

**Greg Sandow**

**REEMERGENCE**

**The Mansion at Strathmore**

**April 14, 2016**

**7:30 PM**

*Program*

[video of the complete concert](#) (2:12:13)

From *As You Like It*, opera in progress (libretto by Greg Sandow, adapted from Shakespeare):

“Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love” (2001; world premiere)

Peter Scott Drackley, tenor  
Marvin Mills, piano

[video](#) (2:54)

“Ich bin, du Ängstlicher” (poem by Rainer Maria Rilke; 1999; first public performance)

Marlissa Hudson, soprano  
Marvin Mills, piano

[video](#) (3:26)

From *As You Like It*:

“Do you hear, forester?” (2001; world premiere)

Marlissa Hudson, soprano  
Peter Scott Drackley, tenor  
Marvin Mills, piano

[video](#) (10:01)

*Quartet for Anne* (2001)

Entcho Todorov, violin 1  
Hiroko Taguchi, violin 2  
Jonathan Dinklage, viola  
Peter Sachon, cello

[video](#) (5:34)

*Short Talks* (2007-2015; based on poems by Anne Carson)

Short Talk on Gertrude Stein About 9:30

Short Talk On Defloration

Short Talk On Ovid

Short Talk On Major and Minor (world premiere)

Short Talk On Rain

Short Talk On Rectification

Short Talk On Shelter (world premiere)

Short Talk On Sleep Stones (world premiere)

Jenny Lin, piano and drum

[video](#) (12:07)

*Ground* (2015; world premiere)

Peter Sachon, electric cello

[video](#) (8:42)

*Weegee Photos* (2008-2016; world premiere)

Gunman Shot at 319 Broome Street

Car Crash

Lovers at the Palace Theater

Heat Spell

Alone in Their Dream

Accident on Grand Central Station Roof

Just Add Boiling Water

Crowd at Coney Island

Jenny Lin, piano

[video](#) (8:57)

*Intermission*

*Mahler Variations* (2004; world premiere)

Theme

Variation 1

Variation 2

Variation 3

Variation 4: Beethoven

Variation 5: Elvis  
Variation 6: Mozart  
Variation 7: Eric Rohmer  
Variation 8: Bach  
Variation 9: Schoenberg  
Variation 10: Webern  
Variation 11: Goldberg  
Variation 12  
Variation 13: Bellini  
Variation 14: Antonioni  
Variation 15: Fugue  
Variation 16: The Minor Third Bird  
Variation 17: Chorale Prelude  
Variation 18: The *Lulu* Dance (Berg)  
Variation 19: Proust  
Variation 20: Sheep on a Hillside  
Variation 21: [Silence]  
Variation 22: Mahler  
Coda

Entcho Todorov, violin 1  
Hiroko Taguchi, violin 2  
Jonathan Dinklage, viola  
Peter Sachon, cello

[video](#) (27:11)

### *Encores*

“How Do I Love Thee?” (poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; c. 1957, world premiere)

Marlissa Hudson, soprano  
Marvin Mills, piano

[video](#) (4:17)

From *The Richest Girl in the World Finds Happiness*, finale (libretto: a short play by Robert Patrick; 1975)

Marlissa Hudson, soprano  
Peter Scott Drackley, tenor  
Marvin Mills, piano

[video](#) (4:27)

*Texts and Photos*

“Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love”

*Orlando, exiled from a ducal court, is living in the rural Forest of Arden, where most people are shepherds. He's lovesick for Rosalind, a woman he knew in the court, and hangs poems about her on trees.*

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love,  
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind, these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
Run, run Orlando, carve on every tree,  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

“Ich bin, du Ängstlicher”

Ich bin, du Ängstlicher. Hörst du mich nicht  
mit allen meinen Sinnen an dir branden?  
Meine Gefühle, welche Flügel fanden,  
umkreisen weiß dein Angesicht.  
Siehst du nicht meine Seele, wie sie dicht  
vor dir in einem Kleid aus Stille steht?  
Reift nicht mein mailiches Gebet  
an deinem Blicke wie an einem Baum?

