



Barbara Ann Peters
soprano
Kevin Bartig, piano

Faculty Recital

Sunday, March 30, 2008
3:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Six Romances, Op. 65 (1888)

1. Sérénade
4. Qu'importe que l'hiver
6. Rondel

Pyotr Chaikovsky
(1840-1883)

C'était en avril (1891)

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

Neun Lieder von Goethe, Op. 6 (1904-05)

2. Mailied
3. Elfenliedchen
4. Im Vorübergehn

Nikolai Medtner
(1891-1953)

Five Poems, Op. 27 (1916)

1. Солнце комнату наполнило (Sunshine has filled the room)
2. Настоящую нежность (True tenderness)
3. Память о солнце (The memory of the sun)
4. Здравствуй! (Hello!)
5. Сероглазый король (The grey-eyed king)

Sergei Prokofiev
(1891-1953)

Intermission

Three songs of Adieu (1962)

- After love
Fade vision bright
Farewell

Norman Dello Joio
(b. 1913)

Four Songs, Op. 13 (1937-1940)

- The nun takes the veil (1937)
The secrets of the old (1938)
Sure on this shining night (1938)
Nocturne (1940)

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

from **Regina (1949)**

- Music, music

Marc Blitzstein
(1905-1964)

Notes, Texts and Translations

Chaikovsky: Romances from Op. 65

*In the midst of his 1888 conducting tour, Chaikovsky encountered the mezzo-soprano Désirée Artôt, an old friend whom he had even considered marrying more than two decades earlier. The singer suggested that Chaikovsky compose a song for her—a request that was the impetus behind the six songs of opus 65, all of which are dedicated to Artôt and are among the best of the composer's lighter songs. Artôt was overwhelmed with the gift of not one but six songs, and in a gushing response to Chaikovsky exclaimed "they say 'generous like a king'; they have forgotten to add 'or like an artist'." Although Chaikovsky composed the opus with Artôt in mind—using French texts—his publisher insisted that the songs be translated into Russian for publication, a demand with which Chaikovsky disagreed. On this program we offer three of the opus 65 songs with their original French texts. The first, **Sérénade**, is a setting of a poem by the minor French poet Édouard Tourquety (originally titled Aurore). Here Chaikovsky employs a lilting waltz and—typical of all the opus 65 songs—a light and transparent texture. **Qu'importe que l'hiver** and **Rondel** are both settings of poems by Paul Collin; the former an agitated allegro vivo (with a gentle andante that rounds out the final two lines of each stanza) and the latter a bright and unencumbered number, much in the same vein as the opening Sérénade. (Kevin Bartig)*

[Note: Chaikovsky's name often appears in English as "Tchaikovsky." The spelling without the initial 'T' is a more accurate English rendering of the Cyrillic.]

Sérénade

Text by Édouard Turquety (1807-1867)

Où vas-tu, souffle d'aurore,
Vent de miel qui vient d'éclorre,
Fraîche haleine d'un beau jour?
Où vas-tu, brise inconstante,
Quand la feuille palpitante
Semble frissonner d'amour?

Est-ce au fond de la vallée
Dans la cime échevelée d'un saule
Où le ramier dort,
Poursuis-tu la fleur vermeille,
Ou le papillon qu'éveille,
Un matin de flamme et d'or?

Va plutôt, souffle d'aurore,
Bercer l'âme que j'adore:
Porte à son lit embaumé
L'odeur des bois et des mousses,
Et quelques paroles douces
Comme les roses de mai.

Qu'importe que l'hiver. . .

Text by Paul Collin (1843-1915)

Qu'importe que l'hiver éteigne les clartés
Du soleil assombri dans les cieux attristés?
Je sais bien où trouver encore
Les brillants rayons d'une aurore
Plus belle que celle des cieux.
Toi que j'adore, c'est dans tes yeux!

Serenade

Where are you going, breeze of dawn,
Wind of honey that is just appearing,
Fresh breath of a beautiful day,
Where are you going, flirtatious breeze,
When the quivering leaves
Seem to tremble with love?

