

Oh Shenando' I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound away, cross the
wide Missouri.

Oh Shenando' I'm bound to leave you,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh Shenando' I'll not deceive you.
Away, I'm bound away, cross the
wide Missouri.

Sourwood Mountain

Chickens a-crowin' in the Sourwood Mountain,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.
So many miles that I can't count 'em,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.
My true love in the head of the holler,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.
He won't come and I won't foller,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.

Big dog'll bark and the little one'll bite ya,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.
Big boys'll spark and the little ones'll fight ya,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.
My true love in the bend of the river,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.
A few more jumps and I'll be with him,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.

Chicken's a-crowin' in the Sourwood Mountain,
So many miles that I can't count 'em,
My true love he's a daisy,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.
He won't work 'cause he's too lazy,
Ho-da-doo-dah-diddle-eye-day.

Black is the color of my true love's hair.

His face is something wondrous fair.
Oh I love my love, and well he knows.
I love the ground whereon he goes.

He's gone away

He's gone away for to stay a little while,
But he's comin' back if he goes 10,000 mile'.
"Oh who will tie your shoes?
And who will glove your hands?
And who will kiss your ruby lips
when he is gone?"

Look away over Yandro,
For the parting with you will be
the death of me.

Oh, he's gone away for to stay a little while,
But he's comin' back if he goes 10,000 mile'.
And it's pappy'll tie my shoes,
And mammy'll glove my hands,
And you will kiss my ruby lips when
you come back.

Look away over Yandro,
For the parting with you will be
the death of me.

The Honest Miller

There was an old man, and he lived alone
and he had with him his three sons grown
And when he came to make his will
He had nothing left but a little old mill
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

He called to him his eldest son
And said, "My race is almost run.
And if to you the mill I make,
Pray tell me the toll that you would take."
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

"Father," he said, "My name is Bill
And out of one bushel I'd take one jill.
And if to me the mill you make,
I've told you the toll that I would take."
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

He called to him his second son
And said, "My race is almost run.
And if to you the mill I make,
Pray tell me the toll that you would take."
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

"Father," said he, "my name is, Ralph
Out of one bushel I'd take one half,
And if to me the mill you make,
I've told you the toll that I would take."
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

He called to him his youngest son
And said, "My days are almost done,
And if to you the mill I make
Pray tell me the toll that you would take."
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

"Father," said he, "My name is Jack,
And out of one bushel I'd take my stack.
And if perchance the mill doth lack,
I'd steal all the corn and swear to the sack."
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

"Tis that will do, my son, my son.
'Tis you will do as I have done.
The mill is yours!" the old man cried.
He shut his eyes and upped and died.
Tra-la-la-diddle-dee dumpy-dee,
tra-la-la-diddle-dee-dee.

O

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

AMERICAN LUMINOSITY

Our Poets, Our Composers, Our Art

featuring original stage dressing by Helen Liu

Laura Decher Wayte, soprano

Nathalie Fortin, piano

with

Kathryn Lucktenberg, violin

Holland Phillips, viola

Steven Pologe, cello

Helen Liu, artist

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Laura's skirt was
designed and made
by Margaret Gowen

Beall Concert Hall
Friday, January 10, 2014 | 7:30 p.m.



Song of Myself: Three Whitman Settings

Song of Myself
Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth
These are really the thoughts of all

Karen P. Thomas, composer
Walt Whitman (1819-1892), poet

Academic Songs

Principles of Astronomy
Theory of Ground Vehicles
Law of Corporations

Lawrence A. Wayte, poet and composer

Living

The Quest
The Ache of Marriage
Hymn to Eros
Losing Track
Living

Nicole Portley, composer
Denise Levertov (1923-1997), poet

INTERMISSION**At last, to be identified!**

Doubt me! My Dim Companion!
What if I say I shall not wait!
Wild Nights -- Wild Nights!
I never saw a Moor
There's a certain slant of light
At last, to be identified!