Wenn du der Träumer bist, bin ich dein Traum.  
Doch wenn du wachen willst, bin ich dein Wille  
und werde mächtig aller Herrlichkeit  
und ründe mich wie eine Sternenstille  
über der wunderlichen Stadt der Zeit.

*I am, you anxious one. Don't you hear me  
surging against you with all of my senses?  
My feelings, finding wings, circle all in white  
around your face. Don't you  
see my soul, pressed against you  
in a dress made of silence?  
Doesn't my summer prayer grow and ripen  
on your gaze, as it might grow on a tree?  
If you're the dreamer, I am your dream.  
But if you want to awaken, I am your Will,  
and will grow great and powerful,  
and wrap myself, like a silence of stars,  
around the mysterious city, Time*

*[translation by Greg Sandow]*

“Do you hear, forester?”

*Though Orlando doesn't know this, Rosalind, too, has fled the ducal court, and is living in the Forest of Arden. She pretends to be a local resident, and for protection dresses as a man. Her only companion is her friend Celia, also a refugee from the court, who pretends to be her sister, a local shepherdess.*

*Rosalind is lovesick for Orlando, and is almost overcome when she learns that he's the one hanging poems about her on trees. When she finds herself alone with him, she barely knows what to do. She wants to talk to him, but can't tell him who she is.*

*At first she's tongue-tied, and when she finds her voice, she makes meaningless (if witty) conversation.*

*But then she teases him about his hopeless love, and finds a crazy way for them to spend romantic time together. She tells him she can cure his love, if he — who of course thinks she's a man — will pretend she's Rosalind, and court her.*

ROSALIND

Do you hear forester?

ORLANDO

Very well, what would you?

ROSALIND

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO

You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND

Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute would detect the lazy foot of Time.

ORLANDO

And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND

By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND

Marry he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized.

ORLANDO

Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. These Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO

Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND

With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO

Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND

With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and they perceive not how Time moves.

(pause)

ORLANDO  
Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND  
With this shepherdess my sister.

ORLANDO  
Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND  
As the cony [rabbit] you see dwell where she is kindled. [born; or inflamed with passion]

ORLANDO  
Your accent is finer, than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND  
I have been told so of many: But indeed, an uncle of mine taught me to speak, one that knew courtship too well: for he fell in love. I have heard him read lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with giddy offenses.

ORLANDO  
Can you remember the principal evils, that he laid to women?

ROSALIND  
There were none principal, they were alike, as halfpence are.

ORLANDO  
I pray you recount some.

ROSALIND  
There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind upon their barks. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel.

ORLANDO  
I am he that is so love-shaked.

ROSALIND  
There is none of my uncle's marks upon you.

ORLANDO  
What were his marks?

ROSALIND  
A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not. Then your hose [socks] should be ungartered, your shoe untied: but you are no such man.

ORLANDO  
Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND  
Me believe it? You may as soon make her believe it, which she is apter to do than confess that she does. But in good sooth [in truth], are you he that hangs the verses on the trees?

ORLANDO  
I swear to thee youth, I am he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND  
Love is a madness, and deserves a whip, as madmen do: yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO  
Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, and woo me. At which time would I grieve, be changeable, proud, fantastical, full of tears, full of smiles: now weep for him, now spit at him; and thus I cured him.

ORLANDO

I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND

I would cure you, if you would call me Rosalind, and woo me.

ORLANDO

Now by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where you live.

ROSALIND

Go with me, and I'll show you.

ORLANDO

With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND

Nay, you must call me Rosalind.

*Short Talks* (poetry by Anne Carson, used with her permission)

Short Talk On Gertrude Stein About 9:30

How curious. I had no idea! Today has ended.