Is it to the deep valley
To the disheveled peak of a willow
Where the dove sleeps,
Do you follow the rosy red flower
Or the butterfly that awakens
A morning of fire and gold?

Go, then, breath of dawn,
To cradle the soul that I adore,
Carry to her scented bed
The fragrance of the forest and the moss,
With some words as sweet
As the roses in May.

Who cares if winter. . .

Who cares if winter snuffs out the rays
Of the gloomy sun in saddened skies?
I know well where to find still
The brilliant rays of a dawn
More beautiful than that in the sky.
You whom I adore, it is in your eyes!

Qu'importe que l'hiver ait des printemps
défunts
Dispersé sans pitié les enivrants parfums?
Je sais où trouver, non flétrie,
Malgré les bises en furie,
Une rose encore tout en fleur.
O ma chérie, c'est dans ton cœur!

Ce rayon qui, bravant les ombres de la nuit,
Toujours splendide et pur au fond de tes yeux
luit,
Cette fleur toujours parfumée
Qui dans ton cœur est enfermée,
Et qui sait survivre à l'été,
Ma bien-aimée, c'est ta beauté!

Rondel

Text by Paul Collin

Il se cache dans ta grâce un doux
ensorcellement.

Pour leur joie et leur tourment
Sur les cœurs tu fais main basse
Tous sont pris.
Nul ne se lasse de ce servage charmant.

Il se cache dans ta grâce un doux
ensorcellement.

C'est l'affaire d'un moment,
Ton regard qui sur nous passe
Est le filet qui ramasse nos âmes
Dieu sait comment!

Il se cache dans ta grâce un doux
ensorcellement.

Who cares if winter has of deceased springs

Scattered without mercy the heady perfumes?
I know where to find, unwithered,
In spite of furious north winds,
A rose still in full bloom.
O my dearest, it's in your heart!

This ray that defies the shadows of night
Always splendid and pure deeply in your eyes
shines
This flower eternally perfumed
Which in your heart is enclosed
And which knows how to survive the summer,
My beloved, it's your beauty!

Song

In your grace is hidden a sweet enchantment.

For their joy and their torment
You make off with their hearts
All are smitten.
No one is free of this charming enthrall.

In your grace is hidden a sweet enchantment.

It's a matter of a moment,
Your glance that passes over us
Is the snare that traps our souls;
God knows how!

In your grace is hidden a sweet enchantment.

Sergei Rachmaninov: Songs

Nine songs have survived from Rachmaninov's days as a student at the Moscow Conservatory, the majority of which were not published until after the composer's death. Of these student pieces, C'était en avril stands out as the only song the composer wrote (of nearly 80) using a non-Russian text—in this case French, a language Rachmaninov had known well since childhood. Unfortunately, the Soviet publication of the song used a Russian translation of the text, and today this charming song is virtually unknown in the original French. As with the Chaikovsky songs that opened this program, we offer here C'était en avril with its original text. (Kevin Bartig)

C'était en avril

Text by Édouard Pailleron (1834-1899)

C'était en avril un dimanche,
Oui, un dimanche!
J'étais heureux.
Vous aviez une jolie robe blanche
Et deux gentils brins de pervanche.

It was in April

It was in April, on a Sunday,
Yes, a Sunday!
I was happy.
You were wearing a pretty white dress
And two sweet sprigs of periwinkle.

Oui, de pervanche;
 Dans vos cheveux brins de pervanche.
 Nous étions assis sur la mousse.
 Oui, sur la mousse;
 Et sans parler nous regardions l'herbe,
 L'herbe qui pousse, et la feuille verte,
 Et l'ombre douce, oui, l'ombre douce,
 Et l'eau couler.
 Un oiseau chantait sur une branche,
 Oui, sur la branche.
 Puis, il s'est tu, j'ai pris dans ma main
 Ta main blanche,
 C'était en avril un dimanche,
 Oui, un dimanche, t'en souviens tu?