Richard Pearson Thomas (b.1957), composer
Emily Dickinson (1830-1886), poet

Five Appalachian Folksongs

Shenandoah
Sourwood Mountain
Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair
He's gone away
The Honest Miller

Jack Jarrett (b.1934), composer

**ARTISTS NOTES**

Between Hope and Despair
by Helen Liu

Created for *American Luminosity: Our Poets, Our Composers, Our Art*
Recital by Laura Wayte, Soprano
January 10, 2014, 7:30pm, Beall Hall, University of Oregon

Medium: Oil on plastic bags, packaging tape, glue, charcoal and permanent marker. Size: 20 feet by 12 feet

The audience is invited to view the painting on stage at the conclusion of the recital.

Left: Liu constructing "Between Hope and Despair", in her home studio

The Ache of Marriage

The ache of marriage:

thigh and tongue, beloved,
are heavy with it,
it throbs in the teeth

We look for communion
and are turned away, beloved,
each and each

It is leviathan and we
in its belly
looking for joy, some joy
not to be known outside it

two by two in the ark of
the ache of it.

Hymn to Eros

O Eros, silently smiling one, hear me
Let the shadow of thy wings
brush me.
Let thy presence
enfold me, as if darkness
were swandown.
Let me see that darkness lamp in hand,
this country become the other country
sacred to desire.

Drowsy god,
slow the wheels of my thought
so that I listen only
to the snowfall hush
of thy circling.
Close my beloved with me
in the smoke ring of thy power,
that we may be, each to the other
figures of flame,
figures of smoke,
figures of flesh
newly seen in the dusk.

Losing Track

Long after you have swung back
away from me
I think you are still with me:

you come in close to the shore
on the tide
and nudge me awake the way

a boat adrift nudges the pier:
am I a pier
half-in half-out of the water?

and in the pleasure of that communion
I lose track,
the moon I watch goes down, the

tide swings you away before
I know I'm
alone again long since

mud sucking at gray and black
timbers of me,
a light growth of green dreams dying.

Living

The fire in leaf and grass
so green it seems
each summer the last summer.

The wind blowing, the leaves
shivering in the sun,
each day the last day

A red salamander
so cold and so
easy to catch, dreamily

moves his delicate feet
and long tail. I hold
my hand open for him to go.

Each minute the last minute.

At Last,

Richard Pearson Thomas, composer,
Emily Dickinson, poet

Doubt Me! My Dim Companion!

Why, God, would be content
With but a fraction of the Life—
Poured thee, without a stint—
The whole of me—forever—
What more the Woman can,
Say quick, that I may dower thee
With last Delight I own!

It cannot be my Spirit—
For that was thine, before—
I ceded all of Dust I knew—
What Opulence the more
Had I—a humble Maiden,
Whose farthest of Degree,
Was—that she might—
Some distant Heaven,
Dwell timidly, with thee!

What if I say I shall not wait?

What if I burst the fleshly gate
And pass, escaped, to thee?
What if I file this mortal off,
See where it hurt me, - that's enough, -
And waded in liberty?
They cannot take me any more, -
Dungeons may call, and guns implore;
Unmeaning now, to me,

As laughter was an hour ago,
Or laces, or a travelling show,
Or who died yesterday!

Wild nights! -- Wild nights!

Were I with thee,
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!
Futile -- theWind --
To a heart in port, --
Done with the Compass, --
Done with the Chart!
Rowing in Eden --
Ah! the Sea!
Might I but moor -- Tonight --
In thee!

I never saw a moor;

I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven.
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

There's a certain slant of light,

On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the heft
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us;
We can find no scar,
But internal difference
Where the meanings are.

None may teach it any,
'Tis the seal, despair,-
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.
When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;
When it goes, 't is like the distance
On the look of death.

At last to be identified!

At last, the lamps upon thy side,
The rest of life to see!
Past midnight, past the morning star!
Past sunrise! Ah! What leagues there are
Between our feet and day!

Five Appalachian Folksongs,
Jack Jarrett (b. 1934)

Shenandoah

Oh Shenando! I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river.

by William Grant Still and All That Jazz), works by Jon Deak for solo cello and piano trio, and the piano trio of Lev Abeliovich. Pologe is Professor of Cello at the University of Oregon School of Music and cellist in the Oregon String Quartet, Trio Pacifica and Chamber Music Amici. He also performs and teaches each summer at the Green Mountain Chamber Music Festival. In 2006 Pologe and a colleague in neuro-science won a grant from the organization behind the coveted Grammy awards, the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. The award has supported his research documenting the precise movements of string players. Prior to moving to Oregon, Pologe was principal cellist with the Honolulu Symphony for thirteen seasons, appearing frequently as a featured soloist, and was on the faculty of the University of Hawaii.

