as a teacher, Thomson's writing reveals a tone of jealousy that might be a result of Copland's popularity. John Cage sought and found Virgil Thomson's friendship, but was harshly censored when Cage wrote on Thomson's music in a biography. Ned Rorem was a long time copyist, pupil, and friend, but Thomson makes no reference to him in his autobiography.

But that is just Thomson's side of the story. Luckily for us, these particular composers were also authors, and through their writing a dialogue emerges. What I hope you hear tonight is how these composers share common roots, create distinct styles, yet comprise an American sound.

Program Notes

Virgil Thomson on Erik Satie:

I only know that during an acquaintance with it of more than forty years his music has never ceased to be rewarding. People take to Satie or they don't...¹

Erik Satie was closely associated with the Dada movement. These songs illustrate the absurd Dada aesthetic. The poems by Satie's friend Léon-Paul Fargue capture nonsensical, whimsical moments. Satie reflects these moments in the music using simple sounds, emulating the music hall or using static chordal figures.

Ludions, is the French name for a childhood toy, a "bottle-imp," a bobbing figurine floating in a small bottle. Appropriately, Fargue was ten years old when he wrote the first poem, *Air du Rat*.

A performance of these songs caused a rift in the friendship of Fargue and Satie. The master of ceremonies announced Satie's songs, but forgot to mention the author of the poetry. Fargue was irate and a deluge of angry letters to Satie followed.

Satie: Ludions (Léon-Paul Fargue)

Air du Rat

Abi- Abirounère
Qui que tu n'étais don?
Une blanche monère
Un jo
Un joli goulifon
Un œil
Un œil à son pé père
Un jo
Un joli goulifon.

Song of the Rat

Abi- Abiruneeba,
So who then were you not?
A little white amoeba,
A han-
A handsome gobble-gob
An eye-
An eye for watching granpop
A han-
A handsome gobble-pot.

¹ Virgil Thomson, *Virgil Thomson* (New York: Knopf, 1966), 64.

Spleen

Dans un vieux square où l'océan
Du mauvais temps son séant
Sur un banc triste aux yeux de pluie
C'est d'une blonde
Rosse et gironde
Que tu t'ennuies
Dans ce cabaret du Néant
Qu'est notre vie?

La Grenouille américaine

La gouénouille amèouicaine
Me regarde par dessus
Ses bésicles de futaine
Ses yeux sont des grogs massus
Dépourvus de joli taine.
Je pense à Casadesus
Qui n'a pas fait de musique
Sur cette scène d'amour
Dont le parfum nostalgique
Sort d'une boîte d'Armour.
Argus de table, tu gardes
L'âme du crapaud Vanglor,
O bouillon qui me regardes
Avec tes lunettes d'or...

Air du poète

Au pays de Papouasie
J'ai caressé la Pouasie...
La grace que je vous souhaite
C'est de n'être pas Papouète.

Chanson du chat

Il est une bébête
Tili petit n'enfant
Tirelan
C'est une byronnette
La beste à sa moman
Tirelan
Le peu Ti nan faon
C'est un ti blanc-blanc
Un petit Potasson
C'est mon goret,
C'est mon pourçon
Mon petit potasson.

Il saut' sur la fenêtre
Et groume du museau
Tirelo
Pasqu'il voit sur la crête

Depression

While in the gardens the sea of rotten
Weather weighs down with his bottom
An old park-bench with eyes of rain
There is a blonde,
All bosom and strife,
Who's making you jaded
In this whole hollow cabaret
Which is our life?

The American Frog

The Amaiwican Fwoggy
Ogles me from over his
Spectacles of green and yellow
Eyes he has, eye-normous globes
Utterly lacking in prettinizz.
I think of Casa de Susic
Who has never once made music
In this amorous boudoir
Which reeks of odours nostalgic
Out of a candy-jar.
You are an Argus, the bearer
Of the soul of Todis Rex
Oh you bubble-ogle starrer
Eyeing me through golden specs...

Song of the poet

On the shores of Papoetan Bayee
I stroked the skin of Poetrayee.
For you I wish the blest condition
Of not being a Papoetician.

Song for my cat Potasson

Oh he's a leetle amnal,
Tee-lee, a leetle tot,
Tirelong
A leetle byronetty,
A beastie with a mom,
Tirelong
The week kittykit's
A wee bitty bit,
A leetle busy-boo.
He's my wee pog,
My furry hog,
My little Potassoo

He jumps up by the window
And whets his pretty lips,
Tirelo
Coz he sees on the rooftop

S'découper les oiseaux
Tirelo
Le petit n'en faut
C'st un ti blo-blo
Un petit Potaçao
C'est mon goret,
C'est mon pourceau
Mon petit potasseau.

