

BOB CARR

**RENDEZVOUS
WITH
DESTINY**

LYLE CHAN

**NEW SYDNEY
WIND QUINTET**



LYLE CHAN (b. 1967)

- | | | |
|-----|--|-------|
| [1] | Rendezvous With Destiny (from <i>Voices and Instruments</i>) | 15:07 |
| [2] | Passage [Untitled, Jan 2010] (from <i>Harp & Wind Quintet</i>) | 02:40 |
| [3] | Calcium Light Night (from <i>Harp & Wind Quintet</i>) | 04:58 |

Bob Carr, *narrator* [1]
New Sydney Wind Quintet

Bridget Bolliger *flute*,
Alexandre Oguey *oboe & cor anglais*,
Francesco Celata *clarinet*,
Euan Harvey [1] and Andrew Bain [2]-[3] *horn*,
Andrew Barnes *bassoon*

Produced by Lyle Chan
Recording Engineer: Bob Scott
Assistant Engineers: Daniel Brown [1], Sam Ada [2]-[3]
Mastering: Bob Scott [1], Thomas Grubb [2]-[3]

[1] recorded October and November 2011
at Trackdown Studios and Dodgy Studio

[2]-[3] recorded February 2010
at The Independent, North Sydney

Cover photo: 'Stars and Stripes' by Jeff Meyer

© 2012 Lyle Chan [1], © 2011 New Sydney Wind Quintet [2]-[3].
© 2012 Lyle Chan. All rights reserved. Unauthorized copying, hiring, lending,
public performance and broadcasting prohibited.

www.lylechan.com
www.nswq.com.au
www.bobcarrblog.wordpress.com



LYLE CHAN

“Rendezvous with Destiny”

for narrator and chamber ensemble

Text selected by Bob Carr and Lyle Chan
from words of Franklin Delano Roosevelt,
Stephen Vincent Benét and Abraham Lincoln

Commissioned by the Art Gallery Society of New South Wales

First performed by The Honourable Bob Carr and the New Sydney Wind Quintet
on 3 April 2011 at the Art Gallery of New South Wales

Words of Stephen Vincent Benét used by arrangement with Brandt & Hochman Literary Agents, Inc.

© 1922, 1927, 1928, 1940, 1942 by Stephen Vincent Benét

Copyright renewed © 1950, 1955, 1956, 1968, 1970 by Rosemary Carr Benét

We remember, F.D.R.
We remember the bitter faces of the apple-sellers
And their red cracked hands,
We remember the gray, cold wind of '32
When the job stopped, and the bank stopped,
And the merry-go-round broke down,
And, finally,
Everything seemed to stop.

The whole big works of America,
Bogged down with a creeping panic,
And nobody knew how to fix it, while the wise guys
sold the country short,
Till one man said (and we listened)
"The one thing we have to fear is fear."

Well, it's quite a long while since then, and the wise
guys may not remember.
But we do, F.D.R.
It's written in our lives, in our kids, growing up with a chance,
It's written in the faces of the old folks who don't
have to go to the poorhouse
And the tanned faces of the boys from the CCC,
It's written in the water and the earth of the Tennessee Valley
The contour-plowing that saves the dust-stricken land,
And the lights coming on for the first time, on lonely farms.

America will not forget these recent years.

We feared fear. That was why we fought fear. And
today, my friends, we have won against the most
dangerous of our foes. We have conquered fear.

Shall we pause now and turn our back upon the road
that lies ahead? Shall we call this the promised land?
Or, shall we continue on our way? For "each age is a
dream that is dying, or one that is coming to birth."
Many voices are heard as we face a great decision.

Benét

"Tuesday, November 5th, 1940"

Franklin Delano Roosevelt (1882-1945) was the only US president to be elected to a third and then a fourth term. The poet Stephen Vincent Benét, a great FDR supporter, wrote this poem in response to FDR's election bid for an unprecedented third term in 1940. Benét invoked the unemployed who had been reduced to selling apples on street corners and Roosevelt's famous rallying call, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." He reminded readers of the New Deal programs that saved farms and generated jobs.

Roosevelt

Speech before the 1936 Democratic National Convention

Roosevelt

Second Inaugural Address, Jan 1937

It was a measure of Roosevelt's liberal leadership that he could tell the nation candidly one third of its people were "ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished" and

Comfort says, "Tarry a while." Opportunism says, "This is a good spot." Timidity asks, "How difficult is the road ahead?"

