THE PENGUIN
Goes Digital!

IN THIS ISSUE...

Stay Home with your Pets! [3]
I really procrastinated before pulling this issue together. In the past months, this job didn’t feel like a job. Yes, at times, it was challenging and yes, usually by the time the first draft was printed, my eyes have crossed themselves, but I sincerely enjoyed creating content. But this month. This month, I’m just not feeling it. There’s this pressure now more than ever, to continue living normally, to be motivated, to be inspired. But honestly though? Just getting out of bed in the morning is tough enough when you have nowhere to be in the next hour, the next day, or if you’re like me who stocks up on A LOT of food, you don’t even have anywhere to be next week.

Of course, as people in the artistic fields, we are privileged. We aren’t on the frontlines of the pandemic. If we take certain precautions, we can be safe. We have a roof over our heads and we have food in the fridge. Yet we feel unfulfilled. Perhaps it’s selfish; art is self-indulgent. But our self-indulgence is also our self-preservation. Creating is our livelihood.

All of this talk of privilege reminds me of my editor’s notes back in October and November in which I stated that music isn’t a societal necessity, rather it is a self-fulfillment need and accidentally provoked a 2-hour debate with a friend. I remember saying that we are privileged to be creators. But only now have I experienced just how privileged it is to walk into Jordan Hall everyday. After almost a month away from NEC, I feel stifled, suffocated, I feel like the days are never-ending, but things will get better. It will take a very long time, especially for musicians. Many of our auditions, concerts, competitions, festivals, were cancelled. For those living paycheck-to-paycheck, things will get incredibly hard, if they haven’t already. But then again, the auditions, concerts, competitions, festivals, paychecks, those weren’t the things we were living for. First and foremost, we have and always will be creating art and sharing music. So, despite feeling privileged because I have a roof over my head and food in the fridge, I still feel privileged because although I may be isolated, I still get to create music every single day. Maybe my practice isn’t inspired, maybe it’s not enlighteningly expressive, but just putting that time in makes all the difference. By the time I finish practicing, it doesn’t matter how well executed my technique was that day, the only thing that mattered was that I was honestly just happy again, I felt normal again.

In the same way, when I began writing this issue’s note, I was a little worried if there would even be anything written on the page after an hour, but here I am, typing away. I guess it’s true what they say, the courage to take the first step is the only one that matters. Somehow, I definitely will never know how, but somehow, things will figure themselves out.

My story is only one of many who are all in the same position. We are all pressuring ourselves to feel a certain way, to use all of this extra time to do that thing we’ve never done because someone somewhere, is forcing us to use this time wisely. It’s funny- there are so many voices in my head as I sit alone in my quiet Boston loft.

In this issue, a lot of students have taken time to share what they are doing to bridge the miles between us all. It’s my hope that one of these stories resonate with you and especially if you’re away from your family, I hope that you know that you aren’t alone in feeling whatever feelings you are feeling. Feelings are important okay?

There will be one more issue coming in May so if there are things you want to share, please just send me a message, a DM, an email, let me know!

Keep in touch,

Tracy
Stay at Home with Your Pets!

Natalie with Rosie in Los Angeles, CA

Emily with Max at home in Seattle, WA

Sophie-Daisy with Cassiel in New York, NY

Cheyanna with Lucy, Conifer, CO

Christine with Mogi in Taipei, Taiwan
I hope you are all doing as well as possible during this challenging time. How have you been spending your free hours? What keeps you sane?

I have been busying myself with constant baking, writing letters to friends, playing games over zoom, reading poetry, practicing yoga, and going on long walks. But what has really kept me sane during this time, unsurprisingly, is making music. Leaving NEC so abruptly left us stripped of the daily opportunities for musical collaboration and peer inspiration that drives my love of music. Connecting with others is the reason I pursued music altogether, and this quarantine has made me realize how innately important those musical connections are to my daily happiness. So, I’ve embarked on a handful of virtual collaborations to keep me going! I have been working on a music video project with my friend Noga, cello duo arrangements with my studiomate Tres, transcriptions and pop covers with Trio Gaia, and production of a series of my original songs with a composer friend. Self-isolation has inspired me to educate myself further on technological tools that can aid virtual collaboration in music. Through facetime meetings, production software, live-streams, recorded tracks and sharing performances via social media, the music world seems to be finding ways to keep exploring and creating together, despite the distance. Though these alternatives will never replace the live, in-person, connections we foster every day at NEC, it is certainly an encouraging effort to make it through this period of time. Stay well!

