

DAWN UPSHAW

Soprano

and

RICHARD GOODE

Pianist

Tuesday Evening, April 14, 1992, at 8:00
Rackham Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

PROGRAM

She never told her love
Fidelity
The Wanderer
The Mermaid

Franz Joseph Haydn

Rondo in A minor, K. 511
March in C major, K. 408, No. 1
Gigue in G major, K. 574

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

For Solo Piano

Goethe Lieder
Anakreons Grab
Kennst du das Land
Nachtlied
Versunken
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Rastlose Liebe

Hugo Wolf
Robert Schumann
Robert Schumann
Franz Schubert
Franz Schubert
Franz Schubert

INTERMISSION

Dawn Upshaw is represented by Columbia Artists Management Inc., New York City.
Recordings: Nonesuch, Deutsche Grammophon, Telarc, Teldec, Music Masters
Richard Goode is represented by Frank Salomon Associates, New York City.
Recordings: Nonesuch

From "The Nursery"

Modest Mussorgsky

In the Corner
The Beetle
With the Doll
Hobby-horse Rider
Prayer at Bedtime

Four Preludes

Claude Debussy

Voiles
Minstrels
Ondine
Les collines d'Anacapri

For Solo Piano

The Children's Hour
Memories
 a, -Very Pleasant
 b, -Rather Sad
Tom Sails Away
The Cage
The Circus Band
Songs My Mother Taught Me

Charles Ives

"A formidable mixture of two superlative musicians...for my taste, the most elegant recital heard in Chicago this season."

Robert C. Marsh, Sun-Times, April 1991

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

She never told her love
 She never told her love,
 But let concealment,
 Like a worm in the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek!
 She sat like Patience
 On a monument, smiling
 Smiling at grief.

Fidelity

While hollow burst the rushing winds
 And heavy beats the show'r,
 This anxious aching bosom finds
 No comfort in its pow'r.
 No! No! For Ah! my love it 'til beknows,
 What thy hard fate may be,
 What bitter storm of fortune blows,
 What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the tread,
 On which our days depend,
 And darkling in the checker'd shade
 She draws it to an end.
 But what fore'er may be our doom,
 The lot is cast for me, is cast for me;
 For in the world or in the tomb
 My heart is fix'd on thee.

The Wanderer

To wander alone when the moon faintly beaming
 With glimmering lustre darts
 Through the dark shade,
 Where owls seek for cover
 And night birds' complaining
 Adds sound to the horror that darkens the glade.
 'Tis not for the happy, come daughter of sorrow
 'Tis here thy sad thoughts are embalm'd in thy tears,
 Where lost in the past disregarding tomorrow
 There's nothing for hopes and nothing for fears.

The Mermaid

Now the dancing sunbeams play
 On the green and glassy sea;
 Come, and I will lead the way
 Where the pearls treasures be.

Come behold what treasures lie
 Far below the rolling waves;
 Riches, hid from human eye,
 Dimly shine in ocean's caves;
 Ebbing tides bear no delay,
 Stormy winds are far away.

Come with me and we will go
 Where the rocks of coral grow;
 Follow, follow, follow me.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

From his earliest youth, Mozart lived and breathed music. His first pieces were written at the age of four; at eight, he had composed his first symphonies, which were repeatedly performed; at twelve, his first opera, *La finata semplice*, was completed. So, to the end of his short life, the stream of inspiration flowed ceaselessly from his pen, creating works of great and lasting beauty.

Without resort to melodrama, the **Rondo in A minor, K. 511**, is one of Mozart's most tragic solo piano pieces. The opening theme is one of despair, appearing twelve times throughout the work. That is not to say, however, that this rondo is without charm. There is grace and beauty in the typical Mozartian tradition, through which the despair takes on all the more poignancy.

The **March in C major, K. 408, No. 1**, was composed in 1782. Written during Mozart's early Viennese years, this festive work was intended to celebrate Sigmund Haffner's ascent to nobility, and it was premiered along side the *Haffner* Symphony, K. 385. Originally scored for two oboes, two horns, two trumpets, timpani, and strings, the March was arranged for pianoforte at a later date.

