

**NAXOS**

# SHOSTAKOVICH

## Symphony No. 13 'Babi Yar'

Alexander Vinogradov, Bass • Huddersfield Choral Society

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra

Vasily Petrenko



## Dmitry Shostakovich (1906-1975)

### Symphony No. 13 'Babi Yar'

The fifteen symphonies of Dmitry Shostakovich now stand at the very centre of the orchestral repertoire: together with those of Mahler, they can fairly be said to represent 'modern' music as it appears for the non-specialist concertgoer. Yet unlike any comparable symphonic cycle since that of Beethoven, they do not progress in a way as might have endowed their career-spanning inclusivity with a logical evolution which carries them from aspiration to fulfilment.

Of the symphonies, the *First* is a graduation work that quickly accorded its teenage composer national acclaim and then international prominence. The *Second* and *Third* both represent reckless accommodation between modernist means and revolutionary ends, while the *Fourth* stakes out the boundary between the individual and society which was to remain a focal point thereafter. The *Fifth* clarifies that boundary by paradoxically making it even more equivocal; a process the *Sixth* continues by its subverting the private/public relationship still further. The *Seventh* is an unequivocal reaction to civil conflict and social collapse as finds its conceptual equivalent in the *Eighth*, which in turn finds its opposite in the *Ninth*. The *Tenth* effectively marks the genre's culmination as the outlet for an abstract programme. The *Eleventh* initiates a period during which Russian concerns were to assume dominance, with its historical acuity being diluted by the relative impersonality of the *Twelfth* then intensified by the undeniable explicitness of the *Thirteenth*. The *Fourteenth* stands outside the symphonic genre as regards form though not in terms of content, while the *Fifteenth* marks a belated re-engagement with an abstract approach to symphonic thinking such as might or might not have been continued.

The *Thirteenth Symphony* followed on directly from its predecessor and has the consecutive opus number. Nor were any original compositions completed between them (an orchestration of Mussorgsky's song-cycle *Songs and Dances of Death* was undertaken during work on the symphony, but only finished afterwards), as though Shostakovich intended these two pieces to form a self-contained diptych that brought to a head his

preoccupation with Russian issues over the twentieth century. 'The Year 1962' might have proved an equally apposite subtitle.

Publication on 19th September 1961 of Yevgeny Yevtushenko's poem *Babi Yar*, a forthright condemnation of anti-Semitism in Russia, marked the beginning of the end of that period in Soviet history known as 'the thaw' which took place under the presidency of Nikita Khrushchev. Shostakovich was galvanized into action – completing his setting of the poem in piano score on 27th March 1962 with the full score on 21st April, and only then contacting the poet for his permission. Initially he envisaged this setting as a stand-alone piece, though on acquiring Yevtushenko's volume *A Wave of the Hand* he soon set to work on three further poems and subsequently requested a new poem from the author (*Fears*) as a symphonic conception fell into place. Despite a short stay in hospital, Shostakovich completed the work on 20th July 1962. During this period, moreover, the composer defended his decision to set so extensively a poet who was viewed with suspicion in cultural circles (much as Bob Dylan was to be by Western literati) – considering his veracity of expression to outweigh any shortcomings in technique.

Shostakovich first approached the Ukrainian bass Boris Gmyra to take on the première, but the latter refused after having consulted his local Communist Party leadership. Matters went little further while the composer attended a major retrospective of his work at the Edinburgh Festival in August, followed by such as Stravinsky's return to his homeland in October after some 45 years and then Shostakovich's only public appearance as a conductor (directing his *First Cello Concerto* at Gorky) in November. By this time, it had become clear that Yevgeny Mravinsky, who had undertaken the premières of almost all Shostakovich's symphonies since the *Fifth*, was unwilling to take on the new work. Stung by this rejection (reasons for which remain contested to this day), the composer approached Kirill Kondrashin – who had given the belated première of the *Fourth Symphony* and duly

accepted with alacrity. Bass Viktor Nechipailo was engaged, but Kondrashin also coached Vitaly Gromadsky as 'replacement' – a precaution that proved invaluable when the former failed to appear for the dress rehearsal.

When it did go ahead, the première – in Moscow on 18th December 1962 with Gromadsky, basses of the Republican State and Gnessin Institute Choirs, and Kondrashin conducting the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, with a repeat hearing two days later – was a resounding success. Soviet officialdom did its best to undermine the occasion by cancelling a televised transmission, then demanding changes to the text of the first movement – to underline that Russians and Ukrainians died alongside Jews at the Babi Yar ravine near Kiev – if further hearings were to take place. Despite misgivings, Shostakovich acquiesced to Yevtushenko's rewriting of eight lines, but he did not enter these changes (which caused minimal alteration to the music) in the score and almost all post-Soviet performances and recordings (including the present one) have gone back to the original text. The revision was first heard in Moscow on 10th and 11th February 1963, again conducted by Kondrashin, though not for two largely unheralded performances in Minsk – both conducted by Vitaly Katayev – during mid-May.

