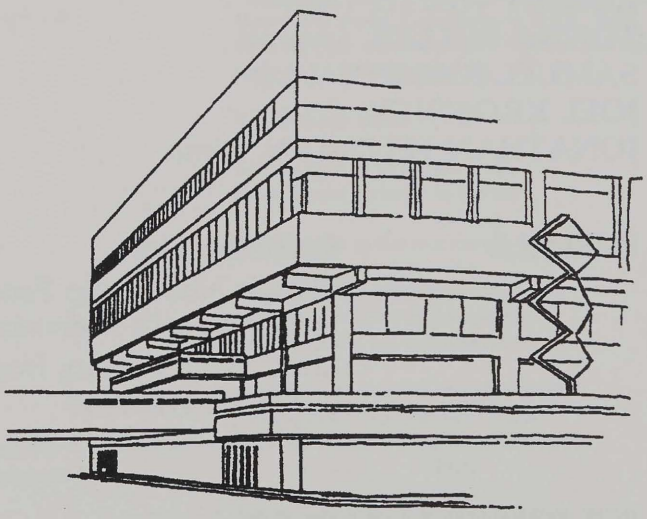
THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL

1998-99 DANIEL SAIDENBERG FACULTY RECITAL SERIES



SAMUEL SANDERS AND FRIENDS— REMINISCENCES

Thursday, October 8, 1998 at 8:00 PM
Juilliard Theater

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PRESENTS THE
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FACULTY RECITAL SERIES

Thursday, October 8, 1998 at 8 pm
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SAMUEL SANDERS AND FRIENDS—
REMINISCENCES

SAMUEL SANDERS, *Piano*

GUEST ARTISTS:
ROBERT WHITE, *Tenor*
TONNA MILLER, *Soprano*
SAMUEL RHODES, *Viola*
JOEL KROSNICK, *Cello*
JONATHAN FELDMAN, *Piano*

PURCELL

Strike the Viol
There's Nothing so Fatal as Woman, from *A Fool's Preferment*
Lord, What is Man, from *Harmonia Sacra*
MR. WHITE, *Tenor*
MR. SANDERS, *Piano*

BOLCOM

Let Evening Come,
Cantata for Lyric Soprano, Viola, and Piano (1994),
Poems by Maya Angelou, Emily Dickinson, and Jane Kenyon
Ailey, Baldwin, Floyd, Killens, and Mayfield *(Maya Angelou)*
'Tis not that Dying hurts us so *(Emily Dickinson)*
Let Evening Come *(Jane Kenyon)*
MS. MILLER, *Soprano*
MR. RHODES, *Viola*
MR. SANDERS, *Piano*

PROKOFIEV Sonata in C Major, Op. 119 for cello and piano (1949)

Andante grave
Moderato
Allegro ma non troppo

MR. KROSNICK, *Cello*
MR. SANDERS, *Piano*

INTERMISSION

POULENC *Tel jour Telle nuit*

Bonne journée
Une ruine coquille vide
Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
A toutes brides
Une herbe pauvre
Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Nous avons fait la nuit

MR. WHITE, *Tenor*
MR. SANDERS, *Piano*

BARBER *Souvenirs*, Op. 28 for one piano, four hands (1952)

Waltz
Schottische
Pas de deux
Two-Step
Hesitation-Tango
Galop

MR. FELDMAN, *Piano*
MR. SANDERS, *Piano*

Please make certain that the electronic signal on your watch or pager is turned off during the concert. The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not allowed in the Hall.

Preparing for this concert at The Juilliard School has made me realize what a huge impact this institution has played on my life, both musically and personally. I grew up in the Bronx and for reasons I still can't explain I loved listening to the Sunday afternoon broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic. My parents were just plain hard-working folks with no particular interest in the arts; indeed my father's favorite reading material was the Racing Form and the "funnies." But they had respect for artists and my mother felt that playing the piano would be less stressful for a kid with serious health problems than other forms of endeavor. Ha!

Of course, like most of the other kids in my neighborhood, I adored sports, especially baseball, but it was hopeless; I was notorious on my block as being the slowest runner, the fielder in stick-ball games who tried to catch fly balls with the top of his head, who tried to spear line drives with his bespectacled left eye, and who ran into inanimate objects such as telephone poles and parked cars. Later, as an undergraduate at Hunter College I considered quitting music and trying my hand at films, but would the likes of Ingrid Bergman or Kim Novak seriously consider spending quality time with me (even though it was only make-believe)?

My problems with music stemmed from years of piano lessons with two rather brutal piano teachers, the Famous one, and the Secret one. Lucky is the youngster who studies music with a teacher who puts ego aside, inspires both intellectual curiosity and imagination, and instills confidence with a basic groundwork upon which one can build. At Hunter College, I received a wonderful general and musical education. I also began performing with other young singers and instrumentalists and discovered that this sort of music-making was for me. I had heard of the musician Sergius Kagen from a fellow Bronxite, pianist Alan Mandel. He raved about a huge, multi-faceted course for accompanists that Mr. Kagen taught at Juilliard. Thus, I auditioned at the School and did very well in the theory tests and had a good day at the piano audition. I was accepted as a master of music degree candidate. My piano major teacher was Irwin Freundlich, a highly intellectual and articulate man who helped me to become more analytical and methodical in my practice habits.

Unfortunately, my audition for Mr. Kagen was a disaster. I was paralyzed by fear and nervousness and Kagen's gruff manner and hard glare didn't help. Nevertheless, he accepted me very, very grudgingly. I soon learned that his bark was far worse than his bite. Indeed, he was one of the most compassionate and perceptive men I have ever met and through great patience and encouragement and skill he transformed me into a professional musician. Sergius Kagen, in many ways self-taught, was a superb pianist, composer, vocal coach, editor, and though not a singer himself, an esteemed member of the Juilliard Voice Faculty. He was never ego-driven, but he prized professionalism. When casually asked how he was feeling ("How are you?"), his rather humorous reply was generally "Still alive." One day, three and a half years after that poorly played audition, he wasn't; dear Mr. Kagen had died suddenly in his sleep. He was in his early fifties. I want to dedicate this concert to his memory.