The **Gigue in C major, K. 574**, was composed in 1789 and may be considered a tribute to Bach. Written during the period that Mozart discussed commissions from the Prussian court, the Gigue was probably intended to be part of a future sonata for the Prussian princess, herself a pianist.

Goethe Lieder

Anakreons Grab, Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Wo die Rose hier blüht,
Wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen
Wo das Turtelchen lockt,
Wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt
Welch ein Grab ist hier,
Das alle Götter mit Leben
Schön bepflanzt und geziert?
Es ist Anakreons Ruh.
Frühling, Sommer und Herbst
Genoss der glückliche Dichter;
Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich
Der Hügel geschützt.

Here, where the rose blooms,
Where vine twines round laurel,
Where the turtle dove calls,
Where the cricket delight,
Which grave is here,
That it with life all gods
Plant and ornament with beauty?
Here Anacreon rests.
Spring, summer and autumn
The happy poet has enjoyed;
From winter, at last,
Has this mound protected him.

Kennst du das Land, Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen
blühen,
im dunklen Laub die Goldorangen
glühen,
ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel
weht,
die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer
steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter,
zieh'n!

Do you know the land, where the
lemons blossom,
the oranges glow golden amongst dark
leaves,
a gentle wind blows from the blue
sky,
the myrtle stands silent, the laurel
tall,
do you know it?
There, there
would I go with you, my
love!

Kennst du das Haus, auf Säulen ruht
sein Dach,
es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das
Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn
mich an:
was hat man dir, du armes Kind,
getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer,
zieh'n!

Do you know the house? On pillars rests
its roof,
its hall gleams, its apartment
shimmers,
and marble statues stand and gaze at
me:
What have they done to you, poor
child?
Do you know it?
There, there
would I go with you, my
protector!

Kennst du den Berg und seinen
Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen
Weg,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte
Brut,
es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die
Flut:
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin, dahin
geht unser Weg; O Vater,
lass uns ziehn!

Do you know the mountain and its
cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way in the
mist,
in caves the ancient brood of dragons
dwells,
the rock falls sheer, and over it,
the flood;
do you know it?
There, there
lies our way! O father,
let us go!

Nachtlied, Schumann

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Over every summit is peace,
In every tree-top you feel
Scarce a breath;
The birds in the wood are hushed.
Only wait, soon
You too will be at peace.

Versunken, Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Voll Locken kraus ein Haupt so rund!
Und darf ich dann in solchen reichen
Haaren
Mit vollen Händen hin und wider
fahren,
Da fühl ich mich von Herzensgrund
gesund.
Und küss ich Stirne, Bogen, Augen,
Mund,
Dann bin ich frisch und immer wieder
wund.
Der fünfgezackte Kamm, wo sollt'er
stocken?
Er kehrt schon wieder zu den Locken.
Das Ohr versagt sich nicht dem
Spiel,
So zart zum Scherz, so
liebeviel,
Doch wie man auf dem Köpfchen kraut,
Man wird in solchen reichen Haaren
Für ewig auf und nieder fahren.
Voll Locken kraus ein Haupt so rund.

A head so round, so full of curly locks!
And when I am allowed to fill my
hands
With this abundant hair, and run them to
and fro,
Then I feel good from the depths of my
heart.
And when I kiss her forehead, eyebrows,
eyes and mouth
I am afflicted afresh and ever
again.
This five-toothed comb, where should it
stop?
Already it returns to your curls.
The ear, too, cannot refrain from joining
in the game;
So delicate it is in playful dalliance,
so full of love!
But he who fondles this little head
Will, in such abundant hair,
Move his hands up and down for ever.
A head so round, so full of curly locks!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, Schubert

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiss, was ich leide!

Only one who knows longing
Can understand what I suffer!
Alone and bereft
of all joy,
I look at the sky
yonder.
Ah, he who loves and understands me
is far away.
I faint. Fire burns
within me.
Only one who knows longing
Can understand what I suffer!

