

# HEAT LIGHTNING MUSIC FROM WHEN THE FUTURE WAS YOUNG REED FAMILY CONCERT

January 26, 2019 | 7 p.m.  
Conrad Prebys Concert Hall

**HEARING  
THE FUTURE**

MATTHEW AUCOIN, FESTIVAL CURATOR

Heat Lightning: Music from when the Future was Young  
2019 Reed Family Concert  
**RENGA**

Steven Schick and Kate Hatmaker, Artistic Directors

Saturday, January 26, 2019 – 7:00 p.m.  
Conrad Prebys Concert Hall

Jeux (1913/2018)

Claude Debussy  
arr. Cliff Colnot

Fantasy, Opus 47 (1949/2019)

Arnold Schoenberg  
arr. Asher Tobin Chodos

Keir GoGwilt, violin

*intermission*

Das Lied von der Erde (1909/1983)

Gustav Mahler  
arr. Arnold Schoenberg

1. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde
2. Der Einsame im Herbst
3. Von der Jugend
4. Von der Schönheit
5. Der Trunkene im Frühling
6. Der Abschied

Jessica Aszodi, mezzo soprano  
John Russell, tenor

From “Heat Lightning” by Robert Penn Warren

Heat lightning prowls, pranks the mountain horizon like  
Memory. I follow the soundless flicker,  
As ridge after ridge, as outline of peak after peak,  
Is momentarily defined in the  
Pale wash, the rose-flush, of distance.

Tonight’s performance is the fourth annual Reed Family Concert, which has been made possible with support from the generous endowment made by Ann and Joel Reed and family, along with support from the Music Department of the University of California, San Diego. We are also proud to be a part of the San Diego Symphony’s 2019 Festival: “Hearing the Future” and are very grateful to the San Diego Symphony and festival curator Matthew Aucoin for their invitation to be a part of this important community event.

On behalf of the ensemble and UC San Diego, we wish to thank Ann and Joel Reed, Martha Gilmer and The San Diego Symphony, and the Music Department for financial and artistic support. Special thanks to Jessica Flores of the Music Department and her excellent crew!

Previous Reed Family Concerts:

2016	Olivier Messiaen	<i>Des Canyons aux Étoiles</i>
2017	Edgard Varèse	<i>Octandre</i>
	Anahita Abbasi	<i>Cordatum</i>
	Pierre Boulez	<i>Répons</i>
2018	Igor Stravinsky	<i>Histoire du Soldat</i> with Luis Urrea, Wilfrido Terrazas and Lux Boreal Dance

# Renga

Steven Schick, Conductor

## **Jeux**

Violin	Kate Hatmaker Wesley Precourt
Viola	Adam Neeley
Violoncello	Alex Greenbaum
Contrabass	Kathryn Schulmeister
Flute/Piccolo	Rose Lombardo
Oboe	Andrea Overturf
Clarinet	Madison Greenstone
Bassoon	Ryan Simmons
Trumpet	Alexandria Smith
Horn	Benjamin Jaber
Percussion	Rebecca Lloyd-Jones Michael Jones
Timpani	James Beauton
Harp	Julie Smith Phillips
Piano	Shaoai Zhang

## **Fantasy**

Flute	Michael Matsuno Teresa Diaz de Cossio
Percussion	Rebecca Lloyd-Jones Michael Jones
Harp	Julie Smith Phillips
Contrabass	Kathryn Schulmeister

## Das Lied von der Erde

Violin	Kate Hatmaker
	Wesley Precourt
Viola	Adam Neeley
Violoncello	Alex Greenbaum
Contrabass	Kathryn Schulmeister
Flute/Piccolo	Rose Lombardo
Oboe	Andrea Overturf
Clarinet/Bass Clarinet	Madison Greenstone
Bassoon	Ryan Simmons
Horn	Benjamin Jaber
Percussion	Rebecca Lloyd-Jones
	Michael Jones
Harmonium/Celeste	Justin Murphy-Mancini
Piano	Shaoai Zhang

### Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde

Schon winkt der Wein im goldnen Pokale,  
Doch trinkt noch nicht, erst sing ich euch ein Lied!  
Das Lied vom Kummer soll auflachend  
In die Seele euch klingen.  
Wenn der Kummer naht, liegen wüst die Gärten der Seele,  
Welkt hin und stirbt die Freude, der Gesang.  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Herr dieses Hauses!  
Dein Keller birgt die Fülle des goldenen Weins!  
Hier diese Laute nenn ich mein!  
Die Laute schlagen und die Gläser leeren,  
Das sind die Dinge, die zusammen passen.  
Ein voller Becher Weins zur rechten Zeit  
Ist mehr wert als alle Reiche dieser Erde!  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod.