While still a graduate student at the School, I formed musical and social friendships with people I still perform with today: flutist Paula Robison; cellist Stephen Kates; tenor Robert White (He and I actually met as freshman at Hunter College.). I met and befriended other Juilliard kids shortly after I graduated and began teaching at the School, and they include flutist Eugenia Zukerman, and violinists Earl Carlyss and Itzhak Perlman. I also played for lessons in many of the Juilliard voice faculty studios, and so I performed with, or coached, or played auditions for Marlena Kleinman Malas and Daniel Ferro, now internationally famous voice teachers. Playing for the many voice students of Beverley Johnson was a revelation. She is still turning out great stars like Renée Fleming. I also played for cellists studying with the magnificent cellist Leonard Rose. Then I became his recital partner for nine years. Through him I met and performed with many of his students including Lynn Harrell, Toby Saks, Myung Wha Chung, and Yo-Yo Ma.

Several years into my career, I decided that I needed remedial piano work and I took a batch of lessons with Martin Canin of the Juilliard piano faculty. What a fabulous teacher and how those lessons helped! I also

recall a very baby-faced Robert Mann in the early 1960s praising my performance of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* song cycle, and years later his sizzling energy when coaching Itzhak Perlman and myself in Beethoven and Brahms sonatas and a challenging composition of his own.

In the late 1980s a personal dream of my own was realized. Juilliard established a degree program for collaborative pianists. As it happened, Margo Garrett, a former student of mine, was named chairperson. As a student, Margo was so skilled and fine that I often felt that the teacher-student relationship could easily be reversed. Margo's successor is our much beloved Jonathan Feldman. One could not ask for more.

I am very grateful to Juilliard for its musical instruction and personal support and for all these joyful memories and many others as well.

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

HENRY PURCELL
(Born London, probably, 1659, probably; died London, 1695)
Strike the Viol
There's Nothing So Fatal as Woman
(from *A Fool's Preferment*)
Lord, What is Man (from *Harmonia Sacra*)

Henry Purcell, widely acknowledged to have been the greatest British composer between the golden age of the English Renaissance and the twentieth century, died before the seventeenth century was up, at the tragically young age of thirty-seven. His remains lie beneath the north aisle of Westminster Abbey; a marble tablet affixed to a neighboring pillar reads "Here lyes Henry Purcell Esq Who left this Life, And is gone to that Blessed Place Where only his Harmony can be exceeded." Popular confusion notwithstanding, the composer's surname is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable; this seems clear from the way his name scans when it comes up, as it frequently does, in poetic tributes penned during, or shortly after, his life—this in itself reflected the celebrity he enjoyed during his brief span.

Purcell wrote music in most of the principal genres of his day—instrumental and vocal, secular and sacred—but his oeuvre includes a preponderance of songs, including 150 that were written for stage productions. He was himself a professional singer (a countertenor, in fact), a rare thing for a composer; another composer whose music figures on this program is one of the few other examples to come to mind: Samuel Barber, who was a creditable baritone.

The three songs performed here derive from three quite separate vocal genres: "Strike the Viol" is taken from a courtly ode of celebration, "There's Nothing So Fatal as Woman" is drawn from a music-theatre piece, and "Lord, What is Man" figures in a collection of sacred (though not strictly liturgical) compositions. In Purcell's time, it was leading composers who were traditionally commissioned to write a vocal work to mark the birthday of the monarch. In April 1694, it accordingly fell to Purcell to compose "Come, Ye Sons of Art," his Ode for the birthday of Queen Mary (that would be the Mary of the ruling couple William and Mary), to a text that is probably by Nahum Tate (who also wrote the libretto for Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas*). The Ode is brimful with references to music, and particularly to musical instruments. "Strike the Viol" stands as the work's centerpiece, an ecstatic paean to music itself, which was certainly Purcell's favorite subject to address in tones. Its construction is quite sophisticated, with a ground bass supporting a solo-voice line, and with an instrumental ritornello punctuating the proceedings. The ground itself is fascinating, a two-bar modulating unit, in the original employing two recorders to chirp gently above the continuo; in this arrangement, all is reduced for piano accompaniment.

"There's Nothing So Fatal as Woman" has gained considerable popularity thanks to its inclusion in modern anthologies of ancient vocal repertoire, which is not to say that it doesn't entirely deserve its fame. It was written in 1688 for a stage play called *A Fool's Preferment, or The Three Dukes of Dunstable*, to a text by Thomas D'Urfey (based on John Fletcher's play *The Noble*

Gentleman). Purcell provided seven songs and one duet for this play, which proved successful enough to provide his first big break-through into the English stage. Unfortunately, the Glorious Revolution broke out shortly after the play was produced, bringing a temporary halt to Purcell's advancement in the world of musical theatre; but his time would come.

A more serious side of Purcell's art is represented by "Lord, What is Man," from the 1693 collection *Harmonia Sacra: or Divine Hymns and Dialogues...The Second Book*. This six-minute movement, with a text by William Fuller, exemplifies the extravagant attention Purcell could lavish in his text-setting. He was much abetted in this by employing the (then) avant-garde techniques of the Italian vocal composers, though he turned their declamatory recitative style into something uniquely English and uniquely his own. The opening question —"Lord, What is Man?"—is reiterated with increasing anxiety; the voice trails off into its diminishingly audible lower range as, in the text, man is given up for lost; the introduction of "wond'rous love" is enwreathed with lush adoration; and, Purcell being Purcell, the mention of music (in this case, "a voice like yours to sing that anthem here which once you sung") provides an excuse for exceptional excitement in the setting. In the concluding "Hallelujah," Purcell's writing grows overtly Italianate, so much so that its rich coloratura seems perhaps a bit out of place; but, then again, one must remember that Purcell was keeping very up-to-date by including such a passage at all.