Much Love,
Yi-Mei Templeman

“I’ve embarked on a handful of virtual collaborations to keep me going!”
Adjusting to new circumstances can be difficult even without a pandemic. During the past few weeks, there have been days where I’ve gone to work, practiced for hours, gone on a run, and taken the time to cook something new, and there have likewise been days where I’ve felt little motivation to leave my bed. Luckily the latter has passed, for the most part, as I’ve written down and committed to schedules. Planning my practice sessions between runs, meals, reading, at-home work-outs and other creative activities has been key to staving off the quarantine blues.

As I ride my bike to work at Whole Foods behind Symphony Hall, I have watched our campus transform from a bustling community teeming with dedicated, eager, tireless students, to a desolate ghost town. Being a grocery store worker during this time has been an eye-opening experience for sure. Policies are changing and developing every day. I began wearing rubber gloves at the end of February, and we have all been doing our best to maintain as much distance from shoppers as possible. For those who have been to the store, you’ll know how difficult that can be. Beginning just yesterday, our temperatures are being taken upon our arrival to work. Shoppers are not allowed to use their own bags, and this is something that has made people incredibly upset. Shoppers’ tempers have shortened by the day, but it has been something that I’ve let roll off my shoulders. In addition to rubber gloves, I’ve taken additional precautions, making DIY masks out of handkerchiefs and hair ties, and quarantining my work clothes in a shopping bag next to my shoe rack.

As I’ve settled into these circumstances, I have been aware of the significant impact this change has had on my mental, physical, and emotional health. I’m learning to adapt and be mindful of what I need in order to stay balanced. As someone who, before the virus-induced turmoil, was working three jobs, and was preparing for a (cancelled) professional audition, a lightened workload and a return to pure fundamentals and etudes is a reset. It’s allowed me to refresh my perspective on what I do, and reminded me to always be intentional. I miss my friends and family dearly, and cannot wait to be with everyone again.

Take care,
Maria D’Ambrosio

“Being a grocery store worker during this time has been an eye-opening experience for sure.”
Hi! I don’t usually do this sort of thing, but I thought, you know, there’s a first time for everything! I just thought I’d tell you what I’ve been up to in these crazy times we are in right now.

First of all, I’ve been watching a lot of movies. Particularly Marvel movies. And I’ve been doing a lot of video games too, but when I’m not doing any of that stuff, I’m creating. Creating music, creating art, all sorts of things. It’s really fun and it lets me get out a lot of the feelings I am going through during this quarantine. I am actually a part of a group now which hopefully is gonna help me become a better artist in general. I hope so. I’ve also been spending a lot of time with my family. My mom, my dad, my dog Topher and I have all been stuck with each other for pretty much this entire time. Hahaha, I mean, not stuck with each other. No no no. We all love each other and I am so thankful that after being away from them for so long at college at NEC, that we get to spend so much time together. I kind of wish it was under different circumstances, but I’ll take time with my family any day of the week.

How about you? Have you been holding up ok? How’s the family? I’m sure it’s all going just fine, I just want to make sure! Hope you’re staying safe!

Colin Miller
Grant Houston BM ’20 shares his YouTube Favorites

**Fritz Kreisler: Liebesleid arr. For violin and orchestra**
Katica Illényi

This video of my longtime-favorite Kreisler work for violin, his romantically-titled ‘Liebesleid’—love’s sorrow— is probably the most nostalgic video on all of YouTube for me. Questionable clip-on mic audio aside, this inventive and characterful performance brings back the best musical memories of my childhood.

**Vincenzo Bellini: ‘Casta Diva’ from Norma**
Montserrat Caballé

In this live outdoor performance of Norma on a windy French night in 1974, Caballé’s power to simply stand in one place on stage and bring forth such a poignant performance is something indescribable. I’d give anything to have been there.

**Franz Schubert: Piano Sonata no. 21 in B-flat Major, D. 960**
Mitsuko Uchida

There’s no one whose performances of Schubert I enjoy more than Mitsuko Uchida, and this 1997 live performance of the great, ethereal B-flat sonata (one of my favorite works of music) is to me, nothing short of magical.

