

*A Concert  
at the Residence*

*with*

*Joanna Frankel, violin*

*Gerard Boeters, piano*

*Zuzana Fapšová, poet*

*February 13, 2008*

*6:00 p.m.*

*Hosted by  
Ambassador Vincent Obsitnik*



PROGRAM:

Ginastera Pampeana No. 1 Rhapsodie for Violin and Piano  
Bach-Gounod - Ave Maria

Joanna Marie Frankel (violin), Gerard Boeters (piano)

Zuzana Fapšová – author's reading

Bazzini - Round of the Goblins  
Barber - Adagio (from the string quartet, arranged for violin and piano)  
Wieniawski - Scherzo-Taranetelle

Joanna Marie Frankel (violin), Gerard Boeters (piano)



*photo by Michael Heayn*  
*Joanna Marie Frankel*  
*Born: 1982*

American violinist Joanna Marie Frankel (1982) studied with soloists Masao Kawasaki and Cho-Liang Lin as a scholarship student at The Juilliard School in New York, where she graduated in 2007. Her master class experience has included studies with Orlando Cole, Roberto Diaz, David Kim, Timothy Eddy, Seymour Lipkin, Joseph Kalichstein, Sylvia Marcovici, Rudolf Koelman, Gyorgy Pauk, The Juilliard String Quartet, and members of the world famous Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. She has performed to great press acclaim as soloist and recitalist throughout the northeastern United States, and was presented by Artists International in her Carnegie Hall recital debut in January 2007. She also returns yearly to the Spoleto Festival USA in South Carolina as concertmaster of the opera orchestra and as a featured solo performer. Ms. Frankel has won top prizes in young artist competitions associated with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Ambler Symphony, the Pottstown Symphony, and the San Angelo Symphony. Ms. Frankel performs on a Gaetano Vinaccia violin, crafted in Naples in 1819.

Študovala hru na husle u Masao Kawasaki a Cho-Liang Lin na Juilliard School v New Yorku. Štúdium ukončila v roku 2007. Umelecké danosti si zdokonaľovala na majstrovských interpretačných kurzoch u Orlanda Coleho, Roberta Diaza, Davida Kima, Timothy Eddyho, Seymoura Lipkina, Josepha Kalichsteina, Sylvie Marcovici, Rudolfa Koelmana, Gyorgyho Pauka, Juilliard String Quartet a členov svetoznámeho Komorného orchestra Orpheus. Jej pravidelné vystupovanie na sólových koncertoch a recitáloch na severovýchode Spojených štátov amerických sa stretáva s veľkým ocenením kritiky. V januári 2007 sa prostredníctvom organizácie Artists International predstavila na svojom recitálovom debute v Carnegie Hall. Každoročne sa vracia na festival do Spoleta v Južnej Karolíne, kde pravidelne účinkuje ako sólistka i koncertná majsterka operného orchestra. Joanna Marie Frankel vyhrala najvyššie ocenenia na súťažiach mladých interpretov spolu s telesami ako sú Philadelphia Orchestra, Ambler Symphony, Posttown Symphony a San Angelo Symphony. Hrá na husliach Gaetano Vinaccia, Neapol 1819.



*Gerard Boeters*

Dutch pianist Gerard Boeters studied at the Rotterdam Conservatory with Istvan Hajdu and Luba Edlina-Dubinsky and continued his studies at the Conservatory of Amsterdam with Danielle Dechenne and Jan Wijn. He graduated in 1989 and has made a successful career as a solo and duo pianist. Gerard Boeters had master classes with György Sebök, Roberto Szidon, Vitaly Margulis, Naum Grubert, Eliane Rodrigues, John Perry, Boris Berman, Yara Bernette and Karl Heinz Kämmerling. He is accompanist at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague and, since 1998, at the Summer Academy of the International Holland Music Sessions, where he accompanied violin classes given by Herman Krebbers, Igor Oistrakh, Viktor Liberman, Igor Ozim, Eduard Schmieder, Erick Friedman, Aaron Rosand, Yfrah Neaman, György Pauk, Valentin Zhuk and also co-operated with cellists Arto Noras and Uzi Wiesel.

