



SARAH SCHWARTZ

RECITAL

April 27, 2012

CPMC

Program

Ritornelli per violino solo, Op. 7 (1963)

Attila Bozay (1939–1999)

SOLO/"Flowers pacing in my memories..."
(1986–91)

Victor Bloom

in his idling car, and the woman
(2012; world premiere)

Joshua Weinstein

Brief Pause

Sonata No. 2 in A minor, BWV 1003

J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

Grave

Fuga

Andante

Allegro

Three Tangos for Two Violins and Piano
(2003)

William Hill

Päivikki Nykter, violin
Todd Moellenberg, piano

Please see back cover for texts related to SOLO/"Flowers pacing in my memories..." and "in his idling car, and the woman."

Selected Notes

Attila Bozay wrote *Ritornelli* using the twelve-tone technique, a style of musical composition that allows for all 12 notes of the chromatic scale to be equally represented throughout the composition. The piece demands a wide range of violin sounds and includes a passage for a re-tuned violin, which allows the player to play notes 2 octaves apart at the same time.

Miklós Radnóti was executed by Fascists in Abda, Hungary, and buried in a mass grave. When his wife found his body, she found in his pocket a collection of poems he had written during his years in work camps. Victor Bloom's *SOLO/"Flowers pacing in my memories..."* is a setting of one of those poems ("In My Memories," see back of program). Originally composed for János Négysesy, "Flowers..." explores and expands the sonic palette of the violin, while retaining the Hungarian influences of its origin.

in his idling car, and the woman was composed for Sarah Schwartz and is receiving its world premiere performance this evening. Inspired by Dean Young's poem "Bathed in Dust and Ash" (see back of program), *in his idling car...* is a 'thoughtscape' orchestrating the respective interior monologues of the two characters in Young's tableau-snapshot.

Sarah Schwartz is a versatile solo, chamber, and orchestral player. She performs frequently as a substitute with the San Diego Symphony and on movie scores in the Los Angeles studios. She has been a member of the New York-based Orchestra of St. Luke's, American Symphony, North/South Consonance Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, and Avian Music Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. She performs at the Grand Teton Music Festival, and has performed at the Caramoor International Music Festival, the Bard Music Festival, and with the New York City Opera Orchestra and the New Jersey Symphony. She has recorded with numerous classical, pop, and opera stars, including Grammy award winning recordings with Renee Fleming and Wynton Marsalis. She has performed live with among others, Sting, Paul Simon, James Taylor, Elvis Costello, Bobby McFerrin, kd lang, and Metallica, and played on the New York premieres of Paul McCartney's *Oratorios*. She holds degrees from Oberlin College and the Cleveland Institute of Music.

In My Memories, by Miklós Radnóti

Flowers pacing in my memories,
I stand in the flapping rain.
Two women come with moist flashing teeth,
then two doves. Their fat
breasts brush the ground.

A whole year already! One mild rainy evening,
on the road toward Senlis, I was happy again
for a minute in an odd way.

There were green walls around me,
silent ferns kept bending

and from Ermenonville slender young
birches ran up to us like silly
girls in white skirts, and where the road turned
a soldier stood on a ripple
of shining mud, a rose in his mouth.

Like light shooting across the sky—
Gyula and gently Susan sat facing me.
Fanny was beside me too. The landscape moved
in her blue eyes and above our heads
the playful mane of the motorcar flapped.

The Paris we loved expected us for the evening.
Since then quick death roared past there too
gathering a bunch of brilliant flowers.

There's blood on the birches. They are
ashamed and wander among the warm bodies of the dead.

and the soldier, a hero now, a tenant of cold holes,
lies on his back and the rose grows out of his heart.
His country burns. Cemeteries think and rock in the flames.
Trees doubled by cramps, walls everywhere, sweating.

Overhead the gritty sky still burns,
the stars still come out each evening
and with tears of dew dawns race
toward the silent sun.
Would the landscape speak if I asked it something?

Flowers pacing in my memories,
I stand in the flapping rain.
An army of women and children walks down the road.
Smoke in the sky,
a cloud's ripple. It's lifting. Light. Silver.

Bathed in Dust and Ash, by Dean Young

Maybe Heraclitus was right, maybe
everything is fire. The lovers
exhausted, unknot like slick ribbons,
the sirens fade to silver ash. Knock
at the door, no one there, voices

coming through the floor, spring
all morning, winter by afternoon,
dense rhymes of foliate argument,
laughter from the passing cars. Fire
swallowed and regurgitated from which

all life comes, bees returning
to their hives to dance, hawks feeding their
gaping chicks, variables

in alternate currents you almost
lived, if you had married him,

if you had stayed, a future begun
as marks on a nearly transparent page.
So the shadows vanish and return
carrying their young in their jaws,
and the man who still thinks he's a man

and not a column of smoke, sits
in his idling car, and the woman
who still thinks she's a woman and not
climbing a staircase in flames,
bites her lip before she speaks.