Wednesday, July 24, 8pm
Florence Gould Auditorium, Seiji Ozawa Hall

THE SCOTT AND ROBERT SINGLETON CONCERT

EMERSON STRING QUARTET

EUGENE DRUCKER, violin (1st violin in Wernick and “Penelope”)
PHILIP SETZER, violin (1st violin in Walker and Barber)
LAWRENCE DUTTON, viola
PAUL WATKINS, cello

RENÉE FLEMING, soprano
UMA THURMAN, speaker
SIMONE DINNERSTEIN, piano

WALKER

“Lyric for Strings”

Richard WERNICK

String Quartet No. 10 (2018)
I. Prelude, Fuga Pomposa & Postlude—
II. Scherzo Serioso (with a secular song of thanks)—
III. Coda

BARBER

String Quartet, Opus 11
Molto allegro e appassionato
Molto adagio—Molto allegro

{ Intermission }

André PREVIN &
Tom STOPPARD

“Penelope” (2019)
(celebrating the life of André Previn)
(world premiere; co-commissioned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Andris Nelsons, Music Director, with the generous support of the Harriett Eckstein New Commissions Fund)
RENÉE FLEMING, soprano
UMA THURMAN, speaker
EMERSON STRING QUARTET
SIMONE DINNERSTEIN, piano

Text appears later in this program book.

Eric Sedgwick, rehearsal pianist for Ms. Thurman
The American soprano Renée Fleming, whose appearances here since her Boston Symphony Orchestra debut at Tanglewood in 1991 have encompassed orchestral performances, recitals, and master classes, is this summer’s Koussevitzky Artist, named for the Tanglewood Festival’s visionary founder Serge Koussevitzky, and created to honor living artists whose presence at the BSO’s summer home has made a significant impact on Tanglewood history. This summer, Ms. Fleming sings in two BSO-commissioned world premieres—Kevin Puts’s “The Brightness of Light” and André Previn and Tom Stoppard’s “Penelope”—as well as offering master classes with the young singers of the Tanglewood Music Center and participating in two Tanglewood Learning Institute sessions, on “The Brightness of Light” and “Music and the Mind.”

Piano by Steinway & Sons – the Artistic Choice of Tanglewood

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In consideration of the artists and those around you, please turn off all electronic equipment during the performance, including tablets, cellular phones, pagers, watch alarms, messaging devices of any kind, anything that emits an audible signal, and anything that glows. Thank you for your cooperation.

Please note that the use of audio or video recording devices, or taking pictures of the artists—whether photographs or videos—is prohibited during concerts.

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

GEORGE WALKER (1922-2018) was born in Washington, D.C., and after demonstrating extraordinary musical gifts as a child, studied at three of America’s finest music academies: Oberlin Conservatory, where he started his undergraduate studies at fifteen and graduated at eighteen; the Curtis Institute, from which he earned artist diplomas in piano and composition; and the Eastman School of Music, where he was the first African-American student to earn a doctorate. He also received a Fulbright scholarship and studied with Nadia Boulanger in Paris, and gave acclaimed performances as a pianist around the world and in the United States, including historic appearances as the first African-American instrumentalist to perform at New York’s Town Hall and as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Walker went on to have a long career as a composer and pedagogue, holding professorships at several institutions, and in 1996 became the first African-American composer to win the Pulitzer Prize—for his Lilacs for voice and orchestra, a work commissioned and premiered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Like Barber’s famous Adagio for Strings, which was extracted from his Opus 11 String Quartet (heard later in this program), Walker’s Lyric for Strings began its life as the slow movement of the composer’s String Quartet No. 1. An early work, it was written in 1946, soon after he graduated from Curtis; the slow movement was originally titled “Lament” and dedicated to Walker’s grandmother, who had died the previous year. Also like Barber’s Adagio, it is a mournful work of great beauty and slow-burning intensity, but with a somewhat gentler, less desperate affect. Walker’s lament stands out, too, for its contrapuntal writing, with the instruments often moving successively through imitative passages almost in the form of a canon.

The Pulitzer Prize-winning American composer RICHARD WERNICK (b.1934) was born in Boston and, during his student years—including at the Tanglewood Music Center—worked with several notable composers, including Aaron Copland, Leonard Bernstein, Ernst Toch, and Leon Kirchner. Wernick became an important pedagogue early in his career, teaching at SUNY Buffalo, the University of Chicago, and then, most significantly, at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was composition professor from 1968 until his retirement in 1996. He has also been an active advocate and tastemaker for new music, including through
his work as the Philadelphia Orchestra’s Consultant for Contemporary Music from 1983 to 1989 and as special consultant to that ensemble’s then music director, Riccardo Muti, from 1989 to 1993. Of his own sophisticated yet comprehensible musical style, Wernick has said that he is not “writing down to an audience, but I’m not trying to write above their heads. I’m not writing to an audience which is illiterate, and I’m not writing to an audience which is technically educated in music, but I do write for an audience that I assume has experience in listening to music and is willing to at least meet me halfway. So I’ll go halfway to meet them.”

Composed in 2018, Wernick’s String Quartet No. 10 received its world premiere on March 21, 2019, in the Pierre Boulez Saal, Berlin, Germany, performed by the Emerson String Quartet, for whom it was written.

Wernick has written the following note about the piece:

My warm association with the Emerson Quartet goes back thirty years to when I composed my Fourth Quartet for them in 1989.

A few years ago I made the decision that, given my age, I would no longer accept assignments with deadlines, and to the greatest extent possible, write only for people I knew. I prefer to see faces on the left side of the music paper rather than clefs. In the case of the Emerson Quartet, in which the assignment of first and second violin parts is interchangeable, this posed a particular problem, but one easily solved by writing what are, essentially, two first violin parts. The most obvious use of this process is in the first movement’s Fuga Pomposa, where the presentation of the “subject” is played by the second violin, with the “answer” coming from the first violin in larger note values, at a different speed and upside down.

The Quartet is divided into three movements, played without pause. The first movement is also in three parts, with the somewhat inebriate “fugue” making up the central section. The second movement is dedicated to the brilliant neurosurgeon whose magic has kept me upright, thus the (perhaps audacious) references to Beethoven’s “Heiliger Dankgesang” [from his Quartet No. 15 in A minor, Opus 132]. The “lamentoso” third movement is a Coda to the extent that it is a “playing out” of the “bolero” type dance rhythm from the first movement.