In this nation I see tens of millions of its citizens who at this very moment are denied the greater part of what the very lowest standards of today call the necessities of life.

I see millions of families trying to live on incomes so meager that the pall of family disaster hangs over them day by day.

I see millions whose daily lives in city and on farm continue under conditions labeled indecent by a so-called polite society half a century ago.

I see millions denied education, recreation, and the opportunity to better their lot and the lot of their children.

I see millions lacking the means to buy the products of farm and factory and by their poverty denying work and productiveness to many other millions.

I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, illnourished.

It is not in despair that I paint you that picture. I paint it for you in hope—because the Nation, seeing and understanding the injustice in it, proposes to paint it out.

There is a mysterious cycle in human events. To some generations much is given. Of other generations much is expected. This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny.

Our earth is but a small star in the great universe. Yet of it we can make, if we choose, a planet unvexed by war, untroubled by hunger or fear, undivided by senseless distinctions of race, color or theory.

We are all of us children of earth. If our brothers

his famous sentence "...rendezvous with destiny" is amongst the most famous of presidential rhetoric.

Roosevelt

Speech before the 1936 Democratic National Convention

Benét

Flag Day Prayer

(delivered by Roosevelt)

A winner of two Pulitzer Prizes, Benét possessed a

are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they
hunger we hunger. If their freedom is taken away
our freedom is not secure. Grant us a common faith
that man shall know bread and peace – that he shall
know justice and righteousness, freedom and
security, an equal chance to do his best, not only in
our own lands, but throughout the world. And in that
faith let us march toward the clean world our hands
can make.

I have fallen in love with American names,
The sharp names that never get fat,
The snakeskin-titles of mining-claims,
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.
I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.

I shall not rest quiet in Montparnasse.
I shall not lie easy at Winchelsea.
You may bury my body in Sussex grass,
You may bury my tongue at Champmedy.
I shall not be there. I shall rise and pass.
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee.

John Brown is dead, he will not come again,
A stray ghost-walker with a ghostly gun.
Let the strong metal rust
In the enclosing dust
And the consuming coal
That was the furious soul
Grow colder than the stones
While the white roots of grass and little weeds

*versatility that allowed him to write this touching
prayer for Roosevelt's radio address on Flag Day,
June 14, 1942.*

Benét
American Names (1931)

Benét
*The Ballad of William
Sycamore (1923)*

Benét
American Names

*Benét's love of American people and places are
celebrated in these rightly famous poems, easily
demonstrating how he came to be both popular and
critically acclaimed.*

Benét
John Brown's Body

*John Brown was the most polarizing figure possible
in American history: a fanatically religious farmer,
he believed slavery was evidence of Satan's rule in
America. With sons and supporters he attempted to*

Suck the last hollow wildfire from the singing bones.

Bury the South together with this man,
Bury the bygone South.
Bury the minstrel with the honey-mouth,
Bury the broadsword virtues of the clan,
Bury the unmechanical, the planters' pride,
The courtesy and the bitter arrogance,
The pistol-hearted horsemen who could ride
Like jolly centaurs under the hot stars.
Bury the whip, bury the branding-bars,
Bury the unjust thing
That some tamed into mercy, being wise,
But could not starve the tiger from its eyes
Or make it feed where beasts of mercy feed.
Bury the fiddle-music and the dance,
The sick magnolias of the false romance
And all the chivalry that went to seed
Before its ripening.
And with these things, bury the purple dream
Of the America we have not been,
Bury this destiny unmanifest,
This system broken underneath the test,
Beside John Brown and though he knows his enemy
is there,
He is too full of sleep at last to care.

My dear Sir and Madam,
In the untimely loss of your noble son, our affliction here, is scarcely less than your own – So much of promised usefulness to one's country, and of bright hopes for one's self and friends, have rarely been so suddenly dashed, as in his fall. In size, in years, and in youthful appearance, a boy only, his power to command men, was surpassingly great – This power, combined with a fine intellect, an indomitable energy, and a taste altogether military, constituted in him, as seemed to me, the best natural talent, in that department, I ever knew. And yet he was singularly modest and deferential in social intercourse – I never heard him utter a profane, or an intemperate word – What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents – The honors he labored for so laudably, and, in the sad end, so gallantly gave his life, he meant for them, no less than for himself –

provoke a slave uprising with what we today would call a terrorist raid. His conviction and hanging expedited the Civil War when a mobilized North followed in his footsteps, making war on slavery. Benét insists that the old slave-owning south is buried with John Brown.