Yes, of periwinkle;
 Sprigs of periwinkle in your hair.
 We were sitting on the moss.
 Yes, on the moss;
 Looking at the grass without speaking,
 The grass which grows and the green leaves,
 And the soft shade, yes, the soft shade,
 And the water rippling.
 A bird was singing on a branch,
 Yes, on the branch.
 Then, it was silent, I took in my hand
 Your white hand,
 It was in April, on a Sunday,
 Yes, a Sunday, do you remember?

Nikolai Medtner: Neun Lieder von Goethe, Op. 6

*[The songs of Op. 6] mark the beginning of Medtner's German phase as a song writer. Over the next six years he was to compose 35 settings of German texts (mainly Goethe) ... Then came a period of 13 years in which he concentrated exclusively on Russian poetry (mainly Pushkin), 43 settings in all. Only later in life did he strike a balance in his work between these two literary sources. Like all the composer's German songs, these Op. 6 Goethe settings are arguably distant stylistic descendants of Schubert rather than Glinka, more akin to the Lieder of Wolf than to the romances of Rimsky-Korsakov or Rachmaninov. **Mailed**, a simple tale of a lover looking for his lass, has a setting of appropriately naïve charm; **Elfenliedchen** is musically more interesting. The magic world of the poem, in which mischievous spirits come out at midnight to sing and play as the rest of the world sleeps, is admirably caught by the mysterious and somewhat malign air of the setting, not least in two brief passages of vocalise, the earliest examples of what became a characteristic feature of Medtner's vocal writing. The fourth setting, **Im Vorübergehen**, is a parable of courtship: the poet comes by chance upon a beautiful flower, which demands not to be picked but to be transplanted. Particularly notable is the rhythmic flexibility of the vocal line, which in no way compromises the poem's metric scheme. (Excerpted from Martyn Barrie's *Nicholas Medtner: His Life and Music* [Ashgate, 1995]).*

Mailed

All texts by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
 (1749-1832)

Zwischen Waizen und Korn,
 Zwischen Hecken und Dorn,
 Zwischen Bäumen und Gras
 Wo geht's Liebchen, sag mir das!

Fand mein Holdchen nicht daheim;
 Muss das Goldchen draussen sein
 Grünt und blühet schön der Mai,
 Liebchen ziehet froh und frei.

An dem Felsen beim Fluss,
 Wo sie reichte den Kuss
 Jenen ersten im Gras,
 Seh ich etwas. Ist sie das?

May song

Midst wheat and corn,
 Midst hedges and thorn,
 Midst trees and grass,
 Where is my darling walking, tell me!

I did not find my beloved at home;
 My precious one must be outside
 May is greening and is blossoming beautifully,
 My darling wanders happy and free.

By the rock at the river,
 Where she gave me that
 First kiss in the grass,
 I see something. Is it she?

Elfenlied

Um Mitternacht,
Wenn die Menschen erst schlafen,
Dann scheint uns der Mond,
Dann leuchtet uns der Stern,
Wir wandeln und singen,
Und tanzen erst gern.

Um Mitternacht,
Wenn die Menschen erst schlafen,
Auf Wiesen, an den Erlen
Wir suchen unsern Raum
Und wandeln, und singen,
Und tanzen einen Traum.

Im Vorübergehn

Ich ging im Felde so für mich hin
Und nichts zu suchen, das war mein Sinn.

Da stand ein Blümchen so gleich, so nah,

Dass ich im Leben nichts lieber sah.
Ich wollt' es brechen, da sagt es schleunig:

"Ich habe Wurzeln, die sind gar Heimlich,
Im tiefen Boden bin ich gegründet,
Dum sind die Blüten so schön geründet.
Ich kann nicht liebeln, ich kann nicht
schränzen,
Musst mich nicht brechen,
Musst mich verpflanzen."

Ich ging im Walde so vor mich hin,
Ich war so heiter, wollt immer weiter,
Das war mein Sinn.

Song of the elves

At midnight,
When mankind still sleeps,
The moon shines down on us,
The stars illuminate us,
We rove and sing,
And enjoy the dance.

