

MUSIC ON PARK STREET PRESENTS

SONOSYNTHESIS:

Sonata

BENEFITTING IMPACT C'VILLE

Cari Shipp

flute

Jeremy Thompson

piano

program

Sonata in B minor, BWV 1030

- I. Andante
- II. Largo e dolce
- III. Presto

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Sonata, op. 167 (Undine)

- I. Allegro
- II. Intermezzo: Allegro vivace
- III. Andante tranquillo
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

Carl Reinecke
(1824–1910)

Sonatine

Allegretto–Andante–Animé

Henri Dutilleux
(1916–2013)

Sonata

- I. Allegro cantabile
- II. Aria: Moderato con moto
- III. Allegro scherzando

Otar Taktakishvili
(1923–1989)

Cari Shipp, who grew up in the mountains of the Southwest, knew she would be a flutist after her first year of study. A trip to the rustic woods of northern Michigan in her eleventh summer sealed her fate in this matter. She would spend three summers in those woods at Interlochen Arts Camp and then graduate from the Interlochen Arts Academy before pursuing two degrees in flute performance; her bachelors of music from the University of North Texas, and her masters of music from The Peabody Conservatory.

Cari moved to Virginia in 2010 and grew her teaching studio in addition to performing in solo, chamber, and orchestral settings. She has been the featured soloist in concert series throughout Baltimore, DC, and Virginia and frequently performs with the Opera on the James, The Virginia Consort, the Shenandoah Valley Bach Festival and Lynchburg Symphony. She also served as principal flutist with the Hunt Valley Symphony Orchestra for three years.

In 2016 she founded a benefit concert series which she named SONOSYNTHESIS meaning 'the fusion of sound'. In this series she combines her urgent desire to join alongside those working to better the community with her passion for performing classical music. She has since given 10 benefit concerts for a variety of local organizations joined by pianists Jeremy Thompson, Shelby Sender, and Julie Bernstein as well as vocalists, guitarists, and other musicians. SONOSYNTHESIS concerts are marked by the combination of traditional classical performance paired with creative touches to connect with audience members well versed in classical music as well as those new to the repertoire.

When she isn't teaching private lessons or preparing for an upcoming performance she can be found hiking along the Blue Ridge, reading in a cozy nook, or traveling with her husband and their dog (their cats prefer to stay at home). Learn more at www.carishipp.com.

Jeremy Thompson was born in Dipper Harbour, a small fishing village in New Brunswick, Canada. He furthered his studies at McGill University in Montreal, studying piano with Marina Mdivani who was herself a student of Emil Gilels.

He began his organ studies while he was in Montreal, among the many incredible instruments of that city. He was fortunate to have the opportunity to continue his studies with Dr. John Grew. In 2005, he earned a Doctorate of Music in piano performance from McGill, where he held two of Canada's most prestigious doctoral fellowships.

He has appeared frequently with orchestras including the Saint Petersburg State Academic Orchestra, the Saratov Philharmonic Orchestra, the Georgian National Orchestra, the Charlottesville Symphony, the North Carolina Symphony and the McGill Symphony Orchestra. He has performed extensively throughout North America in both solo and chamber music settings, and has also completed three tours to the former Soviet Union.

Thompson enjoys performing music from all eras, yet specializes in highly virtuosic repertoire. He has focused recently on several recording projects, including a 2 CD set of the organ music of Karl Höller on the Raven CD label. He recently released a recording of the piano music of Vasily Kalafati on the Toccata Classics label. Previous recordings include an album of the piano music of Scriabin on the MSRCD label, and a recording of contemporary piano music from Quebec on the McGill label. Learn more at www.jeremythompsonmusic.com.

Listening Notes

Sonata in B minor | Johann Sebastian Bach

Composed in 1736

I. Andante

This opening movement is the longest single movement of all those to be performed today. If it seems like it's just going on and on and on, well, it is a bit. This sonata is also the least narrative of the program – it was the most challenging to come up with a story (in fact, I decided not to try).

There are several angles from which to view this opening movement. Initially you can notice the complicated melodies in the instruments. Notice how they are acting separately and how they function together. Both have a forward momentum, and yet, it is almost as if they're being pulled back. Is time moving slowly? Or is the inevitable being resisted?

Though a painful movement it is not entirely a dark or sad one. There are moments of lightness, of joy, but on the whole I hear a story of burden. Where the burden lies and how it resolves, however, is not decided. Often this movement is performed much faster but we feel that much is lost and much else glazed over when not given the opportunity to embody the fullness of the Andante (which literally means 'moderately slowly').

Historically not much is known about this piece but it is undeniably a masterwork of chamber music. We know that Bach's chamber music was often performed by his children, so that is a good place to look for the premier performance. The best candidate for this was Johann Gottfried Bach. He was a talented flutist, known to be in the right place at the right time to perform this piece, but otherwise details of his life are not recorded. When I learned this, I began imagining how this piece could be a picture of his life. Unfortunately there are so few known facts that trying to write even a fictional narrative would have taken almost as long as this movement.

When I read the fragmented accounts of the life of Johann Gottfried Bach I am left with a picture of a brilliant, talented man in a family brimming with abilities, drive, and intelligence. Did this fourth surviving son of JS Bach feel suffocated by his family? Did he feel cornered into a career he didn't wish to pursue? Did he need resources or help that wasn't available to him, or were shameful to admit? Did his father work to keep peace amongst quarreling sons, saying nothing instead of revealing truths that might have brought embarrassment? Or perhaps Johann Gottfried was simply quiet and kept to himself, ducking the spotlight of the obvious heir Carl Philipp Emmanuel?