The original artists gave further performances in Moscow on 20th November 1965, in Gorky that December and at Novosibirsk in January 1966 but such hearings, while never prohibited, were not encouraged. Eugene Ormandy gave the American première in Philadelphia on 16th January 1970 with Tom Krause, the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Orchestra, with the UK première in Liverpool on 14th September 1971 by John Shirley-Quirk, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra under Charles Groves. Several early performances were later released on disc – including those given by Kondrashin in Moscow on 20th December 1962 and 20th November 1965, and, intriguingly, in an Italian translation conducted by Riccardo Muti in Rome on 31st January 1970 – with the first studio recording made in Moscow by Kondrashin in September 1965, followed by Ormandy in Philadelphia

in 1970, and André Previn in London during 1979. Commercial recordings became more frequent as the Shostakovich discography expanded over the following two decades.

The *Thirteenth Symphony* is scored for bass soloist, a chorus of basses (between 40 and 100 voices), and an orchestra consisting of woodwind in threes (two flutes and one piccolo) with doublings, four horns, three each of trumpets and trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion (four players) and strings (from 64 to 82 desks). The first movement is a predominantly slow yet deceptively rhapsodic design, and is followed by a scherzo; the final three movements play without pause so a progression from numbness, through volatility, to animation is perceived.

The first movement, *Babi Yar*, tells of prolonged anti-Semitism in Russia in the context of the atrocity committed against Jews by the Nazis at the eponymous ravine near Kiev in 1941. It opens with a stealthy theme on woodwind and muted trumpets, heard over pizzicato strings and bell strokes, which forms a 'motto' for the work overall. The chorus enters with a broad melody over lower strings that sets the scene, and which the bass continues with reference to the 'Dreyfus Case' – the music growing more venomous as he proceeds. After a brief repose, it becomes brazenly sardonic as bass and chorus recall the anti-semitic pogrom in Białystok, formerly part of the Russian Empire and today part of Poland, in June 1906, then ricocheting brass lead to a rapt restatement of the motto on strings and celesta. The bass now addresses the Russian people over pensive horns and woodwind, a recall of the sardonic music acting as the transition into his idealized evocation of Anne Frank ('I feel that I am Anne Frank, as tender as a shoot in April') against strings and celesta, summarily curtailed by the fateful 'arrival' of the chorus, then a brutal march-like passage that culminates in a crushing orchestral restatement of the motto. Dying away on percussion, this leaves the chorus and bass to recall the site of the massacre over sombre woodwind and brass, subsequently taking the music to an eloquent climax which pointedly equates anti-Semitism with Russianness. The tail-end of the motto then returns to bring about a wrathful conclusion.

The second movement, *Humour*, raises its subject to the level of an eternal freedom-fighter against institutions, whether social, political or religious. Ironic woodwind and string chords launch the strutting main theme, bass and chorus telling of humour's exploits over an active orchestral backing. This only briefly loses impetus when his death is solemnly announced – after which, mordant woodwind recollect the motto from the previous movement, before bass and chorus initiate a hectic dance that moves from strings to brass. The bass now darkly foretells of humour's imminent execution, amid violent orchestral outbursts, but his last-minute survival is signalled by the return of the initial jollity to thunderous orchestral approval. Bass and chorus apostrophise him in deadpan terms, the orchestra finally emerging for a dashing recall of the earlier dance then an exhilarating close.

The third movement, *In the Store*, recounts the daily drudgery of Russian women as they set about their routine. Lower strings slowly unfold the sombre theme which becomes more defined as it rises upwards. The bass sets a scene whose dreariness is echoed by the chorus, an aimless percussion motif trailing in its wake. This latter alternates with pizzicato strings as textures become more varied, bass and chorus amply reinforcing the eloquence of the poet's sentiments, before the theme migrates from lower woodwind to upper strings in an interlude of magical pathos. The bass re-enters as tension mounts and a vast climax is reached – bass and chorus joining in condemnation of those who would not accord the women their dignity, against stark tattoos on percussion and a final outburst that culminates in slashing gestures from strings and percussion. Over fateful pizzicato the bass intones his enduring shame, his words trailing off against resonant choral harmonies (the only time in the work when voices are so divided), then lower strings recall the main theme as the music returns to the depths.