Študoval na Konzervatóriu v Rotterdame u Istvana Hajdu a Luby Edliny-Dubinskej. V štúdiu pokračoval na Konzervatóriu v Amsterdame u Danielle Dechenne a Jana Wijna. Štúdiom ukončil roku 1989 a následne spravil pozoruhodnú umeleckú kariéru ako sólový a komorný klavírista. Gerard Boeters absolvoval majstrovské kurzy u Györgyho Seböka, Roberta Szidona, Vitalyja Margulisa, Nauma Gruberta, Eliane Rodrigues, Johna Perryho, Borisa Bermana, Yara Bernette a Karl-Heinza Kämmerlinga. Gerard Boeters pôsobí ako korepetítor na Kráľovskom konzervatóriu v Haagu a od roku 1998 na Letnej akadémii Medzinárodnej holandskej hudobnej spoločnosti, kde korepetoval v husľových triedach Hermana Krebbersa, Igora Oistracha, Viktora Libermana, Igora Ozima, Eduarda Schmiedera, Ericka Friedmana, Aarona Rosanda, Yfrah Neamana, Györga Pauka, Valentína Žuka a spolupracoval tiež s violončelistami Arto Norasom a Uzi Wieselom.

The New Masters Tour is organized by The International Holland Music Sessions, one of the leading organizations in the world for career development for exceptionally talented young musicians in classical music.

Turné mladých koncertných majstrov usporiadala The International Holland Music Sessions, jedna z hlavných organizácií vo svete, zameraných na rozvoj kariéry výnimočne talentovaných mladých hudobníkov v oblasti klasickej hudby.

<http://www.hollandmusicsessions.com/>



*Zuzana Fapšová*  
*Narodená: 1986*

Zuzana Fapšová was born in Piešťany in 1986. She is currently studying psychology at Trnava University. She has published in the literary magazines *Dotyky*, *Let*, *Liter*, *Mädokýš* and in the Czech magazine *Čaj*, and won awards in several literary competitions (*Wolkrova Polianka*, *Literární Květen*, *Literárna Senica*, *Akademický Prešov* and others). Fapšová established an artistic club, *LeopArt*, in Piešťany, for beginning and established professional poets, visual artists and musicians. She says: "Listening to classical music (Chopin, Brahms) and playing the piano inspires me a lot to create and to understand life in its complexity. I also have some of my own angels always present in my poetry. I write about them and am living my poetry with them. Art teaches me to understand better the unimaginable and unacknowledged. Life is for me a gift of grace: intense feelings of happiness and fulfillment are the greatest and most beautiful art."

Zuzana Fapšová sa narodila v roku 1986 v Piešťanoch. V súčasnosti študuje psychológiu na Trnavskej Univerzite. Publikovala v literárnych časopisoch *Dotyky*, *Let*, *Liter*, *Mädokýš*, v českom časopise *Čaj* a bola ocenená vo viacerých literárnych súťažiach (*Wolkrova Polianka*, *Literární Květen*, *Literárna Senica*, *Akademický Prešov* a iné). Je zakladateľkou umeleckého klubu *LeopArt* v Piešťanoch, ktorý združuje začínajúcich aj profesionálnych básnikov, výtvarníkov a hudobníkov. „Počúvanie vážnej hudby (Chopin, Brahms) a hranie na klavíri ma veľmi inšpirujú k tvorbe a ku komplexnejšiemu chápaniu života. Mám tiež niekoľko svojich "anjelov", ktorí sú v mojej poézii stále prítomní, o nich píšem a s nimi poéziu aj prežívam. Umenie ma učí mať lepšie pochopenie s nepredstaviteľným a neuznaným. Život vnímam ako dar milosti a intenzívne pocity šťastia a naplnenia považujem za najväčšie a najkrajšie umenie.“

## DETSTVO

Môjmu bratovi, Michalovi

### I.

V súmraku máš oči pripevnené na oblohe  
ako vtáča.  
Lámeš si chlieb na ďalší beh  
a vdychuješ vôňu  
trávy, ktorú máš už dávno vrastenú do chodidiel.  
Večer, pred pochodom, si zažneš malú lampu  
a pozeráš jej do očí,  
až sa začne zväčšovať do veľkosti slnka.  
Usmievaš sa.

### II.

Ako je to dávno, čo sme spolu  
zdieľali všetko.  
Deti sa vedia zdieľať úplne.  
Nikto iný pre mňa nebol,  
len ty a tvoj svet,  
ako telo zavesené na konári stromu,  
hlboko veriace v jeho dokonalosť.

Babky zažínali svetlá na konci ulice.  
Ty si ma držal za ruku  
a stromy sa skláňali  
ako obesenci.

Doma sme si sadli ku koláču  
a pohľadom sme sa rozlúčili s celým dňom  
ako sa starí ľudia v sekunde lúčia navždy.  
Nebolo nič, čoho by som sa bála.

### III.

Spomínam si, ako veľmi som trpela,  
keď mi decká pošliapali po krabici  
od topánok, do ktorej si si chcel dávať autíčka  
a veľmi si sa na ňu tešil,  
lebo to bola lesklá krabica  
pripomínajúca perličky.