**Ludwig van Beethoven: String Quartet in F Major Op. 59 no. 1 “Razumovsky”**
Alban Berg Quartet

As far as live chamber music recordings go, this performance of my favorite Beethoven quartet holds a place among my very favorites. Particularly in the slow movement (21:55), the Alban Berg quartet approaches Beethoven’s moments of quiet dignity and impassioned resolve with incredibly inspiring sound colors.
A few days ago, I realized I was spending too much time on my phone. With social media notifications popping up at all hours of the day, it has gotten really difficult to manage FOMO, the fear of missing out. The reverse of this would be the fear of being forgotten. These two serious anxieties have coexisted in my mind throughout this entire quarantine. My life coach and I came up with a plan to get me back to reality while maintaining connections online. Realizing I am the opposite of alone in this experience, I am sharing my plan. I see when y’all are active on Instagram! ;)

The first thing we did was identify the “change-goal,” a behavior to start, stop, or change. Mine is simple: I want to start spending less time on social media. This could seem like a shallow choice of change-goal but I see a lot of depth in it. According to the data on my phone, I was averaging six hours a day on social media alone and 38 hours total on my phone, just last week. That’s almost a full-time job! While I don’t feel too embarrassed about it, given the circumstances, it is not a behavior I wish to continue.

Negative effects this had on me included loneliness, obsession, and loss of touch with myself. You may be thinking, “How can seeing people online make you lonely?” My answer is that having constant visual reminders that you are away from hundreds of people you usually see every day can contribute to the feeling of loneliness. Because of the yearning this creates, you could focus very heavily on specific people, causing you to ruminate on your relationship with them and distort reality. There have been a few times in the last few weeks when I have questioned... then I realized the problem was my personal obsession with keeping up with people I miss. (There is nothing wrong with missing people. Give me a second.) Being sucked into an obsession like this for me, personally, evoked similar feelings as codependency in relationships. I felt as though I couldn’t function unless I was actively and constantly talking to my friends. That could have to do with the fact that I’m very much a natural extrovert, or it could mean that I have become too dependent on other people’s validation of me through social media. That is where the loss of touch with ourselves comes in. Who am I really if all I do is scroll through other people’s pictures all day and like them less than a minute after they post them? Embarrassing! Not the liking posts part, but the fact that I’m literally sitting there on Instagram watching the posts roll in so attentively that I catch each one within minutes of its arrival. It begs the harsh question, “Do I really have nothing better that I could be doing right now?”

I got thinking... what would happen if I limited myself to two hours a day on social media? That would give me time when I wake up and time before bed to check in on everyone I miss. The world will keep spinning, I will still get notifications, and news will keep coming out whether or not I’m on my phone to catch it the second it comes through. Some of my favorite memories occur when my phone dies and I am forced to look around. It inevitably causes me to practice mindfulness, which is a common therapeutic practice.
“It has gotten really difficult to manage FOMO, the fear of missing out, but some of my favorite memories occur when my phone dies.”

that focuses on sensing the world around you. It has become such a growing thing with the past couple of generations to spend so much time with technology that we need to be reminded by medical professionals to look up and witness the world around us with our basic senses. Ouch. That is just another reason why I want to reduce my time on my phone from six hours a day to two or less.

Thinking ahead to combating potential setbacks, one strategy is that I could tell my friends about my plan to spend less time on my phone. If, as we discussed above, the fear is of being forgotten then telling people ahead of time would alleviate this fear while allowing them to understand my concern. I could also simply let myself give into it for a set amount of time each day so I don’t feel completely restrained or guilty when I am on my phone because, let’s be real, living outside of our little NEC family is hard! It is important to keep up with each other. I can also leave my phone in my room while I do homework and other activities and leave my sound on loud enough so I can hear if I miss a call but I’ll be far enough away that it won’t be a distraction. The only real barrier here is the strength of my own willpower.

That’s where the plan with my life-coach continues. The next part is to identify how my life will be different once I have implemented this new behavior into my routine one week, one month, and one year from now. In one week, we will be nearing our third week of online classes. This change should assist me in making it through the first week smoothly. My goal for the week, that will hopefully stick, is to complete all of my assignments on time and to have perfect online attendance. In one month, we will be nearly done with the semester. In order for my academic goals to be met, I will have had to continue my plan for reducing my phone time, as more work will be given and finals should be my primary focus. In one year, I will be almost half way through my education at NEC and two-thirds of the way through my undergraduate journey. I plan to keep my head up and be active in my community.