Song of Myself, Karen P. Thomas, composer; Walt Whitman, poet

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,

And what I assume you shall assume,

For ev'ry atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,

I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,

Retiring back a while suffic'd at what they are,

but never forgotten,,

I harbor for good or bad,

I permit to speak at ev'ry hazard,

Nature without check with original energy.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!

Earth of the slumb'ring and liquid trees!

Earth of departed sunset, earth of the mountains misty topt!

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!

Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!

Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!

Far-swooping elbow'd earth, rich apple blossom'd earth!

Smile, for your lover comes.

Prodigal, you have given me love, therefore I to you give love!

O unspeakable passionate love.

These are really the thoughts of all men, in all ages and lands,

They are not original with me,

If they are not yours as much as mine they are nothing , or next to nothing,

If they are not the riddle and the untying of the riddle they are nothing,

If they are not just as close as they are distant they are nothing.

This is the grass that grows wherever the land is and the water is,

This is the common air that bathes the globe.

Songs of the Academy, Lawrence Wayte, music and words

Principles of Astronomy

Still under power

The vehicle accelerates.

Let us use what we have learned

Achieve an orbital injection.

Leave the home galaxy

Is it bound by shores?

Unconventional bodies spiral outward

Stolen away by the sun

Ruler of the system.

Find the luminosity of the sun

Relatively massive,

Dense and quite cool.

The core is surrounded by dust.

The process is not an orderly one.

The sun will shrink, become bluer.

The heat will be off.

TEXTS

Theory of Ground Vehicles

Steel and rubber.

Radial ply carcass filled with air.

Pneumatic tires on hard surfaces.

Transfer their load to the soil.

Deflection of the carcass while rolling

Displaces the soil.

A directionally unstable vehicle

Diverges more and more

From the original path.

Gear change causes a delay

Inertia of the wheels

without road adhesion

The over-turning moment.

The Law of Corporations

Preparation of the necessary papers

A variety of tax and non-tax considerations

Creates the probability of ultimate success.

Millions of shareholders.

Elderly management

Capital surplus.

A technical defect in corporate procedure

Is voidable rather than void.

Executive compensation is excessive.

An insurgent faction threatens take over.

Silence may constitute a violation.

Directors can act only in meetings.

They assumed the risk of loss.

They give notice of intent to dissolve.

Dissolution is similar to other organic changes.

Living, Nicole Portley, composer,

Denise Levertov, poet

The Quest

High, hollowed in green above

the rocks of reason

lies the crater lake

whose ice the dreamer breaks

to find a summer season.

'He will plunge like a plummet down

far into hungry tides'

they cry, but as the sea climbs to a

lunar magnet

so the dreamer pursues

the lake where love resides.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE MAKING OF THIS PAINTING:

I have been saving plastic bags for about two and a half years for the simple reason of not wanting them to end up in the landfill, in the rivers, or in the ocean. Every plastic bag, small and large, that is not recyclable (around here) and can be cleaned and dried easily, I save. When Laura invited me to create another large-scale work for her recital, I jumped at the chance to use the plastics I have been saving for the “canvas.” Creating this canvas was not without challenge. Eventually, after trial and error, I settled, mostly, on the heavy plastic bags that contain coffee. They are strong and have an interesting silvery look. I had my own limited supply of these bags. A few friends and Allann Bros Coffee Roasters supplied the rest. Each plastic bag was cleaned, trimmed, taped, and glued together. It was then sanded to allow the oil paint to adhere. In addition to the coffee bags, potato chip bags, etc., a large portion of the painting was made up of animal feed bags.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE PAINTING AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE RECITAL?

The painting will be cut up into fifteen 4ft x 4ft pieces following the recital. With a minimum donation of \$25 to BRING Recycling, audience members can take home one of these squares. If you are interested in being a steward of one of the 15 forever-plastic paintings, please draw a number in the lobby during intermission, make your donation to BRING, and come to the stage after Laura’s beautiful singing. Special thanks to my dad, Eugene Liu, for letting me take over his garage for the last month and to the following people who contributed (in small and big ways) to this art project. Helen Liu is represented by White Lotus Gallery in Eugene.