The fourth movement, *Fears*, follows on immediately with solo tuba sounding baleful over sepulchral strings. The chorus enters hesitantly with its guarded recognition of a more open society, the bass responding with his defiant recollection of more troubled times (though whether Tsarist or Soviet is left pointedly unanswered),

while a menacing rhythmic figure on trumpets and flutes keeps the atmosphere tense. Twice it provokes a brief outburst, as lower strings continue their restless searching and the bass evokes images of informers and midnight visits. A change of perspective sees the re-entry of the chorus in a stealthy march whose folk-like theme is echoed by bass as the music accrues momentum over undulating strings with shrill cries on woodwind and percussion. His warning that fears inhibit the dissemination of truth provokes a surging climax, culminating in a glowering transformation of the work's opening theme. This subsides to leave the chorus reiterating its initial words, and the bass solemnly to bear witness, before the music gradually dies down against ominous tolling from horns and harp.

The fifth movement, *A Career*, radically changes the expression with its airborne theme for flutes which draws in other woodwind then strings as its radiance spreads. A suave refrain on strings precedes a laconic bassoon figure over which bass and chorus agilely alternate in their telling of Galileo's humiliation by those with more to lose and whom time has condemned to oblivion. Ironic interjections from woodwind and brass provoke a breezy climax, before two reappearances of the suave refrain enclose a pizzicato version of the flutes' theme. Bass and chorus widen their consideration of integrity to include other epoch-making figures (note the acidic pun on 'Tolstoy'), the strings unfolding a vigorous fugue on the bassoon figure toward a strident climax that subsides on lower strings. The mood quietens as bass and chorus recall those whose careers proved life-changing, the former continuing over strings and lower woodwind in his plea for others to follow their example. Solo strings eloquently reprise the flute theme, then celesta adding its spectral presence as the music fades with a final chime on bells.

Shostakovich spoke of having recited this latter poem as though an article of faith. Clearly its message struck a resonance with the composer, whose own career had often been blighted by intrigue and compromise: encouraging him, perhaps, to pursue his career by not pursuing it.

Richard Whitehouse

#### 1 I. Babi Yar

Nad Babim Yarom pamyatnikov nyet.  
Krutoi obryy, kak groboye nadgrobye.  
Mne strashno,  
mne sevodnya stolko let,  
kak samomu yevreiskomu narodu.  
Mne kazhetsa seichas – ya yudei.  
Vot ya bryedupa dryevnemu Egiptu.  
A vot ya, na kryeste raspyaty, gibnu,  
i da sikh por na mne – sledi gvazdey.  
Mne kazhetsa, shto Dreifus – eta ya.  
Meshchanstvo – moi danoschik i sudya!  
Ya za reshotkoy, ya papal v koltso,  
zatravlenniy, oplyovannyi, obolgannyi,  
damachki s byrusselshmi oborkami,  
vizhia, zontami tichut mne v litso.

Mne kazhetsa, ya – malchik v Bialystoke.  
Krov lyotsya, rastekayasa pa palam.  
Beschinstvuyut vozhdri traktirnoy stoiki.  
I pakhaut vodkaoy s lukom popolam.  
Ya, sapagom otbroshennyi, bessilny,  
naprasna ya pogromshchikov molyu.  
Pad gogot: "Bey zhidov! Spasai Rossiyu!"  
Labaznik izbivaet mat moyu.

O russhy moi narod, ya znayu,  
ty pa sushchnosti internatsionalen,  
no chasta te, chi ruki nechisti,  
tvoim chisteishim imyemem bryatsali.  
Ya znayu dobrotu moyei zyemli.  
Kak podla, shto i zhilachkoi ne drognu,  
antisemity narekli sibya:  
"Soyuzom russkova naroda."

Mne kazhetsa, ya – eta Anna Frank,  
prozrachnaya, kak vyetochka v aprele,  
i ya lyublyu, i mne nye nado fraz,  
no nado, shtob drug v druga my smotrel.  
Kak malo možhno videt, obonyat!

Nelzya nam listev i nelzya nan neba,  
no možhno ochen mnoga –  
eta nezchno drug druga  
vtyomnoy komnate obnyat!  
– "Syuda idit!"  
– "Nye boysa. Eta guly samoi vesny,

#### 1 I. Babi Yar

There is no memorial above Babi Yar.  
The steep ravine is like a coarse tombstone.  
I'm frightened,  
I feel as old today  
as the Jewish race itself.  
I feel now that I am a Jew.  
Here I wander through ancient Egypt.  
And here I hang on the cross and die,  
and I still bear the mark of the nails.  
I feel that I am Dreyfus.  
The bourgeois rabble denounce and judge me.  
I am behind bars, I am encircled,  
persecuted, spat on, slandered,  
and fine ladies with lace frills  
squeal and poke their parasols into my face.