At midnight,
When mankind still sleeps,
In the meadows and the alderwoods
We seek our place
And stroll, and sing,
And dance a dream

In passing by

I walked in the field idly
And wasn't looking for anything, my mood was
such.

There a little flower stood, suddenly, so near
me,

I had never seen anything in my life so lovely.
I wanted to pick it, when it quickly spoke:

"I have roots which are quite secret,
In deep earth I am bedded,
Therefore my blossoms are so beautifully
rounded
I cannot love, I cannot fawn,
You must not pick me,
You must transplant me."

I walked in the wood idly,
I felt so cheerful that I went on walking,
Such was my mood.

Sergei Prokofiev: Five Songs, Op. 27

Composed one year before he was granted permission to travel abroad in 1918, Prokofiev's opus 27 caught the simplicity, the directness, the bursts of passion, and the starkness of truthfulness in uncluttered, declamatory settings of these five poems. Akhmatova's verses have been set with shifting tonalities and the use of whole tone scales, following the natural curves and accents of the language. Uncharacteristically for Prokofiev, the songs are romantic, warm, and emotionally penetrating. Not uncharacteristically, they were composed quickly—in just six days. Prokofiev and Akhmatova never met, yet they shared a similar aesthetic: clarity, brevity, transparency, a rejection of clichés in imagery and language, with a return to small and personal themes. The February 1917 premiere took place in Moscow with 25-year old Prokofiev at the piano accompanying soprano Zinadia Artemyeva. Fellow Russian composers Rachmaninov and Medtner were among the audience. The review mentioned the unusual mixture of the old and new in Prokofiev's harmonic style. (Barbara Ann Peters)

All texts: Anna Andreevna Akhmatova (1889-1966), written 1910-13

Солнце комнату наполнило

Солнце комнату наполнило
Пылью желтой и сквозной.
Я проснулась и припомнила
Милый, нынче праздник твой.

Оттого и оснеженная
Даль за окнами тепла,
Оттого и я, бессонная,
Как причастица спала.

Настоящую нежность

Настоящую нежность не спутаешь
Ни с чем, и она тиха.
Ты напрасно бережно кутаешь
Мне плечи и грудь в меха
И напрасно слова покорные
Говоришь о первой любви.
Как я знаю эти упорные,
Несытые взгляды твои!

Память о солнце

Память о солнце в сердце слабеет
Желтей трава.
Ветер снежинками ранними веет
Едва, едва.

Ива на небе пустом распластала
Веер сквозной.
Может быть, лучше, что я не стала
Вашей женой.

Память о солнце в сердце слабеет.
Что это? Тьма? Может быть!
За ночь прийти успеет
Зима.

Здравствуй!

Здравствуй!
Легкий шелест слышишь
Справа от стола?
Этих строчек не напишешь
Я к тебе пришла.

Неужели ты обидишь
Так, как в прошлый раз:
Говоришь, что рук не видишь,
Рук моих и глаз.

У тебя светло и просто
Не гони меня туда,
Где под душным сводом моста
Стынет грязная вода.

Sunshine has filled the room

Sunshine has filled the room
With clear and golden dust.
I woke up and remembered,
Dear, it was your birthday.

That is why even the snow
Far beyond the windows is warm,
That is why I slept without dreams,
Like a penitent sleeps.

True Tenderness

True tenderness you will not confuse
With anything, it is silent.
In vain you cautiously cover
My shoulders and chest with fur;
And in vain humble words
You speak of first love.
I know too well these persistent,
Burning glances of yours.

The memory of the sun

The memory of the sun grows fainter in my heart,
The grass is more yellow.
The wind flies with early snow
Lightly, lightly.

The willow spreads in the empty sky
A transparent fan.
Perhaps it is better that I didn't become
Your wife.

The memory of the sun grows fainter in my heart,
What is it? Darkness? Perhaps!
Within a night may come
Winter.

Hello!

Hello!
Do you hear the soft rustle
Beside your table?
You won't finish writing these lines
I've come to you.

Is it possible you are angry
Like the last time?
Saying that you don't see my hands,
My hands or my eyes.

