

Friday, March 13, 2009, 8pm
First Congregational Church

Brentano String Quartet

Mark Steinberg, *violin*
Serena Canin, *violin*
Misha Amory, *viola*
Nina Maria Lee, *cello*

with

Peter Serkin, *piano*

and

Dean Elzinga, *bass-baritone*

PROGRAM

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809) String Quartet in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2,
“Quinten” (1797)

Allegro
Andante piu tosto Allegretto
Menuetto (Allegro ma non troppo)
Finale (Vivace)

Charles Wuorinen (b. 1938) Piano Quintet No. 2 (2008) (West Coast premiere)

The Second Piano Quintet was composed between June 14, 2007, and January 19, 2008. The work was written for Peter Serkin and the Brentano String Quartet. This work was made possible by a grant from the Jebediah Foundation: New Music Commissions. Additional funding was provided by the Peter Jay Sharp Foundation and the Evelyn Sharp Foundation.

INTERMISSION

Arnold Schoenberg (1874–1951) Ode to Napoleon for String Quartet,
Baritone and Piano, Op. 41 (1942)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827) *Grosse Fuge* for String Quartet in B-flat, Op. 133
(1825–1826)

The Brentano String Quartet appears by arrangement with David Rowe Artists: www.davidroweartists.com.

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www.brentanoquartet.com

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Sightlines

Brentano String Quartet

Friday, March 13, 7–7:30 pm
First Congregational Church

Pre-performance talk by musicologist Camille Peters,
UC Berkeley Department of Music.

This *Sightlines* talk is free to event ticket holders.

Haydn: String Quartet in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2, “Quinten” (1797)

Haydn often published quartets in groups of six, as he did in 1797 with Op. 76, his final complete set. As musical keys can have nearly synaesthetic associations and suggest differing moods and topoi, it was important to present a variety of keys within each opus, and specifically to include at least one minor key work, exploring the darker intensities those keys can suggest. The present quartet, the so-called “Quinten” Quartet, shares its D minor, significantly, with Mozart’s K. 421 Quartet, dedicated to Haydn, and Bach’s *The Art of Fugue*. Its first movement evinces a seriousness of style and a learned aspect fully resonant with these earlier masterpieces. The opening theme (the fifths which give the piece its “Quinten” nickname) is both bold and plain, such as might be profitable fodder for a fugue. Although this is a movement in sonata form, that tripartite dramatic structure that allows for exposition, development of ideas, and a recapitulation that returns to the opening material and irons out some of its conflicts (plus, in this instance, a rather brilliant coda, or added ending), it is highly contrapuntal in texture and subjects its theme to most of the techniques of fugue. The four note motive is played in different speeds, upside down (and backwards, which amounts to the same thing with these pitches), in stretto (answered by a copy of itself in another voice before its completion), compressed and expanded intervallically, and interrupted and resumed. It is rather like an Escher print where a large, compelling structure is built out of small units the potential of which might go unrecognized by a lesser artist. All of this amounts not only to a compositional tour de force, but a very tightly reasoned argument such as is often felt in fugues. Perhaps Haydn here is conversing with Bach, showing his mastery of these techniques in the dramatic form of his own time. It is good to realize, however, that these quartets were mostly purchased by the public to be read through at home with friends; scores (with all of the parts put together) were not included, only a set of parts. Because of this no player at a first reading would be able to imagine what the other parts might do, and the vital unfurling of the argument, as an idea

in one part is picked up in another, tossed around, reconsidered, and mused upon, as in the very best of conversations, would be both fascinating and surprising. The composer is entering into dialogue with his players, and it may be a great way into the fabric of the piece for listeners to imagine themselves into the quartet in turn.