I feel that I am a little boy in Bialystok.  
Blood is spattered over the floor.  
The ringleaders in the tavern are getting brutal.  
They smell of vodka and onions.  
I'm kicked to the ground, I'm powerless,  
in vain I beg the persecutors.  
They guffaw: "Kill the Yids! Save Russia!"  
A grain merchant beats up my mother.

Oh my Russian people, I know  
that at heart you are internationalists,  
but there have been those with soiled hands  
who abused your good name.  
I know that my land is good.  
How filthy that without the slightest shame  
the anti-Semites proclaimed themselves:  
"The Union of the Russian People."

I feel that I am Anne Frank,  
as tender as a shoot in April,  
I am in love and have no need of words,  
but we need to look at each other.  
How little we can see or smell!

The leaves and the sky are shut off from us,  
but there is a lot we can do –  
we can tenderly embrace each other  
in the darkened room!  
– "Someone's coming!"  
– "Don't be frightened. These are the sounds of spring,

ona idyot syuda.  
Idi ko mne,  
dai mne skoreye guby!"  
– "Lomayut dver!"  
– "Nyeti! Eta ledokhod!"

Nad Babim Yarom shelest dihk trav,  
dyerevya smotryat grozno, po-sudeiski.  
Zdes molcha vsyo krichit,  
i, shapku snyav,  
ya chuvstvuyu, kak myediemo sedeyu.  
I sam ya, kak sploshnoy bezzvuchny krik,  
nad tysyachami tysyach pogrebyonnykh,  
Ya – kazhdy zdes rasstrelyanny starik,  
Ya – kazhdy zdes rasstrelyanny rebyonok.  
Nishto vo mne pro eta nye zabudet.  
"Internatsional" pust progremit,  
kogda naveh pokhoronen budet  
pasledni na zymle antisemit.  
Yevreiskoy krovi nyet v krovi moyei,  
no nenvisten zloboy zaskaruzloy  
ya vsem antisemitam kak yevrei,  
ipatomu ya nastoyashchiy ruskiy!

#### ❷ II. Yumor

Tsari, koroli, imperatori,  
vlastiteli vsei zymli,  
komandovali paradami,  
no yumorom nye mogli.  
V dvortsy rmenitykh osob,  
vse dni vozlezhashchikh vykholenna,  
Yavlyalsa brodyaga Ezop,  
i nishchimi oni vyglyadeli.  
V domakh, gde khanzha nasledil  
svoimi nogami shchuplymi,  
Vsyu poshllost Khodzha Nasreddin  
shibal, kak shakmaty, shutkami!

Khotyeli yumor kupit,  
da tolko yevo nye kupish!  
Khotyeli yumor ubit,  
a yumor pokazyval kukish!  
Borotsa s nim delo trudnoye.  
Kaznili yevo bez kontsa.  
Yevo galova otrublennaya  
torchala na pike stryeltsa.  
No lish skamoroshi dudochki

spring is coming.  
Come to me,  
give me your lips quickly!"  
– "They're breaking down the door!"  
– "No! It's the ice breaking!"

Above Babi Yar the wild grass rustles,  
the trees look threatening, as though in judgment.  
Here everything silently screams,  
and, baring my head,  
I feel as though I am slowly turning grey.  
And I become a long, soundless scream  
above the thousands and thousands buried here,  
I am each old man who was shot here,  
I am each child who was shot here.  
No part of me can ever forget this.  
Let the "International" thunder out  
when the last anti-Semite on the earth  
has finally been buried.  
There is no Jewish blood in my blood,  
but I feel the loathsome hatred  
of all anti-Semites as though I were a Jew –  
and that is why I am a true Russian!

#### ❷ II. Humour

Tsars, kings, emperors,  
rulers of all the world,  
have commanded parades  
but couldn't command humour.  
In the palaces of the great,  
spending their days sleekly reclining,  
Aesop the vagrant turned up  
and they would all seem like beggars.  
In houses where a hypocrite had left  
his wretched little footprints,  
Mullah Nasredin's jokes would demolish  
trivialities like pieces on a chessboard!

They've wanted to buy humour,  
but he just wouldn't be bought!  
They've wanted to kill humour,  
but humour gave them the finger.  
Fighting him's a tough job.  
They've never stopped executing him.  
His chopped-off head  
was stuck onto a soldier's pike.  
But as soon as the clown's pipes

svoy nachinali skaz,  
on zvonko krichal:  
"Ya tutchiki!"  
I likho puskalsa v plyas.