Benjamin Liu-May, Claudia Ponton, Folks at Allann Bros on Hilyard, Glenn May Hue-Ping, Lin Kam Chan, Kim Sing, Laura Wayte, Lillian Almeida, Lizzie May, Rachel Liu-May, Robin O’Gara

This painting is dedicated to the memory of my mother, Sue-Chung Liu—always my biggest fan.

PROGRAM NOTES

Song of Myself: When it was first published in 1855 by Whitman, “Song of Myself” was immediately singled out by critics and readers for particular attention, and today, remains among the most acclaimed and influential poems written by an American. At publication the *Christian Spiritualist* gave a long, glowing review of “Song of Myself”, praising Whitman for representing “a new poetic mediumship,” which imaginatively expressed the “influx of spirit and the divine breath.” Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote a letter to Whitman, praising his work for its “wit and wisdom”. Outside of literary circles, however, the poems were unappreciated, and even today can shock and amaze in their open portrayal of humans as spiritual and sexual beings. In 1882, a Boston district attorney threatened action against the poetry collection *Leaves of Grass* (which contains Song of Myself) for violating the state’s obscenity laws and demanded that changes be made to several passages from “Song of Myself”. These songs were commissioned by the Charles A. Sigmund Commissioning Fund of the First Unitarian Society of Minneapolis in 2000. *-Laura Wayte and Wikipedia*

Academic Songs: Larry wrote these pieces for me in 1998 after completing a master’s degree in composition at San Francisco State University. He searched the SFSU library for arcane textbooks and found in them interesting turns of phrase and ideas, building a poem from these quotes.

Teaching and studying are optimistic pursuits. They flow out of a conviction that we can improve ourselves and our species by gaining knowledge and power. These songs, however, seem to cast a cynical look back at the optimism felt by these professors of physics, astronomy and jurisprudence. From today’s vantage point, the language in these post World War II textbooks hints at the overconfidence and hubris that got us into today’s energy and climate problems, today’s deregulated economy and stratified society.

-Laura Wayte

Living: Nicole Portley was introduced to the poetry of Denise Levertov by UO composition Professor Robert Kyr, who himself knew the poet. Levertov was born in England in 1923 to the daughter of coal miners and a son of a Russian Hasidic Jew who taught at Leipzig University and was held as an enemy alien in Germany. After emigrating to the United Kingdom, her father converted to Christianity and became an Anglican priest. The poet wrote about her disparate cultural background as helping her to feel special and individual, and that “[I knew] before I was ten that I was an artist-person and I had a destiny”. She grew up to be a writer and professor, living in Massachusetts, California and Washington. She loved Mt. Rainier and the Pacific Northwest - which we can hear in *Living*. Nicole Portley will complete this set with 5 more Levertov songs which we will record in 2014. *-Laura Wayte*

At Last!: From Richard Pearson Thomas: "I chose the poems of *At last, to be identified!* because they exemplify a duality I find in Emily Dickinson's work: the desire for flesh-and-blood connection with another human being, and the desire to rise above all that, to transcend. The first four poems could be addressed to either a living person or a spiritual companion. In this way, her poetry reminds me of medieval female mystics who described their relationship with the divine very much the way they would describe being with a lover. The inclusion of the poem *There is a certain slant of light* is deliberate. It is one of the few Dickinson poems without hope -- the darkest moment of the cycle, as bleak as the brief winter day she describes. In contrast, the final poem is a great release. Whether through spiritual transcendence or death, the soul is freed to sail into the cosmos. Spiritual enlightenment has trumped earthly desire. The cycle was composed in 1992 -1993."