Das Firmament blaut ewig und die Erde  
Wird lange fest stehn und aufblühn im Lenz.  
Du aber, Mensch, wie lang lebst denn du?  
Nicht hundert Jahre darfst du dich ergötzen  
An all dem morschen Tand dieser Erde!  
Seht dort hinab! Im Mondschein auf den Gräbern  
Hockt eine wildgespenstische Gestalt—  
Ein Aff ist's! Hört ihr, wie sein Heulen  
Hinausgellt in den süßen Duft des Lebens!  
Jetzt nehmt den Wein! Jetzt ist es Zeit, Genossen!  
Leert eure goldnen Becher zu Grund!  
Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod!

--Li T'ai-po

### The Drinking Song of the Earth's Sorrow

The wine is sparkling in the golden goblet,  
but don't drink yet. First, I'll sing you a song!  
The song of sorrow will  
echo through your souls, laughing out loud.  
When sorrow nears, the soul's gardens wither;  
joy and song die.  
Life is dark, as is death.

Master of this house!  
Your cellar holds a wealth of golden wine!  
I call this lute my own!  
To strike the lute and empty the glasses—  
these things go together.  
A full goblet at the right time  
is worth more than all the kingdoms of earth!  
Life is dark, as is death.

The sky is blue forever, and the earth  
will endure, and bloom in spring.  
But you: How long will you live?  
You are not allowed to enjoy  
the rotten trifles of this earth for even a hundred years.  
Look down there! In the moonlight, on the graves  
squats a wild and ghostly figure.  
It's an ape! Listen as his cries  
pierce the sweet air of life!  
Now take the wine! Now it's time, friends!  
Drain your golden cups!  
Life is dark, as is death!

--Li T'ai-po

### **Der Einsame im Herbst**

Herbstnebel wallen bläulich überm See;  
Vom Reif bezogen stehen alle Gräser;  
Man meint', ein Künstler habe Staub von Jade  
Über die feinen Blüten ausgestreut.

Der süsse Duft der Blumen ist verfliegen;  
Ein kalter Wind beugt ihre Stengel nieder.  
Bald werden die verwelkten, gold'nen Blätter  
Der Lotosblüten auf dem Wasser ziehn.

Mein Herz ist müde. Meine kleine Lampe  
Erlosch mit Knistern;  
Es gemahnt mich an den Schlaf.  
Ich komme zu dir, traute Ruhestätte!  
Ja, gib mir Ruh, ich hab Erquickung noch!

Ich weine viel in meinen Einsamkeiten.  
Der Herbst in meinem Herzen währt zu lange.  
Sonne der Liebe, willst du nie mehr scheinen,  
Um meine bittern Tränen mild aufzutrocknen?

--Chang Tsi

### **Von der Jugend**

Mitten in dem kleinen Teiche  
Steht ein Pavilion aus grünem  
Und aus weissem Porzellan.

Wie der Rücken eines Tigers  
Wölbt die Brücke sich aus Jade  
Zu dem Pavilion hinüber.

In dem Häuschen sitzen Freunde,  
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern,  
Manche schreiben Verse nieder.

Ihre seidnen Ärmel gleiten  
Rückwärts, ihre seidnen Mützen  
Hocken lustig tief im Nacken.

Auf des kleinen Teiches stiller  
Wasserfläche zeigt sich alles  
Wunderlich im Spiegelbilde.

Alles auf dem Kopfe stehend  
In dem Pavillon aus grünem  
Und aus weissem Porzellan;

Wie ein Halbmond steht die Brücke,  
Umgekehrt der Bogen. Freunde,  
Schön gekleidet, trinken, plaudern.

--Li T'ai-po

### **Von der Schönheit**

Junge Mädchen pflücken Blumen,

### **The Lonely Man in Autumn**

Blue mists of autumn float over the lake;  
the grasses are covered with hoar-frost.  
You might think an artist had sprinkled jade dust  
over the delicate buds.