V potryopannom kutsem paltishke,  
ponuryas i slovno kayas,  
pryestupnikom politicheskim  
on, poimanniy, shol na kazn.  
Vsem vidom pakornost vykazival,  
gotov k nezemnomu zhityu,  
kak vdrug iz paltishka vyskalzival,  
rukoi makhal  
i – tyu-tyu!

Yumor pryatali v kamery,  
da chyorta s dva udalos.  
Reshotki i steny kamennye  
on prokhodil naskvoz.  
Otkashlivayas prostuzhenno,  
kak ryadovoy boyets,  
shagal on chastushkoy-prastushkoy  
s vintovkoi na Zimnyi dvorets.

Privyk on ko vzglyadam sumrachnym,  
no eta yemu nye vryedit,  
i sam na sibya s yumorom  
yumor paroy glyadit.  
On vyechen.  
Vyechen!  
On lovok.  
Lovok!  
I yurok,  
I yurok!  
proidyot cherez vsyo, cherez vsyokh.  
Itak, da slantsa yumor!  
On muzhestvenniy chelovek!

#### ❸ III. V Magazine

Kto v platke, a kto v platochke,  
kak na podvig, kak na trud,  
v magazin po-odinochke  
molcha zhenshchiny idut.

O, bidonov ikh bryatsanye,  
zvonn butlok i kastyul!  
Pakhnet lukom, ogurtsami,  
pakhnet sousom "Kabul."

struck up their tune,  
he screeched out:  
"I'm here!"  
and broke into a jaunty dance.

Wearing a threadbare little overcoat,  
downcast and seemingly repentant,  
caught as a political prisoner,  
he went to his execution.  
Everything about him displayed submission,  
resignation to the life hereafter,  
when he suddenly wriggled out of his coat,  
waved his hand  
and – bye-bye!

They've hidden humour away in dungeons,  
but they hadn't a hope in hell.  
He passed straight through  
bars and stone walls.  
Clearing his throat from a cold,  
like a rank-and-file soldier,  
he was a popular tune marching along  
with a rifle to the Winter Palace.

He's quite used to dark looks,  
they don't worry him at all,  
and from time to time humour  
looks at himself humorously.  
He's eternal.  
Eternal!  
He's artful.  
Artful!  
And quick,  
And quick!  
he gets through everyone and everything.  
So then, three cheers for humour!  
He's a brave fellow!

#### ❸ III. In the Store

Some with shawls, some with scarves,  
as though to some heroic enterprise or to work,  
into the store one by one  
the women silently come.

Oh, the rattling of their cans,  
the clanking of bottles and pans!  
There's a smell of onions, cucumbers,  
a smell of "Kabul" sauce.

Zyabnu, dolgo v kassu stoya,  
no pakuda dvizhus k nyei,  
ot dykhanya zhenshchin stolkih  
v magazinye vsyo teplei.

Oni tikho podzhidayut,  
bogi dobriye semyi,  
i v rukakh oni szhimayut  
dengi trudniye svoyi.

Eta zhenshchiny Rossii.  
Eta nasha chest i sud.  
I byeton oni mesili,  
i pakhali, i kosili ...

Vsyo oni perenosili,  
vsyo oni perenesut.  
Vsyo na svete im pasilno, –  
skolka sily im dano!

Ikh obschitivatpostidno!  
Ikh obveshivat greshno!  
I v karman pelmeni sunuv,  
ya smotryu, surov i tikh,  
na ustaliye ot sumok  
ruki pravyedniye ikh.

#### IV. Strakhi

Umirayut v Rossii strakhi,  
slovnno prizraki prezhnikh lyet,  
lish na paperti, kak starukhi,  
koye-gde yeshcho prosyat na khleb.

Ya ikh pomnyu vo vlasti i sile  
pri dvore torzhestvuyushchei lzhi.  
Strakhi vsyudu, kak tyeni, skolzili,  
pronikali vo vsye etazhi.  
Potikhonku lyudei priruchali  
i na vsye nalgali pyechat:  
gde molchat by – krichat priuchali,  
i molchat – gde by nada krichat.  
Eta stala sevodnya dalyokim.  
Dazhe stranna i vspomnit teper.  
Tayinyi strakh pered chim-to donosom,  
tayinyi strakh pered stukom v dver.

I'm shivering as I queue up for the cash desk,  
but as I inch forward towards it,  
from the breath of so many women  
a warmth spreads round the store.

They wait quietly,  
their families' guardian angels,  
and they grasp in their hands  
their hard-earned money.

These are the women of Russia.  
They honour us and they judge us.  
They have mixed concrete,  
and ploughed, and harvested ...