When Haydn chooses, as he does here, to write monothematic movements, eschewing the natural variety and relief of a second, contrasting theme, the level of rhetoric becomes even more elevated and concentrated. Marking the moment when a second theme might naturally appear in this movement is an extremely odd and striking idea such as might not be imagined again until the electronic music age, where sounds could be reversed at will. There are a series of notes that begin in vowels and end in consonants, growing to their ends in contradiction to the usual shape of a struck note (say the peal of a bell). These gasps serve also to sever the theme in half, and the series of them itself gets punctured by rests on two subsequent appearances in the movement. This is the material that then motivates the dazzling and rhythmically exciting coda of the movement, being tossed back and forth between the second violin and the lower voices while the first violin plays excited figuration. It is as if these gasping figures, left in the lurch several times earlier, finally influence the course of the discussion enough to drive it to a powerful and forthright conclusion (with the cello obsessively hammering home the fifth with which the movement begins). How often in the best conversations a brief aside or interruption casts the premise in just enough of a new light to bring it, eventually, to its fullest flowering.

The second movement has the rather fancy, detailed tempo marking *Andante o piu tosto Allegretto*, poised between a leisurely ramble and a somewhat brisker tread. There are quite a few movements by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven that have such indications, and they all seem to share an elegance ever so slightly infiltrated by artificiality, something just barely mechanical or marionette-like invading an otherwise graceful aspect. In this case the tune, played by the first violin with pizzicato accompaniment by the others, has some odd accents and self-conscious hesitancy, trying just a bit

too hard to be just so. It seems to have potential as theme music for one of Proust’s society ladies, intent on appearing effortlessly gracious but transparent in her wish. She is certainly something to behold in her sophistication, it’s just that perhaps the pinky of her hand holding a teacup is the tiniest bit too stiff. The movement is lovely, but there are continual reminders that it is all a bit tongue-in-cheek: teasing accents answered by out of context orchestral hammer blows from which the first violin scampers away, long stuttering searching for a way to begin the tune anew, a frozen moment which leads the cello to attempt a takeover, a cadenza which gets caught up in repetitions and slows to a standstill.

The *Minuet* is perhaps Haydn’s tribute to Mozart’s D minor Quartet (which was written in tribute to Haydn), as it shares its corresponding movement’s severity, far from the courtliness of the typical minuet. It has the nickname *Hexenmenuett* or *Witches’ Minuet*, and does certainly seem to cackle along, all in austere two part canon (like a round), the music chased by its *Doppelgänger*. The trio, after a long preparation, erupts into the major mode, and grasps upon the idea of repeated notes (possibly taken from Mozart’s minuet where a series of three repeated notes is featured) carrying it almost to ridiculous extremes of dynamic and enthusiasm. The end of the trio, quietly ticklish in the upper reaches of the first violin range, seems to wink at the whole enterprise, Haydn smiling at his players in case they have taken themselves just a touch too seriously in all the bluster.

The finale is a rollicking Gypsy-inflected movement colored by syncopations and slides. It has an infectious energy as well as a good dose of Haydn the trickster: moments that get stuck followed by a series of repeated notes that are only revealed to be against the main beat after the fact, a braying donkey motif, and pauses that tease (and, incidentally, recall the fifths of the opening movement). The music eventually finds its way into major, quietly humming the main theme while adorned by striking drones and hurdy-gurdy figuration. These drones reappear at the ebullient ending of the movement where they help give the impression of a festive Gypsy holiday. Muzio Clementi reported of Haydn that, “when he hears any of his own pieces

performed that are capricious he laughs like a fool.” It is easy to imagine him here among us enjoying himself every bit as much as we always do when we play his quartets.

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Wuorinen: Piano Quintet No. 2 (2008)

My Second Piano Quintet is laid out in four movements, in a fast–slow–fast–slow pattern. But along the way the third (fast) movement is displaced in midstream to make way for the extended slow fourth movement. The outraged third movement does have its revenge, however, for it resumes after the fourth has finished, and thus—in its out-of-place way—concludes the whole piece.

There is another matter worth noting. Beneath the surface interplay of the instruments lies a principle of successive leadership by various members of the ensemble. The violins lead the first, the viola the second, the cello the third and the piano the fourth. But often you would hardly know it, because this simple ground idea (as all general ideas must be simple if they are to work) is so heavily modified in practice by demands of the harmonic, registral, and gestural unfolding of the composition, that for large parts of the work it has only the (nevertheless important) status of a starting point. It is always a mistake to apply a broad background notion with slavish literalness to the dynamically evolving foreground of any music.