WILLIAM BOLCOM
(Born Seattle, Washington, 1938, and living for many years in Ann Arbor, Michigan.)
Let Evening Come, Cantata for Lyric Soprano, Viola, and Piano

The American composer, pianist, and educator William Bolcom is one of the United States' most acclaimed living composers. Following his student years, which included a stint working with Darius Milhaud, he experimented in the many techniques available to a young composer coming of age in the 1950s: serial music, collage, classical-popular crossover, even microtonality and electronic music. He went on to win much deserved acclaim, including such a top-drawer honor as a Pulitzer Prize in Composition, and is one of rather few living composers to enjoy seeing a number of their works being widely adopted into the active repertoire.

Let Evening Come therefore stands as a tribute by one of our era's leading composers to one of our era's most beloved singers. Since the singer in question, Tatiana Troyanos, died of rapidly invading cancer while the work was still in the planning stage, Bolcom's cantata (as he calls this group of three song-like movements) became a memorial tribute to the Greek-American mezzo-soprano. But the piece is really more than that. It is really a tribute to two great singers, of whom one —the soprano Benita Valente—is still active on our stages. Valente and Troyanos often reserved time in their heavily booked international schedules to perform together in recital; often the pianist with whom they worked was Cynthia Raim, who was Valente's principal accompanist. It was for them that Bolcom intended to compose his piece when he was approached with a joint commission from Lincoln Center Productions and the Gloria Narramore Moody Foundation (in memory of Frank McCorkle Moody). The score carried a dedication "in memory of Tatiana Troyanos and for Benita Valente, Michael Tree, and Cynthia Raim." Music-lovers will be happy to learn that the three musicians for whom this affecting work was composed will soon be committing it to disc.

When the work was premiered, in 1994, Bolcom wrote a program note that explained what happened:

> Last year [i.e., in 1993] I was requested to write a singing duet for Tatiana Troyanos and Benita Valente, two wonderful artists. We discussed possible texts, and then very unexpectedly Tatiana died, a blow to all of us. I was then approached by the sponsors of the commission: Would I write a duo anyway, with Benita Valente, Cynthia Raim, and Michael Tree as violist, the violist in some way representing the departed Tatiana? The present cantata is the result.
>
> The three poems chosen describe with ever greater acceptance the phenomenon of death. Maya Angelou's poem is still raw with the shock of

so many lost artists of the African-American pantheon but observes with an almost journalistic candor the states we, as survivors, pass through after the death of a powerful person. Emily Dickinson's continues in the same dispassionate vein, observation not softening the grief but resolving it through deeper understanding; Jane Kenyon's invites us to contemplate the elegant beauty in death's resolution.

The violist's role did not turn out to be a ghostly re-creation of Troyanos' spirit but, perhaps, that of choral commentator on the poems' events. Though each setting is detachable from the other two, the viola-and-piano interlude between the last two poems is not; it serves as gateway to the "coming of evening."

SERGEI PROKOFIEV
(Born Ukraine, 1891; died Moscow 1953.)
Sonata in C Major, Op. 119 for cello and piano

"The scene is the Small Hall of the Conservatory; the time, December 21, 1947. Sergei Prokofiev is in the audience and I am on the stage, struggling with the intricate passages of his First Cello Concerto." So the eminent cellist, pianist, and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich begins a reminiscence which he penned for a book about Prokofiev that Russia's State Music Publishing Company issued three years after the composer's death. Prokofiev might have been mildly surprised that the Soviet Government had decided to acknowledge him in this way. Like many of his contemporaries, he evinced an uneasy stance toward his country, a position that shaped his life in important ways. His stock rose and fell with the authorities over the years, and when he died, in 1953, it was depleted from a cultural bear market.

Musically precocious, Prokofiev had the good fortune to be born into an affluent and culturally aware family. By the time the composer Glière was summoned to the Prokofiev estate to tutor the eleven-year-old prodigy in the summer of 1902, young Sergei had already written two operas and quite a few piano pieces. At the age of thirteen he embarked on what would be a ten-year affiliation with the St. Petersburg Conservatory, by the end of which he had achieved the school's top prize for piano-playing, which he won by playing his own First Piano Concerto (an idea that did not much please Glazunov, a dissenter on the jury); he had attracted notice through the premieres of numerous compositions that continue to be performed today; and he had consolidated important friendships that would nurture him for many years, especially with his fellow composers Boris Asafiev and Nikolai Miaskovsky.

When the Bolshevik Revolution hit, Prokofiev decided to ride out the storm elsewhere, so in May 1918 he left for what he figured would be a visit of several months to New York (which he reached via Vladivostock, Tokyo, and San Francisco). As it happened, the Revolution did not blow over, with the result that Prokofiev spent the first half of his career abroad, in New York until 1922, and in the heady avant-garde climate of Paris from 1922-36. But he missed Russia, and much of his time during those years he spent with other Russian expatriates. The pull of native land grew strong, and after a couple of trips to Moscow in the early 1930s, to work on commissions for film (*Lieutenant Kijé*) and ballet (*Romeo and Juliet*), he decided to return definitively in 1936.

That was precisely when Soviet musical life was becoming consolidated under the iron-fisted isolating auspices of the Union of Soviet Composers. Prokofiev weathered the challenge reasonably well—certainly better than Shostakovich, who grew abjectly miserable under the system—until 1948, when he was censured by the Central Committee of the Communist Party (along with quite a few other prominent composers) for writing music "marked with formalist perversions...alien to the Soviet people." An opera he was writing at the time, *The Story of a Real Man*, was not allowed to be produced, and the composer's health began to decline. His closest friends disappeared—Asafiev died in 1949, Miaskovsky in 1950—and he managed to complete only two further large-scale works, his Seventh Symphony (1951-52), and his Symphony-Concerto for Cello and Orchestra (1952), written for Rostropovich. Had he survived until the cultural thaw of the post-Stalin era, it is conceivable that his physical condition might have improved along with his professional fortune. As it was, he

did not: he and Stalin died on the same day.