The sweet scent of the flowers has vanished;  
a cold wind bends their stems.  
Soon the wilted, golden lotus petals  
will float across the water.

My heart is weary. My little lamp  
crackled and died;  
it speaks to me of sleep.  
I am coming to you, dear resting place!  
Yes, give me rest. I need to be refreshed.

I often weep in my solitude.  
The autumn in my heart is lasting too long.  
Sun of love, will you never shine again  
and softly dry my bitter tears?

--Chang Tsi

### **Of Youth**

In the middle of the pond  
stands a pavilion of green  
and white porcelain.

The jade bridge  
arches like a tiger's back  
across to the pavilion.

Friends are gathered in the little house,  
dressed beautifully, drinking, talking,  
some writing verses.

Their silken sleeves glide  
backward, their silken caps  
perch on the backs of their necks.

On the pond's motionless  
surface, everything  
is oddly mirrored.

Everything stands on its head  
from inside the pavilion of green  
and white porcelain.

The bridge stands like a halfmoon,  
its arch reversed. Friends,  
dressed beautifully, are drinking, talking.

--Li T'ai-po

### **Of Beauty**

Young girls are picking flowers,

Pflücken Lotosblumen an dem Uferrande.  
Zwischen Büschen und Blättern sitzen sie,  
Sammeln Blüten in den Schoss und rufen  
Sich einander Neckereien zu.  
Goldne Sonne webt um die Gestalten  
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider,  
Sonne spiegelt ihre schlanken Glieder,  
Ihre süßen Augen wider.  
Und der Zephyr hebt mit Schmeichelkosen das Gewebe  
Ihrer Ärmel auf, führt den Zauber  
Ihrer Wohlgerüche durch die Luft.

O sieh, was tummeln sich für schöne Knaben  
Dort an dem Uferrand auf mut'gen Rossen?  
Weithin glänzend wie die Sonnenstrahlen,  
Schon zwischen dem Geäst der grünen Weiden  
Trabt das jungfrische Volk einher!  
Das Ross des einen wiehert fröhlich auf  
Und scheidet und saust dahin,  
Über Blumen, Gräser, wanken hin die Hufe,  
Sie zerstampfen jäh im Sturm die hingesunkenen Blüten,  
Hei! Wie flattern im Taumel seine Mähnen,  
Dampfen heiss die Nüstern!  
Goldne Sonne webt um die Gestalten,  
Spiegelt sie im blanken Wasser wider.

Und die schönste von den Jungfrauen sendet  
Lange Blicke ihm der Sehnsucht nach.  
Ihre stolze Haltung ist nur Verstellung.  
In dem Funkeln ihrer grossen Augen,  
In dem Dunkel ihres heissen Blicks  
Schwingt klagend noch die Erregung ihres Herzens nach.

--Li T'ai-po

### **Der Trunkene im Frühling**

Wenn nur ein Traum das Leben ist,  
Warum dann Müh und Plage?  
Ich trinke, bis ich nicht mehr kann,  
Den ganzen, lieben Tag!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr trinken kann,  
Weil Kehl und Seele voll,  
So tauml' ich bis zu meiner Tür  
Und schlafe wundervoll!

Was hör ich beim Erwachen? Horch!  
Ein Vogel singt im Baum.  
Ich frag ihn, ob schon Frühling sei.  
Mir ist als wie im Traum.

Der Vogel zwitschert:  
Ja! Der Lenz ist da,  
Sei kommen über Nacht!  
Aus tiefstem Schauen lausch ich auf,  
Der Vogel singt und lacht!

Ich fülle mir den Becher neu  
Und leer ihn bis zum Grund,  
Und singe, bis der Mond erglänzt

picking lotus flowers at the water's edge.  
They sit among bushes and leaves,  
gathering flowers in their laps and  
bantering with each other.  
Golden sun bathes these images,  
mirrors them in bright water.  
The sunlight, reflected from their slender limbs,  
is mirrored in their sweet eyes.  
And the caressing breeze lifts their  
sleeves, carries the magic  
of their perfumed scent through the air.

Look: What handsome boys come galloping  
along the shore on proud horses?  
Gleaming like the sun's rays,  
the young men come riding  
between the trees and green meadows.  
One rider's horse neighs happily  
and runs to and fro,  
hooves flying across flowers and grass.  
In a storm they trample the fallen buds.  
How the mane flows,  
and how the nostrils steam!  
Golden sun bathes these images,  
mirrors them in bright water.