Abraham Lincoln

*Letter to the parents of
Elmer E. Ellsworth*

Lincoln was friends with the 24 year old Colonel Elmer Ellsworth who lost his life taking the town of Alexandria, across the Potomac from Washington in 1861. He once called Ellsworth "the greatest little man I ever met." His reference to "a common affliction" is a reference to the death of his own three year old son Eddie in 1850.

In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address you this tribute to the memory of my young friend, and your brave and early fallen child. May God give you that consolation which is beyond all earthly power –

Sincerely your friend in a common affliction –

A. Lincoln

Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

Dear Madam, –

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln /

John Hay

Letter to Mrs Bixby of Massachusetts

This beautiful expression of consolation is to a Mrs Bixby who lost five sons in the war. The Bixby Letter is often cited as a model of perfection of its kind. Though issued with Lincoln's approval, it was probably penned by Lincoln's secretary John Hay and released publicly to rally Northern opinion in the very last days of the war.

‘Rendezvous with Destiny’ from *Voices and Instruments*

I have to thank Bob Carr for introducing me to the poetry of Stephen Vincent Benét. I confess I had only known of Benét as the author of the short story *The Devil and Daniel Webster*.

Bob and I started talking in 2009 about a musical collaboration, to create a concert piece for narrator and musical ensemble for which I would compose the music and he would speak a text chosen by us.

Rather than select a single source as the text, we decided to challenge ourselves by creating a modern *cento*. Originating in Classical antiquity, the Latin *cento* was a poem made up entirely of lines from existing poems. This may seem weird against today’s artistic values that place so much emphasis on originality, but in fact the centonist’s art was admired precisely because it allowed the poem to borrow meaning: a knowledgeable audience would grasp the whole inherited background behind a single borrowed line. The 4th century Roman poet Ausonius wrote that a *cento* lets “different meanings come together in a single form, and disparate things seem to be related, so that unrelated things let no light through the gaps....”

(The cheeky Ausonius himself managed to create a bawdy piece about wedding night deflowering by joining up lines entirely from Virgil, no less.)

Though rarer, there were also *centos* of non-poetic assemblages, ie. the prose *centos* that Eustathius mentions. In music, the most famous example is the text of *Messiah* by Charles Jennens that Handel set to music in which some 80 independent passages are concatenated from biblical books to tell the Bible’s central story.

Bob and I have a mutual interest in American history. You’d have thought this would be the obvious subject for our text. But we actually started elsewhere – Greek mythology, contemporary Australian authors – in a misguided effort to avoid the most obvious of topics: Abraham Lincoln.

Bob is known as an expert on Lincoln. I, while no expert, have accumulated a lot of Lincoln lore because I just happen to be born on the same day of the year (Feb 12), and my childhood was full of needling about following the footsteps of a great leader. Bob is also a longtime admirer of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. When he proposed FDR, I was immediately intrigued: both Lincoln and Roosevelt were wartime presidents. I knew that juxtaposing words from the Civil War and the Second World War periods would fulfil Ausonius’ criterion of disparate things seeming related.

We felt we needed one more source to ‘glue’ our wartime presidents together. It was then that Bob suggested the poet Stephen Vincent Benét. A brilliant choice; Benét was an exact contemporary of Roosevelt’s who greatly admired this longest serving of America’s presidents. He even wrote a section of Roosevelt’s famed *Four Freedoms* speech.

The Civil War was a central theme in Benét’s poetry. Benét won the first of his two Pulitzer Prizes for his book-length poem *John Brown’s Body*, an extraordinary epic lyric chronicling the era and the man whose death in the process of protesting slavery ignited the Civil War. And so our text begins with Roosevelt and Benét simultaneously: Benét’s tribute poem to Roosevelt, called *Tuesday, November 5th, 1940* [Election Day]. In the deliberately plain, street-tone of ‘ordinary’ people, Benét gives voice to a nation grateful to a president who had

seen them safely through the Great Depression, when the “merry-go-round broke down”.