Short Talk On Defloration

The actions of life are not so many. To go in, to go, to go in secret, to cross the Bridge of Sighs. And when you dishonored me, I saw that dishonor

is an action. It happened in Venice; it causes the vocal cords to swell. I went booming through Venice, under and over the bridges, but you were gone. Later that day I telephoned your brother. What's wrong with your voice? he said.

Short Talk On Ovid

I see him there on a night like this but cool, the moon blowing through black streets. He sups and walks back to his room. The radio is on the floor. Its luminous green dial blares softly. He sits down at the table; people in exile write so many letters. Now Ovid is weeping. Each night about this time he puts on sadness like a garment and goes on writing. In his spare time he is teaching himself the local language (Getic) in order to compose in it an epic poem no one will ever read.

Short Talk On Major and Minor

Major things are wind, evil, a good fighting horse, prepositions, inexhaustible love, the way people choose their king. Minor things include dirt, the names of schools of philosophy, mood and not having a mood, the correct time. There are more major things than minor things overall, yet there are more minor things than I have written here, but it is disheartening to list them. When I think of you reading this, I do not want you to be taken captive, separated by a wire mesh lined with glass from your life itself, like some Elektra.

Short Talk On Rain

It was blacker than olives the night I left. As I ran past the palaces, oddly joyful, it began to rain. What a notion it is, after all — these small shapes! I would get lost

counting them. Who first thought of it? How did he describe it to the others? Out on the sea it is raining too. It beats on no one.

#### Short Talk On Rectification

Kafka liked to have his watch an hour and a half fast. Felice kept setting it right. Nonetheless for five years they almost married. He made a list of arguments for and against marriage, including inability to bear the assault of his own life (for) and the sight of the nightshirts laid out on his parents' beds at 10:30 (against). Hemorrhage saved him. When advised not to speak by doctors in the sanatorium, he left glass sentences all over the floor. Felice, says one of them, had too much nakedness left in her.

#### Short Talk On Shelter

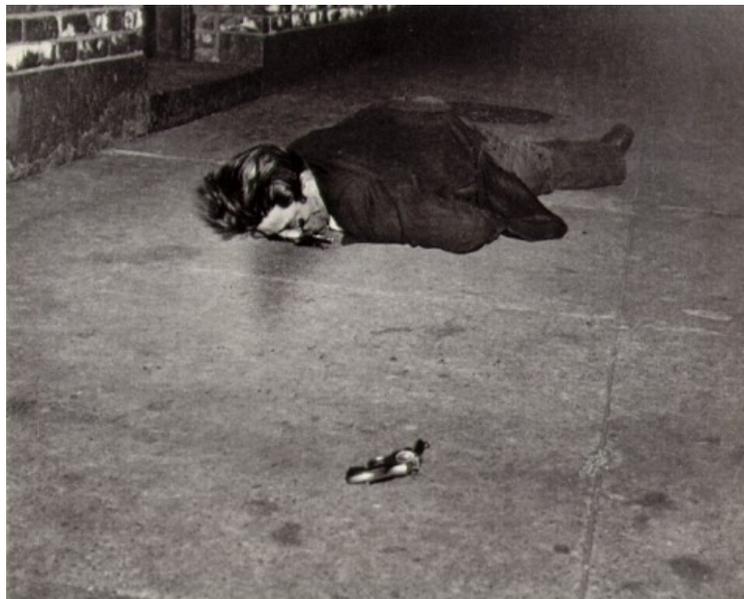
You can write on the wall with a fish heart, it's because of the phosphorus. They eat it. There are shacks like that down along the river. I am writing this to be as wrong as possible to you. Replace the door when you leave, it says. Now you tell me how wrong that is, how long it glows. Tell me.