Back to Rostropovich and his concerto performance in 1947:

> When the concert was over, Sergei Sergeievich [Prokofiev] came backstage and told me that after listening carefully to the concerto he had decided to rewrite it. I reminded him of this each time I met him after that, but without success.
>
> A year later I saw him again in the Small Hall of the Conservatory. He had come there with Miaskovsky to hear the latter's new Cello Sonata. He told me he was writing a cello sonata, too, and would send me the music as soon as it was finished. Some time later I received the manuscript together with an invitation to come to Nikolina Gora [Prokofiev's *dacha*] and play it for him and offer any suggestions that might occur to me while learning it....
>
> Inviting us into his study, he sat down at the piano and we began to play. I was very much surprised to see how quickly he had forgotten his own music—he played the accompaniment as if he had never seen it before. Evidently that was because he was composing a great deal of new music at the time. Once, some time later, he told me that whenever he played over something of his, even if he had written it quite recently, it always appeared quite strange to him at first, and only after repeated playing would the melody begin to "grow on him," then everything would appear logical and natural, and he would feel that he could not have written it differently. That same day at Nikolina Gora, Sergei Sergeievich expressed the wish that the piano part of the Cello Sonata should be played by S[viatoslav] Richter.

Indeed, it was Richter who would join Rostropovich in the public premiere of the work, which took place in the Small Hall of the Moscow Conservatory on March 1, 1950. They had already played it on December 6, 1949, at a closed session of the Composers Union. Obviously, those who heard it there approved sufficiently to allow the premiere to take place; and, in fact, the work was quite warmly received by the official critics as well as the audience. Sad to say, Prokofiev was not among the listeners at the March premiere, since his health had confined him to the Kremlin Hospital for much of that winter.

On the first page of the manuscript the composer jotted "Man—that has a proud sound," a famous observation by Maxim Gorky that does resonate in the context of the Cello Sonata's warm, humanistic, somewhat reflective spirit. The specific sonority of the cello is central to this piece, and the piano part is kept relatively transparent: this has the advantage of allowing the cellist to explore subtle tonal variations, even in its lower register, without worrying about being buried in the texture. The key is straightforward C major, and all three movements adhere to a generally clear-cut harmonic style, lightly dissonant without losing its tonal footing.

FRANCIS POULENC
(Born Paris, 1899; died Paris, 1963.)
Tel Jour Telle Nuit

Francis Poulenc, the centennial of whose birth is being celebrated this season, stands as a delightful paradox among twentieth-century composers. High-brows have little time for his music: it generally has a lightweight harmonic flavor to it, and even when he was sowing his wild oats, as a young composer in the Jazz Age, he was always running a lap behind Stravinsky. On the other hand, musicians and audiences tend to love his music: its technical panache is undeniable, its neo-classicism is comforting, its wit makes them laugh out loud. And in his sacred music, as well as his more serious songs and certainly his masterful opera *Dialogues des Carmélites*, Poulenc achieves a rare level of direct, sincere, spiritual, profoundly religious expression.

Poulenc enjoyed the benefit of finding himself at the right place at the right time. Having been born into fortunate circumstances (a pharmaceuticals fortune), he came of age in a Paris whose cultural geography was being re-mapped monthly under the assault of not only Stravinsky's colorful music, but also Diaghilev's exotic ballets, Apollinaire's unpredictable poems, Picasso's angular paintings, and Satie's slyly subversive scores. What's more, Poulenc's good fortune extended to possessing an open-minded Uncle Papoum, who saw no reason not to have his nephew accompany him on his spirited rounds of the boisterous *café concerts* and other Parisian night-spots.

With the onset of the Roaring Twenties, high-spirited Poulenc and five of his iconoclastic colleagues declared themselves to be a *Société des Nouveaux Jeunes*, a label that would give way in 1921 to the more informal *Groupe des Six*, a nickname bestowed by the music critic Henri Collet. Though each of *Les Six* ended up pursuing distinct paths, the jovial brashness that they all shared in the early 1920s remained a part of Poulenc's style until his death.

But Poulenc, as we have already noted, was not all fun and games; he could also be profoundly sentimental (a term not intended here to imply mawkishness). There is no overlooking the absolute sincerity expressed in *Tel Jour Telle Nuit*, the cycle of nine songs he composed, in December 1936 and January 1937, to poems by Paul Éluard. In a 1953 Suisse-Romande Radio interview with Stéphane Audel, Poulenc proclaimed, "The three great decisive encounters in my career, the ones that have deeply influenced my art, have been with Wanda Landowska [the harpsichordist], Pierre Bernac, and Paul Éluard." Two of these figures played a role in this work. Bernac, who was Poulenc's spouse for almost the last three decades of the composer's life, was the baritone whose voice greatly informed how Poulenc conceived many of his songs. Though they had worked together as early as 1927, it was only in 1934, shortly before the composition of *Tel Jour Telle Nuit*, that their collaboration reached a heightened intensity. Poulenc had known the then-Dadaist poet Éluard (the *nom de plume* of Eugène Grindel) even earlier; but though they had been friends since 1918, the composer didn't set any Éluard poems to music until 1935—the *Cinq Poèmes*, which, far from incidentally, were not only the first songs he composed specifically for Bernac but also held a place of honor in their first Paris recital together (on April 3, 1935). Many Éluard settings would follow, as Poulenc enumerated in his 1953 interview, shortly after the poet's passing:

> Then I wrote, still with Éluard, some a cappella choruses, and in 1938, a long cycle, *Tel Jour Telle Nuit*, after which came the war. Éluard, who'd given me the possibility of expressing love in music, then offered me, during the Occupation, the means of singing of my hope in one of his major works, *Figure humaine*. It was a cantata for double a-cappella chorus set to the poems *Poésie et Vérité*, and ending with the poem *Liberté*. Then I did a little a-cappella cantata, *Un Soir de neige*, and, just recently, the latest song-cycle I've written: *La Fraîcheur et le feu*. If I insist on this listing, it's in order to prove the importance of my meeting with Éluard, whom I mourn so desperately today.