Then we intermingle lines from two powerful speeches of Roosevelt’s: his address before the Democratic National Congress of June 1936 and his second inaugural address of January 1937: the former is the rousing ‘Rendezvous with Destiny’ speech; the latter contains that chilling observation, “I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad and ill-nourished.”

The simply-worded but heartfelt *United Nations Prayer*, written by Benét expressly for and delivered by Roosevelt on Flag Day, June 14, 1942, forms our transition to a section of poetry of Benét’s. The next stanzas, with their gorgeous imagery and rippling meters, come from *The Ballad of William Sycamore* and *American Names*. The latter’s most famous line is its very last: “Bury my heart at Wounded Knee”; for us it forms a natural link to the brutal and vivid closing section of *John Brown’s Body*, where Benét declares that the whole old South buried itself when it hanged John Brown.

And finally to Lincoln. The theme of mortality brings us to the condolence letters of Abraham Lincoln. There exist at least 2 letters by Lincoln expressing his sorrow and respect to the family of soldiers killed in the war. This is an Abe Lincoln far removed from the larger-than-life persona of the Gettysburg Address or the Second Inaugural Address. They reveal instead a compassionate leader, even a friend.

The first is the letter to the parents of Elmer Ellworth, written “in the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow.” The 24-year old Colonel Ellworth was not only a close friend of

Lincoln’s, but the first casualty of the Civil War. Lincoln was shattered at this loss and his emotion is absolute and plain in the letter.

The other is the famous “Bixby Letter,” a succinct, beautiful expression of consolation to a Mrs Bixby of Massachusetts who lost five sons in the war. The Bixby Letter is often cited as a model of perfection of its kind. Never mind that three of Mrs Bixby’s sons actually survived the war, that Mrs Bixby herself was a Confederate sympathiser with little regard for Lincoln, or that the letter, though issued with Lincoln’s approval, was probably penned by Lincoln’s secretary John Hay (clearly an accomplished writer in his own right).

With this wide range of texts, I felt able to adopt a commensurate range of musical styles that nonetheless cohered. Sometimes I matched music and word logically: I threw in the bustle of a brief 1930’s dance-hall passage to accompany the “creeping panic” of Benét’s *Tuesday* poem. To illustrate New Deal industrial stimulation, I indulge in some musical onomatopoeia alluding to locomotive music. But as for actual quotation, I did this only once and only obliquely – I borrow from James Sanderson’s *Hail to the Chief* not in any of the presidential texts but to create the slow, inexorable march of the John Brown poem. For the same reason a cento text allows meaningful connections to be made across disparate sources, I sometimes use the same music for disparate texts. For instance, I used the same noble theme for the *United Nations Prayer* and for the postlude following the Lincoln condolence letters, both texts being acknowledgements of the will of a higher power.

And so in the end, what have Bob and I created? Merely a way of glancing at America, merely an appreciation of its story by burrowing deeply into a handful of moments we’ve chained together.

Personally, the country where I spent so many formative years fascinates me still, a country that has the best and worst of everything. The poet Robert Pinsky observed that America has no origin story: “Americans have been suckled by no wolf, sired by no Trojan fleeing Troy; they are not descended from the sun or from dragon’s teeth sown in the earth.... The greatness of our nation, then, may consist partly in its ability to thrive, to endure, and to evolve without certain marks of peoplehood. Indeed, a major, traditional American proposition has been that our greatness consists precisely in the fact that we are

making it up as we go along — that we are perpetually in the process of devising ourselves as a people.”

I’d say the longer America exists, the more its stories function like origin myths: that America invents itself in the overcoming of slavery, in the triumph over depressions, in the evolution of its morality and spirituality, in the falling in love with its own names. Pinsky ended his essay with this profound sentence: “Deciding to remember, and what to remember, is how we decide who we are.

– Lyle Chan, March 2011

Two excerpts from *Harp and Wind Quintet*

Like all my pieces, *Harp and Wind Quintet* is a single-movement open-form work. I constantly add passages, so it’s a perpetual work-in-progress. Currently it’s just under 1 hour long, but I have a feeling it’ll bloom to the length of my longest works, Solo Piano and String Quartet, each of which is over 3 hours in duration.