#### Short Talk On Sleep Stones

Camille Claudel lived the last thirty years of her life in an asylum, wondering why, writing letters to her brother the poet, who had signed the papers. Come visit me, she says. Remember, I am living here with madwomen; days are long. She did not smoke or stroll. She refused to sculpt. Although they gave her sleep stones — marble and granite and porphyry — she broke them, then collected the pieces and buried these outside the walls at night. Night was when her hands grew, huger and huger until in the photograph they are like two parts of someone else loaded onto her knees.

#### *Weegee Photos*

##### Gunman Shot at 319 Broome Street



Car Crash



Lovers at the Palace Theater



Heat Spell



Alone in Their Dream



Accident on Grand Central Station Roof



Simply Add Boiling Water



Crowd at Coney Island



*Mahler Variations*

Variation 19: Proust

*These words — the first six sentences of Proust's In Search of Lost Time — aren't sung in the quartet. But even so they're set to music. The melody in the Proust variation, moving from instrument to instrument, would be a setting of these words, if it happened to be sung.*

Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure. Parfois, à peine ma bougie éteinte, mes yeux se fermaient si vite que je n'avais pas le temps de me dire: " Je m'endors. " Et, une demi-heure après, la pensée qu'il était temps de chercher le sommeil m'éveillait; je voulais poser le volume que je croyais avoir encore dans les mains et souffler ma lumière; je n'avais pas cessé en dormant de faire des réflexions sur ce que je venais de faire, mais ces réflexions avaient pris un tour un peu particulier; il me semblait que j'étais moi-même ce dont parlait l'ouvrage: une église, un quatuor, la rivalité de François Ier et de Charles Quint. Cette croyance survivait pendant quelques secondes à mon réveil; elle ne choquait pas ma raison, mais pesait comme des écailles sur mes yeux et les empêchait de se rendre compte que le bougeoir n'était plus allumé. Puis elle commençait à me devenir inintelligible, comme après la métempsycose les pensées d'une existence antérieure; le sujet du livre se détachait de moi, j'étais fibre de m'y appliquer ou non; aussitôt je recouvrais la vue et j'étais bien étonné de trouver autour de moi une obscurité, douce et reposante pour mes yeux, mais peut-être plus encore pour mon esprit, à qui elle apparaissait comme une chose sans cause, incompréhensible, comme une chose vraiment obscure.

*For a long time I'd go to bed early. Sometimes, with my candle barely out, my eyes would close so quickly that I wouldn't have time to say to myself, "I'm asleep." And a half hour later the thought that it was time to go to sleep would wake me; I'd want to put down the book that I'd think I still held in my hands and blow out my light; I hadn't stopped, while I was asleep, turning over in my mind the things I'd been reading about. But these thoughts would take an unusual turn; it seemed to me that I myself had become whatever the book was talking about; a church, a quartet, the rivalry of François the First and Charles the Fifth. This belief would persist for a few seconds after I awoke: it didn't come as any kind of shock to my mind but would weigh like scales on my eyes and would stop them from seeing that the candle was no longer lit. Then everything would begin to become unintelligible to me, like, after a reincarnation, the thoughts of a previous life; the subject of the book would detach itself from me, I'd be free to link it to myself or not; all at once I'd recover my sight and I'd be quite astonished to find darkness all around me, sweet and restful to my eyes but perhaps even more for my mind, to which it seemed like something without any cause, incomprehensible, like something truly dark.*

*(translation by Greg Sandow)*

“How Do I Love Thee?”

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

*The Richest Girl in the World Finds Happiness* (text from the play by Robert Patrick, slightly changed for this performance; used with his permission)

*The Richest Girl lives in a mansion so large that inside it are the Sistine Chapel, the Great Pyramid, and many other great sights of the world, plus the sun and the moon. The Handsomest Movie Star in the World comes to propose marriage. But there's a crisis! The Richest Girl's maid, Madalayna, has gotten the mail, and found a notification telling the Richest Girl that she's been named Miss America. If she marries the Star, how can she hold that title?*