The cycle's title, which means "As the day, so the night," was arrived at with some difficulty. In a letter to Poulenc in January 1937, Éluard lists it along with three other possibilities: *Tout dire* ("Saying it all"), *Aussi loin que l'amour* ("As far away as love"), and *Paroles peints* ("Painted words"), citing, at least for the moment, a personal preference for *Tout dire*. (The poems did not previously stand as a defined set, but were rather selected by Poulenc from the poet's volume *Les Yeux stériles*.) The nine pieces constitute a song cycle in the truest sense, much in lineage of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* or *Frauenliebe und -leben* (even extended to a final unification of the cycle through a last-minute, postludial reference to the opening material). Bernac wrote of these songs: "The value of each one is dependent upon the one before and after it, and upon its position in the cycle as a whole. Certain of them are really little more than linking passages to prepare the way for the mélodie they precede. The first and last are in the same key and the same tempo, and establish the atmosphere of composed happiness, of calmness and serenity, which pervades the entire cycle."

Given Éluard's Dadaist and Surrealist tendencies, the images are often confusing, and their meaning (such as it is) is open to considerable debate. Nonetheless, they can be viewed fairly as conveying different points of view on natural scenes interlaced with impressions of a love relationship. Still, no matter what ideas Éluard's words inspire, the listener is left with an impression of profound unity and with the suspicion—gently insisted by the sublime closing song, *Nous avons fait la nuit*—that in *Tel Jour Telle Nuit* Poulenc created one of the supreme pinnacles of the art song.

SAMUEL BARBER
(Born West Chester, Pennsylvania, 1910; died New York City, 1981.)
Souvenirs, Op. 28 for one piano, four-hands, (1952)

Like any satisfying meal, this concert ends with dessert—in this case, one that is charmingly scrumptious without causing undue concern that its ingestion will leave much permanent effect. It's also linked through its externals to what came before: Barber and Poulenc both left musical legacies that, in retrospect, adhere more closely to tradition than to the overt avant-garde of their time; both benefited from being born into well-heeled, culturally attuned families; and were quite openly gay (before that was very common), and received important inspiration from their spouses (who, in both cases, were also professionally involved in music).

When Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music opened its doors to receive its very first students, on October 1, 1924, Samuel Barber was second in line. (It was a violinist who managed to pass through the portal before him: Max Aronoff, who would later become well known as a member of the Curtis String Quartet.) Barber's musical gifts were apparent from an early age, and he was fortunate to be born into a family that was attuned to recognize them. Though his parents were not professional musicians, his aunt, the legendary contralto Louise Homer, was a mainstay at the Metropolitan Opera, and her husband, Sidney Homer, was well known as a composer of what some might ill-advisedly dismiss as parlor songs.

At Curtis, Barber studied not only piano and composition, but also voice—this in the studio of the baritone Emilio de Gogorza, who was a colleague of Barber's aunt at the Met. Barber possessed a fine baritone voice himself, and following his training with de Gogorza he was accomplished enough to pursue a small-scale recital career as a singer. In fact, he served as the vocal soloist in the first recording of his *Dover Beach* in 1936. Writing for the voice came naturally to him. By the time the century reached its midpoint, Barber had become one of the most famous of all American composers, thanks less to his songs than to such large-scale works as his two symphonies, his concertos for violin and for cello, his B-minor String Quartet (with its slow movement taking on independent life as his celebrated Adagio for Strings), and his supernal *Knoxville: Summer of 1915.*

"In 1952," he wrote (though a friend later suggested that the correct year was 1951), "I was writing some duets for one piano to play with a friend, and Lincoln Kirstein suggested I orchestrate them for a ballet. Commissioned by Ballet Society, the suite consists of a waltz, schottische, pas de deux, two-step, hesitation- tango, and galop. One might imagine a divertissement in a setting of the Palm Court of the Hotel Plaza in New York, the year about 1914, epoch of the first tangos; *Souvenirs*—remembered with affection, not in irony or with tongue in cheek, but in amused tenderness."

Barber took up Kirstein's suggestion; the orchestration of his elegant four-hand suite was begun in New York, continued during a summer in Paris and at a castle in Ireland, and finally completed in Corsica. He was disappointed to learn that the intended ballet production would need to be postponed due to budgetary problems at City Center.The music did not have to wait to gain popularity however, since in 1952 Barber also made a transcription of *Souvenirs* for solo piano and for two pianos; the team of Gold and Fizdale immediately made a recording of the latter, for Columbia Records, and programmed its first public airing, at the Museum of Modern Art, on March 11, 1953. While acknowledging its feather-lightness, critics welcomed the work as a charming trifle.

After several delays, the ballet version finally reached the stage of City Center Ballet on November 15, 1955, with choreography by Todd Bolender and much-admired costumes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian. The words of Francis Herridge, reviewing that production for the *New York Post*, may serve as an apt addendum to this performance. It was, he said, "a thoroughly engaging potpourri of Mack Sennett bathing girls, thin-mustached Lotharios and bloodthirsty vampires....A series of brief sketches includes a spoof on the Irene Castle dance styles, a hotel hallway farce, three wall flowers at a dance, a bedroom seduction, and an afternoon on the beach."