A birdie's silhouette,
Tirelo.
The wee cattykit's
A wee batty bit,
A leetle Bizzabon.
He's my wee big
My furry pig,
My little Potasson.

Translations graciously provided by Peter Low

In revising earlier songs, Thomson found that his melodies for *Five Phrases from the Song of Solomon* "were sufficiently exotic to suggest scrapping their original piano accompaniments and substituting one for percussion instruments."² The somewhat pentatonic melodies convey the spirit of Hebrew chant.

These songs were premiered in Paris in 1926 on a series of concerts Thomson had arranged. Only the music of Thomson and George Antheil were programmed on these three concerts. Antheil's percussion-heavy *Ballet mécanique* was premiered at the final gala.

Thomson: Five Phrases from the Song of Solomon

- I. Thou that dwellest in the gardens the companions harken to thy voice, thy voice cause me to hear it.
- II. Return, return, O, Shulamite! Return, return, that we may gaze upon thee. Return, return, return, return, O, Shulamite! Return, that we may gaze upon thee.
- III. O, my dove, O, my dove, that art in the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places of the stars, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice.
- IV. I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine.
- V. By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth. I sought him whom my soul loveth, I sought him but I found him not. I will arise, arise and go about the city in the streets and in the broad ways will I seek him whom my soul loveth.

Aaron Copland on Virgil Thomson:

We are not much alike in temperament and personality, but we have never had a falling out, even though it has been assumed in the music world that there was terrific competition between us. I doubt either of us would deny this completely, but we could always carry on our friendship and collegial activities – I think because we were honest with each other. We said and wrote what we thought, no holds barred.³

Virgil Thomson on Aaron Copland:

His stance is that not only of a professional but also of an artist – responsible, prepared, giving of his best. And if that best is also the best we have, there is every reason to be thankful for its straightforward employment of high gifts.⁴

As it fell upon a day was conceived as a composition exercise for Nadia Boulanger. The exercise, originally for flute and clarinet, inspired the addition of the voice when Copland discovered the poem by

² Kathleen Hoover and John Cage, *Virgil Thomson* (New York: Thomas Yoseloff, 1959), 139.

³ Vivian Perlis and Aaron Copland, *Copland: 1900 through 1942* (New York: St. Martin's/Marek, 1984), 196.

⁴ Thomson, Virgil. *Twentieth Century Composers: American Music since 1910* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1970), 58.

Richard Barnefield, a seventeenth-century poet. Of this piece Copland writes, "The harmonies that seem to evoke an early English flavor were suggested by the nature of the text."⁵

Copland: As it fell upon a day (Richard Barnefield)

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Virgil Thomson on John Cage:

I think Cage wanted, had always wanted to save music from itself by removing its narcotic qualities and its personalized pretentiousness, as well as all identifiable structure and rhetoric.⁶

Cage wrote these songs before he began his formal composition study with Arnold Schoenberg, improvising them at the piano. "The Stein songs are, so to speak, transcriptions from a repetitive language to a repetitive music."⁷ Even in this early work we hear the juxtaposition of sound and silence that would later become a focus of Cage's work.

Cage: Three Songs (Gertrude Stein)

⁵ Perlis and Copland, 90.

⁶ Thomson, *Twentieth Century Composers: American Music since 1910*, 69.

⁷ John Cage, "An Autobiographical Statement," *Southwest Review* (1991), reprinted in <http://www.newalbion.com/artists/cagej/autobiog.html>, 2005, 1.

Twenty Years After

Twenty years after
as much as twenty years after
in as much as twenty years after
after twenty years

Is It As It Was

If it was to be a s'prise a s'prise
if it was to be a s'prise to realize
if it was to be if it were to be
was it to be what was it to be
it was to be what it was
and it was so it was as it was
as it is is it as it as it is
and as it is and as it is and as it was

At East And Ingredients

At East and ingredients
and East and ingredients
and East and ingredients
and East and East and
and East and ingredients
and East and ingredients

Virgil Thomson on his first meeting with Gertrude Stein:

I wanted an acquaintance to come about informally, and I was sure it would if I only waited. It did... Alice Toklas did not on first view care for me, and neither of the ladies found reason for seeing George [Antheil] again. But Gertrude and I got on like Harvard men. As we left, she said to him only good-by, but to me, "We'll be seeing each other."⁸

The collaboration between Thomson and Stein produced Thomson's most successful operas *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All*. In these songs, set before his acquaintance with Stein, his intuition for setting the idiosyncrasies of Stein's language is apparent. In *Susie Asado* Thomson matches the discontinuity of the text, but in *Preciosilla* he chooses a recitative and aria to give familiarity to an unfamiliar text.