They have endured everything,  
they will continue to endure everything.  
Nothing in the world is beyond them –  
they have been granted such strength!

It is shameful to short-change them!  
It is sinful to short-weight them!  
As I shove dumplings into my pocket,  
I sternly and quietly observe  
their pious hands  
weary from carrying their shopping bags.

#### IV. Fears

Fears are dying out in Russia,  
like the wraiths of bygone years;  
only in church porches, like old women,  
here and there they still beg for bread.

I remember when they were powerful and mighty  
at the court of the lie triumphant.  
Fears slithered everywhere, like shadows,  
penetrating every floor.  
They stealthily subtued people  
and branded their mark on everyone:  
when we should have kept silent, they taught us to scream,  
and to keep silent when we should have screamed.  
All this seems remote today.  
It is even strange to remember now.  
The secret fear of an anonymous denunciation,  
the secret fear of a knock at the door.

Nu, a strakh gavorit s inastrantsem?  
S inastrantsem – ta shto, a s zhenoy?  
Nu, a strakh bezotchnoyi ostatsa  
posle marshei vdvoymom s tishinoy?

Nye boyalis my stroit v meteli,  
ukhodit pad snaryadami v boy,  
no boyalis paroyu smyertelno  
razgovarnat sam s soboy.  
Nas nye sbili i nye rastlili,  
i nedarom seichas vo vragakh  
pobedivshaya strakti Rossiya  
yeshcho bolshiy rozhdaet strakh.

Strakhi noviye vizhu, svetleya:  
strakh neiskrennim byt so stranoy,  
strakh nepravdoy unizit idei,  
shto yavlyayutsa pravdoy samoy;  
strakh fanfarit do odurennya,  
strakh chuzhiye slova povtoryat,  
strakh unizit drugikh nedaveryem  
i chrezmernno sibye daveryat.

Umirayut v Rossii strakbi.  
I kogda ya pishu eti stroki  
i paroyu nevolno speshu,  
to pishu ikh v yedinstvennom strakhe,  
shto ne v polnoy silu pishu.

#### V. Karyera

Tvyerdili pastyri, shto vreden  
i nyerazumen Galilei.  
(Shto nyerazumen Galilei ...)  
No, kak pakazivayet vremya,  
kto nyerazumnei – tot umnei!

Uchonyi, sverystnik Galileya,  
byl Galileya nye glupeye.  
On znal, shto vyeritisa zymlya,  
no u nyevo byla semya.  
I on, sadyas s zhenoy v karety,  
svershiv predateilstvo svoyo,  
schital, shto dyelayet karyeru,  
a mezhdz tem gubil yeyo.

Yes, and the fear of speaking to foreigners?  
Foreigners? ... even to your own wife!  
Yes, and that unaccountable fear of being left,  
after a march, alone with the silence?

We weren't afraid of construction work in blizzards,  
or of going into battle under shell-fire,  
but at times we were mortally afraid  
of talking to ourselves.  
We weren't destroyed or corrupted,  
and it is not for nothing that now  
Russia, victorious over her own fears,  
inspires greater fear in her enemies.

I see new fears dawning:  
the fear of being untrue to one's country,  
the fear of dishonestly debasing ideas,  
which are self-evident truths;  
the fear of boasting oneself into a stupor,  
the fear of parroting someone else's words,  
the fear of humiliating others with distrust  
and of trusting oneself overmuch.

Fears are dying out in Russia.  
And while I am writing these lines,  
at times unintentionally hurrying,  
I write haunted by the single fear  
of not writing with all my strength.

#### V. A Career

The priests kept on saying that Galileo  
was dangerous and foolish.  
(That Galileo was foolish ...)  
But, as time has shown,  
the fool was much wiser!

A certain scientist, Galileo's contemporary,  
was no more stupid than Galileo.  
He knew that the earth revolved,  
but he had a family.  
And as he got into a carriage with his wife  
after accomplishing his betrayal,  
he reckoned he was advancing his career,  
but in fact he'd wrecked it.

Za asaznaniye planety  
shol Galilei odin na risk,  
i stal velikim on.  
Vot eta – ya ponimayu – karyerist.

Itak, da zdravstvuyet karyera,  
kagda karyera takova,  
kak u Shekspira i Pastera,  
Nyutona i Tolstovo,  
i Tolstovo ... Lva?  
Lva!  
Zachem ikh gryazyu pakryvali?  
Talent – talent, kak ni kleimi.  
Zabyty te, kto proklinali,  
no pomnyat tekh, kovo klyali.