Composing music is hard work, very hard work, but fun. And even more fun when composing for a group of musicians whose contribution to our musical culture is incalculable.

“I have just finished the slow movement of my quartet today—it is a knockout!” Those prescient words, written by SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981) in a 1936 letter to Orlando Cole, cellist of the Curtis Quartet and a close friend of the composer’s, are the first recorded comment we have about one of the most beloved pieces of American classical music from its creator. Barber, just twenty-six at the time and a recent winner of the Prix de Rome, was writing from a cottage in St. Wolfgang, Austria, in the idyllic Salzkammergut region of lakes and Alpine foothills outside Salzburg, where he and his partner and fellow composer, Gian Carlo Menotti, had retreated for a summer of undisturbed work. He could not have known at the time, of course, that his elegiac “knockout” of a slow movement, in a standalone arrangement for string orchestra known simply as Adagio for Strings, would soon propel him to international prominence and later be called upon to memorialize events of the greatest significance, including the deaths of Presidents Roosevelt and Kennedy and the 9/11 terrorist attacks.

Perhaps the defining characteristic of Barber’s musical style is its direct and immediate emotional appeal, the Adagio being the quintessential example. Unabashedly lush and lyrical, built around a slow and steady progression of plaintive harmonies and an inexorable rise of volume and intensity, it builds to an overwhelmingly cathartic climax, leaving the listener with a profound sense of loss—but also a feeling that the
worst is over, and tomorrow, a new day will dawn. In its original string quartet form, the Adagio’s harmonic subtleties and inner voices are more easily appreciated, and the scale, of course, is more intimate, making the music feel a bit more thoughtful if slightly less shattering.

The fact that most music lovers, even many aficionados, don’t realize that the Adagio for Strings is extracted from the String Quartet illustrates just how completely the arrangement has overshadowed the larger work that birthed it. Yet the quartet has much more to offer, especially in the expansive first movement, which is built around three main themes: an urgent, unsettled opening motive characterized by jagged, fragmented rhythms; a spacious, atmospheric chorale-like tune; and a raucous, leapfrogging third theme. After comprehensive statements and elaborations of all three, Barber cunningly and playfully weaves them together before suddenly allowing the movement to dissolve and make way for the Adagio. That somewhat abrupt dissolution can be explained by the brief finale, which is actually a reworking of music that originally constituted a final section of the first movement—a solution at which the composer arrived after extensive revisions to, and the eventual scrapping of, a more substantive but less successful first attempt at a finale. Not surprisingly, then, the concluding movement opens with the same material that began the quartet, and continues by treading much of the same ground, but in abbreviated form and from a few novel angles.

JAY GOODWIN

Jay Goodwin is managing editor at the Metropolitan Opera. He has written for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, St. Louis Symphony, Australian Chamber Orchestra, Juilliard School, and Carnegie Hall and was the 2009 Tanglewood Music Center Publications Fellow.

André Previn (1929-2019)
Tom Stoppard (b.1937)
“Penelope” (2019)

Receiving its world premiere at Tanglewood this evening, André Previn and Tom Stoppard’s “Penelope” was co-commissioned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Ravinia Festival, the Aspen Music Festival and School, and the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Performances will follow at the Ravinia Festival this coming weekend on July 28, at the Aspen Festival on August 1, and at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., on May 14, 2020. The score is dedicated “to Renée.”

The eminent Czech-born British playwright Tom Stoppard has written a few comments—see his note in the following pages—on the origin of Penelope, his new collaboration with the composer André Previn. Joining them in this venture are the soprano Renée Fleming and the Emerson String Quartet with pianist Simone Dinnerstein, all of whom have come together—along with many others in different roles—to see Previn’s final work to the stage of Ozawa Hall this evening. The composer/pianist/conductor died this past February, two months shy of his 90th birthday, which the BSO and Tanglewood were looking forward to marking this summer. Earlier this month the BSO and Anne-Sophie Mutter performed the composer’s Violin Concerto, Anne-Sophie, under Andris Nelsons’ direction in celebration of Previn’s fruitful life and illustrious career.

Previn was a great friend of the BSO and Tanglewood since making his BSO debut in 1977. In addition to conducting the BSO and the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra, as a pianist he was soloist with the BSO and Boston Pops, collaborated with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players and with BSO members in chamber-music concerts, and played evenings of jazz in Ozawa Hall in intimate ensemble settings. In the past two
decades his music—including several commissions and premieres—has appeared frequently in orchestra and chamber music concerts at Symphony Hall and Tanglewood.

This longstanding, multifaceted collaboration reflects what might be the most remarkable aspect of Previn’s musical life: the wonderful range and variety of his collaborations. This aspect of his work seems to have been primed by the circumstances of his childhood and his early musical experiences. Born in Berlin, Previn was already studying at the city’s Hochschule für Musik when his family left Germany in the face of increased systemic persecution of Jews. The family lived in Paris for a year before making its way to the U.S. and settling in Los Angeles.

Previn would later say that, instead of becoming an opera-house répétiteur—a likely career path had it been possible to stay in Europe—he furthered his musical education in 1940s Hollywood, that Wild West of eclecticism where Schoenberg and Stravinsky rubbed shoulders with Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney. Instead of rehearsing singers for *The Marriage of Figaro* or *La bohème*, Previn played piano for older silent films and became first an orchestrator, then a composer of film scores. He studied formally with two excellent, traditionally trained composers who had themselves left Europe due to Jewish persecution and landed in the film industry: the Austrian émigré Ernst Toch and the Italian-born Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. Previn also trained as a conductor with former BSO conductor Pierre Monteux while in San Francisco as an Army conscript. Meanwhile he was honing his jazz piano skills both in clubs and on recordings.

This decade of activity set the stage for the several simultaneous upward trajectories of Previn’s career. He became a go-to music director and composer for Hollywood’s movie versions of Broadway musicals, including *Kiss Me, Kate* and *My Fair Lady*, and scored such films as *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and *Elmer Gantry*. By the early 1960s, having attained his practical conducting skills in the Hollywood studios, he had also begun conducting major concert orchestras. By the late 1960s he held chief conducting posts with the Houston Symphony Orchestra and London Symphony Orchestra. Previn was also later music director of both the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, as well as a welcome guest conductor and piano soloist with major orchestras throughout the world.