Thomson: *Susie Asado* (Gertrude Stein)

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet tea.
Susie Asado which is a told tray sure.
A lean on the shoe this means slips slips hers.
In the acient light grey it is clean it is yellow it is a silver seller.
This is a please, this is a please these are the saids to jelly.
These are the wets these say the sets to leave a crown to Incy.
Incy is short for incubus.
A pot a pot is a beginning of a rare bit of trees.
Trees tremble.
The old vats are in bobbles,
bobbles which shade and shove and render clean render clean must.

⁸ Virgil Thomson, *Virgil Thomson*, 89.

Drink pups.
Drink pups drink pups leash a sash hold see it shine and a bobolink has pins.
It shows a nail.
What is a nail.
A nail is unison.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet tea.

Preciosilla

Cousin to Clare washing
In the win all the band beagles which have cousin lime sign
And arrange a weeding match to presume a certain point
To exstate to exstate a certain pass lint
To state a lean sap prime lo and shut, shut is life.
Bait, bait, tore, tore her clothes, toward it,
Toward a bit, to ward a sit, sit down in, in vacant surely lots,
A single, mingle, bait and wet, wet a single establishment
That has a lily lily grow.
Come to the pen come in the stem,
Come in the grass grown water.
Lilly wet lily wet while.
This is so pink so pink in stammer,
A long bean which shows bows is collected by a single curly shady, shady get,
Get set wet bet.
It is a snuff a snuff to be told and have can wither,
Can is it and sleep sleeps knot,
It is a lily scarf the pink and blue yellow,
Not blue not odour sun,
Nobles are bleeding two seats on end.
Why is grief.
Grief is strange black.
Sugar is melting.
We will not swim.
Preciosilla.
Please be please be get, please get wet,
Wet naturally, naturally in weather.
Could it be fire more firier.
Could it be so in ate struck.
Could it be gold up, gold up stringing in it
While while which is hanging, hanging in dingling,
Dingling in pinning, not so.
Not so dots large dressed dots,
Big sizes, less laced, less laced diamonds,
Diamonds white, diamonds bright, diamonds in the in the light,
Diamonds light diamonds door diamonds hanging to be four,
Two four, all before, this bean, lessly, all most, a best willow,
Vest, a green guest, guest,
Go, go, go, go go go,go
Go go.
Not guessed.
Go go.
Toasted susie is my ice-cream.

Shakespeare in translation, which is to say, without his poetry, has given the opera repertory *Falstaff*, *Otello*, *Hamlet* several times, *Romeo and Juliet* even oftener; he has not yet inspired a first-class opera in English.⁹

Shakespeare Songs come from incidental music Thomson wrote for various Shakespeare productions. "Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred" and "Was This Fair Face The Cause?" were used in *A Merchant of Venice*, although the text for the latter is from *All's Well that Ends Well*. *Measure for Measure* was set in early nineteenth-century Vienna, so Thomson used a waltz as a model for "Take, O, Take Those Lips Away." "Pardon, Goddess Of The Night" and "Sigh No More Ladies" comes from *Much Ado About Nothing*. Because the production was set in nineteenth-century southern California, "Sigh No More Ladies" is written in both an Elizabethan and Spanish style.¹⁰

Thomson: Shakespeare Songs

1.

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sack'd Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
With that she sigh'd as she stood.
And gave this sentence then.
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

2.

Take, O, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

3.

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply!
It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed,
And Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell.
Ding dong, ding dong bell!

4.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

⁹ Virgil Thomson, *Virgil Thomson*, 291.

¹⁰ Hoover and Cage, 243.

Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

5.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

Sing no more ditties,
Sing no more of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

Ned Rorem on Virgil Thomson:

Like all artists he is able to do what cannot be done. Through his prose he convincingly evokes the sound of new musical pieces, while through his musical pieces he evokes the visual spectacle of all our pasts.¹¹

Ned Rorem and Virgil Thomson:

Virgil asked for my new song disk, invited me, Doda Conrad and Maurice Grosser to dine. After supper we arranged ourselves neatly to hear the record's thirty-two tunes. By song number five Maurice was asleep and snoring on the purple sofa. By song number seven Virgil too was snoring in his corner. I shot a smile of complicity to Doda, bowed to the sleepers and left, hurt, but not very.¹²

The Rorem link is significant in the chain of Virgil Thomson's influence, especially in the world of song. With hundreds of songs to his name, Rorem's music gives us insight into Thomson who Rorem names as a mentor. From this vast repertoire, *Philomel* and *Spring* are included because the poetry appears elsewhere in the program. While Copland used flute and clarinet, Rorem chooses piano accompaniment for his *Philomel*. *Spring* is from a cycle of poems called *Hearing* by Kenneth Koch. Thomson uses the same poem, though cut, in the set *Mostly About Love*.

Rorem: *Spring* (Kenneth Koch)

Let's take a walk
In the city

¹¹ Ned Rorem, *Setting the Tone: Essays and a Diary* (New York: Coward-McCann, Inc, 1983), 145.

¹² Ned Rorem, *The Later Diaries of Ned Rorem, 1961-1972* (North Point Press: San Francisco, 1983), 100.

Till our shoes get wet
(It's been raining
All night) and when
We see the traffic
Lights and the moon
Let's take a smile
Off the ash-can, let's walk
Into town (I mean a lemon peel)
Let's make music (I hear the cats
Purply beautiful
Like hallways in summer
Made of snowing rubber
Valence piccalilli and diamonds)
Oh see the arch ruby
Of this late March sky
Are you less intelligent
Than the pirate of lemons
Let's take a walk
I know you tonight
As I have never known a book of white stones
Or a bookcase of orange groans
Or symbolism I think I'm in love
With those imaginary race tracks
Of red traced grey in the sky and the gimcracks
Of all you know and love
Who once loathed firecrackers
And license plates of
Diamonds but now you love them all
And just for my sake
Let's take a walk
Into the river (I can even do that
Tonight) where
If I kiss you please
Remember with your shoes off
You're so beautiful like
A lifted umbrella orange
And white we may never
Discover the blue over-
Coat maybe never
O blind
With this (love) let's walk
Into the first
Rivers of morning as you are seen
To be bathed in a light white light
Come on.

Virgil Thomson on Kenneth Koch:

This is Ken Koch. He writes just like Gertrude [Stein], except it makes sense.¹³

¹³ Anthony Tommasini, *Virgil Thomson: Composer on the Aisle* (New York: Norton, 1997) 454. Mr. Tommasini's scholarship in this exhaustive biography has provided ample inspiration for these program notes.

Mostly About Love was commissioned by and dedicated to Alice Esty, a patroness to many composers of the early twentieth century. Kenneth Koch was to collaborate with Thomson on an opera, but once the libretto was complete Thomson refused to set it. These songs describe different aspects of love.

Thomson: Mostly About Love (Kenneth Koch)

Love Song

I love you as a sheriff searches for a walnut
That will solve a murder case unsolved for years,
Because the murderer left it in the snow beside a window
Through which he saw her head connecting with
Her shoulders by a neck, and laid a red
Roof in her heart.
For this we live a thousand years;
For this we love, and we live because we love, we are not
Inside a bottle, thank goodness!
I love you as a
Kid searches for a goat;
I am crazier than shirttails
In the wind, when you're near, a wind that blows from
The big blue sea, so shiny so deep and so unlike us;
I think I am bicycling across an Africa of green and white fields
Always, to be near you, ev'n in my heart
When I'm awake, and also I believe that you
Are trustworthy as the sidewalk which leads me to
The place where I again think of you.
I love you as the sunlight leads the prow of a ship which sails
From Hartford to Miami, and I love you
Best at dawn, when ev'n before I am awake the sun
Receives me.

Down at the Docks

Down at the docks
Where ev'rything is sweet and inclines
At night
To the sound of canoes
I planted a maple tree
And ev'ry night
Beneath it I studied the cosmos
Down at the docks.
Sweet ladies, listen to me.
The dock is made of wood
The maple tree's not made of wood
It is wood
Wood comes from it
As music comes from me
And from this mandolin
I've made
Out of the maple tree.
Jealous gentlemen, study how
Wood comes from the maple
Then devise your love
So that it seems
To come from where

All is it yet something more
White spring flow'rs and leafy bough
Jealous gentlemen.
Arrogant little waves
Knocking at the dock
It's for you I've made this chanson
For you and that big dark blue.