And the loveliest of the maidens  
sends the rider long looks of yearning.  
Her proud bearing is only show.  
In the gleam of her large eyes,  
in the darkness of her warm gaze,  
her heart, sad and excited, follows him.

--Li T'ai-po

### **The Drunkard in Spring**

If life is just a dream,  
why are we tormented with troubles?  
I drink until I can drink no more,  
the whole blessed day!

And when I can drink no more  
because throat and soul are full,  
I'll stagger to my door  
and sleep wonderfully!

What do I hear as I awake? Listen!  
A bird is singing in the tree.  
I ask him if spring is already here.  
It's as if I'm in a dream.  
The bird chirps:

"Yes! Spring is here.  
It arrived during the night!"  
Pondering deeply, I listen.  
The bird sings and laughs.

I fill my cup again  
and empty it to the last drop,  
and I sing until the moon gleams

Am schwarzen Firmament!

Und wenn ich nicht mehr singen kann,  
So schlaf ich wieder ein.  
Was geht mich denn der Frühling an?  
Lasst mich betrunken sein!

--Li T'ai-po

### Der Abschied

Die Sonne scheidet hinter dem Gebirge.  
In alle Täler steigt der Abend nieder  
Mit seinen Schatten, die voll Kühlung sind.  
O sieh! Wie eine Silberbarke schwebt  
Der Mond am blauen Himmelssee herauf.  
Ich spüre eines feinen Windes Wehn  
Hinter den dunklen Fichten!  
Der Bach singt voller Wohlklang durch das Dunkel.  
Die Blumen blassen im Dämmerchein.  
Die Erde atmet voll von Ruh und Schlaf.  
Alle Sehnsucht will nun träumen,  
Die müden Menschen gehn heimwärts,  
Um im Schlaf vergessenes Glück  
Und Jugend neu zu lernen!  
Die Vögel hocken still in ihren Zweigen.  
Die Welt schläft ein!  
Es wehet kühl im Schatten meiner Fichten.  
Ich stehe hier und harre meines Freundes;  
Ich harre sein zum letzten Lebewohl.  
Ich sehne mich, O Freund, an deiner Seite  
Die Schönheit dieses Abends zu genießen.  
Wo bleibst du? Du lässt mich lang allein!  
Ich wandle auf und nieder mit meiner Laute  
Auf Wegen, die von weichem Grase schwellen.  
O Schönheit! O ewigen Liebens- Lebenstrunk'ne Welt!

--Mong Kao-Jen

### Orchestrales Zwischenspiel

Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den Trunk  
Des Abschieds dar. Er fragte ihn, wohin  
Er führe und auch warum, es müsste sein.  
Er sprach, und seine Stimme war umflort:  
"Du mein Freund,  
Mir war auf dieser Welt das Glück nicht hold!  
Wohin ich geh? Ich geh, ich wandle in die Berge.  
Ich suche Ruhe für mein einsam Herz.  
Ich wandle nach der Heimat, meiner Stätte.  
Ich werde niemals in die Ferne schweifen.  
Still ist mein Herz und harret seiner Stunde!  
Die liebe Erde allüberall  
Blüht auf im Lenz und grünt  
Auf's neu! Allüberall und ewig  
Blauen licht die Fernen!  
Ewig . . . ewig . . ."

--Wang Wei

German translations by Hans Bethge, from the Chinese.

in the black firmament!

And when I can sing no more,  
I go to sleep again.  
What does spring matter to me?  
Let me be drunk!

--Li T'ai-po

### The Farewell

The sun departs behind the mountains.  
The cool shadows of evening  
descend into all the valleys.  
Look! Like a ship of silver  
the moon floats in heaven's blue lake.  
I feel a light wind stir  
behind the dark firs.  
The brook sings so beautifully in the darkness.  
The flowers grow pale in the twilight.  
The earth breathes deeply, filled with peace and sleep.  
Now yearning inclines toward dreams,  
the weary turn homeward  
to sleep, where they recapture  
forgotten happiness and youth.  
The birds crouch quietly on their branches.  
The world falls asleep!  
From the shadows of my firs comes a cool rustling.  
I stand here and await my friend;  
I await his last farewell.  
Oh, my friend, I long to enjoy  
this evening's beauty at your side.  
Where are you? You are leaving me alone so long!  
I wander back and forth with my lute  
along paths covered with soft grass.  
Oh beauty! Oh world, drunk with love and life forever!