If screen-time reduction is a goal that you have as well, I would recommend setting up little rewards for yourself for staying within your daily allotted time. Some examples could be an hour of animal crossing, watching a favorite movie, or going on a virtual tour of the Louvre! After you practice, of course. Remember. Your friends love and miss you just as much as you love and miss them, whether or not you're in constant contact. We are going to come back from this a stronger and better community. Since the future remains unknown to all of us, let’s build it with purpose and integrity, poco a poco.

Peace,
Madeleine Wiegers
What’s your Backup Plan?

“Of course, much like the Coronavirus bringing our year to an abrupt close, his third year at the academy ended with him being reluctantly drafted into the German army.”

What’s your backup plan? It’s a question that every single classical music student has heard. At times, the question causes blood pressure to rise. At other times, the question causes insecurity. Some may even be offended by such a question, as attending an institution such as NEC means that you are at the top of your profession (for our age group), and should not need a backup plan.

If this past two months has taught us anything, it is that there is no shame in recognizing the need for a backup plan. In one week, the entire classical music world was brought to a screeching halt, and every single musician, good or bad, successful or unsuccessful, teacher or student, was put on the same playing field: unemployed. Sadness, insecurity, institutional resentment, and controversy flooded social media. Conservatories around the country closed, orchestras and performance organizations canceled their spring seasons, and artist roster agencies are forced to cancel concerts for their soloists. Many musicians are completely out of work, and the lucky few who get to retain teaching gigs through the internet are still strapped for cash.

My very first teacher was a man named Stephen Erdely. Despite believing in me, he always discouraged me from having a career in music. When I was younger, I always disagreed with him, citing all of the evidence for a fulfilling career in music that I could (six-figure orchestral salaries, myriad teaching opportunities, and thriving chamber music organizations). But now, I believe I understand what he was after.

He was born in 1921, and attended the Franz Liszt Academy of Budapest. At that time, the academy was enjoying a similar golden age to that of NEC, boasting faculty such as Carl Flesch, Bela Bartok, and Leo Weiner. Of course, much like the Coronavirus bringing our year to an abrupt close, his third year at the academy ended with him being reluctantly drafted into the German army. In early 1941, he found himself digging trenches for German soldiers. After discovering that he was Jewish, the authorities sent him to Dachau concentration camp, where he remained until General Patton arrived in 1945 with the U.S. Third Army.

Following the war, he returned to music, performing as a soloist with the Munich Philharmonic and making it to the finals of the Geneva International Violin Competition (even after world wars, competitions never die). The broken music world of Europe however, was too unstable and he decided to emigrate to the United States. Shortly after, he was recruited by George Szell to the first violin section of the Cleveland Orchestra in 1951. He remained with the orchestra until 1966, while simultaneously studying for and receiving a doctorate in musicology and ethnomusicology from what is now Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. After leaving the orchestra, he taught at MIT for 20 years before retiring to Concord, Massachusetts.

When Stephen entered his first year as a violin student at the academy, Dachau was probably the last thing he would predict for his future. In fact, I dare say that winding up in a Nazi death camp is at the very least, equal to or greater
“As musicians, we learn to work well with others, problem solve on a daily basis, and take criticism. We understand how to work hard, and consistently. All of these attributes are palatable to any other career.”

than what any of us students face today.

The music world is deeply unstable. In difficult times, it is the first thing to go, and in times of plenty, it is the last thing to be established. As musicians, we made this choice and took this leap of faith. Suggesting that a backup plan is not needed is not only foolish, but it says that we, as top musicians, are incapable of doing anything else with our lives. Having other interests, skills, and crafts is not only a necessity, but a fulfilling approach to life. Moreover, a degree in performance implies so much more than just instrumental proficiency. As musicians, we learn to work well with others, problem solve on a daily basis, and take criticism both true and untrue. We learn (whether we like it or not) how to show up on time. Finally, and most importantly, we understand how to work hard, and consistently. All of these attributes are palatable to any other career.

If the music world faces another halting crisis following this one (and we eventually will), we, as individuals, have to be prepared to do things other than music. Even in good times, orchestras, operas, and chamber societies alike face difficulties that force top musicians to look for work elsewhere. The Chicago Symphony, Boston Lyric Opera, and Philadelphia Orchestra (just to name a few) all have tainted employment records, and while state funded institutions in Europe might have more consistent pay, they’re not immune to things like coronavirus.