*Madalayna chases the Girl and the Star through the mansion, trying to stop the marriage. But she's too late. When she finds them, the Girl (who, as the Richest Girl, would have that authority) has already performed the wedding.*

*But no problem, the Girl explains. They're on the other side of the International Date Line, and so she can be married where they are, and still be single back home.*

*Which leads to the finale, originally for four singers, rewritten here with slight changes of text for just the Girl and the Star (which means that when the Girl gives an order to Maddalena, we have to pretend that Maddalena is there). The refrain of the finale — "The Richest Girl in the World is the one who finds true happiness" — of course has a double meaning.*

STAR

How truly it is written that happiness is found  
Only by those who are happy all year round.  
The secret of serenity is one we all possess:  
The Richest Girl in the World Is the One Who Finds True Happiness.

GIRL

You must have faith in Providence and 'twill dispel your gloom  
When I feel it start to rain, I move to another room.

STAR

This is the only secret your study will impart:  
The true sense of well-being comes to the untroubled heart.

GIRL

Possessions are as nothing; Madalayna, call the car.

STAR

Do your best to brighten the corner where you star.

GIRL

Now let our husband sing out what we would all profess.

STAR

The Richest Girl in the World Is the One Who Finds True Happiness.

GIRL

And don't forget it.

STAR

The Richest Girl in the World Is the One Who Finds True Happiness.

GIRL

And holds onto it.

STAR and GIRL  
The Richest Girl in the World Is the One Who Finds True Happiness.

STAR  
Oh, there's one thing I forgot to tell you!

GIRL  
What's that?

STAR  
It's Christmas, too!

*(That's the original text. Robert Patrick encourages his actors to make up something new for each production of the play, and presumably of the opera.)*

This is the end of our story. Another's starting soon.  
Niagara Falls is coming to us for our honeymoon.

GIRL and STAR  
You must have wealth within you or wealth could not mean less.  
The Richest Girl in the World Is the One Who Finds True Happiness.  
Happy ending to you. Happy ending to you.  
Happy ending forever, happy ending to you.  
La la la la la la la.  
And don't forget it!  
The Richest Girl in the World Is the One Who Finds True Happiness.

### *Biographies*

#### *Greg Sandow*

Greg Sandow is reemerging as a composer. For many years he was nationally known as a critic, writing about both classical music and pop. More recently he's been honored as what a colleague called "the voice of the revolution" — an advocate for the many changes sweeping through classical music today, which he encourages and helps incite as a writer, teacher, and consultant.

He teaches a course in the future of classical music at Juilliard (and another on how to speak and write about music), as a member of the Graduate Studies faculty. As a consultant, he's done projects with major orchestras and has had clients ranging from individual artists to the DePauw University School of Music, where he helped introduce a radical new curriculum. He writes an influential blog about classical music's future (at [www.artsjournal.com/sandow](http://www.artsjournal.com/sandow)), and is widely in demand as a public speaker, both in the U.S. and abroad.

But making music might be his dearest love. When he went to college at Harvard, he sang a lot of opera (though his official major was government). He then got a master's degree in composition from the Yale School of Music. and when he was active as a composer, he wrote, along with other works, four operas, all successfully produced. His favorite (though it's not officially on his Strathmore program) is a version of *Frankenstein*, imagined as Verdi or Bellini might have written it.

He lives in Washington with his wife Anne Midgette, classical music critic for the *Washington Post*. The joy of their life is their son Rafael, best known as Rafa, four and a half years old, joyful, smart, and intensely alive.