The 1990s saw a real flowering in Previn’s output of concert music, much of it for orchestra, and in 1998 San Francisco Opera produced the premiere of his opera on Tennessee Williams’s *A Streetcar Named Desire*, on a libretto by Philip Littell. Renée Fleming originated the opera’s central role of Blanche DuBois, which Previn created for her. *Streetcar* has become one of the most frequently performed of contemporary operas, with productions worldwide. That collaboration led Previn to start asking his friend Tom Stoppard to write something with a role for Fleming.

It was during his tenure with the LSO in 1974 that Previn met Tom Stoppard, telling him, as Stoppard recalls, “Listen, if you ever want to write something that needs an orchestra, I’ve got one.” That trigger resulted in their first collaboration, the musical theater work *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour*, produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1977 with the composer conducting an orchestra that’s very much integral to the action.

*Every Good Boy Deserves Favour* tells of Soviet dissidents who have been forcibly removed from their lives and families and imprisoned as mentally unstable for their political views. The theme of displacement, especially politically motivated, runs through much of Stoppard’s work, and resonates with his own experience as a child, which has its parallels with Previn’s. His family (the family name was Straussler) fled Czechoslovakia in advance of the German occupation. They moved first to Singapore, then in advance of the
Japanese invasion of that island his mother, his brother, and he were sent on to Australia while his father, a doctor, stayed behind as a volunteer with the British army and died there, probably in 1942. The remaining family had relocated again to India in 1941, and in 1945 Tom’s mother married the British army officer Kenneth Stoppard. They relocated to England in 1946.

Like Previn, Stoppard followed a number of different related career paths. He worked as a newspaper journalist and wrote radio plays, then wrote his first stage play, *A Walk in the Water*, in 1960. His reputation was bolstered by its being broadcast on British television in 1963. A further breakthrough came with *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, first produced in 1966 and given at the Old Vic the following year. A successful run on Broadway led to four Tony Awards, including Best Play. Along with being one of the most decorated and respected playwrights of our time, Stoppard’s eclectic career eventually led him, too, to Hollywood, where *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* was made into a film in 1990 and where his screenplay work has included the Best Film Oscar-winning *Shakespeare in Love* and uncredited work with Stephen Spielberg on *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*.

Thus *Penelope* is the product of a confluence of friendships and collaborations spanning many years. It was Renée Fleming and the Emerson Quartet who approached Previn about writing a new work for them (Ms. Fleming’s thoughts about André Previn further in the program book), and this serendipitously allowed him to bring Stoppard into the picture. The choice of subject was Stoppard’s, and again, as in much of his work, the theme centers on departure and displacement due to war, though here it’s not the direct participant, the exiled, but the one left behind whose voice we hear.

She is the Penelope of Homer, the wife of Odysseus who waits ten years for her husband to go off with the Greek forces at Troy, then ten further years for him to make his Poseidon-hindered journey home to his kingdom on the island of Ithaca. Penelope, historically, epitomizes spousal devotion and loyalty. Although Odysseus is presumed dead, she delays selecting a new suitor through various subterfuges, for example, saying she will make her decision when she has completed Odysseus’ father Laërtes’ burial shroud, each night undoing the work she had accomplished the previous day. (She buys three years through this tactic.) In Previn and Stoppard’s *Penelope*, she relates the story from the distance of death, comparing herself to the axiomatically polygamous Helen of Sparta/Troy, telling briefly the story of Odysseus’ departure and absence. Much of the piece is her description of the events just preceding and following his return, including her tests of his identity: the stringing and firing of the great bow, her sly misdirection regarding their great marriage bed.

Previn had substantially completed the music before his death, and his longtime editor David Fetherolf worked with Fleming, Emerson String Quartet violinist Eugene Drucker, and pianist Simone Dinnerstein to bring the manuscript to a performable state. (See David Fetherolf’s comments further in the program book.) Although *Penelope* is a monodrama in the voice of one character, that role was conceived as being delivered by two voices, one sung, one spoken, dividing it into “dramatic” and “lyric” aspects that expand the character’s expressive range. Like the two voices of Penelope, the piano and string quartet are treated as virtually independent entities for most of the piece, each enhancing the voices and each, in substantial passages without voice, evoking the intensity and anxiety of the unspoken action.

ROBERT KIRZINGER
Composer/annotator Robert Kirzinger is the BSO’s Associate Director of Program Publications.

IN MEMORIAM
The Boston Symphony Orchestra continues to mourn the loss of composer-conductor-pianist André Previn, who passed away in February and would have turned 90 on April 6, a birthday to have been celebrated at Tanglewood this summer. Instead we have been celebrating his life with the BSO’s performance on July 6 of Previn’s BSO-commissioned Violin Concerto, “Anne-Sophie,” with soloist Anne-Sophie Mutter, for whom it was written; the special screening on July 7 of Vincente Minnelli’s 1962 film “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” for which Previn wrote the score; and the world premiere tonight, July 24, of “Penelope,” a new collaboration between Previn and playwright Tom Stoppard written for Renée Fleming and the Emerson String Quartet.

André Previn’s connection to the Boston Symphony Orchestra dates back to August 1977 at Tanglewood, on which occasion he conducted the BSO for the first time, initiating a decades-long relationship that continued through his August 2009 Tanglewood appearances conducting the BSO, appearing as pianist with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players, and performing an evening of jazz favorites with bass player David Finck, followed in October 2010 and August 2011 by further concerts with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. In addition to his subscription-series and Tanglewood concerts with the orchestra—which included numerous performances in the dual role of conductor and piano soloist—he also led the BSO at Carnegie Hall in New York as well as on a 1997 tour to the Canary Islands and Florida. With the BSO he led the world premieres of several works of his own, among them the suite from his first opera, A Streetcar Named Desire (1999); the Violin Concerto, Anne-Sophie (2002), a BSO commission written for Anne-Sophie Mutter; the Double Concerto for Violin, Contrabass, and Orchestra (2004), premiered at Symphony Hall in 2007 at his request; and the BSO-commissioned Owls (2008). He performed, taught regularly, and coached chamber music at the Tanglewood Music Center, and composed his Octet for Eleven (2010) on commission for the Boston Symphony Chamber Players.

In the course of his distinguished and multifaceted career, the much-honored Mr. Previn also held chief artistic posts with the London Symphony Orchestra, Houston Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Pittsburgh Symphony, Oslo Philharmonic, and Royal Philharmonic. He appeared regularly in recitals and chamber music, collaborating with such artists as Vladimir Ashkenazy, Janet Baker, Barbara Bonney, the Emerson String Quartet, Renée Fleming—for whom he composed the role of Blanche DuBois in A Streetcar Named Desire—Yo-Yo Ma, Sylvia McNair, and Gil Shaham, as well as members of the BSO, the London Symphony, the Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, and the Vienna Philharmonic.