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
 Dem Wind entgegen,
 Im Dampf der Klüfte,
 Durch Nebeldüfte,
 Immer zu! Immer zu!
 Ohne Rast und Ruh!
 Lieber durch Leiden
 Wollt ich mich schlagen,
 Als so viel Freuden
 Des Lebens ertragen
 Alle das Neigen
 Von Herzen zu Herzen,
 Ach wie so eigen
 Schaffet es Schmerzen!
 Wie, soll ich flieh'n?
 Wladwärts zieh'n?
 Alles vergebens!
 Krone des Lebens,
 Glück ohne Ruh,
 Liebe, bist du!

Against the snow, the rain,
 the wind,
 In the mist of the ravines,
 Through the fragrant vapors,
 Ever on! Ever on!
 Without rest or repose.
 Rather would I struggle
 Through suffering
 Than to bear so much
 Of the world's joy.
 All the inclining
 Of heart to heart,
 Ah, how in its own way
 It causes pain!
 What, shall I run away?
 Flee to the woods?
 All in vain!
 Crown of life,
 Fortune without rest,
 That is love!

Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881)

From *The Nursery*

In the Corner

My, but you're naughty!
 You unrolled the yarn!
 The needles are lost! Naughty!
 All the loops are undone!
 And ink is all over the stockings
 Go now! Stand there!
 In the corner! Bad Michael!

But I did really not do anything!
 I did not touch the stockings
 Or the yarn, the kitten did it all,
 The kitty cat lost the needles,

Spilled ink and everything.
 Your little boy has not been
 A naughty boy, no, not at all.
 But Nanna is a mean old thing;
 And Nanna has a nasty dirty nose.
 Michael's hair is brushed and clean
 and neat:
 Nanna's bonnet isn't neat at all!
 Nanna was not fair to punish him,
 And make him stand in the corner here.
 So now Michael does not love his
 Nannie nurse any more. So there!

The Beetle

Nannie! Nannie dear! See what happened!
 Oh, my Nannie dear!
 I was playing in my sandbox by the arbor
 In the beeches building houses,
 Building them from chips of maple
 that my mother cut me,
 She her very self had cut me.
 When my house was really finished
 With the roof on, with the roof on really,
 Then right on the gable,
 A beetle sat, a big fat one!
 O so black, O so fierce!
 He wiggled his whiskers up and down,
 And looked at me and scared me,
 O so! O he scared me so!
 He buzzed so loud, angry in a rage
 He spread out his wings and tried
 to grab me!

And up he flew and hit me upon
 my forehead!
 I kept my eyes shut, Nannie dear,
 And sat, and hardly dared to whisper.
 Then with one eye I peeped out
 just to look,
 And really and truly, Nannie dear!
 There the beetle lay all upside down
 With both his little feet up,
 No longer angry;
 Not a wiggle in his whiskers;
 His wings were shaking, but he did
 not make a sound.
 Is he dead yet? Is he just pretending?
 What will he do now? O tell me, Nannie!
 What will he do now? He tried to hit me,
 and down he tumbled.
 What will he do now? The beetle?

With the Doll

Dolly lullaby, Dolly lulla-by.
Go to sleep and close your eyes.
Dolly! Sleep, Dolly.
Dolly, go to sleep, if you are not good,
Soon the wolf will come, take you to
the wood.
Dolly, go to sleep, when you wake
you'll tell me
All that you were dreaming:
The magic island, where the sun
is beaming
Where is neither sowing, reaping,
toil or mowing,
And the juicy pears, ripen golden
gleaming.
Dolly, lullaby by-o-by, Dolly.

Hobby-horse Rider

Hey, hopp, hopp, hopp! Hopp, hopp
Gee, go on, Hey! hey! Gee go on!
Hopp, hopp, hopp, hopp, hopp!
Hopp, hopp, hopp!
Hopp, hopp, hey, hey, ta, ta, etc.
Hey, ta, ta, etc. Get up! Whoa, stop!
Basil, O Basil! Listen! Come and play
with me this evening.
Do not be too late! Get up there! Hopp!
Good-bye, Basil, I am off to Jukki,
I'll be back tonight, long before
your bedtime.
Very early, I'll come back again
to Basil, sharp at six o'clock.
Ta, ta, etc. Hey! get up, hopp, Hey, get up,
Hey, hey, get up, hey, hey.
Oh look out! Ouch!
Oh how my foot hurts me.