The Second Piano Quintet was composed between June 14, 2007, and January 19, 2008. The work was written for Peter Serkin and the Brentano String Quartet. This work was made possible by a grant from the Jebediah Foundation: New Music Commissions. Additional funding was provided by the Peter Jay Sharp Foundation and the Evelyn Sharp Foundation.

Charles Wuorinen

Schoenberg: Ode to Napoleon, Op. 41 (1942)

How I came to compose the *Ode to Napoleon*: The League of Composers had asked me (1942) to write a piece of chamber music for their concert season. It should employ only a limited number of instruments. I had at once the idea that this piece must not ignore the agitation aroused in mankind against the crimes that provoked this war. I remembered Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, supporting repeal of the *jus prime noctis*, Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, Goethe's *Egmont*, Beethoven's *Eroica* and *Wellington's Victory*, and I knew it was the moral duty of intelligentsia to take a stand against tyranny.

But this was only my secondary motive. I had long speculated about the more profound meaning of the Nazi philosophy. There was one element that puzzled me extremely: the resemblance of the valueless individual being's life in respect to the totality of the community or its representative: the Queen or the Führer. I could not see why a whole generation of bees or of Germans should live only in order to produce another generation of the same sort, which on their part should also fulfill the same task: to keep the race alive. I even surmised that bees (or ants) instinctively believe their destiny was to be successors of mankind, when this had destroyed itself in the same manner in which our predecessors, the Giants, Magicians, Lindworms [Dragons], Dinosaurs and others had destroyed themselves and their world, so that first men knew only a few isolated specimens. Their and the ants' capacity of forming states and living according to laws—senseless and primitive, as they might look to us—this capacity, unique among animals, had an attractive similarity to our own life; and in our imagination we could muse a story, seeing them growing to dominating power, size and shape and creating a world of their own resembling very little the original beehive.

Without such a goal the life of the bees, with the killing of the drones and the thousands of offspring of the Queen seemed futile. Similarly all the sacrifices of the German *Herrenvolk* [Master Race] would not make sense, without a goal of world domination—in which the single individual could vest much interest.

Before I started to write this text, I consulted Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bees*. I hoped to find there motives supporting my attitude. But the contrary happened: Maeterlinck's poetic philosophy gilds everything which was not gold itself. And so wonderful are his explanations that one might decline refuting them, even if one knew they were mere poetry. I had to abandon this plan. I had to find another subject fitting my purpose.

Arnold Schoenberg

(See Lord Byron's text on pages 18–19.)

Beethoven: Grosse Fuge in B-flat major, Op. 133 (1825–1826)

Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*, Op. 133, is one of the great artistic testaments to the human capacity for meaning in the face of the threat of chaos. Abiding faith in the relevance of visionary struggle in our lives powerfully informs the structure and character of the music; this is surely one of the composer's most inspiring achievements.

The Great Fugue was originally conceived as the final movement of the Quartet in B-flat major, Op. 130. In that work it followed directly the *Cavatina*, one of the most intimate embodiments of the frailty and vulnerability of love ever made audible to human ears (a movement we had the honor of playing at Carl Sagan's memorial service, as he included it among the works sent into space on Voyager, representing some of the greatest achievements of humanity). This juxtaposition with the most touching lyricism makes the opening of the fugue shocking, as Beethoven takes the final G of that movement and explodes it into a stark octave passage for the whole quartet. The writing is jagged and austere, then, following the *Overtura* which opens the movement, there is a brief evocation of the wispy, halting breaths of the *Cavatina* in eerie double notes for the first violin alone. The fugue proper then defiantly announces itself with disjunct, painful and completely unvoiced leaps, all elbows and knees. Shouting, on the brink of whirling into chaos, the argument of the fugue is actually tightly ordered; of the dual

description Beethoven gives for the movement—partly free, partly studied—this is the studied side. It will be the task of the *Grosse Fuge* to make sense of this everpresent possibility of complete collapse, to bring resolve and purpose to the human condition in the midst of uncertainty.