In your room it is bright and simple.
Don't drive me there
To where under the arch of the bridge
Murky water flows.

Сероглазый король

Слава тебе, безысходная боль!
Умер вчера сероглазый король.
Вечер осенний был душен и ал.
Муж мой, вернувшись, спокойно сказал:
"Знаешь, с охоты его принесли,

Тело у старого дуба нашли.
Жаль королеву. Такой молодой!
За ночь одну она стала седой."

Трубку свою на камине нашёл
И на работу ночную ушёл.
Дочку мою я сейчас разбужу,
В серые глазки её погляжу.
А за окном шелестят тополя:
"Нет на земле твоего короля."

The grey-eyed king

Glory to you, inescapable pain!
Yesterday the grey-eyed king died.
The autumn evening was sultry and crimson.
My husband, returning, calmly said:
"You know, they brought him back from the
hunt,
They found him, his body near an oak.
Woe to the princess. He was so young!
In just one evening her hair turned grey."

He took his pipe from the hearth,
And went to his night work.
I wake my daughter,
Into her grey eyes I gaze.
Beyond the window the poplar trees whisper:
"Your king is no longer upon this earth."

Dello Joio: Songs of Adieu

I became acquainted with Dello Joio's music ("Song of the Open Road") as an All-Eastern Music Festival high school chorister just four years after he composed this song cycle. The texts offer three faces of love: the left behind, the leaving, and the letting go.

After love

Text by Arthur Symons (1865-1945)

O, now to part, and parting now,
Never to meet again;
To have done forever, I and thou
With joy, and so with pain.

It is too hard to meet as friends and love no more;
Those other meetings were too sweet that went before.
And I would have, now love is over,
An end to all, to all an end.

I cannot, having been your lover
Stoop to become your friend.

Fade, vision bright

(anonymous)

Fade, vision bright! No clinging hands can stay thee.
Die, dream of light! No clasping hands can pray thee.
Farewell, delight! I have no more to say to thee.

The gold was gold the little while it lasted,
The dream was true, although its joy be blasted.
That hour was mine, so swift a time it lasted.

Farewell

Text by John Addington Symonds (1840-1893)

Farewell,
To what distant place wilt thou thy sunlight carry?
I stay with cold and clouded face;
How long am I to tarry?

As thou goest, morn will be;
Thou leavest night and gloom to me.

The night and gloom I can take;
I do not grudge thy splendour;
Bid souls of eager men awake;
Be kind and bright and tender.

Give day to other worlds; for me
It must suffice to dream of thee.
Farewell.

Barber: Four Songs, Op. 13

*John Corigliano describes Barber's music as '... an alternation between post-Straussian chromaticism and diatonic typical American simplicity'. **A nun takes the veil**, written by poet-priest Hopkins in 1918, is set as a recitative-like affirmation. Given Barber's avid reading of autobiographies in any form, he surely resonated with Yeats' gossipy text, **The secrets of the old**. The popular **Sure on this shining night** comes from the same author of Barber's equally successful setting of 'Knoxville: Summer of 1915'. The imaginative and sensual poem of two way lovers in troubled times, **Nocturne** displays a complex tonal palette with a constantly shifting sense of meter.*

A nun takes the veil

Text by Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1899)

I have desired to go where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be where no storms
come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

The secrets of the old

Text by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today

Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

Sure on this shining night

Text by James Agee (1909-1955)

Sure on this shining night of star-made
shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me this side the
ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone of shadows on the stars.

Nocturne

Text by Frederic Prokosch (1908-1989)

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.
Westward th'Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

From **Regina** Text by Marc Blitzstein

Based on the play *The Little Foxes* by Lillian Hellman (1905-1984)

Birdie, the wife of Regina Giddens's opportunistic and physically abusive brother, Oscar Hubbard, sings this aria after a dinner party given to solicit the money and business acumen of Chicago banker William Marshall. Birdie is not made of the same cold, calculating, money-grubbing cloth as the rest of the Hubbard clan. Rather, she is well-educated, well-mannered and wealthy by inheritance. She has turned to the frequent and solitary comfort of elderberry wine to hide Oscar's abuse and cope with bitter resignation: Oscar has married her for her money. Here, thanks to Marshall's kind, considerate and interested dinner conversation with her, long-buried memories of her cultured childhood and her love of music bring momentary happiness. In the opera, Cal and Addie are Giddens household servants.