Darling boy, and does it really hurt so?
Now stop your crying, 'twill soon
be well.
Stand up and see if it still hurts you.
All well again?
Can you see the pretty birdie?
See there behind the bushes?
Ah, what a pretty bird it is.
O how beautiful!
See it? And now, all well! All well!

I have gone off to Jukki.
And now for home.
I am in a hurry, hopp, hopp.
Guests are coming hopp, in an awful
hurry.

Prayer at Bedtime

God, protect and bless them.
Father and mother.
God protect and bless them all.
Guard them Lord and bless them:
Brother Vassinka, brother Mishenka
God protect and bless her,
Grandmother, well-belov-ed.

Long may she live, keep her well
And care for her,
Good little grandmother,
Old little grandmother,
Bless them all!
Bless my aunts, all of them,
Aunty Kitty, Aunty Natalie, Aunty Mary,
Aunty Parasha, Aunty Luba, Barbara,
Sasha, and Olga and Tanya and Nadia;
Uncles Peter and Nicky, uncles Vladimir
and Grisha and Sasha. O bless them!
God protect my aunts and my uncles and
Philip and Johnny and Mitya and Peter
and Dasha, Pasha, Sophie, Duniushka,
Nannie, O Nannie, what is the ending?
"You naughty girl to have forgotten!
How often have I told you:
And to me a sinner, be, O Lord, merciful!"
And to me a sinner, be, O Lord, merciful.
So, Nannie dear?

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Four Preludes

Voiles Because the word *Voiles* has several meanings, two suggestions exist for the inspiration of this prelude: either the sails of boats, billowing in the wind; or mysterious veils, swirling with diaphanous grace. Debussy is believed to have acknowledged that both descriptions are appropriate. The play on words is quite probably intentional.

Minstrels This prelude is inspired by the antics of the black-faced minstrels, who blazed a pioneering trail for the American musical theatre in the 1840s, and who began to appear in Europe around 1900 at fairs and seaside resorts. Debussy captures the swiftly changing moods of these entertainers — their fascinating dance steps, their rowdy comedy, and their sudden moments of touching, heartfelt pathos.

Ondine This is one of Debussy's impressionistic preludes and is based on the poem of Aloysius Bertrand. The story tells of Ondine, a water sprite, who falls in love with a mortal. She pleads with him to visit her in her palace, to be the King of the lakes, to be her lover. He replies, however, that he loves a mortal, and Ondine, weeping bitter tears, is gone in white drops along the window pane.

Les collines d'Anacapri (The hills of Anacapri) The prelude captures the gaiety and vivid colors of a fiesta in this small city on the island of Capri. Snatches of a tarantella can be heard. A sentimental love song momentarily halts the jubilant pulse of the dance; then, the tempo increases to a joyful finale.

The Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as Children's Hour.
I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened
And voices soft and sweet.
From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair.

Memories

a,-Very Pleasant

b,-Rather Sad

We're sitting in the opera house,
The opera house, the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to a-rise
With wonder for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay,
And well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look! I say,
"The band is tuning up
And soon will start to play."

We whistle and we hum,
Beat time with the drum.
We whistle and we hum,
Beat time with the drum.
We're sitting in the opera house,
The opera house, the opera house;
Awaiting for the curtain to rise
With wonder for our eyes;
A feeling of expectancy,
A certain kind of ecstasy,
Expectancy and ecstasy,
Expectancy and ecstasy Sh's's.

From the street a strain on my ear
doth fall,
A tune as thread-bare as that "old
red shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn,
It shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from
early morn,
'Twas a common little thing and
kind 'a sweet,
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up
both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down to the barn
Or to the town, a humming.