André Previn seems always to have been part of our musical landscape, meaning not just the landscape of “classical music,” but music in general. Born in Berlin, he had already studied at that city’s Hochschule für Musik and briefly at the Paris Conservatoire before settling with his family in Los Angeles and then becoming an American citizen in 1943. At the MGM film studios, he worked first as an orchestrator, then as a full-fledged composer, which in turn meant conducting his own scores. His award-winning film score arrangements included Gigi, Porgy and Bess, Irma La Douce, and My Fair Lady. Continuing to make a name for himself as a jazz pianist in clubs and on recordings, he also took composition lessons and led classical repertoire with studio musicians, at which point the idea of becoming a “real” conductor first took hold. Service in the Army brought an unexpected opportunity: stationed in San Francisco, he was able to take lessons with Pierre Monteux, who was then conductor of the San Francisco Symphony.

In the late 1960s, defying skeptics prone to pigeonholing him as a “Hollywood type,” he began winning posts with important orchestras on both sides of the Atlantic—which didn’t stop him from pursuing his work as a classical and jazz pianist, and as a stage composer for both Broadway (including the musical Coco starring...
Katherine Hepburn as the designer Coco Chanel) and London (where he collaborated with playwright Tom Stoppard). He also became, given his inviting personality and gifts as raconteur, one of television’s most compelling music educators, on the BBC and, in the United States, particularly with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Considering his varied “musical lives,” it was also unsurprising that his wide-ranging affinities in the classical realm encompassed such key British composers as Vaughan Williams, Walton, and Elgar; the great French colorists Debussy, Ravel, and Dutilleux; and significant 20th-century Russians like Prokofiev and Shostakovich. He also continued to compose steadily, which followed naturally from his work as conductor and pianist with some of the world’s most important orchestras, singers, and instrumentalists.

A decade ago, on the occasion of his 80th birthday, André Previn observed how proud and happy he was to be not just a composer, not just a conductor, not just a pianist, but a musician—a part of what he called “the best profession in the world,” noting how grateful he was to be in it. Countless music lovers around the world remain equally grateful that he was.

Tom Stoppard On “Penelope”

“Listen, if you ever want to write something which needs a symphony orchestra, I’ve got one.”

This was André Previn in 1974 in London. We met when his wife Mia was rehearsing a play by Lorca for which I had made an English version. André had been principal conductor of the London Symphony since 1969 and he was a household name in Britain. We took to each other right away. Who could not take to André? He was, despite himself, glamorous. He was brilliant, funny, with Beatle looks, a huge hit with the LSO, and a popular favourite on TV. When he offered me an orchestra, so to speak, I accepted on the spot. It took a while for us to arrive at the right idea but the result was Every Good Boy Deserves Favour (1977) which he conducted at the Royal Festival Hall, a Royal Shakespeare Company production directed by Trevor Nunn.

André’s bandwidth (to use a term unknown in those days) was unique. When I made my debut and swansong as a songwriter for Rough Crossing, my adaptation for a play by Ferenc Molnár, André obliged with two deft charming tunes while telling me hilarious stories about “your fellow lyricist” Johnny Mercer. He was kind about my limited exposure to classical music, and forgiving about my preference for rock and pop, neither discouraging him from trying to persuade me to collaborate on an opera. I had to insist I didn’t know how, and as the years went by, André switched to the idea of my writing a monodrama, specifically for his friend Renée Fleming. He would bring this up about once a year, and I could never think of a story.

Then—from somewhere—came the story of Penelope, the loyal and steadfast wife of Odysseus, who waited ten years for her man to win the Trojan War and ten more for him to make his way home. It had love, it had grief, it had drama, it had a happy ending.

So, forty years after “EGBDF,” we were together again, André at the keyboard in his flat in Manhattan, with Renée dropping by to look over his shoulder at the pencilled score (which I couldn’t read). At the piano he was very much himself, especially when we digressed into discussing books we were reading or reminisced. He was still making me laugh immoderately. But arthritis was spoiling the party. André needed a walking frame to cross the room. His gallantry carried him to see Renée in Carousel on Broadway and again to see my play The Hard Problem, and it was quite a business getting him into and out of a car. He watched my play from a wheelchair. That was last November. When I returned home to England, André had virtually finished Penelope. If there was a moment when he put down his pencil, I missed it, but anyway he had other
compositions to think about, so I would guess he was still busy with something right up to the day he went to hospital. Previn’s *Penelope*, which would have been a 90th birthday present to himself, is now *in memoriam*.

TOM STOPPARD

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David Fetherolf On Previn’s “Penelope”: The Long Trip To The Stage

André Previn died before completing his final composition—a monodrama about Homer’s Penelope, commissioned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Ravinia Festival, the Aspen Music Festival and School, and the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts—but he had nevertheless done very substantial work on it. André’s commissioners, publisher, and agents consulted among themselves and asked me, his editor of twenty-two years and close friend, to gather up what he had done and, if possible, to bring it to conclusion.

I was cautious about taking on the task as I wanted to be sure I could respect André’s intentions. My deep familiarity with his work, the fact that he had done such significant work on it, and the tremendously helpful input from the musicians who were to perform the work, as well as crucial assistance from André’s son, Matthew, gave me confidence that I would be able to honor both André’s intentions and his memory with my labor.

About two weeks after André’s death, I met Matthew at the apartment and was given a pile of manuscript pages. As was often the case with André’s compositions, there were no bar numbers and few page numbers. Luckily, Tom Stoppard’s text was there, which guided me in putting the pages in correct order. However, there were many more pages than needed; in some, text was unaccompanied while in others the same text was accompanied. There were also some pages which were barely sketched in. I got everything in order and had my first meeting with soprano Renée Fleming, the Emerson Quartet’s first violinist, Eugene Drucker, and pianist Simone Dinnerstein. I went through the manuscript with them and we decided that I should set everything André had set, and then in rehearsal we would see what worked.

André had told me that Penelope was about thirty-seven minutes long, but at our first rehearsal we discovered that it was nearly an hour, and that Renée had far more sung text than her previous conversations with André had suggested she would have. They had conceived of Renée sharing the text with an actor, who would read some of Penelope’s lines as well as many of those assigned to others. Luckily, Renée had her own libretto with sections marked “spoken” and “sung.” I immediately recognized much of the music André had set was marked “spoken.” So I went back to the manuscript.