Oh, Cal, will you run home and get my music album?
My Addie, what a good supper!
Just as good as good can be!
Mister Marshall's such a polite man,
With his manners, and very educated and cultured.
And I've told him all about how my Mama and my Papa used to go to Europe for the music.
Imagine that, Addie. Imagine going all the way to Europe just to listen to music.
Wouldn't that be nice, Addie?

Music, music, music –
Remembering the sound, the sound of it inside
Inside I sing, sing inside, sing to myself.
When someone is pleasant and nice to you,
Oh, doesn't it make you think of music, too?
Tonight, someone has been nice to me.

Music, music, music –
He talked to me alone, to me!
And I sang the scale – of course inside,
I sang the arpeggios, too.

Oh, what a very long time it is
Since I've been remembering how music is for me.
To talk with someone pleasant is like that
And music, music, music – is like that!

About the Performers

Barbara Ann Peters made her Carnegie Hall debut in Mahler's Eighth Symphony with Canterbury Choral Society and made her Merkin Hall debut with I Cantori di New York in John Harbison's *Five Songs of Experience*. The soprano has appeared with the Dallas, Alabama, Springfield (MA) Symphonies, the New York Chamber Symphony, the Schubertiade (New York), and the Manhattan String Quartet at Music Mountain. Operatic and operetta credits include appearances with Boris Goldovsky Opera, Manhattan Opera, Henry Street Opera, The York Theatre, and Berkshire Choral Festival. Ms. Peters made her television debut in recitals for the RAI from the historic Accademia Chigiana in Siena, Italy and sang the world premiere of Bussotti's *Sadun, Sadun* with the Festival Maggio Musicale in Florence. She has sung recitals in Paris, Rome, Munich, and Viterbo, has been featured in broadcasts by WQXR-New York and WGBH-Boston, and has been guest soloist with numerous recital series along the eastern seaboard in programs embracing 400 years of song. The soprano sings the role of Birdie in Blitzstein's *Regina* with Longleaf Opera in June, 2008.

A native of Massachusetts, Ms. Peters completed an additional four years of post-graduate private study with Walter Cataldi-Tassoni in Rome, Italy. The soprano has given Master Classes at The Boston Conservatory, Meredith College, North Carolina School for the Arts, Guilford College, Texas Christian University, and Berkshire Choral Festival. Ms. Peters has taught Voice and Diction at The Mannes College of Music in New York City, where she was a free-lance professional musician for over 20 years. A Certified Voice Therapist and currently President of NC-NATS, she is a founding faculty member of the Berkshire Choral Festival, where she served as Artist-in Residence from 1982-2007.

Ms. Peters holds the B.M. from The Boston Conservatory of Music, study with David Blair McClosky, a License of Concert Chant from L'École Normale de Musique, Paris, study with Pierre Bernac, and the M.M. from UNC-Greensboro, study with Carla LeFevre. A member of the voice faculty at UNC-CH from 2000-2007, Ms. Peters has had the pleasure of serving as Lecturer at UNC-Greensboro during the current scholastic year.

Kevin Bartig is currently a Fellow of the American Council of Learned Societies and will receive a Ph.D in musicology from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in May 2008. His primary research interest is Russian music, especially that of Prokofiev, on whose works he has lectured both nationally and internationally. His most recent work will appear this summer in the volume *Prokofiev and His World*, forthcoming from Princeton University Press. Bartig has twice been awarded grants from the Andrew Mellon Foundation for his research.

Bartig holds a B.M. (2001) in piano performance from the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire, study with Penelope Cecchini. He was formerly adjunct instructor of piano at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and has performed with the period-instrument group Ensemble Courant. He remains active as a collaborative pianist in North Carolina.