In the years before Stephen Erdely died, he always loved telling the story of a special cab ride in Cleveland where he was picked up by the principal violist Abraham Skernick, who because of his lacking (principal player) salary, was forced to moonlight as a cab driver. If retaining a second career was good enough for him, it is good enough for me.

“He was picked up by the principal violist Abraham Skernick, who because of his lacking salary, was forced to moonlight as a cab driver. If retaining a second career was good enough for him, it is good enough for me.”
I love sleep more than anyone else I know. You could be the laziest person in the world, and have no interest in anything but sleep, and I would still love sleep more than you. That is not to say that my days are boring. I actually lead a very intriguing life. My job takes me across the globe to give talks about the brain chemistry behind dreaming. I have lectured to students and professional scientists about my research on sleep in thirty-two countries and counting. And yet, I am happiest when I am asleep, because when I am asleep, I see Gil.

When I was ten and a half, my best friend Gil vanished suddenly. One afternoon, his mother went to pick him up from school only to find that he was not there, and no one could remember having seen him at school that day. Mrs. Hammond had to go to work before Gil left for school every day, so she could not testify that she had seen him that morning. Everyone was devastated, but no one more so than me. Gil and I had grown up together. We were next-door neighbors, and did everything as a pair. We even shared a birthday. Our mothers had to explain to everyone that we weren’t twins, even though we even looked similar.

Only a year later, his mother went insane from the grief and killed Gil’s dog and then herself. The police declared the mystery solved, because clearly, Mrs. Hammond had been mentally unstable this entire time, and had killed Gil on that fateful Tuesday in November. Everyone knew that Mrs. Hammond would never do such a thing, and that the police were just using an easy answer so that they could stop spending so much effort on the case. Eventually, the public accepted the answer. The “Missing” posters drooped off the telephone poles, warped with rain, and the fun run did not become annual as the name “First Annual Gil Hammond Fun Run” had suggested. Slowly, his name faded from the town’s memory, into the recesses of records and random documents deep in the pools of Town Hall. But he never left my mind; in fact, we grew closer through the years.

Gil first appeared in my dreams the day after he disappeared. It was so simple, but so beautiful. We were in the sand pit behind Mrs. Norris’s house, making mud pies. Everything was like normal, and it felt so real that I thought he had come back. I woke with a start at three in the morning, and ran out to tap on his window, as we often did with each other when we had interesting dreams. We had always been interested in each other’s dreams, because they were frequently exactly the same. It was as if we even shared a consciousness.

It has been twenty-five years to the day since Gil vanished, and he is still in my dreams every night. I now recognize that he is not really there and that I should move on, but there is still a part of me that is searching, waiting, and looking for my best friend. My greatest fear is never finding him, because I have a strong suspicion that I know what happened to him.

There was one dream that I never had a chance to tell him about. It happened the night before he disappeared. We were playing together by the river, catching fish with our bare hands. Gil always called the river mine, which I thought was funny, considering he was the one who loved it so much. I was having far more luck with crawdads than fish, and Gil, as per usual, was catching enough fish to feed an army. I took a break to swim in the cool water, but Gil pulled out a glowing trout. Suddenly, the trout absorbed Gil, and took off downstream, before I could catch it. I woke at seven in a cold sweat, unsure of what had just happened.

Twenty-five years and thirty-two countries later, I still return to the same neighborhood every night. No matter how much research I do, I cannot figure out what happened to Gil.
You,  
Who is self,  
Who is one,  
Look upon the world  
Like a butterfly trapped in amber.

You, who lies  
At the center of your existence  
May see,  
Feel,  
Experience this life.  
But you will never  
Be one with the world.

That resounding "I"  
Oh sense of self!  
It lets us be one  
Yet prevents us  
From being one  
With anything, anyone.  
It makes us unspeakably alone.

Is there then no hope,  
To connect with others,  
With nature,  
With life then?  
Is there then Any reason  
To even remain?

I can only answer  
For myself.  
You can only answer  
For yourself.

But know  
That to remain  
Simply to find the answer  
Is fruitless,  
Like one chasing a black butterfly  
In a dark room.