I replaced many of the sung parts with the other pages I had found with text which was spoken. Some of these parts were accompanied by the quartet or piano, and some were just spoken. (At one point in the manuscript André had written “too long, no acc.”) I was pleased to do this as some of the set text had rather weak accompaniment which seemed more like André’s sketches than his finished product. It was as if André was playing around with things he knew wouldn’t be set and, in some of them (none that I used), there were even other orchestral instruments written in. I’ll bet he was hearing a full orchestration of the work in the future.

I sent the new score to Renée and Gene, and they sent back suggestions for some further nips and tucks, which I gladly considered and mostly used. Last, I gave *Penelope* the dedication I know André would have used: *to Renée*. It’s been such a pleasure, if a melancholy one, to see this through with Renée, Gene, Simone, and the others.

We present to you the final realization of *Penelope*, with music by André Previn, and text by Tom Stoppard.
Renée Fleming: On Working With André Previn

The Emerson Quartet and I were having a conversation about André and thought we should try to commission him to do something; we knew he wasn’t traveling anymore, but he was still his witty, brilliant self. Plus, I am such a fan of Tom Stoppard, and I knew they were friends. I thought, well you never know, what do you think about asking them? And it turned out they had always wanted to work on another piece together. It was wonderful to see André and Tom Stoppard together. I had the privilege throughout this process of just joining them for meetings every once and a while—just seeing the closeness that they had, their rapport, was incredibly touching. Stoppard is charming, so erudite and a great storyteller. André was just great. He was really pleased to have the opportunity.

André writes beautifully for the voice, period. He has a lyrical sort of voice, compositionally. The prosody is wonderful; you can understand people. I loved collaborating with him. It was simply a joy. If I needed something, he immediately understood. He was very open-minded. And I really like his musical language. He is also willing to say “the orchestra is too loud there, cut it”—I never saw anybody do that so easily, he had no problem with that. I assume that was from all his years of arranging, orchestrating, and everything else he has done. He was just very experienced.

The other thing is, he is so facile. I was gathering some material for Julie Harris, for this Emily Dickinson theatrical production I did a long time ago with Charles Nelson Reilly. I was reaching out to composers and asking, “Do you have any Emily Dickinson settings?” because most people did. André said, “No, but I will tomorrow.” That’s what he did; he was remarkable in that way. I have done a lot of new music over the years, but I haven’t done so much repeated work. A Streetcar Named Desire was our first collaboration. He wrote a beautiful concert work for me, The Giraffes Go to Hamburg, he set three Emily Dickinson songs, he set some beautiful Yeats poems that I premiered last year in Carnegie Hall.

He was just a wonderful person, so lovely to spend time with. Unfortunately, our busy lifestyles didn’t allow us to see each other often. But when we did get together, it was always a very warm, friendly reunion. It was just a pleasure. Having lost my dear friend André this past winter, I’m overjoyed that Uma Thurman, the Emerson Quartet, Simone Dinnerstein, and I are able give his last work its world premiere at Tanglewood. I know we can give André’s beautiful music and Tom Stoppard’s brilliant text the performance André would want.

RENÉE FLEMING

“Penelope”
Libretto by Tom Stoppard

SOPRANO: Let others sing of war and a hero buffeted by fate. I sing of marriage and a marriage bed, and the endurance of love.

So, Muse, in a breath –
I am the shade of Penelope, wife and daughter of kings, familiar of the gods: Zeus himself sired in a wing-beat my cousin Helen, Leda’s daughter, who started the Trojan War that took away my husband for ten years, and ten more coming the long way home.

Where should I lay my curse for twenty lost years to housekeeping and chastity? – for my name stamped on the pattern for long-suffering stay-at-home faithful wives busy at the loom?

**NARRATOR:** Round-heeled runaway Helen of the bee-stung lips kept her fame and title, the world’s most beautiful woman, though her wake was red with Greek and Trojan blood.

**SOPRANO:** When her husband caught up with her she only had to drop a shoulder-strap to be forgiven, flashing a breast as round as the Golden Apple Paris awarded Aphrodite in return for plain sailing with the beauty queen of Sparta.

**NARRATOR:** Should I curse Paris the wife-stealer, or Helen the bolter? Or Aphrodite who pimped her for him? Dare I curse the *primum mobile* Godfather Zeus who swanned past Leda’s defences and begat the slut?

**SOPRANO:** Before she was done with her hoop and hobbyhorse, word spread like honey on an ant-heap.

**NARRATOR:** From her ponytail to her gold-strapped sandals she had the glow of a goddess and a bottom like a cleft peach.

Every chancer with an estate and a title to his name came wooing, haggling for her mortal father’s favour. The high-born lord of Ithaca, rich in land and treasure, came among them. Now it was that subtle-minded Odysseus spoke up.

Let Helen choose her husband, he said, and let the rest swear to abide by her choice and to stand up for her husband’s rights. Thus he set the snare that would catch him, and catch our best and bravest. Thus they swore, and swore again when Helen chose that shouter Menelaus for his chestnut curls. Thus black-browed Odysseus turned aside, and his eye fell on the homespun daughter of King Icarius.

**SOPRANO:** I was the most blessed of brides and the happiest, raised up to sit at the side of a just ruler over the loveliest island in all Greece, and to lie at his side, too. When my husband came home from hunting, with a young deer on his broad shoulder, his dog Argus at his heels –

**NARRATOR:** *remember the dog* – and his blood hot from the chase, he would have me undress him and empty a pitcher over his steaming back, his breast, his hard thighs, and serve him till I was sated.
Now, in a court inside our palace there grew a long-leaved olive tree with a bole as thick as a pillar, and around it skillful, expert Odysseus with a sure touch built our bedroom of tight-set stone, and roofed it over, and fitted neatly joined double doors.

Next, he lopped the olive’s crown and the branches from the roots up, trimmed the trunk, planed it smooth, rounded it, and with his shaping axe-head trued it to the plumb-line to be our first bedpost. This he drilled through for the supports to complete our marriage bed, and he fashioned inlays of ivory, silver and gold for decoration before fixing straps of gleaming purple ox-hide across the frame.

When that was done, he put sheep’s wool fleeces and blankets and brightly coloured coverings on the bed, and then he put me on the bed, and every thing he did was skillful and expert with a sure touch.