Passage [Untitled, Jan 2010]

Passage [Untitled, Jan 2010] is my eager surrender to the spirit of Carl Stalling, the brilliant composer behind the classic cartoon shows *Looney Toons* and *Merric Melodies*. If you close your eyes during a Bugs Bunny film and simply listen, you hear an extraordinary piece of music. Firstly, it’s some of the happiest sounds that musical notes could ever make. And from a technical perspective, this zippy, maniacal music handled old issues like form and tonality with new aplomb. It used atonality to make people laugh, of all things.

I’ve no doubt one reason I was drawn like a magnet to Stalling was his intense use of quotation. The act of quotation is central to my music, my way of honouring the grand total of music that’s passed ahead of me. If ever I convey a new musical vista, it’s only because a dwarf is allowed on the shoulders of giants (“Nos esse quasi nanos, gigantium humeris incidentis” is Bernard of Chateris’ more poetic way of putting it.)

Like Charles Ives, another of my musical heroes, Stalling would not compose without using someone else’s music as a starting point. Not only that, but he’d compulsively use his favorite songs again and again. He was teased for this predictability; the cartoonists would deliberately draw a woman with a red dress knowing Stalling would not resist quoting the Wrubel/Dixon song “The Lady in Red”. And yet the creation of cliché was integral to Stalling’s style. The engulfing power of this cliché is what allows someone like me to conjure his sound world instantly but without imitating him; in *Passage*, I haven’t actually used any quotes from Stalling or his favorite songs. I’ve just used that pat sensibility.

But what I couldn't resist was the musical style of the Roaring Twenties – I love the era F. Scott Fitzgerald called 'The Jazz Age' and so must Stallings have, because it was songs of this time that he returned to most often, even in his post World War II films. I round off *Passage [Untitled, Jan 2010]* with a pumping big tune that bears a laconic resemblance to Gershwin, and I was overjoyed to notice this as I wrote it.

I've scored this *Passage* for woodwind quintet and it forms part of *Harp and Wind Quintet*. I've discovered to my own amusement that *Harp and Wind Quintet* often expresses a part of me that is playful and likes to laugh. The creative spirit in anyone is a child and likes to play. Children like crayons and toys and take delight in new things. Adults would like crayons and toys but never give themselves permission; adults often find fear in new things. I think you can like Bugs Bunny at any age.

'Calcium Light Night'

One night last November as I was falling asleep, a tune drifted to mind. I managed to grasp it sufficiently before I lost consciousness. I love that moment just before sleep takes over. I used not to understand it, this dreamlike waking state where your mind is like a screen onto which seemingly random projections are made. But as I continue to deepen my study and practice of neurolinguistics and hypnosis, I have learned to enjoy and indeed capitalise on the different available states of consciousness. The moment before sleep is a state called hypnagogia, a type of trance. Trance is a powerful state of consciousness where your unconscious mind is free to express itself while the conscious mind is occupied with something else (in this case, falling asleep). Many artists and scientists have credited their ideas or problem-solving to the hypnagogic trance. Friedrich Kekulé arrived at the ring structure of

benzene while in one, seeing a snake bite its tail. I like the German word for what one sees – Halbschlafbilder, or "half-asleep pictures".

My hypnagogic cognitions (as they're formally called) in that brief yet immeasurable flash that November night were these – I heard an original tune, I saw myself during the American Civil War, I heard another tune (one I didn't compose, 'O Shenandoah') and I found myself wondering what Abraham Lincoln would do.

Hypnagogic cognitions come from our unconscious. Whatever's occupied our unconscious comes to the fore, as in dreams. I knew the symbolism held in my cognitions. I had been thinking about leadership – to be precise, my leadership roles in two areas: classical music, where increasingly I am leading as a composer, and the personal and corporate development field, where increasingly I am leading as a professional coach.

I share a birthday with Lincoln, a fact that would be inconsequential except I had been reminded of it so often in childhood that, in my consciousness, the figure of Lincoln is permanently associated with the notion of inspiring leadership. The Civil War was a parts-conflict within myself – part of me thought it was possible to be a leading composer as well as a leading coach; part of me thought I had to choose, that if I were a leader in one field, I would have to be a small player in the other.

When I sat down to write *Calcium Light Night*, I wasn't surprised to find that my tune and the folk-tune could be played simultaneously. In fact, they made a wondrous effect together. The result was literally a harmonious coexistence. The message from my unconscious was clear: I didn't have to choose. My life's purpose includes not just being a composer and a coach, but being a leader that combines the fields of

composition and coaching. What this means exactly is beyond my ability to see at the moment, but I'm sure it will be revealed to me in due course.