Tom Sails Away

Scenes from my childhood are with me,
I'm in the lot behind our house
upon the hill,
A spring day's sun is setting,

Mother with Tom in her arms is
coming towards the garden;
The lettuce rows are showing green.
Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town,
Stronger comes the breeze from
the ridge,
'Tis after six, the whistles have blown,
The milk train's gone down the valley.
Daddy is coming up the hill from
the mill,
We run down the lane to meet him.
But today! In freedom's cause
Tom sailed away for over there!
Scenes from my childhood are floating
before my eyes.

The Cage

A leopard went around his cage
From one side back to the other side;
He stopped only when the keeper came
around with meat;
A boy who had been there three hours
began to wonder,
"Is life anything like that?"

The Circus Band

All summer long, we boys dreamed
'bout big circus joys!
Down Main Street, comes the band,
Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious
noise!"

Horses are prancing, Knights advancing;
Helmets gleaming, Pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her throne!
That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think,
Can she have died? Can! that! rot!
She is passing but she sees me not.

Songs My Mother Taught Me

Songs my mother taught me
in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were
the tear drops banished,
Were the tear drops banished.

Now I teach my children the
melodious measure
Often tears are flowing,
Flowing from my memory's treasure.

Songs my mother taught me
in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were
the tear drops banished,
Were the tear drops banished.

Although she gave her New York debut recital as recently as 1985, Dawn Upshaw is already widely heralded as one of the outstanding American singers of recent decades. Her calendar regularly includes major roles at the world's leading opera houses, and she is equally celebrated as a lieder singer and recitalist.

Dawn Upshaw was awarded the 1991 Grammy Award for her recent Nonesuch recording "The Girl With Orange Lips," featuring songs by Falla, Delage, Ravel, Stravinsky, and Earl Kim. This is the second Grammy Award for the 31-year-old soprano: she was awarded a Grammy in 1990 for her first Nonesuch album, "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," featuring the title work by Samuel Barber and music by Menotti, Stravinsky, and Harbison. Both discs reflect her ongoing interest and commitment to new music.

Dawn Upshaw has recently participated in three major Mozart recordings: as Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro*, conducted by James Levine for Deutsche Grammophon; as Pamina in *The Magic Flute*, conducted by Roger Norrington for EMI; and as Celia in *Lucio Silla*, conducted by Nikolaus Harnoncourt for Teldec. Other recent recordings include Charpentier's *Te Deum*; *Magnificat* for EMI, with the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields under Neville Marriner.

Highlights of Dawn Upshaw's current season include performances at the Metropolitan Opera in four Mozart productions: *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Magic Flute*, *Così fan tutte*, and *Idomeneo*. She has appeared as soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and San Francisco Symphony under David Zinman in Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* and has given numerous recitals through the United States in her collaboration with pianist Richard Goode. She also performs and records Haydn's *Creation* with the Atlanta Symphony under Robert Shaw and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 with The Cleveland Orchestra, both for the Telarc label. Ms. Upshaw also tours with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.

Dawn Upshaw's wide-ranging musical interests are apparent in her performances of Schoenberg's String Quartet No. 2 with the Arditti Quartet in London; of Mahler's Symphonies Nos. 2 and 4 with Zubin Mehta in



Los Angeles and James Levine in Berlin; of operas by Massenet, Poulenc, and Wagner at the Metropolitan Opera; and of Bach's Christmas Oratorio with Nikolaus Harnoncourt and his Concentus Musicus in Vienna. Her commitment to twentieth-century music is demonstrated both onstage and on recordings. She premiered Stephen Mackey's acclaimed *Amongst the Vanishing* with the Kronos Quartet and John Harbison's song cycle *Simple Daylight*. Other performances of recent works include music of Stephen Albert, Aaron Kernis, and the role of Mary in William Mayer's *A Death in the Family* for the Opera Theatre of St. Louis.

In 1985, Ms. Upshaw took first prize in the Walter Naumburg Vocal Competition. Her first major role at the Metropolitan Opera, in February 1988, was Adina in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and her acceptance as a major solo artist with the company followed instantly. Dawn Upshaw grew up in the suburbs of Chicago, attended Illinois Wesleyan University, and continued her studies at the Manhattan School of Music with Ellen Faull. This evening's recital marks her Ann Arbor debut.

