The Art of Fugue

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I acknowledge without irony the sympathetic if inconclusive consideration given to earlier versions of this book by several publishers; as the process took some time, I was able to rethink and fine-tune the thing considerably. And I am of course most appreciative to Mary Francis, Rose Vekony, and Lynne Withey of the University of California Press for carrying publication through so splendidly. The recordings were supported by the O’Neill Fund at the University of California at Berkeley, and I am both grateful and delighted that my colleagues Davitt Moroney and Karen Rosenak agreed to make them. Robert Schumaker was the expert and very patient recording engineer.

Michael Markham not only checked the text, filled out footnotes, and so on, but also engaged in a dialogue about it. In effect he was another insightful reader, along with the knowing press referees. The text owes a great deal to the comments of friends, some of whom mulled over early draft chapters—Charles Fisk and Davitt Moroney in particular, O. W. Neighbour, Ellen Rosand, and the late David Lewin, a consummate, gentle
musician, composer, and profound thinker about music. Peter Kerman is the amateur home pianist I refer to in the foreword.

I am very grateful to all of them, and also to David Ledbetter for sending me his book on *The Well-Tempered Clavier* in typescript before publication, an act of courtesy from which I greatly benefited. Thanks also to Christopher Hatch for a remark in a review some years ago which, though he can have no idea, helped me understand my own project. The essay on the Fugue in C-sharp Minor from the *WTC*, book 1, appeared in *Eighteenth-Century Music* 1 (2004): 79–84.

The routine in my earlier books was to keep the formal acknowledgments sincere, short, and simple; but as would be the case for many veteran musicians, I am sure, sustained engagement with the Bach fugues has taken on characteristics of a *Künstlerleben* for this one, and the occasion seems to require something more. My indebtedness goes all the way back to the petite Russian lady who gave me the Fughetta in C Major and the two-part Fughetta in C Minor, the music master whose idea of a sight-reading test was the Fugue in D Minor from the *Well-Tempered Clavier*, book 1 (a bear), and the girl at summer camp who practiced F-sharp Minor in book 1 between rehearsals for *Too Many Girls*. At Princeton Professor Oliver Strunk explained the evolution of A-flat Major in book 2 and undergraduate Charles Rosen lectured me on G-sharp Minor. Carl Weinrich, one of America’s first early music mavens, introduced me to the organ toccatas.

Not many in academia can have had so many inspired Bach players as actual colleagues, all of them inspirational to me. Even Carl can be counted as a colleague, since briefly I was his assistant organist at Princeton; then Warren Martin at Westminster Choir College, Lawrence Moe at Berkeley, followed by
Alan Curtis, John Butt, Davitt Moroney, and for one semester Ralph Kirkpatrick, who inaugurated the Ernest Bloch Visiting Professorship at the University of California at Berkeley in 1962 with a *Well-Tempered* marathon, not only playing the whole forty-eight in public twice, on harpsichord and clavichord, but also giving master classes and public lectures and even team-teaching (with me) an undergraduate course on it.

C Minor in book 2 was a bone of contention... after concerts Ralph would unwind at a steak house in Oakland, with Alan and me in attendance, patiently nursing our beers. Much later, after both Alan and John Butt had left Berkeley, John unknowingly triggered the present book with a gift of his CD of the Bach Toccatas and Fugues and the “Schübler” Chorales for Harmonia Mundi. The excitement of rediscovering the “Dorian” Prelude and Fugue in his performance spilled over to other fugues. Suddenly, mysteriously, I found myself writing.

Music consoles, in a way I did not really know before spending the last couple of years with Bach, at a difficult period. *Du bolde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.* I thank Johann Sebastian Bach—to me an austere, remote, but incontestably benign figure, like others in my life: William Byrd, Oliver Strunk, and first of all my father, the writer William Zukerman. His support extended all the way down to buying me a Smith-Corona when I was a boy and then searching out venues for my teenage music criticism, though he had no ear for music. It was my mother who loved music, sang beautifully, and smiled when she sang.

*Joseph Kerman*

*Berkeley, April 3, 2004*