#### *Peter Scott Drackley*

Lauded by Opera News as having "showed vocal confidence...his luminous head voice blooming with expansive and penetrating phrases," Peter Scott Drackley has performed such operatic roles as Rodolfo (*La bohème*), Gerald (*Lakmé*), Tom Rakewell (*The Rake's*

*Progress*), Male Chorus (*The Rape of Lucretia*), Ferrando (*Così fan tutte*), and Alfredo (*La traviata*), and symphonic works including Beethoven's 9th Symphony, Handel's *Messiah*, Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Mozart's Requiem. Currently a student of Diana Soviero, Mr. Drackley's season included performances at the National Cathedral, Teatro Grattacielo, Venture Opera, Utah Festival Opera, the Helena Symphony, Lyric Opera Baltimore and Carnegie Hall. Mr. Drackley will be an Apprentice Artist with Santa Fe Opera, singing Benvolio in Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* and covering Joe in *La fanciulla del West*, and will perform Il Duca di Mantova in Verdi's *Rigoletto* in his debut with Anchorage Opera. For more information, please visit [www.peterscottdrackley.com](http://www.peterscottdrackley.com)

#### *Marvin Mills*

Native Philadelphian Marvin Mills is organist at St. Paul's United Methodist Church in Kensington, Maryland. He is also music director of the acclaimed National Spiritual Ensemble, and guest artist with the Ritz Chamber Players, based in Jacksonville, Florida. Previous positions include Associate Minister of Music at National City Christian Church, Director of Music at All Souls Church, Unitarian, and University Organist at Howard University, all in Washington, DC.

Active with the District of Columbia Chapter of the American Guild of Organists since 1984, he has served as dean (1990-1992), board member, Foundation trustee, Regional Convention secretary, and chairman for regional and chapter competitions, exemplifying his commitment to the mission of the Guild and his belief in the expressive power of the organ as an instrument for use in worship and concert.

Presented in recital by the Washington National Cathedral in observance of Black History Month 1989, he was invited back for its 1995 and 2002 Summer Festival series. He has performed throughout the United States in such places as The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, The Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and The Barns, Wolf Trap Farm Park, as well as in historic churches in Krakow, Poland. Concerto appearances include the Pittsburgh Symphony with conductor Isaiah Jackson (Rheinberger g minor), the Johns Hopkins Symphony (Rheinberger F major) and the Peabody Symphony (Rheinberger g minor). He has also performed with the Jacksonville Symphony in concertos by Handel, Rheinberger and Jongen as well as in Hindemith's Concerto for Organ and Orchestra.

#### *Marlissa Hudson*

American soprano Marlissa Hudson has been described as a "superb lyric coloratura" (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*). At home both on the operatic and concert stage, she made her professional debut while a student, performing Summertime from *Porgy and Bess* with the Baltimore Symphony Pops Orchestra under the baton of Marvin Hamlisch.

Recognized as an international concert performer, Marlissa has been featured in Bulgaria and Paraguay, and has collaborated in the U.S. with such esteemed organizations as the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, Baltimore Symphony Pops Orchestra, National Philharmonic Orchestra, Vocal Essence, the 92nd Street Y, and members of the Arianna Quartet. Recitals are a definitive niche, and she has performed as a recitalist across the continental U.S. and St. Croix US VI.

As a recording and performing artist, Marlissa has been featured on multiple labels singing the work of modern composers. Her discography also includes two albums, *Libera* and *Lust*, which was funded in part by a successful \$15,000 Kickstarter campaign. Marlissa received her formal training at Duke University and the Peabody Institute of Johns Hopkins University. She earned awards for music at both schools, including a Peabody Career Development Grant.

#### *Entcho Todorov*

Bulgarian violinist Entcho Todorov is an accomplished classical musician, playing everything from Brahms to Broadway and touring with rock singer Sheryl Crow and soul legends Hall & Oates and the legendary Diana Ross. He is also a recording musician, featured on the soundtrack of the Oscar-winning movie *Precious*. Entcho has played on stage with Mary J. Blige, Elton John, Andrea Bocelli, Rod Stewart, and Jon Bon Jovi, among others. He has recorded with many artists, including Patty Smith, Kelly Clarkson, Michel Legrand, and Julio Iglesias.