James M. Keller, Program Annotator for the Daniel Saidenburg Faculty Recital Series, also writes about music on staff at The New Yorker.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

One of the foremost collaborative pianists of the past several decades, **Samuel Sanders** has a career noteworthy for its wide range of activity in music and education. A native New Yorker, Mr. Sanders made his successful New York debut at the age of thirteen at Town Hall, and performed as soloist with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall when he was sixteen. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Hunter College, he taught at his alma mater while attending The Juilliard School, where he received his master of music degree. He since has performed in concert and on numerous records with such artists as Yo-Yo Ma, Leonard Rose, Pinchas Zukerman, Carol Wincenc, Hermann Baumann, Kyung Wha Chung, Jessye Norman, Beverly Sills, Mstislav Rostropovich, Håkan Hagegård, Joshua Bell, Robert White, Jacqueline Dupré, Jaime Laredo, and Lynn Harrell. Mr. Sanders has partnered violinist Itzhak Perlman since 1966, and their twelve records and CDs have garnered two Grammy Awards and a Grammy nomination. "Best Record of the Year" awards from Stereo Review and Newsweek Magazine have been awarded to records with his long-time colleague and friend, tenor Robert White. Mr. Sanders' most recent CDs include two with Mr. White on the Arabesque and Hyperion labels, and a CD with cellist Andrés Diaz, their fourth together, on the Dorian label. Several years ago, the two artists formed the Diaz-Sanders Duo, and have toured throughout the United States and Japan.

Samuel Sanders was the Founder and Artistic Director of the Cape & Islands Chamber Music Festival in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, where he remains active as performer and Artistic Consultant. While the Festival's Director, Mr. Sanders received an ASCAP-Chamber Music America Award for adventuresome programming (1989). He has performed with numerous chamber ensembles and string quartets such as the Lark, Colorado, St. Lawrence, Fine Arts, Borromeo, and Juilliard String Quartets. He has appeared with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and at major American festivals, including Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart, Tanglewood, Marlboro, Ravinia, Saratoga, Spoleto (U.S. and Italy), and Wolf Trap Festivals. Other performances in festivals around the world have taken him to Portugal, Venezuela, Canada, Austria, and England. Together with flutist Jeanne Galway and cellist Käthe Jarka, Samuel Sanders formed Zephyr, a trio which launches its inaugural season this year.

Samuel Sanders received an honorary award at the 1966 Tchaikovsky International Competition in Moscow, and has performed on seven occasions at the White House under five presidents. His citations are many including an Honorary Doctorate from Lehman College in 1996 and another from the Saint Louis Conservatory in 1984 as a salute to his accomplishments in the field of music education. His musical career and inspiring life story as a successful heart transplant recipient were profiled in a feature article in The New York Times' *Arts and Leisure* Section in November, 1995, and in a profile on the CBS News Sunday Morning television program in October, 1997.

Mr. Sanders is on advisory boards of organizations, such as Young Concert Artists and the Berkshire Opera Festival. For the past thirty-three years, he has been a faculty member of The Juilliard School, where he helped organize a degree program for collaborative pianists, a task he achieved at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in the 1980s. He conducts master classes annually in leading cities from Tokyo to Tel Aviv. When not performing, Mr. Sanders enjoys spending time with his daughter Sophie, a young painter and print maker, cheering on his beloved New York Yankee baseball team, and relaxing with his fiancée and their dogs, Maggie and Nina.

Tenor **Robert White** received his master of music degree from Juilliard in 1968 and has been a member of Juilliard's voice faculty since 1992. He studied also at Fontainebleau with the legendary Nadia Boulanger and French baritone Gérard Souzay. Robert White's musical association with Samuel Sanders goes back to their freshman year together at Hunter College in 1954. The two have concertized and recorded countless performances ever since. Just after college, tenor Robert White toured Europe and America as soloist in Medieval and Renaissance music with Noah Greenberg's New York Pro Musica, while also performing premieres

of twentieth-century works by Menotti, Schuller, Babbitt, Corigliano, and Hindemith. He has sung many concerts of Monteverdi, Fauré, and Poulenc with the Swiss tenor Hugues Cuénod. With a fluency in six languages, Mr. White is equally at home in the songs of Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Bellini, and Barber. He has hosted his own weekly radio program with orchestra on the BBC, singing music of Handel and Beethoven and well as Kern and Berlin. Mr. White has sung for five U.S. Presidents, Britain's Queen Mother and Prince Charles, Monaco's Royal Family, and Pope John Paul II. He has recorded for RCA, EMI, Arabesque, Virgin, Hyperion, and Sony Classical labels, and Arabesque has just released *Voyage à Paris —Songs of Francis Poulenc*, recorded with Samuel Sanders. Mr. White also just has finished recording songs of Irving Berlin with Marilyn Horne and Dick Hyman, for release in Spring 1999.

Soprano **Tonna Miller**, a native of Texas, currently is engaged at the Metropolitan Opera to cover the role of Barbarina in *Le nozze di Figaro*. This past summer, Ms. Miller sang Nannetta in *Falstaff* and covered roles in *The Mother of us all* with Glimmerglass Opera. Just prior to her performances at Glimmerglass, Ms. Miller sang Clorinda in *La Cenerentola* with the Nashville Opera Association, where she will return this January to sing Josephine in *HMS Pinafore*. As an apprentice artist with Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, Ms. Miller performed Euridice in Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, covered Lucia in *The Rape of Lucretia*, and received two career grants from the Richard Gaddes Fund for Opera Singers. Ms. Miller will return to the Opera Theatre of Saint Louis in the year 2000 to sing Sister Constance in *Dialogues of the Carmelites*. Other roles Ms. Miller has performed are Singer #1 in *Transformations*, La Princesse in *L'enfant et les sortilèges*, Lauretta in *Gianni Schicchi*, Adina in *L'elisir d'amore*, Mary Warren in *The Crucible*, Amante in *Il tabarro*, and Sofia in *Il Signor Bruschino*. Ms. Miller recently was a nominee for the Richard Tucker Foundation's Sara Tucker Award. Her other honors include being named a finalist at the 1997 Brigit Nilsson Competition; winner of the Fred Mathias Award, and finalist at the 1997 MacAllister Awards for Opera Singers, College Division; study Grant winner at the 1997 Licia Albanese-Puccini Foundation competition; and regional finalist in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. Ms. Miller has completed the Professional Studies program at The Juilliard School, holds a master of music degree from Manhattan School of Music, and a bachelor of music degree from Baylor University.