**SOPRANO:** Our first-born Telemachus was at the breast when the gods could no longer hold back their sport. Their laughter pealed like thunder when the messenger came from Sparta, from King Menelaus. The Trojan Prince had taken Helen. It was war.

**NARRATOR:** My god-like husband took my face between his workman’s hands, and spoke these words for my comfort: “It will be over by the feast of the shortest day. But, just in case, if I’m not back when our son is grown to manhood marry again because I’ll be dead.”

**SOPRANO:** In the bloody-fingered dawn I clothed noble Odysseus in a double cloak of purple wool, pinned with a gold brooch in the form of a hound tearing a fawn in its forepaws. So it was, to keep his vow, he summoned men under his command from Ithaca and the nearer islands, and in twelve ships with crimson-painted bows he brought them to join the black-hulled fleet assembled at Aulis, more than a thousand shiploads of fighting men embarked for Troy to save the honour of a husband who couldn’t keep his trophy wife – and they’d be there still but for Odysseus, lord of stratagems, and his Wooden Horse.

So it was, Odysseus set sail with the fleet for the war.

When the news was of victory at last, my tears of thanksgiving slowly dried as the black ships returned one by one, but none to Ithaca. How my Wanderer dawdled on his way!

For three more years his name flickered like a moth in travellers’ tales and rumour, in songs woven from moonbeams by roaming minstrels who sang of one-eyed giants who snacked on sailors, of the six-headed monster Scylla, of witches with spells to turn men into swine, and sweet-voiced sirens with hair like sea-foam falling over their breasts, of an island where a magic fruit made men forget their home and family.

**NARRATOR:** Then for seven long years, nothing!

So it went: ten years after the sack of Troy, Penelope, constant queen of Ithaca, rose from her narrow cot each bloodshot dawn and with tear-filled eyes searched the horizon for the sail that would bring the last man home from the war,

**SOPRANO:** though the battlefield was under the plough and the citadel of Ilium a wilderness for wild pigs.
My soul cried out – “Odysseus! Odysseus! Leader of men, lord of my hearthstone and marriage bed, my comfort, my rapture, my dear son’s dearer father –

NARRATOR: bastard! What are you doing all this time?"

My son was grown to manhood. My father Icarius called me widow. My house was loud with all the brutes and bores of Ithaca forcing their suits for my hand in marriage, feasting on my cattle, my flocks, carousing, gaming, debauching my servant girls, and clamouring for me to choose a husband.

I had only my guile and my loom to help me. I told my suitors I would choose as soon as I finished weaving the fine-spun shroud I was in honour bound to make for the old father of Odysseus. For many months I wove all day, and at night unwove as much again. In this way I held them off until my secret was betrayed. Their fury was like babies denied the breast. Dawn, fetid and bloody-fingered, brought the new day. Then at last, I bowed my head to the command of far-seeing Odysseus.

SOPRANO: I watched from above as the swineherd Eumaeus led the stranger into the courtyard. Lying there in the dirt was Argus, the old hunting dog, trained when he was young by his master Odysseus. Argus pricked his ears and wagged his tail. He tried to move but in the next moment death took him.

NARRATOR: I had no breath, no heartbeat. My flesh was cold, my eyes blind. Thus my body spoke to my mind. There was some trickery here too deep for me to plumb. I came down into the great hall where Eumaeus took the vagrant to beg for scraps from the rowdy mob of louts who were my suitors. I sat down in my place by the fire and called for a chair to be brought for the stranger, and I asked him his name and the name of his city.

“My lady,” he replied, “I am a man of many sorrows. My name is nobody. Ask me no more. But I met your husband noble Odysseus once, when he was on his way to Troy. A gale drove his ship inshore, and I sheltered him and his men until the weather settled.”

There was more but any liar could say as much. I asked him then to tell me what clothes my husband was wearing, and the old man answered me: “I remember a thick purple cloak, pinned with a gold brooch superbly fashioned as a hound with its quarry, a fawn held between its paws.”

Now I wept, and wept double when he told me to dry my tears, for Odysseus, he said, was alive and not far away. He had lost his last ship and his crew in a tempest and for a long time was marooned on an island, where his heart broke with longing for me. At length he got away on a raft but the angry sea-god Poseidon sent a great wave to smash it to pieces, and brave Odysseus was in the water for three days before he was washed up on a friendly coast, the only man left alive from the twelve ships that had set out from Ithaca.

I called for the stranger’s feet to be washed by ancient Eurycleia who had nursed my poor husband and brought him up. Eurycleia came and she said to the old man how he reminded her of Odysseus, his voice, his glance, even his feet. The old man answered her, “Everyone who saw us both says the same, that we are very like.”
**SOPRANO**: It was so: my body sang the likeness. Again I warned myself: the gods are at play here, tormenting me for their cruel amusement. My husband will never come home.

After the washing of his feet I turned to my guest with these words: “Friend, I need your wisdom. You see here more than a hundred men from Ithaca and round about, all eager to marry me. My son implores me to let one of them take me away as his wife before the rest eat and drink his patrimony of cattle and sheep and the stored jars of wine. So I have prepared for the black day by devising a test, with my hand in marriage as the prize. There is a rare bow kept by Odysseus, not for war but for the chase, and it is here in the palace. The test will be to string the bow and shoot an arrow straight through the rings of twelve axes in a line, and the man who succeeds can take me home. Or should I hold out, the faithful guardian of my husband’s estate with all his servants, his possessions, and this great high-raftered house? Should I hold out, or deliver myself to one of my lecherous suitors?”

**NARRATOR**: “Lady,” the man with no name replied, “the suitors are already dead. But go ahead with your test. Odysseus will be here long before they have given up making fools of themselves trying to string the great bow.”

So long as memory lives in us in the dark Plain of Asphodel, I will not forget the stringing of the bow! My slapstick heroes, urged on by Telemachus, groaned and sweated and swore to no avail, passing the great bow of Odysseus one to another, and how they raged and jeered when my proud vagabond asked to have his turn. Now I raised my voice in the uproar: “Gallant men of Ithaca, are you afraid that this beggarman will spoil your dinner by carrying me off to be his wife?”

Noble Telemachus, his father’s son, spoke up. “Mother,” he said “there is no Greek with more right than I to give the bow to any man I wish, so go back to your loom and spindle which are women’s work, and take all your women with you. The bow is men’s business, and I am master here.”