Five Appalachian Folksongs: Jack Jarrett is a native of Asheville, North Carolina, and wrote these songs out of a feeling of homesickness while teaching in Virginia. We had a lovely conversation in which he explained that one day he drove through the Virginia countryside to think about home. He parked at a state park and composed these childhood favorites sitting at a picnic table overlooking the park. "I wrote them the way that I hear them," he said. These songs are traditional folk songs which were sung as sea shanties, marching songs, laments, etc., shared in informal situations. He has also arranged them for soprano and string orchestra. -*Laura Wayte*

BIOGRAPHIES

Laura Decher Wayte grew up in the beautiful Pacific Northwest, earned a B.A. in Philosophy from the University of Vermont, and an M.M. in Voice from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where she was awarded Outstanding Achievement in Opera Performance. For more than 15 years, Laura has been performing traditional and contemporary opera, orchestral pieces, choral and chamber music. Her singing has been consistently praised for its lyrical expression and rich tonal qualities, and her ability to connect with and move her audiences at the highest caliber. Laura particularly enjoys performing German and French art songs, and new chamber music, giving solo recitals, some in very intimate venues (ask me about how house concerts work!) including several world premieres of contemporary compositions. In 2000, she premiered a piece written by her husband, Lawrence Wayte, with The Nieuw Ensemble in Amsterdam. Her extensive performances and roles include those with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, the San Francisco Opera, the Santa Fe Symphony (Hayden's Mass in Time of War, Brubeck's La Fiesta de la Posada, Handel's Messiah), the Nevada Opera (Micaela in Carmen), the Mendocino Music Festival (Clorinda in La Cenerentola), the Berkeley Opera (Zerlina in Don Giovanni, Blanche in Dialogues of the Carmelites), and the Diablo Valley Symphony (Mimi in La Boheme). In 2006, Laura joined the Voice Faculty at the University of Oregon, and since then has performed with the Oregon Mozart Players (Bach's *Jauchzet Gott in Allen Landen*, Rodrigo's *Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios*, Mozart's *Exsultate Jubilate*, Copeland's *Tender Land Suite*), the Eugene Concert Choir (Brahm's *Ein Deutsches Requiem*, The Best of Broadway), the Eugene Opera (Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, Madame Mao in *Nixon in China*, Kitty Hart in *Dead Man Walking*), and as the memorable soloist with Eugene Symphony in the Park. Laura can be contacted at decherwayte@gmail.com.

Nathalie Fortin was born in Montreal, Canada, where she studied piano at the Montreal Conservatory. She holds a Master's degree from the Eastman School of Music and a Doctorate of Musical Arts with a major in Keyboard Collaborative Arts from the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, where she won the Keyboard Collaborative Arts Department Award. She worked as a staff accompanist at the Montreal Conservatory and the University of Montreal, and she has collaborated with artists in Canada, Europe, and the United States, where she also participated in various festivals and competitions. In Eugene, Nathalie has worked for Lane Community College, Eugene Opera, the Oregon Bach Festival, Eugene Symphony, the Oregon Mozart Players, the University of Oregon Community Music Institute, and Cascadia Concert Opera.

Helen Hui-ling Liu was born in Taiwan in 1957. Helen spent most of her childhood in Taiwan, and lived in Indonesia and Thailand with her parents as a teenager. She came to the United States for her college education and graduated from the Pacific Northwest College of Art with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Painting and Graphic Design. She later received a master of Arts degree in International Studies from the the University of Oregon. Her MA thesis on a Taiwanese folk craft, entitled *Up In Flames, the Ephemeral Art of Pasted-Paper Sculpture* in Taiwan, is published by Stanford University Press in March, 2004.

While working as a graphic designer since receiving her BFA, Helen continued to paint and draw. In the summer of 1997, she spent three months in Amsterdam with her husband and daughter. Inspired by the art she saw there, she decided to paint full-time and now only takes on occasional design work. Helen lives in Eugene, Oregon with her husband, Glenn May, daughter, Rachel, and son, Benjamin.

Karen P. Thomas, composer and conductor, is the Artistic Director of Seattle Pro Musica, with whom she has recorded ten critically-acclaimed CDs, and received the Margaret Hillis Award for Choral Excellence and the ASCAP-Chorus America Award. Her compositions are performed internationally, by groups such as The Hilliard Ensemble, and are published by Santa Barbara Music Publishing. She has received awards from the NEA and ASCAP, among numerous others. Named the 2012 Washington state "Outstanding Choral Director of the Year," she guest conducts in North America and Europe, and serves on the ACDA NW Division Board and the Seattle Music Commission.