So, do not run away  
In despair  
From your own solitude.  
Live within it,  
Through it,  
And come to accept this abyss  
As yet another part  
Of yourself,  
Despite not really knowing  
Why  
For if one sits in a dark room  
For long enough,  
The black butterfly will rest upon you,  
And the answer will resound from your abyss!
THE PENGUIN

NEC’S STUDENT-RUN NEWSPAPER

Love to write? Looking for a way to make a difference in the NEC Community? YOU may be the next Editor (or Co-Editor!) of The Penguin!

The Penguin is designed and written entirely by students. Penguin editors come up with themes, recruit writers, contribute content, design layout, and ensure that 8 quality issues are published each academic year.

This year, we hope to hire two Co-Editors who will commit to a total of 20 hours per month (10 hours each - $14/hour).

Qualifications:

- Must commit to the full academic year
- Must be full-time student in good standing
- Knowledge of In-Design software a plus (but not necessary)
- Strong written and verbal communication skills
- Demonstrated connections within the NEC community
- Demonstrated leadership skills
- Strong time-management and organizational skills

Duties:

- Ensure timely publication of 8 issues per academic year
- Recruit writers
- Handle layout and design
- Edit all content
- Promote The Penguin through social media
- Foster community through team building and outreach
- Meet regularly with faculty editor
- Distribute issue

To apply: Submit the following to suzanne.hegland@necmusic.edu
1. Co-Editor application form
2. Cover letter
3. 500-word writing sample (if possible, choose something which reflects the style of The Penguin – avoid academic papers)
4. One letter of recommendation which addresses the qualifications above

Applications are due no later than 5pm on Friday, April 17th, 2020
Interviews will be held via video the week of April 20th
Introducing A New Group On Campus!

Who We Are

The Student Leadership council is a new student group that is dedicated to connecting student ideas and concerns with the senior administration. Originally started in 2018 by a group of students who wanted to make a difference, SLC has now grown into a solid platform for the student body to have a say in helping make NEC the best it can be. The group currently consists of Olivia Becker, Cate Byrne, Nikki Naghavi, Litha Ashforth-Wilson and Petur Ulfarsson. SLC is mentored by Deans Nick Tatar and Rebecca Teeters, and meets monthly to discuss updates on projects and initiatives, as well as new information gathered around the school.

Current Projects and Goals

One of our most pressing goals this semester is to hear the largest concerns held by the student body, and how we can work to help solve these issues. You may have seen SLC members tabling for ideas to discuss with the President. Thank you to all of the students who submitted responses about issues they would like discussed! From elevators to faculty diversity, there were a wide array of serious topics. Your voices were heard and organized into categories by SLC. We plan on discussing the responses with Provost Novak and President Kalyn later this semester and next fall. Also, remember you can bring up concerns or ideas at any point to pass on to SLC. We are here for you, and want to know what you have to say. Going forward this semester, we will continue to work together virtually to plan on the ways SLC can continue to transform into a staple in the lives of the student body in the upcoming academic years.

Get Involved!

As NEC moves to virtual classes for the remainder of the semester, it is important to remember that there are still ways to closely connect with the NEC community! If you are a returning student, think about the ways you can be a leader on campus in the near future! Undergraduate, graduate and DMA students are all highly encouraged to apply. Applications for SLC are out now, and information can be found at this link along with other leadership opportunities: https://necmusic.edu/student-senate. The deadline to apply is Friday, May 1st! This is a great way to use some of your time during this uncertain era for happy and productive planning.
How many operas did Mozart compose?
14 – 19 – 22 – 28

What dance craze was inspired by jazz pianist Spencer Williams?
Shimmy – Vogue – Charleston – Shuffle

Pianist Glenn Gould suffered from
Schistosomiasis – Driving phobia – Zoophobia – Hypochondriasis

What instrument did composer Philip Glass first study as a child?
Piano – Flute – Clarinet – Cello

Which jazz trumpeter had to develop a new embouchure late in his career because of a mouth injury?
Lee Morgan – Louis Armstrong – Miles Davis – Chet Baker

Where is György Ligeti from?
Finland – Germany – Hungary – Poland

Where was the premier of Stravinsky’s Rite of Spring?
Paris – London – Munich – Saint Petersburg

Who composed a piano concerto for the left hand only?
Scriabin – Ravel – Debussy – Shostakovich

*see answers at the bottom of the page