Tvoja tvár zružovela, napla sa a zvlnila vrásky,  
oči sa ti zaleskli, stlačili sa dovnútra,  
zatriasli a spenili sa,  
no ty si ani nezaplakal,  
lebo si nechcel, aby ma to mrzelo.

Vtedy som vedela, že ma máš rád.

### IV.

Ako je to dávno, však?  
Teraz si veľký, oveľa väčší ako ja  
a ide z teba svetlo ako z anjela.

Prečo som nemohla byť pri tom,  
keď si sa začal meniť?

Mňa čas zabíjal a teba rodil.

Dokonca ešte teraz hrá tá pieseň,  
na ktorú sme sa zobúdzali pod jednou perinou  
úplne rovnakí,  
nepošliapaní, čistí a stmelení v sebe,  
v rozprávkach a vo svojej detskej mágii.

## CHILDHOOD

To my brother, Michael

### I.

At dusk, your eyes are glued on the sky  
Like a bird.  
You're breaking bread for the next run  
And breathing in the smell  
Of the grass, which has grown into your feet for a long  
time.  
At night, before the march, you light your small lamp  
and look into her eyes,  
Until she starts to enlarge to the size of the sun.  
You're smiling.

### II.

How long is it since we've been together  
Sharing everything.  
Children know how to share completely.  
There was no one else for me,  
Just you and your world,  
Like a body hung on a tree branch,  
Deeply believing in its perfection.

Grandmothers were turning on lights at the end of the  
street.

You were holding my hand  
And the trees were bent over  
Like hanging victims.

At home, we sat down to cake  
And with our eyes said goodbye to the whole day  
The way old people depart forever, in a second.  
There was nothing I was afraid of.

### III.

I remember how badly I was suffering,  
When the kids trampled on the shoebox  
Into which you wanted to put your model cars  
And you were very excited about it,  
Because it was a shiny box  
Like small pearls.

Your face turned pink, stretched and contorted the  
wrinkles,  
Your eyes glittered, turned inward,  
shivered and foamed,  
But you didn't release a tear,  
Because you didn't want it to hurt me.

That's when I knew you liked me.

### IV.

It's been a long time, hasn't it?  
Now you're big, much bigger than me  
And light is coming from you, like an angel.

Why couldn't I be there,  
When you started to change?

Time was killing me, while it gave you birth.

Even now the song is playing,  
That we used to wake up to, under one bedcover  
Completely the same,  
Untrampled, clean, bundled together,  
In fairy tales and in our childish magic.

ŽENA

I.

Horiaca voláš do ticha:  
vypučíš nahé telo  
do svetla s chladnými ústami:  
toto je miesto, kde sa ohýba  
kvapka vody.

Toto je okamih, kedy zovreté telo  
vypudí všetko.  
Privádzaš na život. Kostrička. Údiv.

Vydrž,  
lebo človek sa stále zlepšuje,

na špik kostí,  
s trpezlivosťou ukladá a vrství  
ďalšie polohy, pocity,  
trasľavý štetec,  
vlhkosť v rozkvitnutej lipe,  
vrásky od smiechu,  
tisícročnú vášeň.

Uveríš tomu?  
Nakoniec aj tak nezhasne, nezomdlie  
tvoj pocit.  
Budeš sa s ním stále zobúdzat'  
a raz s ním krásne umrieš.

II.

Plechové uši,  
ocelové slová,  
aj tak si milovaná,  
princezná krídel a pohyblivej jari.

Čakáš na spomienku?

V pukline okna vidíš celý život zlomený.

Holubice v bielom plášti doňho stále narážajú.  
Popoluška,  
vtáky ti lietajú cez uzavreté ústa.

Prečo si sa tak predčasne skryla do ich kože?

III.

Pokojne sa plazíš do kuchyne.  
S rastlinami na okne si spievaš ľudové.  
Ach, ako ťa bolí pomyslenie na zánik.

IV.

Prach a kríž:  
za dverami vo svojej útulni  
naschvál si nakladáš na ramená ostré kláty dreva.  
Bolí, vrýva sa.

Woman

I.

Burning, you cry into the silence:  
bulging your naked body

into the light with a cold mouth:  
this is the place where a waterdrop bends over.

This is the moment when a squeezed body  
drives out all.  
You give birth to life. Small skeleton. Wonder.

Wait, for man constantly improves,

to the bone marrow,  
with patience is laying and layering  
other positions, feelings,  
shaky paint brush,  
the moisture of the lime in bloom,  
a millenium of passion wrinkled in the smile.