Let's Take a Walk

Let's take a walk
In the city
Till our shoes get wet
And when
We see the traffic
Lights and the moon
Let's take a smile
Off the ash-can, let's walk
Into town
Let's take a walk
Into the river (I can even do that
Tonight) where
If I kiss you please
Remember with your shoes off
You're so beautiful like
A lifted umbrella orange
And white we may never
Discover the blue over-
Coat maybe never
O blind
With this (love) let's walk
Into the first
Rivers of morning as you are seen
To be bathed in a light white light
Come on.

A Prayer to Saint Catherine

If I am to be preserved from heartache and shyness
By Saint Catherine of Siena,
I am praying to her that she will hear my pray'r
And treat me in ev'ry way with kindness.
I went to Siena to Saint Catherine's own church
(It is impossible to deny this)
To pray to her to cure me of my heartache and shyness,
Which she can do, because she is a great saint.
Other saints would regard my pray'r as foolish.
Saint Nicholas, for example. He would chuckle
"God helps those who help themselves,
Rouse yourself! Get out there and do something about it!"
Or Saint Joanna. She would say, "It's not shyness
That bothers you. It is sin.
Pray to Catherine of Siena." But that is what I have done.
And that is why I have come here to cure my heartache.
Saint Catherine of Siena,
If this song pleases you, then be good enough to answer

the pray'r it contains.
Make the person that sings this song less shy than that
person is,
And give that person some joy in that person's heart.
that person's heart.

About the Artists

Mary Thorne, a soprano from Clarkston, Washington, has most recently sung the very feathery role of Papagena in New York Metro Vocal Arts Ensemble's *The Magic Flute*. Other roles include: Gretel in *Hansel and Gretel*, Barbarina in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and the Soprano in *The Four Note Opera*. As a recitalist, Ms. Thorne has presented "French Connection," a program connecting the works of French and American composers, and "All Together," a program of chamber works from Bach to Bottesini. Ms. Thorne holds degrees from Point Loma Nazarene University in San Diego, Mannes College of Music, and is a candidate for the Doctor of Musical Arts degree at the City University of New York Graduate Center.

Elizabeth Hastings performs regularly as a conductor and accompanist. She has conducted with the Toledo Opera, the Washington Opera, the Sarasota Opera, and the New York City Opera National Company. Her credits include the Boston Lyric Opera, Natchez Opera Festival, Tulsa Opera, Palm Beach Opera, Annapolis Opera, Central City Opera and Wolf Trap. For three years she headed the Apprentice Program of the Sarasota Opera Association and assisted at the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico for four seasons. She maintains a busy studio as a vocal coach in New York City and has recently been named Music Director of the Liederkrantz Foundation.

Percussionist, composer and educator **Justin Hines** has been active in the NYC music scene since 1996. As a classical percussionist he has performed with the New York Philharmonic, The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, The Mexican American Symphony, and the Jerusalem Philharmonic. As an educator he has collaborated with the St. Louis Symphony, the New World Symphony, the 92nd St. Y, and the Lincoln Center Institute. His song compositions have been performed and heard at many of NY's top cabaret clubs including the Duplex, the Triad Theater, and Danny's Skylight Cabaret. Currently Justin freelances as a percussionist / drummer and is on the Teaching Artist Faculty of the New York Philharmonic, The Rudolf Steiner School, and the Juilliard School.

Christa Long, holding performance degrees in clarinet from both Manhattan School of Music and Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, Christa has been pursuing a freelance career throughout New York City. She has appeared with orchestras such as the One World Symphony, the Richmond Symphony, the Kentucky Symphony, and the Adelphi Symphony. She has performed chamber music with the International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE) and the New York Clarinet Quartet, and has performed solo works at venues such as Sotheby's, Union Seminary, Redeemer Presbyterian, the Haven, and Columbia University. Christa is on faculty at Belvoir Terrace performing arts camp, and is a general music teacher at St. Catherine's of Genoa in Washington Heights. She is also Head Usher at Avery Fisher Hall.

Patricia Blackman Dunn, flutist, holds a graduate degree from Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. She currently teaches and resides in Kew Gardens, New York.

Gratitude

Thank you to the musicians on tonight's program. Liz, Justin, Christa, and Trish, I consider you friends and it is a joy to make music with you. Thank you to my teacher Susan Gonzalez and the faculty at the Graduate Center. It is a pleasure to create a challenging program like this and be given the opportunity to perform it. I owe the deepest debt of gratitude to my parents who are in the audience tonight. Their love and support make my singing possible.