Entcho is currently playing in the Broadway hit *The Book Of Mormon*. Previously, he was a violinist in Broadway's *Women On The Verge Of A Nervous Breakdown* and the Tony-award show *Shrek: The Musical*. He was also the consummate solo violin in the Broadway show *Chita Rivera: The Dancer's Life* during the 2005-2006 season. He also played in *Legally Blonde: The Musical*, *A Little Night Music*, and *Fiddler on the Roof*, where he was also an understudy for the part of the fiddler during the musical's 2004-2005 run with Harvey Fierstein and Rosie O'Donnell; and in *The Immigrant: A New American Musical*. Entcho was the concertmaster for the soundtrack of *Everything Is Illuminated*, a critically acclaimed independent movie featuring Elijah Wood and directed by Liev Schreiber.

Entcho had aspired to master Balkan folk music but it was not until he collaborated with the legend of Eastern European folk music, Ivan Milev, in early 2002 that he devoted his playing to the genre. Their success as a duo led to the creation of the Ivan Milev Band and the release of their album *The Flight of Krali Marco*.

### *Hiroko Taguchi*

Hiroko Taguchi has performed on stage since the age of four. She graduated with a Bachelor of Music degree from the Juilliard School and with a Master of Music degree from the Manhattan School of Music. She has toured with the Dixie Chicks, the Jimmy Cobb Quintet, Rush, and Sam Smith. She also appeared live on stage with such artists as Wynton Marsalis, Josh Groban, Harry Connick Jr., Billy Joel, and many others. She has performed in many Broadway musicals, including *Wicked*, *Spring Awakening*, *West Side Story*, *Next to Normal*, *The Addams Family*, *Spiderman*, and *Ghost*. She is currently concertmaster of the Kinky Boots Orchestra.

### *Jonathan Dinklage*

Jonathan has recorded, toured and/or performed with artists such as Lady Gaga, Mary J. Blige, Lou Reed, Michael Jackson, Barbra Streisand, and Rod Stewart, and most recently toured and performed as featured soloist with the band Rush.

He has also played in many Broadway shows including *Chicago*, *Shrek*, *Matilda* and *Sweet Charity*. Most recently, Jonathan can be heard as the concertmaster of the new hit show *Hamilton*.

He currently lives in Harlem with his wife Ta'Rea and their chihuahua Stevie.

### *Peter Sachon*

Cellist Peter Sachon performs and records with an array of musical groups in New York City. He is the principal cellist in *The King and I*, at Lincoln Center Theater, and he also regularly performs with classical, jazz, and rock groups. He is very active in promoting new music of all kinds and he blogs about American orchestras. Mr. Sachon has been the cellist for the Broadway productions of *Fiddler on the Roof*, *The Light in the Piazza*, *High Fidelity*, *Legally Blonde: The Musical*, *South Pacific*, and *Pippin*. He has also played for two Cirque du Soleil shows, *Banana Schpeel* and *Quidam*.

### *Jenny Lin*

Jenny Lin's orchestral engagements have included the American Symphony Orchestra, the NDR and SWR German Radio orchestras, and Orchestra Sinfonica Nazionale della RAI. Her concerts have taken her to Carnegie Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, the Kennedy Center, MoMA, and the National Gallery of Art, and also to Festivals such as Mostly Mozart, BAM's Next Wave, Spoleto/USA, Kings Place London, the Chopin Festival Austria, and Schleswig-Holstein Germany.

Since 2000, Jenny's discography includes more than 30 recordings on Steinway & Sons, Hänssler Classic, eOne, BIS, New World and Albany Records. She is also the central figure in *Cooking for Jenny* by Elemental Films, a musical documentary portraying her journey to Spain. Other media appearances include CBS Sunday Morning, and NPR Performance Today.

Born in Taiwan and raised in Austria, Jenny studied at the Hochschule für Musik in Vienna, the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore and the Fondazione Internazionale per il pianoforte in Como, Italy. She holds a bachelor's degree in German literature from The Johns Hopkins University.