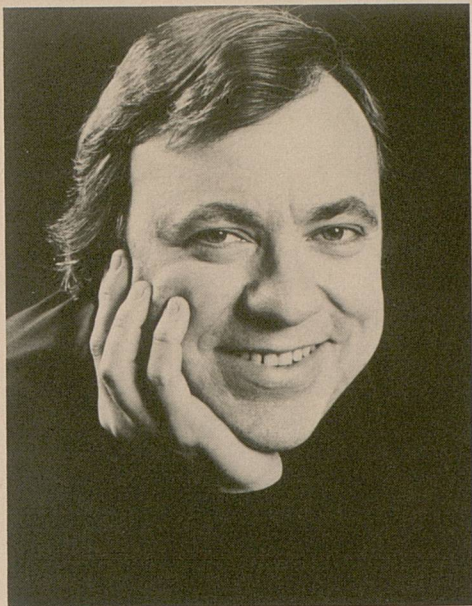
Richard Goode has been acclaimed worldwide as "one of the exemplary pianists of our day." (London) Regular appearances with the major orchestras and in recital in the world's music capitals have won him a large and devoted following, including scores of his fellow musicians. He is one of America's most sought-after musicians and is acknowledged as one of the leading interpreters of Beethoven's music.

A native of New York, Richard Goode studied with Elvira Szigeti and Claude Frank, with Nadia Reisenberg at the Mannes College of Music, and with Rudolf Serkin at the Curtis Institute. He has won many prizes, including the Young Concert Artists Award, first prize in the Clara Haskil Competition, the Avery Fisher Prize, and a Grammy Award with clarinetist Richard Stoltzman.

Richard Goode's remarkable interpretations of Beethoven came to national attention in 1986, when he played all five concertos with the Baltimore Symphony under David Zinman, and again, during the 1987-88 season, when he performed the complete cycle of 32 sonatas at New York's 92nd Street "Y" and Kansas City's Folly Theater. Of his Beethoven performances, the *Los Angeles Times* wrote, "Goode continues the German-American tradition of Beethoven playing exemplified earlier in this century by Schnabel, Rudolf Serkin, and Arrau."

Mr. Goode has made more than two dozen recordings, including Mozart Concertos with the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra; lieder of Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, and Wolf with Benita Valente, and chamber and solo works of Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, and George Perle. Over the past several years, he has been recording the complete Beethoven Sonatas for Nonesuch; discs released thus far, including the late sonatas, have met with widespread critical acclaim, and further installments are being released this season.

During the 1990-91 season, Richard Goode's orchestral performances included appearances with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and the Baltimore Symphony, both under David Zinman and a Carnegie Hall appearance with the latter. He also premiered the George Perle Concerto with the San Francisco Symphony to great critical praise. His engagements with the major orchestras of Europe included performances with the Stockholm Chamber Orchestra at the Bergen



Festival, the Bamberg Symphony, Tivoli Festival Orchestra in Copenhagen, and the English Chamber Orchestra in Vienna. He appeared in recital in Portland, San Francisco, Toronto, Vancouver, at the Kennedy Center, and at Carnegie Hall, where his standing-room-only debut recital was cited as a "Best of the Year" in the *New York Times* year-end wrap-up. Mr. Goode continued his acclaimed tours with soprano Dawn Upshaw with performances in Chicago, Houston, Minneapolis, and Kansas City. In the summer of 1990, he made an extensive tour of the United Kingdom with the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Kurt Sanderling.

Highlights of Richard Goode's 1991-92 season include first-time appearances with three of the "Big Five" orchestras: Boston, Chicago, and Cleveland, with Sanderling, Slatkin, and John Eliot Gardner, respectively. He will make other orchestral appearances in Atlanta, Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Minnesota, and Ottawa. In Europe, he performs with the Berlin and Finnish Radio Symphonies and appears in recital in Chicago, Denver, Houston, Montreal, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Santa Fe, Toronto, Vancouver, New York's Avery Fisher Hall, San Francisco, and Berkeley. His collaboration with Dawn Upshaw also continues.

Mr. Goode now makes his third Ann Arbor appearance, after two concerts with Music from Marlboro in 1969 and 1970.