**SOPRANO**: I obeyed no more nor less than a mother need obey a son. From the shadow in the turn of the stairs I spied on the assembly as Eumaeus placed the great bow in the stranger’s hands.

**NARRATOR**: He looked it over carefully, twisting it this way and that, bending first one end and then the other. Without strain, calmly like a singer fixing the sheepgut to his lyre, he strung the bow, and with his right hand he plucked a note like a homing swallow.

In the instant there was a roll of thunder, as though mighty Zeus were growling at me for forgetting my place in the scheme, and I fled to my room, where I sobbed for my beloved husband until Athene closed my eyes in blessed sleep.

Never was such a night of reckoning slept through. Before dawn, the credulous old nurse came to get me up, cackling and crowing with her news. My husband was home, he was none other than the beggar, altered and aged by Athene of the shining eyes the better to plan his overthrow of the impudent suitors. Telemachus was in on it, sworn to keep silent, and the suitors, arrow-shot or put to the sword, were all dead, along with twelve serving-girls who had made love to them, hanged in a row by my son.
So she spoke. “Eurycleia, you have lived a long time,” I told her, “but you will never understand the humours of the immortal gods. One of them has killed the suitors, and my husband is lost for ever. But let’s go down and see.”

The great hall was scrubbed clean, the tables and benches polished. The air smelled of sulphur and purifying fires. I sat down in the firelight against the wall. Odysseus was sitting by a pillar opposite, his eyes on the ground. I didn’t know what to think. I looked at his face, and sometimes it was him, and sometimes I didn’t know him from a beggar in filthy rags.

**SOPRANO:** Telemachus came forward now with harsh words for his mother’s silence, but I was numb. I don’t know how much time passed. Bright-eyed Athene must have spun the wheel. When I looked again there was no ragged beggar to be seen, but Odysseus was sitting where he’d sat, bathed and oiled, wearing a lovely tunic and cloak, his body strong, and his hair thick as clustered petals on a hyacinth in flower. He looked like a god. So I waited.

He spoke. “What an amazing woman you are, to keep yourself aloof when your husband has returned from twenty years of hardship. So, nurse, make me up a bed to sleep alone, for my wife has a heart of iron.”

Finally, I was able to reply. “And what an amazing man. This is not pride or haughtiness. I remember only too well how Odysseus looked when he set out from Ithaca in his long-oared ship. So, Eurycleia, open up the bedroom that Odysseus built, and have the great bed moved out and made up with fleeces and blankets for him to sleep in.”

**NARRATOR:** It was the test that would prove him false or true. At once, he flew into a rage. “Wife,” he said, “your words are a knife to the heart. Who has moved my bed which I built with my own hands? Only an earth-shaking god could shift it from its place. There was a long-leaved olive tree growing there. I built stone walls around it, and a roof over, to keep the secret of our marriage bed.

**SOPRANO:** Oh how I hurled myself into his arms then, weeping on his neck and kissing his face. “Odysseus,” I cried. “Forgive my cautious heart. I always feared that some trickster would appear and deceive me with his story, even an imposter fashioned in your form by the mischievous gods. So don’t be angry with me, you who always understood everything, The secret of our marriage bed was ours alone and it has proved you my husband, my lord, my beloved.”

**NARRATOR:** Odysseus wept and held me tight. In tears we outdid each other in forgiving until torch-bearing bright-eyed Athene in the likeness of the housekeeper lit our way to our room and unlocked the neatly-fitted double doors. There she left us.

**SOPRANO:** We lay down on our good old bed, and while the goddess held back the coming day we wove together the threads of time broken when the fleet sailed and Troy burned, and the Wanderer made his perilous voyage home.
In the fresh and rosy-fingered dawn when we had loved and talked our fill, I asked my lord, “And what of the seven long years when you were a castaway on that island?”

**NARRATOR:** My husband replied, “It was the island of the nymph Calypso, who fell in love with me and wanted to make me immortal.”

I asked no more, but went to sleep in his arms. May Penelope the Wise be my fame and title, and so tell your children; and so farewell.

Guest Artists

**Emerson String Quartet**

The Emerson String Quartet has maintained its stature as one of the world’s premier chamber music ensembles for more than four decades. The quartet has made more than thirty acclaimed recordings and has been honored with nine Grammys, three *Gramophone* Awards, the Avery Fisher Prize, and *Musical America*’s Ensemble of the Year. The quartet collaborates with some of today’s most esteemed composers to premiere new works, keeping the string quartet art form alive and relevant. They have partnered in performance with stellar soloists including Renée Fleming, Barbara Hannigan, Evgeny Kissin, Emanuel Ax, and Yefim Bronfman, to name a few. During the 2018-19 season the Emerson performs as quartet-in-residence at the Smithsonian Institution for its fortieth season and returned to perform with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. The group performed widely in the U.S. and embarked on two European tours. This summer the Emerson performs at the Ravinia and Aspen Music Festivals. Other highlights include performances of *Shostakovich and The Black Monk: A Russian Fantasy*, the recent theatrical production co-created by the theater director James Glossman and the quartet’s violinist Philip Setzer. The music/theater hybrid, co-commissioned by the Great Lakes Chamber Music Festival, Princeton University, and Tanglewood Music Festival (where it was performed last summer), has been presented at the Ravinia Music Festival and Wolf Trap, as well as in Seoul. This spring, the quartet reprised the work at Stony Brook University and the Orange County Performing Arts Center. In April 2017, the Emerson released its latest album, “Chaconnes and Fantasias: Music of Britten and Purcell,” their first CD on the new label Decca Gold. The ensemble’s extensive recordings include the complete string quartets of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Bartok, Webern, and Shostakovich, among much else. Formed in 1976 and based in New York City, the Emerson was one of the first quartets whose violinists alternated in the first chair position. The quartet balances busy performing careers with a commitment to teaching, serving as quartet-in-residence at Stony Brook University, where all of its members (violinists Eugene Drucker and Philip Setzer, violist Lawrence Dutton, and cellist Paul Watkins) are on the faculty. The Emerson String Quartet has appeared at Tanglewood on many occasions since their Tanglewood debut in August 1981.