Will you believe that?  
Your feeling won't faint or extinguish in the end.  
You will always wake up with it  
and one day you will die beautifully with it.

II.

Tin ears,  
words of steel,  
you're loved anyhow,  
princess of wings and moveable spring.

Waiting for a memory?

Through the cracked window you see all life  
broken.  
Doves dressed in white coats constantly crashing  
into it.  
Cinderella,  
birds are flying through your shut mouth.

Why did you hide yourself in their skin so  
prematurely?

III.

You're snaking into the kitchen peacefully.  
Singing folk tunes along the plants on the window.  
Oh, what a pain when thinking of extinction?

IV.

Dust and cross:  
behind the doors in your cozy lodge  
sharp logs are loaded on your arms on purpose.  
It pains, it pierces your skin.

*Plačeš pritom ako horúca para.*

*Modlitba a zánik, mamička.  
V kamenných oblúkoch sa zvinie telo mnišky,  
obrastie rastlinami  
a duša odpláva červenou riekou  
k nemu:*

*aj ty by si chcela takú smrť.*

*V.  
Hľadiš na bezmocnú ikonu,  
cítiš sa ako  
Bachove suity na violončele.*

*V ktorom dieťati sa premeniš?*

*VI.  
Cingá surový zvon.  
Nechýba ti žiadna modlitba,  
skáčeš z jednej ženy do druhej,  
máš stovky hlasov.*

*Kde je tvoja hranica, cez ktorú kráčaš len vo sne?  
Fatamorgána.  
Žiarenie.  
Fialové oči, prestreté na stole,  
buchot zvonov,  
ako v katedrále,  
krátko pred zotmením.*

*VII.  
Biela pokožka  
lesklá ako tanier.  
Už prichádza kosa?*

*Budú ťa milovať,  
aj tvoje mlčanie budú milovať,  
aj tvoje telo bez vlasov,  
namiesto ktorých máš ďateľinu.*

*Už nehýb rukami, lebo si ich zničíš.  
Len pokojne lež.*

*VIII.  
S vôňou fialiek sa zobúdzáš ako Edith Piaf,  
zamatový výkrik:  
tvoja dávna prezývka.*

*Na chodbe výbuch po očiach.  
Si voňavá ako na jar.*

*V tomto okamihu sa pretŕha vyblednutá pupočná  
šnúra.  
Zrastáš so zemou.  
Si popínava ako brečtan,  
túliš sa k mojim rukám.*

*Na chodbe výbuch po tebe,  
vôňa bielej kože,  
zastavenie dychu.*

*Makes you cry like hot steam.*

*Prayer and ultimate demise, Mommy.  
the body of a nun will curve into the stone arches,  
will be overgrown with plants  
and the soul will float away along the red river  
to him:*

*you'd wish the same death.*

*V.  
You're staring at a powerless icon,  
feeling like  
Bach's suite played by a cello.*

*Into which child will you transform?*

*VI.  
Thus the raw sound of the bell is ringing.  
Without needing any prayer  
You're jumping from one woman into another.*

*You have hundreds of voices.  
Where is your boundary being crossed just in  
a dream?  
Fata morgana.  
Radiation.  
Violet eyes stretched upon the table,  
bells booming  
like in a cathedral,  
shortly before sunset.*

*VII.  
White skin  
shiny as a plate.  
Is the reaper already coming?*

*They will love you  
and they will love your silence too,  
your body without hair  
and clover in its place.*

*Do not move your hands, or you damage them.  
Just lie like that calmly.*

*VIII.  
You awake, with the smell of violets, like Edith  
Piaf,  
the cry of velvet:  
Your nickname of old.*

*In the hall an explosion of eyes.  
You smell of spring.*

*Instantly, the pale umbilical cord gets unfastened.  
You're growing together with the ground.  
Creeping like an ivy  
cuddling in my arms.*

*In the hall an explosion of you,  
Smell of white skin,  
the breath stopping.*

IX.

Veľké oči.  
Máš krídla ako zrkadlá.  
Kráčaš k oltáru,  
stmieva sa, a ty máš telo aj pery biele, holubičie.

Ešte jeden deň života.  
Zachráň ma, Pane Bože.

Zamotaný vzduch medzi zvonmi  
prelietava k tvojim ústam.  
Si netrpezlivá.

Dotýkaš sa Ježišovho chrbta.

X.

Zazvonili.

Čo je s tebou?

Jemná duša ako záclona  
ofukuje vlasy na čele,  
vlnky kozmonauta a baletky,  
cínových vojačikov a umelých bábik.