During the private premiere of the original version of Op. 130, given by the Schuppanzigh Quartet, Beethoven absented himself, choosing to drink in a local pub instead. It fell to the second violinist of that group, Holz, to go to the pub to report to the composer. He declared the occasion a big success, and recounted how those present asked to have two of the inner movements repeated. Beethoven immediately asked about the fugue, and when he was told that there was no request for a repeat of that he remarked that the audience had been made up of “cattle and asses.” The audience as well as the players had in fact had great difficulties with the movement, finding it nearly incomprehensible. It was suggested to the composer that he replace the last movement of the quartet with one which would be more accessible. Certainly Beethoven himself never doubted that the fugue was a masterpiece of great potency. One of the great mysteries of musical history is what could have convinced Beethoven, a quintessentially headstrong man, to agree to remove the fugue from Op. 130 and publish it separately (as Op. 133), writing an alternate finale for the quartet. Today, quartets often play Op. 130 in its original incarnation, ending with the *Grosse Fuge*. We have played that piece in both versions, finding the original version the more satisfying of the two, monumental in its scope.

As confrontational and even brutal as the *Grosse Fuge* seems to us today, it is hard to imagine the effect it must have had at that time. Stravinsky was fond of saying of this piece that it will forever be contemporary. This is perhaps only partly true. The unforgiving, jagged texture of much of the piece certainly brings it close to sounds not heard again for a century hence, and the piece has a raw energy which will never be blunted. Its surface texture in parts could easily be taken out of context as representative of music of our own time. Still, we live now in the age of quantum mechanics, which takes the physical world out of the realm of the completely measurable, and of Gödel's Incompleteness

Theorem, which tells us that no logical system will ever be powerful enough to prove all statements we know to be true. Our faith in the invincibility of human reason and perception for explaining our world has been severely shaken. Much of the art of our era has been devoted to feelings of pessimism and despair. This is not Beethoven's world. He shares our recognition of the vulnerable fragility of man, the inadequacy of the mind to fully ponder all the enigmas of our world. And yet, his view is one which encompasses hope, and the possibility of triumph, a victorious human spirit. The turn to clarity and optimism happens late in the piece, and quickly, but it is unmistakable, regretless, and moving beyond words.

Early in our quartet's relationship with this piece, I happened to be reading Norman Maclean's book *Young Men and Fire* and came across a paragraph which I thought captured something of the essential nature of the *Grosse Fuge*. I would like to share that passage with you:

“Far back in the impulse to find a story is a storyteller's belief that at times life takes on the shape of art and that the remembered remnants of these moments are largely what we come to mean by life. The short semi-humorous comedies we live, our long certain tragedies, and our springtime lyrics and limericks make up most of what we are. They become almost all of what we remember of ourselves. Although it would be too fancy to take these moments of our lives that seemingly have shape and design as proof we are inhabited by an impulse to art, yet deep within us is a counterimpulse to the id or whatever name is presently attached to the disorderly, the violent, the catastrophic both in and outside us. As a feeling, this counterimpulse to the id is a kind of craving for sanity, for things belonging to each other, and results in a comfortable feeling when the universe is seen to take a garment from the rack that seems to fit. Of course, both impulses need to be present to explain our lives and our art, and probably go a long way to explain why tragedy, inflamed with the disorderly, is generally regarded as the most composed art form.”

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Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*George Gordon, Lord Byron*

I.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
 And arm'd with Kings to strive—
 And now thou art a nameless thing:
 So abject—yet alive!
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
 And can he thus survive?
 Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
 Who bow'd so low the knee?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestion'd—power to save—
 Thine only gift hath been the grave,
 To those that worshipp'd thee;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach
 To after-warriors more,
 Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preach'd before.
 That spell upon the minds of men
 Breaks never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
 Those Pagod things of sabre sway
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife—
 The earthquake voice of Victory,
 To thee the breath of life;
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,
 Wherewith renown was rife—
 All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
 The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
 The Victor overthrown!
 The Arbiter of others' fate
 A Suppliant for his own!
 Is it some yet imperial hope

That with such change can calmly cope?
 Or dread of death alone?
 To die a prince—or live a slave—
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
 Dream'd not of the rebound:
 Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
 Alone—how look'd he round?
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found:
 He fell, the forest prowler's prey;
 But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home—
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom!
 His only glory was that hour
 Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well:
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung;
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own!
 And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
 And thank'd him for a throne!

Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain—
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain:
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—
 But who would soar the solar height,
 To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay;
 Thy scales, Mortality! are just
 To all that pass away:
 But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay:
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride;
 How bears her breast the torturing hour?
 Still clings she to thy side?
 Must she too bend, must she too share
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless Homicide?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem—
 'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
 And gaze upon the sea;
 That element may meet thy smile—
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!
 Or trace with thine all idle hand
 In loitering mood upon the sand
 That Earth is now as free!
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
 Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
 What thought will there be thine,

While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
 But one—"The word was mine!"
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
 So long obey'd—so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock!
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very Fiend's arch mock;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

XVII.

There was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could bring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest?
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

XIX.

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!



Peter Schauf

Since its inception in 1992, the **Brentano String Quartet** (Mark Steinberg and Serena Canin, *violins*; Misha Amory, *viola*; and Nina Maria Lee, *cello*) has appeared throughout the world to popular and critical acclaim. Within a few years of its formation, the Quartet garnered the first Cleveland Quartet Award and the Naumburg Chamber Music Award; and in 1996 the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center invited them to be the inaugural members of Chamber Music Society II, a program which has become a coveted distinction for chamber groups and individuals ever since. The Quartet had its first European tour in 1997, and was honored in the UK with the Royal Philharmonic Award for Most Outstanding Debut. That debut recital was at London's Wigmore Hall, and the Quartet has continued its warm relationship with Wigmore, appearing there regularly and serving as the hall's Quartet-in-residence in the 2000–2001 season.

In recent seasons the Quartet has traveled widely, appearing all over the United States and Canada, and in Europe, Japan and Australia. It has performed in the world's most prestigious venues, including Carnegie Hall and Alice Tully Hall in New York; the Library of Congress in Washington; the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam;

the Konzerthaus in Vienna; Suntory Hall in Tokyo; and the Sydney Opera House. The Quartet has participated in such summer festivals as Aspen, the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, the Edinburgh Festival, the Kuhmo Festival in Finland, the Taos School of Music and the Caramoor Festival.

In addition to performing the entire two-century range of the standard quartet repertoire, the Brentano Quartet has a strong interest in both very old and very new music. It has performed many musical works predating the string quartet as a medium, among them madrigals of Gesualdo, fantasias of Purcell and secular vocal works of Josquin. The Quartet has also worked closely with some of the most important composers of our time, among them Elliott Carter, Charles Wuorinen, Chou Wen-chung, Steven Mackey, Bruce Adolphe and György Kurtág. The Quartet has commissioned works from Wuorinen, Adolphe, Mackey, David Horne and Gabriela Frank. The Quartet celebrated its 10th anniversary in 2002 by commissioning 10 composers to write companion pieces for selections from Bach's *The Art of Fugue*, the result of which was an electrifying and wide-ranging single concert program. The Quartet has also worked with celebrated poet Mark Strand, commissioning

poetry from him to accompany works of Haydn and Webern.

The Quartet has been privileged to collaborate with such artists as soprano Jessye Norman, pianist Richard Goode and pianist Mitsuko Uchida. The Quartet enjoys an especially close relationship with Ms. Uchida, appearing with her on stages in the United States, Europe and Japan.

The Quartet has recorded the Op. 71 Quartets of Haydn, and has also recorded a Mozart disc for Aeon Records, consisting of the K. 464 Quartet and the K. 593 Quintet, with violist Hsin-Yun Huang. In the area of newer music, the Quartet has released a disc of the music of Steven Mackey on Albany Records, and has also recorded the music of Bruce Adolphe, Chou Wen-chung and Charles Wuorinen.

In 1998, cellist Nina Lee joined the Quartet, succeeding founding member Michael Kannen. The following season, the Quartet became the first Resident String Quartet at Princeton University. The Quartet's duties at the University are wide-ranging, including performances at least once a semester, as well as workshops with graduate composers, coaching undergraduates in chamber music and assisting in other classes at the Music Department.

The Quartet is named for Antonie Brentano, who many scholars consider to be Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved," the intended recipient of his famous love confession.

Recognized as an artist of passion and integrity, the distinguished American pianist **Peter Serkin** is one of the most thoughtful and individualistic musicians appearing before the public today. Throughout his career he has successfully conveyed the essence of five centuries of repertoire and his performances with symphony orchestras, recital appearances, chamber music collaborations and recordings are respected worldwide.