Violist **Samuel Rhodes** has performed in a variety of settings as recitalist, soloist with orchestras, recording artist, composer, and teacher. Mr. Rhodes is celebrating his thirtieth season as a member of both the Juilliard String Quartet and the faculty of The Juilliard School. He serves, along with Karen Tuttle, as co-chair of the viola department. He also is a faculty member of the Tanglewood Festival, and has been a participant of the Marlboro Festival since 1960. His solo appearances have included several recitals at the Library of Congress in Washington, DC, and an unaccompanied recital at The Juilliard School where he performed world premiere works by Milton Babbitt and Arthur Weisberg. In 1985, he supervised and performed in a recital series at Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall, celebrating the ninetieth birthday of Paul Hindemith.

In 1996, he organized and performed in a similar recital series at Columbia University's Miller Theater, commemorating Hindemith's 100th anniversary. Last season, he gave the world premiere performance of Donald Martino's *Three Sad Songs*, for viola and piano, with Thomas Sauer at the Library of Congress.

Mr. Rhodes, a native New Yorker, studied viola with Sydney Beck and Walter Trampler. He holds a bachelor of arts degree from Queens College of the City University of New York, and a master of fine arts degree from Princeton University, where he studied composition with Roger Sessions and Earl Kim. As a member of the Juilliard String Quartet, Mr. Rhodes has toured worldwide, has recorded an extensive catalogue of the string quartet literature, and has commissioned and performed world premiere works.

Cellist **Joel Krosnick**, who was born in Connecticut, is active as an educator as well as a performer. His principal teachers were William D'Amato, Luigi Silva, Jens Nygaard, and Claus Adam, whom he succeeded in the Juilliard String Quartet in 1974. A frequent recitalist and soloist, Mr. Krosnick performs throughout the United States and Europe. He has been heard at Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall, Merkin Hall, Symphony Space, and appears regularly at Columbia University's Miller Theater with pianist Gilbert Kalish. Mr. Krosnick has made solo recordings for the Orion, Nonesuch, and New World labels. He has performed worldwide with the Juilliard String Quartet, and can be heard with them on the Sony label. He has been a Juilliard faculty member since 1974.

Pianist **Jonathan Feldman** has performed on four continents with some of the world's greatest instrumentalists. Among these have been the legendary Nathan Milstein, Itzhak Perlman, Joshua Bell, Zara Nelsova, Kyung Wha Chung, and Ani and Ida Kavafian. Mr. Feldman also enjoys an active solo career performing in recital throughout the United States and Europe and with orchestras such as the Boston Pops, Orchestra da Camera, West Islip Symphony, and the Mystic Valley Chamber Orchestra. As a chamber musician, he appears in concert regularly with members of the New York Philharmonic and Boston Symphony Orchestras. He has performed with the New York Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble in concerts during the orchestra's tours of the Far East, South America, and Europe. Mr. Feldman also has participated in many summer festivals, notably Tanglewood, Bridgehampton Music Festival, Music from Angel Fire in New Mexico, and the Hidden Valley Music Festival in Carmel, California.

A dedicated teacher, Mr. Feldman has given master classes throughout the United States and has lectured at the University of Maryland International Piano Festival and William Kappell Competition on "The Collaborative Pianist." In the fall of 1989, Mr. Feldman joined the faculty of The Juilliard School and currently serves as chairman of the Accompanying Department. A graduate of Juilliard, his teachers have included Dorothy Taubman, Rosetta Goodkind, and Irwin Freundlich.

He has recorded for Angel/EMI, Columbia Masterworks, RCA Red Seal, Nonesuch, Summit, and CALA records. His most recent recording is with the violinist Adele Anthony for Naxos Records. Mr. Feldman lives in New Jersey with his wife, Judith LeClair, who is the Principal Bassoonist of the New York Philharmonic.

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Text for Bolcom's *Let Evening Come*

Ailey, Baldwin, Floyd, Killens, and Mayfield

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
on tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly,
Our eyes, briefly,
see with
a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines,
gnaws on kind words
unsaid,
promised walks
never taken.

Great souls die and
our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us.
Our souls,
dependent upon their
nurture,
now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed
and informed by their
radiance,
fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance
of dark, cold
caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be, Be and be
better. For they existed.

- Maya Angelou

'Tis not that Dying hurts us so

'Tis not that Dying hurts us so —
'Tis Living — hurts us more —
But Dying — is a different way—
A Kind behind the Door—

The Southern Custom— of the Bird—
That ere the Frosts are due—
Accepts a better Latitude—
We— are the Birds— that stay.

The Shiverers round Farmers' doors—
For whose reluctant Crumb—
We stipulate— till pityîng Snows
Persuade our Feathers Home.

- Emily Dickinson

Let Evening Come

Let the light of late afternoon
shine through chinks in the barn,
moving
up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing
as a woman takes up her needles
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned
in long grass. Let the stars appear
and the moon disclose her silver
horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.
Let the wind die down. Let the shed
go black inside. Let evening come.
To the bottle in the ditch, to the
scoop
in the oats, to air in the lung
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't
be afraid. God does not leave us
comfortless, so let evening come.

- Jane Kenyon

Translations for *Tel Jour Telle Nuit*
by Thomas Grubb

Bonne journée

Bonne journée j'ai revu qui je
n'oubile pas
Qui je n'oublierai jamais
Et des femmes fugaces dont les
yeux
Me faisaient une haie d'honneur
Elles s'enveloppèrent dans
leurs sourires.

Bonne journée j'ai vu mes amis
sans soucis
Les hommes ne pesaient pas lourd
Un qui passait
Son ombre changée en souris
Fuyait dans le ruisseau.

J'ai vu le ciel très grand
Le beau regard des gens privés
de tout
Plage distante où personne
n'aborde.

Bonne journée journée qui
commença mélancolique
Noire sous les arbres verts
Mais qui soudain trempée
d'aurore
M'entra dans le cœur par
surprise.