**Renée Fleming**

Renée Fleming is one of the most acclaimed singers of our time. In 2013 President Obama awarded her America’s highest honor for an individual artist, the National Medal of Arts. She brought her voice to a vast new audience in 2014, as the first classical artist ever to sing “The Star-Spangled Banner” at the Super Bowl. Winner of the 2013 Grammy Award (her fourth) for Best Classical Vocal Solo (for her album “Poèmes”), Ms. Fleming has sung for momentous occasions around the world, from the 2006 Nobel Peace Prize ceremony to an historic first in 2012, when she sang on the balcony of Buckingham Palace in the Diamond Jubilee Concert for Queen Elizabeth II. In 2008 she became the first woman in the 125-year history of the
Metropolitan Opera to headline an opening night gala. Last year Decca released her most recent album, “Broadway,” which includes music from *The Light in the Piazza*, a show she starred in this summer at the Royal Festival Hall in London. Among her numerous awards are the Fulbright Lifetime Achievement Medal, Germany’s Cross of the Order of Merit, Sweden’s Polar Prize, France’s Chevalier de la Légion d’Honneur, and honorary doctorates from Harvard, Duke, Carnegie Mellon, the University of Pennsylvania, the Eastman School of Music, and the Juilliard School. Her memoir, *The Inner Voice*, has been published around the world and is currently in its sixteenth paperback printing from Penguin. In March 2016 Renée Fleming was named an artistic advisor at large for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. In 2010 she was named the first-ever creative consultant at Lyric Opera of Chicago, where she curated the creation of the recent world premiere of an opera based on the best-seller *Bel Canto*. She is currently a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Hall Corporation, the Board of Sing for Hope, the Board of Trustees of Asia Society, and the Artistic Advisory Board of the Polyphony Foundation. Renée Fleming made her BSO debut in July 1991 at Tanglewood, as Ilia in Mozart’s *Idomeneo* led by Sejii Ozawa. Her subscription series debut was in December 1998, in Haydn’s *The Creation* with James Levine conducting. Ms. Fleming’s most recent Tanglewood appearance was this past Saturday night with Andris Nelsons and the BSO, singing in the world premiere of Kevin Puts’s BSO-commissioned *The Brightness of Light*. Her most recent subscription appearances with the orchestra were this past February, again with Maestro Nelsons, as soloist in the closing scene of Strauss’s *Capriccio*, singing as an encore, in memory of André Previn, Blanche DuBois’s aria “I can smell the sea air” from Previn’s opera *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Ms. Fleming is this summer’s Koussevitzky Artist at Tanglewood (see program page).

Uma Thurman
Award-winning actress Uma Thurman has proven herself to be one of the industry’s most versatile performers, lending her talents to an array of acclaimed films, television shows, and stage productions. She currently stars in the Netflix original series *Chambers* opposite Tony Goldwyn, and this summer at the Williamstown Theater Festival she stars in Carey Perloff’s production of Ibsen’s *Ghosts*. On the big screen, she has recently appeared in Lars von Trier’s *The House That Jack Built*, *The Con Is On* directed by James Haslam, and *Down a Dark Hall* directed by Rodrigo Cortés. In Tim Hill’s forthcoming *The War with Grandpa*, Ms. Thurman stars opposite Robert De Niro. Ms. Thurman is best-known for her portrayal of Mia Wallace in Quentin Tarantino’s cult classic *Pulp Fiction*, a role for which she received an Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actress as well as a Golden Globe nomination. For her starring role as The Bride in Tarantino’s *Kill Bill* franchise she earned Golden Globe Award nominations—one for each of the two films. Ms. Thurman’s entrance into mainstream film was in 1988 with her role as Venus in Terry Gilliam’s *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* and, the same year, her critically acclaimed portrayal of an 18th-century convent girl in *Dangerous Liaisons*. Soon after, she starred in *Henry & June*. Additional film credits include *Beautiful Girls*, *Batman and Robin*, *Les Misérables*, *Sweet and Lowdown*, *Be Cool*, *The Producers*, and the first volume of Lars von Trier’s *Nymphomaniac*. Ms. Thurman earned a Golden Globe for *Hysterical Blindness*, an HBO movie that she produced and starred in. She received her first Emmy nomination for Outstanding Guest Actress in a Drama Series for her arc on the NBC’s series *Smash*. She was also recently awarded the Actors Fund Medal of Honor. In 2017, she made her Broadway debut as the star of *The Parisian Woman*. Born in Boston and raised in Amherst, Ms. Thurman currently lives in New York City with her three children. She makes her Tanglewood debut this evening, in the world premiere of André Previn and Tom Stoppard’s *Penelope*. 
Simone Dinnerstein

2018 was a banner year for pianist Simone Dinnerstein, with highlights including an acclaimed recital at the Kennedy Center, her London Symphony Orchestra debut, and an ambitious season as the first artist-in-residence for Music Worcester. Ms. Dinnerstein spent 2018 touring Philip Glass’s Piano Concerto No. 3, written for her as a co-commission by twelve orchestras. “Circles,” her world-premiere recording of it with A Far Cry, topped the Billboard Classical charts, and she has played the concerto in the U.S. and abroad. In another highlight of her 2018-19 season, she continues touring New Work for Goldberg Variations, her collaboration with choreographer Pam Tanowitz. New Work receives a run at New York’s Joyce Theater in the 2019-20 season, which also includes a European tour with Kristjan Jarvi and the Baltic Sea Philharmonic and a residency in San Francisco with the New Century Chamber Orchestra. Ms. Dinnerstein first attracted attention in 2007 with her self-produced recording of Bach’s Goldberg Variations and has recorded eight albums since, all topping the Billboard Classical charts. Her schedule takes her around the world, performing at venues such as Carnegie Hall, Symphony Hall, Vienna’s Konzerthaus, Berlin’s Philharmonie, the Sydney Opera House, Seoul Arts Center, and Wigmore Hall; at festivals like Aspen, Verbier, and Ravinia, and Mostly Mozart, and with ensembles such as the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Dresden Philharmonic, Staatskapelle Berlin, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Czech Philharmonic, Danish National Symphony Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, Minnesota Orchestra, Atlanta Symphony, Montreal Symphony Orchestra, Orquestra Sinfonica Brasileira, and Tokyo Symphony. Ms. Dinnerstein is founder of Neighborhood Classics, a concert series open to the public and hosted by New York public schools to raise funds for their music education programs. A faculty member at the Mannes School of Music, Ms. Dinnerstein graduated from the Juilliard School, where she studied with Peter Serkin; she also studied with Solomon Mikowsky at the Manhattan School of Music and with Maria Curcio in London. A Tanglewood Music Center alumna, Simone Dinnerstein performed here numerous times in 1997 and 1998.