--Mong Kao-Jen

### Orchestral Interlude

He dismounted and offered him the drink  
of farewell. He asked him where  
he was heading, and also why he had to go.  
He spoke, and his voice was soft with tears:  
"My friend,  
fortune was not kind to me in this world.  
Where am I going? I go to travel in the mountains.  
I seek peace for my lonely heart.  
I'll turn toward home, where I belong.  
I will never stray far.  
My heart is calm and awaits its hour.  
Everywhere, the beloved earth  
blooms in the spring and  
is newly green! Everywhere and forever  
the distances are blue and bright!  
Forever . . . forever . . ."

--Wang Wei

Translations: Larry Rothe

## Heat Lightning: Towards an Intimate Grammar

I've always loved the Robert Penn Warren poem, "Heat Lightning." Told from the perspective of an old man, the poem describes the searing memory of young sensual love, which after decades has become the dull toothless ache of nostalgia. Now merely a distant peak illuminated by a soundless storm, the eroticism of youth is silent and cool to the touch. Memory has been purged of meaning.

Now, imagine this metaphor, not as an aging lover's greatest fear, but as the echo of a bygone world.

And now, imagine that world. It's chaotic, noisy, unpredictable, interconnected. There are near constant rumblings from Russia and from the Middle East, in the latter where strife between reformers and fundamentalists seems ready to boil over at any moment. On the southern border of the United States, an historic visit by the US president does little to calm high emotions that threaten to spill over into outright rebellion and violence.

These are not the headlines from the latest 2019 news cycle, but the upheavals of 1909, the year in which Gustav Mahler composed his most personal and tragic work, *Das Lied von der Erde*. More than a century ago—when the future was young—the world was in the grip of near ubiquitous change and upheaval. But that seems so long ago. Indeed, when Kate Hatmaker and I devised this program with Martha Gilmer for inclusion in the San Diego Symphony's 2019 Festival "Hearing the Future," the grand metaphor was that this beautiful music of the early 20th century mirrored Robert Penn Warren's heat lightning as a mere "pale wash, the rose-flush, of distance."

But the more we peered into this music, especially into the arrangements for small ensemble that we'll present tonight, the less distant it seemed. Part of its relevance stems from a connection to the utopian project of Arnold Schoenberg's "Society for Private Musical Performances" (in German: *Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen*.) This prolific organization gave several hundred performances of newly composed music. By virtue of being sheltered from the commercial forces of public presentation, the works received ample rehearsal time and were played in front of receptive audiences, who had opportunity not only to hear the most adventurous new music by composers like Stravinsky, Bartók and Berg, but also the chance to interact with the artists.

In very many ways, this aesthetic has led to adventurous music departments such as ours.

For its many virtues—of the great integrity of the performances and advocacy for the new music—one of the most enduring contributions of the *Verein* was to create out of the entropic chaos of its time a musical vocabulary of intimacy. There was the intimacy of performing a work for large orchestra in a chamber setting, and there was the intimacy of a small audience able truly to engage a performance at a salon rather than in a concert hall.

Tonight, we'll present Gustav Mahler's massive *Das Lied von der Erde* in the version for fourteen players that was begun by Schoenberg and finished in 1983 by the German composer and conductor, Rainer Riehn. Just before composing *Das Lied*, Gustav Mahler suffered three personal disasters: his eldest daughter Maria died of scarlet fever; antisemitism hounded him from his post at the opera in Vienna, and he discovered he had a very serious—ultimately fatal—heart lesion. In the intimacy of the Schoenberg/Riehn reduction, we hear Mahler's pain and his loneliness. The haunted and often barren emotional landscape of *Das Lied* is not

mollified by the lush orchestral textures of the original; it is unpadded. In your face. Likewise, in tonight's version, we aim to hear the Tang Dynasty poems of Li T'ai-po, Chang Tsi, Mong Kao-Jen, and Wang Wei, rendered colorfully into German by Hans Bethge, not as "orientalism," (very much in vogue in early 20th century Europe), but as a contemporary and pointed lamentation on the elusiveness of life.