Larry Wayte teaches courses in American popular music history at the University of Oregon, including Blues, Jazz, and his newest offering, "Music of the Woodstock Generation." Mr. Wayte earned his Ph.D. in Musicology at UCLA in 2007 after previously earning an M.A. in Composition (San Francisco State, 1999) and a J.D. (Stanford, 1988). Mr. Wayte's dissertation focused on the development of jazz-rock in the late 1960s and early 1970s and, in general, his research interests tend to those moments when seemingly distinct genres mutate and combine, creating unexpected hybrids.

Nicole Portley is a fisheries biologist whose work has focused upon salmon and water quality in Oregon, California and Russia. While continuing her career as an employee of Sustainable Fisheries Partnership, Nicole has studied composition under Robert Kyr, David Crumb, and Terry McQuilkin at the University of Oregon, where she is currently a master's degree candidate. Her secondary musical interests include piano performance and intelligent pop music.

Richard Pearson Thomas's concert works have been performed by the Boston Pops, Covent Garden Festival, Houston Grand Opera, Chautauqua Opera and Riverside Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. He is a recent recipient of a *Continental Harmony* commission through the American Composers Forum. His songs have been sung in Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center, Wigmore Hall and before the U.S. Congress by artists such as Audra McDonald, Sanford Sylvan, Lauren Flanagan, and Kurt Ollman. Mr. Thomas is a native of Montana, and a graduate of the Eastman School of Music and the University of Southern California. He has concertized with singers worldwide and has served as coach/music director for the Aspen Music Festival and the Yale School of Music.

Dr. Jack M. Jarrett, a native of Asheville, North Carolina, holds a Bachelor's degree in Voice from the University of Florida, and graduate degrees in Composition from the Eastman School of Music and Indiana University. He also studied both composition and operatic conducting at the Berlin Hochschule fuer Musik under a Fulbright Grant. He has taught in several colleges and state universities, and for ten years was Chair of the Composition Department at the Berklee College of Music, Boston, the largest department of its kind in the world. Jarrett's compositions and arrangements have been performed by more than fifty orchestras worldwide, including the London Symphony Orchestra and the Boston Pops. His "...autumn too long," a song cycle for soprano and orchestra, was awarded the ASCAP Rudolf Nissim Award for 2008, and was premiered in 2010 by the South Dakota Symphony Orchestra. Jarret currently lives in Greensboro, North Carolina, where he continues to be active as both composer and conductor.

Kathryn Lucktenberg's performance credits include solo appearances with the Honolulu, Savannah, and Augusta Symphonies, and, as a member of the Kasimir String Quartet, a highly acclaimed tour of England, France, and Italy. She has concertized extensively in the western United States and Asia, with concerts in Taiwan, Thailand, Korea, New Zealand and Hawaii. She has given recitals at Washington, DC's Kennedy Center, and the Musician's Club of New York, and she has performed on the popular Bargemusic series in Brooklyn. In addition to solo engagements, Lucktenberg concertizes extensively in the Pacific Northwest with the Oregon String Quartet and as a member of Trio Pacifica. She has recorded for CRI and Koch labels. A fourth-generation violinist, Kathryn Lucktenberg entered the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia at age 15. She completed high school there and earned her Bachelor of Music from Curtis in 1980, studying with Jascha Brodsky, Jaime Laredo, and Ivan Galamian.

Holland Phillips serves as the principal violist of the Salem Chamber Orchestra and the Eugene Symphony. Reviewers have praised the "spirit and clear tone" of her playing (Leipziger Volkszeitung) and the "serious intensity" that she brings to performances (Register-Guard). She also performs with other Oregon-based ensembles: Chamber Music Amici, TARDIS Ensemble, Oregon Mozart Players, and Oregon Bach Festival. In 2012 Ms. Phillips completed her doctoral studies at the University of Oregon with her dissertation, "Tidens Fylde: Temporality and Tradition in Carl Nielsen's Works for Violin." She also holds degrees from Vanderbilt University and the New England Conservatory. Her principal teachers include Dr. Leslie Straka, James Buswell, Kathryn Lucktenberg, and Connie Heard.

Cellist **Steven Pologe** has performed as soloist and chamber musician throughout the United States, and in Italy, Sweden, Taiwan, South Korea, Thailand, New Zealand and Canada. His CDs include two with the Oregon String Quartet (quartets