Peter Serkin's rich musical heritage extends back several generations: his grandfather was violinist and composer Adolf Busch and his father was pianist Rudolf Serkin. In 1958, at age 11, he entered the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, where he was a student of Lee Luvisi, Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Rudolf Serkin. He later continued



Kathy Chapman

his Marlboro Music Festival and New York City debuts with conductor Alexander Schneider, and invitations to perform with the Cleveland Orchestra and George Szell in Cleveland and Carnegie Hall and with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy in Philadelphia and Carnegie Hall soon followed. He has since performed with the world's major symphony orchestras, with such eminent conductors as Seiji Ozawa, Pierre Boulez, Daniel Barenboim, Claudio Abbado, Simon Rattle, James Levine, Herbert Blomstedt and Christoph Eschenbach. Also a dedicated chamber musician, Mr. Serkin has collaborated with Alexander Schneider, Pamela Frank and Yo-Yo Ma, the Budapest, Guarneri and Orion string quartets, and TASHI, of which he was a founding member.

An avid proponent of the music of many of the 20th and 21st century's most important composers, Mr. Serkin has been instrumental in bringing the music of Schoenberg, Webern, Berg, Stravinsky, Wolpe, Messiaen, Takemitsu, Henze, Berio, Wuorinen, Goehr, Knussen and Lieberson, among others, to audiences around the world. He has performed many important world premieres, in particular, works by Toru Takemitsu, Peter Lieberson, Oliver Knussen and Alexander Goehr, all of which were written for him. Most recently, Mr. Serkin played the world premieres of Charles Wuorinen's Piano Concerto No. 4 with the Boston Symphony under the baton of James Levine in Boston, at Carnegie Hall and at Tanglewood; a solo work by

Elliott Carter commissioned by Carnegie Hall and the Gilmore International Keyboard Festival; and another work by Mr. Wuorinen for piano and orchestra with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, also commissioned by Carnegie Hall. During the 2008–2009 season, he premieres a fifth piano concerto by Mr. Wuorinen with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Maestro Levine at Carnegie Hall, as well as Mr. Wuorinen's new piano quintet (commissioned by the Rockport, Massachusetts, Music Festival) with the Brentano String Quartet.

Highlights of Peter Serkin's recent and upcoming appearances include performances with the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia and Minnesota orchestras, the Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis, Toronto and Atlanta symphonies, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra; recitals in Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center, Orchestra Hall in Chicago and New York's 92nd Street Y; performances with the original members of TASHI in Boston, Portland, Oregon, Princeton and Town Hall in New York City; and summer festival appearances at Ravinia, Aspen, Ojai, Caramoor, Tanglewood, Blossom, Saratoga and the Mann Center with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Internationally, Mr. Serkin returned to Japan in September 2007 to play recitals featuring the works of Toru Takemitsu and Bach in honor of the 10th anniversary of Takemitsu's death, and appeared with the Berlin Philharmonic, Deutsches Symphony Orchestra and the Bamberg Symphony during the 2007–2008 season.

Mr. Serkin's recordings also reflect his distinctive musical vision. *The Ocean That Has No West and No East*, released by Koch Records in 2000, features compositions by Webern, Wolpe, Messiaen, Takemitsu, Knussen, Lieberson and Wuorinen. That same year, BMG released his recording of three Beethoven sonatas. Additional recordings include the Brahms violin sonatas with Pamela Frank, Dvořák's Piano Quintet with the Orion String Quartet, quintets by Henze and Brahms with the Guarneri String Quartet, the Bach double and triple concerti with Andrés Schiff and Bruno Canino, and Takemitsu's *Quotation of Dream* with Oliver Knussen and the London Sinfonietta. His most recent recording is the complete works for solo piano by Arnold Schoenberg for Arcana.

Mr. Serkin's recording of the six Mozart concerti, composed in 1784, with Alexander Schneider and the English Chamber Orchestra was nominated for a Grammy Award and received the prestigious Deutsche Schallplattenpreis as well as "Best Recording of the Year" by *Stereo Review*. Other Grammy-nominated recordings include Olivier Messiaen's *Vingt Régards sur l'Enfant Jésus* and *Quartet for the End of Time* on BMG and a solo recording of works by Stravinsky, Wolpe and Lieberson for New World Records.