Vse te, kto rvalis v stratosferu,  
vrachi, shto gibli ot kholyer,  
vot eti dyelali karyeru!  
Ya s ikh karyer beru primer!  
Ya veryu v ikh svyatuyu vyera.  
Ikh vyera – muzhestvo mayo.  
Ya dyelayu sibye karyeru tem,  
shto nye dyelayu yeyo!

*Yevgeny Yevtushenko (b. 1932)*

For his discovery about our planet  
Galileo faced the risk alone,  
and he was a great man.  
Now that is what I understand by a careerist.

So then, three cheers for a career  
when it's a career like that of  
Shakespeare or Pasteur,  
Newton or Tolstoy,  
or Tolstoy ... Lev?  
Lev!  
Why did they have mud slung at them?  
Talent is talent, whatever name you give it.  
They're forgotten, those who hurled curses,  
but we remember the ones who were cursed.

All those who strove towards the stratosphere,  
the doctors who died of cholera,  
they were following careers!  
I'll take their careers as an example!  
I believe in their sacred belief,  
and their belief gives me courage.  
I'll follow my career in such a way  
that I'm not following it!

*English translation by Andrew Huth*

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## Alexander Vinogradov



Born in Moscow, Alexander Vinogradov made his début at the Bolshoy Theatre at the age of 21 as Oroveso in *Norma*. He has worked with many leading conductors including Gustavo Dudamel, Daniel Barenboim, Kent Nagano, Vladimir Jurowski, Lorin Maazel, Mariss Jansons, Plácido Domingo, Valery Gergiev, Philippe Jordan, Yuri Temirkhanov, Vasily Petrenko, Helmuth Rilling, Zubin Mehta and Myung-Whun Chung. He has won numerous competitions. Recent performances include Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass* with Sir Mark Elder and the Hallé Orchestra in San Sebastián, Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 13* at the Paris Opera with Philippe Jordan, Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 14* with Vasily Petrenko and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Pittsburgh Symphony and Shostakovich's *Song of the Forests* with the Orquesta Sinfónica del Principado de Asturias (OSPA), *Don Carlo* and *Eugene Onegin* at the Teatro Regio di Torino and *Attila* (title rôle) at St Gallen Opera. He has also recorded songs by Rachmaninov with pianist Iain Burnside for the Delphian label. Alexander Vinogradov has appeared at many Festivals and Opera Houses around the world, and with leading orchestra. He currently lives in Berlin, Germany, where he also teaches singing at the Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler. He continues to study with Svetlana Nesterenko.

## Huddersfield Choral Society



The Huddersfield Choral Society was founded in 1836. Under distinguished principal conductors and chorumasters it has developed an international reputation. Its special quality is the unique 'Huddersfield Sound' – a full-bodied and blended yet flexible tone. The Society promotes its own concert series in Huddersfield Town Hall. Recent invitations to perform outside Huddersfield have ranged from Britten's *War Requiem* in Porto and Valladolid, and Vaughan Williams's *A Sea Symphony* in Antwerp and the Orkneys, to Havergal Brian's mammoth *Gothic Symphony* at the 2011 BBC Proms. In 2012 the Society made two appearances at the BBC Proms: Berlioz's *Grande Messe des morts* under Thierry Fischer, and a concert with the BBC Concert Orchestra under Keith Lockhart to celebrate seventy years of the BBC radio programme *Desert Island Discs*.

## Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Choir



Founded in 1840, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Choir has always been central to the life of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic. Its repertoire covers all periods and styles from Bach to newly commissioned works, with full symphony orchestra and *a cappella*, and it also plays a leading rôle in the famous Royal Liverpool Philharmonic *Spirit of Christmas* Carol Concerts. As well as performing in many British concert venues, the Choir has appeared in the BBC Proms at the Royal Albert Hall, including a televised performance of Vaughan Williams' *A Sea Symphony* in 2005. The Choir has toured to Spain, France, Germany and the Netherlands. Among the Choir's many recordings are Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*, Vaughan Williams' *A Sea Symphony* and *Serenade to Music* and Howells' *Hymnus Paradisi* with Vernon Handley, Finzi's *Intimations of Immortality* with Richard Hickox, Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* with Sir Charles Mackerras, *Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio* with Carl Davis, and Shostakovich's *Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3* with Vasily Petrenko. Ian Tracey has been Chorusmaster of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Choir since 1985.

## Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra

Photo: Mark McNulty



The award-winning Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra is the UK's oldest continuing professional symphony orchestra, dating from 1840. The dynamic young Russian, Vasily Petrenko, was appointed Principal Conductor of the orchestra in September 2006 and in September 2009 became Chief Conductor. The orchestra gives over sixty concerts each season in Liverpool Philharmonic Hall and tours widely throughout the UK and internationally, most recently touring to China, Switzerland, France, Spain, Germany, Romania and the Czech Republic. In recent seasons world première performances have included major works by Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, Sir John Tavener, Karl Jenkins, Michael Nyman and Jennifer Higdon, alongside works by Liverpool-born composers including John McCabe, Emily Howard, Kenneth Hesketh and Mark Simpson. Recent additions to the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra's extensive and critically acclaimed recording catalogue include Tchaikovsky's *Manfred Symphony* [Naxos 8.570568] (2009 Gramophone Awards Orchestral Recording of the Year), the world première performance of Sir John Tavener's *Requiem*, an ongoing Shostakovich cycle (the recording of *Symphony No. 10* [Naxos 8.572461] was the 2011 Gramophone Awards Orchestral Recording of the Year); Rachmaninov's *Symphonic Dances*, and *Piano Concertos Nos. 2 and 3* and *Nos. 1 and 4* with Simon Trpčeski; and Rachmaninov's *Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3*. [www.liverpoolphil.com](http://www.liverpoolphil.com)

## Vasily Petrenko

Photo: Mark McNulty



Vasily Petrenko was appointed Principal Conductor of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra in 2006 and in 2009 became Chief Conductor. He is also Chief Conductor of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, Principal Guest Conductor of the Mikhailovsky Theatre of his native St Petersburg, and Principal Conductor of the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain. He was the Classical BRIT Awards Male Artist of the Year 2010 and 2012 and the Classic FM/Gramophone Young Artist of the Year 2007. He is only the second person to have been awarded Honorary Doctorates by both the University of Liverpool and Liverpool Hope University (in 2009), and an Honorary Fellowship of the Liverpool John Moores University (in 2012). These awards recognise the immense impact he has had on the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic and the city's cultural scene. He now works regularly with many of the world's finest orchestras, including the London Philharmonic, Philharmonia, Russian National, Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, Philadelphia, Czech Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Sydney Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic and San Francisco Symphony Orchestras, the National Symphony Orchestra Washington, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Rome, and the Rundfunk Sinfonieorchester Berlin. His wide operatic repertoire includes *Macbeth* (Glyndebourne Festival Opera), *Parsifal* and *Tosca* (Royal Liverpool Philharmonic), *Le Villi*, *I due Foscari* and *Boris Godunov* (Netherlands Reisopera), *Der fliegende Holländer*, *La Bohème* and *Carmen* (Mikhailovsky Theatre), *Pique Dame* (Hamburg State Opera) and *Eugene Onegin* (Opéra de Paris, Bastille). Recordings with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra include Tchaikovsky's *Manfred Symphony* [Naxos 8.570568] (2009 Classic FM/Gramophone Orchestral Recording of the Year), an ongoing Shostakovich cycle, and Rachmaninov's *Symphonic Dances*, *Second* and *Third Symphonies* and complete *Piano Concertos*.

Shostakovich wrote his *Symphony No. 13, Op. 113* in 1962. The climax of his 'Russian period' and, in its scoring for bass soloist, male chorus and orchestra, among the most Mussorgskian of his works, it attracted controversy through its settings of poems by Yevgeny Yevtushenko (the 'Russian Bob Dylan' of his day) – not least the first movement, where the poet underlines the plight of Jews in Soviet society. The other movements are no less pertinent in their observations on the relationship between society and the individual. This is the final release in Vasily Petrenko's internationally acclaimed symphonic cycle.



Dmitry  
**SHOSTAKOVICH**  
(1906-1975)



**Symphony No. 13 in B flat minor**  
**'Babi Yar', Op. 113 (1962)**

**59:39**

- |          |                               |              |
|----------|-------------------------------|--------------|
| <b>1</b> | <b>Babi Yar: Adagio</b>       | <b>15:44</b> |
| <b>2</b> | <b>Humour: Allegretto</b>     | <b>7:28</b>  |
| <b>3</b> | <b>In the Store: Adagio –</b> | <b>12:37</b> |
| <b>4</b> | <b>Fears: Largo –</b>         | <b>11:06</b> |
| <b>5</b> | <b>A Career: Allegretto</b>   | <b>12:44</b> |

**Alexander Vinogradov, Bass**  
**Men's Voices of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Choir**  
**and the Huddersfield Choral Society**  
**Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra**  
**Vasily Petrenko**

Recorded at Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, England, from 27th to 29th September, 2013  
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and may also be accessed at [www.naxos.com/libretti/573128.htm](http://www.naxos.com/libretti/573128.htm)

Cover photograph: *Shostakovich in 1962* by L. Levit (courtesy of the DSCH Archive, Moscow)