The title of the piece comes from Charles Ives. Titles, really, are rather incidental in my pieces. I'd say the word 'piece' is possibly more appropriate to my compositional form than to any other composer's, since in my case the pieces literally are pieces of a larger whole. It is

rather arbitrary how I enclose a section with parentheses to give it a name. *Calcium Light Night* is the name of an Ives piece from his college days. It depicts a rowdy ritual where two fraternities vie for new pledges, marching between rooms carrying a brilliant lime (ie. calcium) light glowing red or green. This has nothing to do with my piece. Or I just may have seen a lime light on that Civil War field next to Lincoln and the cannons.

– Lyle Chan, February 2010

Lyle Chan's compositions have been performed by a diverse range of musicians, including the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, soprano Taryn Fiebig, the choir Cantillation, the New Sydney Wind Quintet, Acacia Ensemble and conductor Shalev Ad-El, amongst others.

His unusual approach to writing music results in perpetual works-in-progress with only one work per genre (see www.lylechanmusic.com for a deeper explanation) and means that his works are so far only ever performed in excerpt form. *Rendezvous with Destiny* is part of the larger work *Voices and Instruments* which includes solo vocal, choral as well as spoken sections.

Lyle Chan holds a Bachelor's degree from the University of Wisconsin, Madison where he studied under Conrad Pope, J. Peter Burkholder and the Pro Arte String Quartet. He spent over a decade at ABC Classics, where as Artists, Repertoire and Marketing Manager he spearheaded the production of virtually all important classical recordings in the period, including every winner in the Classical category of the ARIA Award for the eleven consecutive years of 1997 to 2008.

In addition to being a composer, he is also a fully-qualified neurolinguistic coach and hypnotist (Master Practitioner and Trainer) and passionately pursues personal growth for himself and others. His 'adventures' in personal growth frequently form the basis for his musical compositions. He is currently composing his first opera.

Senator Bob Carr is Australia's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and is the longest continuously serving Premier in New South Wales history. He served as Leader of the Opposition from 1988 until his election as Premier in March 1995. He was re-elected in 1999 and again in March 2003 securing an historic third four-year term.

During these 10 years the State Government set new records for spending on infrastructure, became the first government in the State's history to retire debt, hosted the world's best Olympics in 2000 and achieved the nation's best school literacy levels. *Forbes* magazine called Bob Carr a "dragon slayer" for his landmark tort law reforms.

As Premier he introduced the world's first carbon trading scheme and curbed the clearing of native vegetation as anti-greenhouse measures. He was a member of the International Task Force on Climate Change

convened by Tony Blair, and was made a life member of the Wilderness Society in 2003. He has also received the World Conservation Union International Parks Merit Award for creating 350 new national parks.

Bob Carr has received the Fulbright Distinguished Fellow Award Scholarship. He has served as Honorary Scholar of the Australian American Leadership Dialogue. He is the author of *Thoughtlines* (2002), *What Australia Means to Me* (2003), and *My Reading Life* (2008).

The New Sydney Wind Quintet was formed in 2004 by five Australian wind players of international acclaim and is now recognised as the country's leading wind quintet. It performs throughout Australia and Asia, making regular appearances for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation and Musica Viva Australia. The players teach at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music and are members of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and have held major positions in European and American orchestras. In 2010, the NSWQ took up a year-long residency at the New England Conservatorium of Music in Armidale, providing concerts, masterclasses and workshops in five towns in the New England region.

The NSWQ is committed to advocating Australian music: it made the first recording of Ross Edwards' *Incantations (Maninyas III)* and has given world premieres of Lyle Chan and Andrew Schultz. It has commissioned a new wind quintet from Ross Edwards for its 2012 season. The NSWQ's two recordings have both been praised by maestro Vladimir Ashkenazy, saying "Imaginative program." ... "Superb playing. Bravo! I cannot imagine these pieces played better! ... These

recordings of Ibert, Juon, Ravel, Grainger, Nielsen as well as Edwards and Chan are available on iTunes.



Lyle Chan, Bob Carr and the New Sydney Wind Quintet following the world premiere of *Rendezvous With Destiny* (Photo: Adrian Boddy)