Igor Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* may have been only the second most important ballet premiered by the *Ballets Russes* in Paris in May of 1913. Claude Debussy's *Jeux* (Games) was overshadowed by the scandal of *The Rite*, but as art it was just as daring. And by contrast with Mahler, the narrative subtext of Debussy's *poème dancé* is more erotic than tragic. In a garden at dusk on a warm night, two women and a man flirt audaciously while searching for a lost tennis ball. The ludic spell is broken when a ball is thrown into the court by an unknown hand.

*Jeux* is evanescent—melodies emerge and fade after a few seconds. Originally scored for large orchestra, this eighteen-minute piece contains more than 60 changes of tempo and mood! *The Rite* had its bombast, but *Jeux* is like lace. Yet for all of its mastery, *Jeux* is rarely heard. Our new arrangement—co-commissioned by the Reed Family Concert for this performance from Cliff Colnot—renders the filigree of Debussy's intertwining lines with clarifying sparseness, and, we hope, enhances the prospects that audiences might hear this masterpiece in live performance.

We invert the dynamic of large-to-small in a terrific new arrangement for small ensemble by Asher Tobin Chodos, of Arnold Schoenberg's *Fantasy for Violin and Piano, Opus 47*. Here the intimacy of a duo is aerated by a colorful instrumentation in a way that allows us to hear into the texture.

The Fantasy is Schoenberg's final work of instrumental music, and is composed in 12 tone-technique. Yet Schoenberg subverts the expectations of cool rationality that we associate with serialism to create moments of tonality and great emotional impact. Far from a monument to rationalism, this music carries the freshness of invention. In fact, some believe that Schoenberg wrote the violin part first and then "reacted" to it with fantastical interpolations from the piano.

This is music that I have loved since I was a student, first attracted to it by the poetic echoes of serialism (if all twelve tones are equal then perhaps equality is not an impossible dream elsewhere in life) and later by the embrace of a new language in the context of traditional values (hearing the surface markers of modernity expressed in the asymmetrical phrasing of Brahms tells me that I can explore new landscapes without forgetting where I come from.)

A late revelation for me in the preparation of this concert is that, far from seeming like the pale memories of a bygone age, this music seems sharply relevant. It is about now and about our shared future, currently under construction. Maybe "Heat Lightning" is still an apt title, but for me the compelling message is better encapsulated by the words of another poet, the American Wendell Berry, who urges us, "put your ear close and hear the faint chattering of the songs that are to come."

Steven Schick

## About the Artists

London-based, Australian vocalist **Jessica Aszodi**'s career is genre-bounding & label-defying. She has premiered dozens of new pieces, performed baroque rarities, devised new collaborative projects, sung roles from the standard operatic repertoire and worked with a constellation of artists from the far reaches of the musical palette. In performances that have been described as “thrilling...” (LA Times) and “intense...” (NY Times). Aszodi has been a soloist with the Chicago, Tirolean, Melbourne, Sydney & Adelaide Symphony Orchestras, Pinchgut Opera, ICE, Musikfabrik, Victorian Opera, Sydney Chamber Opera & many others. She has sung in festivals around the world including Klangspuren, Aldeburgh, Beethoven Festwoche, Darmstadt, Tectonics, Aspen and Tanglewood. She has twice been nominated for Greenroom Awards as ‘Best Operatic Performer’. Aszodi has been a soloist on record for Chandos, Ars Publica and Hospital Hill, as well as on ABC, NPR and BBC Radio. She is co-director of Resonant Bodies Festival Australia and an artistic associate of BIFEM. She holds a Doctorate of Music from Australia’s Queensland Conservatorium, and has written scholarly articles in several books & journals.

**Asher Tobin Chodos** has a unique interdisciplinary practice that combines composition, performance and scholarship. He has received wide acclaim for his work as a pianist and composer, including international attention for his recent collaborations with Larry Polansky (*Three Pieces for Two Pianos*, New World Recordings) and Shanghai-based producer Peng Fei (*Third Month*). He has been named a fellow of the Dave Brubeck Institute, the Asian Cultural Council, and the Ucross Foundation. His scholarly work is primarily concerned with the relationship of economic deregulation to American aesthetics. His undergraduate degree is from Columbia University, and he is a doctoral candidate in the UC San Diego Department of Music.