Une ruine coquille vide

Une ruine coquille vide
Pleure dans son tablier
Les enfnats qui jouent autour
d'elle
Font moins de bruit que des
mouches.

La ruine s'en va à tâtons
Chercher ses vaches dans un pré
J'ai vu le jour je vois cela
Sans en avoir honte.

Il est minuit comme une flèche
Dans un cœur à la portée
Des folâtres lueurs nocturnes
Qui contredisent le sommeil.

Translations for *Like Day, Like Night*
by Thomas Grubb

A Good Day

A good day I have seen again
whom I forget not
whom I shall never forget
and fleeting women whose
eyes
formed for me, a line-up of honor
they were enveloped in their
smiles.

A good day I saw my friends
carefree
men did not weigh very much
one who passed by
his shadow changed into a mouse
fled into the gutter.

I saw the sky as very high
the handsome glance of people
deprived of everything
distant beach which no one
reaches.

A good day a day which began
with melancholy
black under the the green trees
but which suddenly drenched
with dawn
entered inside my heart by
surprise.

A ruin an empty shell

A ruin an empty shell
weeps into its apron
the children who play
around it
make less noise than flies.

The ruin goes off feeling its way
in search of its cows in a meadow
I have seen the daylight I see that
without being ashamed of it.

It is midnight like an arrow
in a heart within reach
of playful nocturnal glimmers
which forbid sleep.

Le front comme un drapeau perdu

Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Je te traîne quand je suis seul
Dans des rues froides
Des chambres noires
En criant misère.

Je ne veux pas les lâcher
Tes mains claires et compliquées
Nées dans le miroir clos des
miennes.

Tout le reste est parfait
Tout le reste est encore plu inutile
Que la vie.

Creuse la terre sous ton ombre.

Une nappe d'eau près des seins
Où se noyer
Comme une pierre.

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
Le cheval mort un enfant maître
Pensant le front bleu de haine
A deux seins s'abattant sur lui

Comme deux poings.

Ce mélodrame nous arrache
La raison du cœur.

A toutes brides

A toutes brides toi dont le fantôme
Piaffe la nuit sur un violon
Viens régner dans les bois.

Les verges de l'ouragan

Cherchent leur chemin par
chez toi
Tu n'es pas de celles
Dont on invente les désirs.
Viens boire un baiser par ici
Cède au feu qui te désespère.

Une herbe pauvre

Une herbe pauvre
Sauvage
Apparut dans la neige.
C'était la santé.
Ma bouche fut émerveillé
Du goût d'air pur qu'elle avait.
Elle était fanée.

My brow like a doomed flag

My brow like a doomed flag
I drag you along when I am alone
In cold streets
in dark bedrooms
while screaming misery.

I do not want to release
your fair and complicated hands
born in the closed mirror of
my own.

All the rest is perfect
all the rest is even more useless
than life.

Dig into the earth beneath your
shadow.
A sheet of water beside breasts
a place to drown
like a stone.

A Gypsy Wagon with a Tiled Roof

A gypsy wagon with a tiled roof
The dead horse a child in charge
thinking his brow blue with hatred
of two breasts falling down
upon him
like two fists.

This melodrama rips
the sense out of our heart.

At full tilt

At full tilt you whose phantom
prances at night upon a violin
come to reign in the woods.

The whipping rods of the
hurricane
seek out their path toward you

you are not one of those women
whose desires one contrives.
Come drink a kiss over here
Give in to the fire which makes
you despair.

Sparse Grass

Sparse grass
wild
appeared in the snow.
It was health.
My mouth was awestruck
by the taste of pure air it had.
It was withered.

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Un orage emplit la vallée
Un poisson la rivière

Je t'ai faite à la taille de ma solitude.

Le monde entier pour se cacher
Des jours des nuits pour se comprende
Pour ne plus rien voir dans tes yeux
Que ce que je pense de toi
Et d'un monde à ton image
Et des jours et des nuits réglés par tes paupières.

Figure de force brûlante et farouche

Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Cheveux noirs où l'or coule vers le sud
Aux nuits corrompues
Or englouti étoile impure
Dans un lit jamais partagé.

Aux veines des tempes
Comme aux bouts des seins
La vie se refuse.
Les yeux nul ne peut les crever
Boire leur éclat ni leurs larmes.
Le sang au-dessus d'eux triomphe pour lui seul.

Intraitable démesurée
Inutile
Cette santé bâtit une prison.

Nous avons fait la nuit

Nous avons fait la nuit
Je tiens ta main je veille
Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces
Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de mes forces.

Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton corps germera
Je me répète ta voix cachée ta voix cachée ta voix publique

Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
Que tu traites comme une mendiante
Des fous que tu respectes
Des simples où tu te baignes.

Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement d'accord
Avec la tienne avec la nuit
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu deviens
Une inconnue semblable à toi
Semblable à tout ce qui j'aime
Qui est toujouts nouveau.

Paul Éluard

I just feel like loving you

I just feel like loving you
a storm fills up the valley
a fish the river.

I have shaped you to fit my solitude.

The whole world to hide in
days nights to understand each other
so as to see nothing more in your eyes
than what I think of you
and of a world in your image
and of days and nights ordered by your eyelids.

Face of burning and savage strength

Face of burning and savage strength
black hair where gold flows southward
on corrupt nights
engulfed gold impure star
in a bed never shared.

To the veins of temples
to the tips of breasts
life denies itself.
Nothing can put out the eyes
drink their brillance or their tears.
The blood above them triumphs for itself alone.

Unmanageable out of control
useless
this health builds a prison.

We have made it dark

We have made it dark
I hold your hand I lie awake
I support you with all my strength
I etch upon a rock the star of my strength.

Deep furrows where the goodness of your body will take seed
I repeat to myself your hidden voice your public voice

I still laugh at the haughty woman
whom you treat like a beggar

at the madmen whom you respect
at the simple-minded you surround yourself with.

And in my head which slowly starts to agree
with your with the night
I marvel at the stranger you become
a stranger resembling you
resembling all that I love
which is always new.