In May 2001, Peter Serkin was the recipient of an honorary doctoral degree from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. He was also the first pianist to receive the Premio Internazionale Musicale Chigiana in recognition of his outstanding artistic achievements. Mr. Serkin resides in Massachusetts with his wife, Regina, and is the father of five children.



Bass-baritone **Dean Elzinga** is regularly welcomed on concert and opera stages, often in contemporary works requiring his unique dramatic conviction, presence and assured musicianship. He enjoyed international acclaim for Peter Maxwell Davies's fiendishly difficult *Eight Songs for a Mad King*, performing it in New York (Manhattan and East Hampton), Cleveland and Santa Monica. He sang the title role in Harold Farberman's *A Song*

of *Eddie* and Schoenberg's *Die glückliche Hand* at New York's Bard Festival, and Elliott Carter's *What Next?* at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw (recorded commercially) and more recently in its Italian premiere in Turin.

In the 2007–2008 season, Mr. Elzinga added to his repertoire Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* (Vancouver Symphony), Jesus in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* (National Philharmonic), Vaughan-Williams's *A Sea Symphony* (Rochester Philharmonic), the Verdi Requiem (debut with the Santa Rosa Symphony) and Horace in Blitzstein's *Regina* (debut with Canada's Pacific Opera Victoria), in addition to reprising the Brahms Requiem with the distinguished Baltimore Choral Arts Society.

Summer 2006 returned Mr. Elzinga to Des Moines Metro Opera for Nick Shadow in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, following last summer's Four Villains in the company's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* of Offenbach. Reinventions in 2006–2007 included the Edmonton Opera (where he sang Nilakantha in *The Pearl Fishers* and Nick Shadow) for Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; the Reading Symphony (for an evening of opera arias and duets) and the National Philharmonic (for Mozart's Figaro, coming after his debut with the orchestra in the title role of *Don Giovanni*). In addition he made his Pittsburgh Opera debut as the Speaker in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, a role he also performed with the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Leonard Slatkin at the Hollywood Bowl and at Michigan Opera Theatre. Mr. Elzinga's opera credentials include the Los Angeles and Metropolitan operas, the San Diego Opera (the King in *Aida*), Seattle Opera (Hoffmann Villains),

Arizona Opera (Leporello and Figaro), Hawaii Opera Theatre (Almaviva in *Figaro*), Sacramento Opera (Leporello, Méphistophélès in Gounod's *Faust*), Glimmerglass and New York City Operas (Polyphemus in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*), Opera Omaha (Raimondo in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*), Opera San Jose (title role of *Il Turco in Italia*) and Vancouver Opera (Ramfis in *Aida*). Of special note was his Hagen in the Long Beach Opera's reduction of Wagner's *Ring* cycle.

Equally adept at concert literature, Mr. Elzinga has been repeatedly invited by Leon Botstein and the American Symphony Orchestra, including Zemlinsky's *Der Zwerg* in Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. He is one of the country's most sought-after Beethoven Ninth Symphony basses, having performed the work with the Reading, Vancouver, Long Beach, New West, Phoenix, Pasadena and San Diego symphonies, the Minnesota Orchestra, and the Rochester and Naples philharmonics. He is equally acclaimed and in demand for *Messiah* (Toronto, Pacific, Baltimore and Ann Arbor symphonies and Florida Philharmonic), Haydn's *Creation* (Florida Orchestra and Amarillo Symphony), Britten's *War Requiem* (Nashville Symphony), Brahms's Requiem (Memphis Symphony) and Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* (Portland Symphony). At the Vienna Volksoper, he sang Mozart's Figaro, Escamillo in *Carmen*, Leporello and Méphistophélès. Conductors with whom he has worked to date include Bramwell Tovey, James Levine, Christopher Seaman, John DeMain, David Lockington, Bertrand de Billy, Asher Fisch, Jorge Mester, Boris Brodt, Emmanuel Villaume, Yves Abel and Maximiano Valdés.