Naše malé svety  
teraz celé objímaš.

Si úplne biela, na viac vrstiev,  
čistá ako tkanina, horiaca figurína.  
Prerastáš oči.

Hudba vo zvonoch  
znie na tvoju slávu.

Zakvitneš znova o rok.

Básne do angličtiny preložila/English translation of  
the poems by: Evelína Mäsiarová

IX.

Big eyes.  
Your wings are like mirrors  
On your way to the altar,  
the dark is falling, your body and lips white,  
dovish.

One more day of life.  
Save me, my Lord.

The tangled air among the bells  
flying across to your mouth.  
You are impatient.

Touching Jesus' back.

X.

They rang.

What's the matter with you?

Delicate soul like a veil  
blows the bang on the forehead,  
the locks of the cosmonaut and the ballerina,  
of tin-soldiers and of artificial dolls.

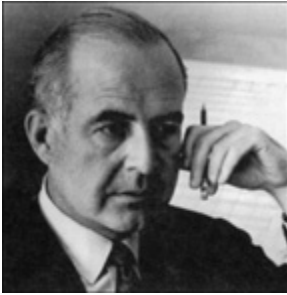
You are embracing  
the small worlds of ours.

Totally white, multi-layered  
clean as a cloth, a burning figurine.  
Surpassing the eyes.

The music of the bells  
is playing to your glory.

Next year you will bloom again.





*Samuel Barber*  
*Born/narodený: 1910*  
*Died/zomrel: 1981*

Samuel Barber's music, masterfully crafted and built on romantic structures and sensibilities, is at once lyrical, rhythmically complex, and harmonically rich. Born 9 March 1910 in West Chester, Pennsylvania, Barber wrote his first piece at age 7 and attempted his first opera at age 10. At the age of 14 he entered the Curtis Institute, where he studied voice, piano, and composition. Later, he studied conducting with Fritz Reiner.

At Curtis, Barber met Gian Carlo Menotti with whom he would form a lifelong personal and professional relationship. Menotti supplied libretti for Barber's operas *Vanessa* (for which Barber won the Pulitzer) and *A Hand of Bridge*. Barber's music was championed by a remarkable range of renowned artists, musicians, and conductors including Vladimir Horowitz, John Browning, Martha Graham, Arturo Toscanini, Dmitri Mitropoulos, Jennie Tourel, and Eleanor Steber. His *Antony and Cleopatra* was commissioned to open the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center in 1966.

Barber was the recipient of numerous awards and prizes including the American Prix de Rome, two Pulitzers, and election to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His intensely lyrical *Adagio for Strings* has become one of the most recognizable and beloved compositions, both in concerts and films ("*Platoon*," "*The Elephant Man*," "*El Norte*," "*Lorenzo's Oil*").

Hudba Samuela Barbera, majstrovsky spracovaná, postavená na romantických štruktúrach a citových vnemoch je súčasne lyrická, rytmicky komplexná a tiež harmonicky bohatá. Narodil sa 9.marca 1910 vo West Chesteri v Pensylvánii. Barber napísal svoje prvé dielo ako sedemročný a pokúsil sa o svoju prvú operu vo veku desiatich rokov. Ako štrnásťročný sa zapísal do Curtisovho inštitútu, kde študoval spev, klavír a kompozíciu. Neskôr študoval dirigovanie s Fritzom Reinerom. V Curtisovom inštitúte sa Barber stretol s Gianom Carlom Menottim, ku ktorému si vytvoril celoživotný osobný a profesionálny vzťah. Menotti dodal Barberovi libretto pre jeho operu *Vanessa* (za ktorú získal Barber Pulitzerovu cenu) a *A Hand of Bridge*. Barberovu hudbu podporovalo značné množstvo slávnych umelcov, hudobníkov a dirigentov, vrátane Vladimíra Horowitza, Johna Browninga, Martha Grahama, Artura Toscaniniho, Dmitrija Mitropoulosa, Jennie Tourelovej a Eleanor Steberovej. Jeho opera *António a Kleopatra* bola vybraná, aby otvorila novú Metropolitan Opera House v Lincoln Center v roku 1966.

Barber obdržal množstvo uznání a cien, vrátane American Prix de Rome, dve Pulitzerove ceny, a bol tiež zvolený do American Academy of Arts and Letters (najvyššie formálne ocenenie umelcov v USA). Jeho veľmi lyrické *Adagio for Strings* sa stalo jednou z najuznávanejších a najobľúbenejších skladieb, tak na koncertoch, ako aj vo filmoch ("*Platoon*," "*The Elephant Man*," "*El Norte*," "*Lorenzo's Oil*").