**Keir GoGwilt** is a violinist and writer whose work spans a range of genres and disciplines. Much of his work seeks to present musical practices of the so-called classical tradition as provincial and heterogeneous. He is most at home in collaborative, often interdisciplinary work, in which creative labor is shared and recognized. Frequent collaborators include composers Celeste Oram, Matthew Aucoin, and Carolyn Chen, dancer/choreographer Bobbi Jene Smith, and performers Steve Schick, Mark Dresser (Dresser quintet/septet), and Kyle Motl. He has made solo appearances with the Orchestra of St. Luke’s, the Chinese National Symphony, the Orquesta Filarmonica de Santiago, the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, among others; festival appearances include Spoleto, Rockport, PS 122 COIL, Luminato, and the San Diego Symphony. His playing is featured on recordings released by Tzadik, Cleanfeed, BMOP (upcoming) and is a founding member of the American Modern Opera Company. Currently he is writing his dissertation on 19th and 20th century divisions between technique and “spirit” in the discourse of European art music, advised by Amy Cimini, Anthony Burr, and Clinton Tolley.

Violinist **Kate Hatmaker** enjoys a varied career as performer, educator, and entrepreneur. She is the co-founder and Executive Director of Art of Élan ([www.artofelan.org](http://www.artofelan.org)), a San Diego chamber music organization committed to bringing classical music to diverse audiences, and has been a violinist with the San Diego Symphony since 2006.

**Renga** is an ensemble of friends and colleagues from UC San Diego, the San Diego Symphony and beyond. Led by Artistic Directors Kate Hatmaker and Steven Schick, Renga unites the most recent and provocative contemporary music with established classical repertoire in settings ranging from solos and small ensembles to full chamber orchestra. Renga was a featured ensemble at the 2015 Ojai Music festival and has performed regularly in San Diego since its inception in 2013.

**John K. Russell, DMA** is the Director of Choral and Vocal Studies at Palomar College and the Music Director of the San Diego Master Chorale. In addition, he serves on the summer conducting faculty at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, New Jersey and is the Far South Regional Representative for the California Choral Director's Association.

Dr. Russell is also frequently in demand as a tenor soloist and was recently noted for his "heart-melting legato". His recent solo performances include Hector Berlioz's *Te Deum* with the San Diego Symphony, *St. John Passion* (Evangelist) with Pepperdine University, *Acis and Galatea* with the Bach Collegium San Diego and Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610* with the Westminster Summer Choral Festival and Piffaro: The Renaissance Band in Philadelphia and Princeton.

Dr. Russell is a native of Kalamazoo, Michigan and is a graduate of Western Michigan University and Columbia University. He received his Doctorate of Musical Arts in Choral Music from the University of Southern California. His primary conducting mentors are Craig Arnold, Joe Miller and Jo-Michael Scheibe and he has studied voice with William Appel, Curt Peterson, Jeanne Goffi-Fynn and Gary Glaze. He currently resides in San Diego with his wife, Jill and son, Parker.

Percussionist, conductor, and author **Steven Schick** was born in Iowa and raised in a farming family. Hailed by Alex Ross in the *New Yorker* as, "one of our supreme living virtuosos, not just of percussion but of any instrument," he has championed contemporary percussion music by commissioning or premiering more than one hundred-fifty new works. The most important of these have become core repertory for solo percussion.

Steven Schick is artistic director of the La Jolla Symphony and Chorus and the Breckenridge Music Festival. With Claire Chase, he is co-artistic director of the Summer Music Program at Banff Center in Canada.

Also active as a conductor, he has appeared with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Milwaukee Symphony, Ensemble Modern, the International Contemporary Ensemble, and the Asko/Schönberg Ensemble. In 2018 he curated and was conductor and percussion soloist in, "It's About Time," a festival of the San Diego Symphony designed to highlight the musical dimensions of the cross-border area.

Schick's publications include a book, "The Percussionist's Art: Same Bed, Different Dreams," and numerous recordings including the 2010 "Percussion Works of Iannis Xenakis," and its companion, "The Complete Early Percussion Works of Karlheinz Stockhausen" in 2014 (Mode). For the latter, he received the *Deutscheschallplattenkritikpreis* for the best new music release of 2015. He was inducted into the Percussive Arts Society Hall of Fame in 2014.

Steven Schick is Distinguished Professor of Music and holds the Reed Family Presidential Chair at the University of California, San Diego.

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