We do know that JG Bach held several musical positions. We also know that his father was instrumental (pray forgive me that one) in obtaining these jobs. We also know that on more than one occasion he abandoned a position leaving behind him unpaid debts. Eventually, he entered law school. Would this have provided a fresh start? A different stage for one of JS Bach's sons? We will never know. Just four months into his law journey, he died at the age of 24 of a high fever.

This movement is for the complicated. Complicated feelings, complicated situations, complicated minds, a complicated world. May we all take this opportunity to appreciate the angles and twists of complication without resenting the absence of simplicity.

II. Largo e dolce

If the first movement is a watchmaker, looking closely through a magnifying glass at turning gears and twisting screws, this movement is the open sky, or a lake with majestic swans drifting by unconcernedly. In utter contrast to the interactions of the first moment, the keyboard now returns to a more expected role: deliberate, elegant harmonies and occasional tasteful flourishes underlying a fluid, shapely melody.

In the usual style, this movement contains two sections, both of which are repeated. There are subtle changes during the repeated sections: an extra ornamentation, a heavier emphasis on a grace note. But all in all, this is as subtle and beautiful a melody as we could need between the two looming outer movements.

III. Presto

Though there are only two performers on stage, the pianist is (as usual) serving more than one role. This movement is largely a three-part fugue¹ with each hand of the keyboard serving as a separate part.

This movement has two distinct sections. The first is more austere with longer, anchoring notes providing grounding and structure to the moving lines. Because of the fugal structure, those longer notes quickly become colored by the fluttering lines happening around them. Nonetheless, they provide a weight and heaviness to the more determined quality of this movement compared to the opening movement.

If you're able to pick out how the two hands of the keyboard take the flute's line and echo, mimic, and manipulate it, you will have caught a glimpse into the jigsaw mind of JS Bach. His ability to either anticipate how the lines would work when offset from one another or fit them together once they existed separately is one reason his genius withstands the test of time. Though a far cry from impressionistic music (think

¹ A fugue is a style of composition in which a short melody or phrase is introduced in one part and then successively taken up in other parts. The melody is then developed and interwoven between the parts.

Monet's paintings of lilies where if zoomed in you see merely dots of color), there is present here the art of both the forest and the trees.

The second section is much more playful, with only rare longer notes, and those like raindrops to the heavy slush of those in the first half of this moment. While given a much greater sense of freedom and lightness, there remains a haze. But this haze cannot erase all joy and hope from this movement. If we return to the imagined narrative of Johann Gottfried's life, I'd like to believe that perhaps the son who didn't quite fit in had found a few months of peace and hope on a new path, even one that ended so quickly.

As I listen, I see a kaleidoscope – moving fragments that return but not always where or when expected. Perhaps the colors are limited by what is encased in the tube, but the combinations provide for more possibilities of visual stimulation than expected. This piece does not lend itself to narrative; it is meant to be appreciated differently. Perhaps like zooming in on leaves only to discover new landscapes previously unimagined, or like a jar of buttons collected over the decades, both interesting to hold and behold, textures and colors and sizes and shapes. Whether this was your first time encountering the puzzling, acclaimed music of Bach or if you are a long-time fan, I hope this listen contained some new sparkle of insight or enjoyment.

Sonata 'Undine'² | Carl Reinecke

Composed in 1882

I. Allegro

[The opening melody, mysterious and haunting, with open, sweeping intervals...]

Cautiously, she peeks out from the waves, surveying the strange, forbidden land. Will she find her place here? Will anyone love her? Will she accomplish this greatest of quests and gain a soul? The water spirit tiptoes ashore and sets off, leaving behind most of her trepidation and, pirouetting, determinedly prances off into the forest.

[The melody returns more determined...]

Undine is an enchantingly beautiful child...is she a child? Well, child-like, certainly. The fisherman and his wife are immediately taken by her capriciousness and striking, ethereal features. Surely it can't be the daughter they lost to the sea all those years ago, but they look about the same age. Without hesitation the couple takes Undine into their home as their own daughter, a salve to the wound left by their missing child.

² This piece is based on the novella 'Undine' by Friedrich de la Motte Fouque. I have read this novella and I was mostly true to the plot in my telling here, but altered a few details to allow for the story to be told in the time allowed. Appropriately, I followed the structure of Reinecke's musical storyscape more so than the timeline of the novella.

[The piano brings flowing, undulating fast notes, bubbling like the waves, pulling at the shore...The flute turns carefree and playful with dazzling, flowing notes to match...]

As they watch her grow, she constantly amazes them. When she washes her hands, does the water really dance around her fingers like that, almost caressing her skin? Where did this child come from? And her mischief, always forgiven with a kiss to the cheek, feels less harmful and yet, more dangerous than that of a human child. But certainly this is ridiculous. Of course Undine is human. What else could she be?

[The melody returns with a slight questioning, an impatience in the flute's fluid lines now...the piano nags beneath...]

But Undine is unconcerned with explanations. She is fully immersed in exploring her new world. Only in the corners of her mind do the rules of her quest echo. If she is to find a soul, she must earn the undying, faithful love of a human man. Undine can't imagine a man's love not being faithful! Besides, the consequences of his disloyalty are too terrible to dwell on. In this dense, dry place she is far too young to be concerned with such things. Surely she has time to explore and savor this new world, time to tease her loving earthly parents, before seeking marriage.

Undine grows up in the company of the fisherman and his wife, making her home in their modest cottage, and eventually they stop questioning how she seems to influence the rain or the flow of the stream. Their love for her supersedes her playful behavior. They feel she will grow out of it, but Undine knows this is why her nixie³ parents sent her here, hoping that she would find morality if only she had a human soul. She's not sure that mischief and morals are mutually exclusive, but it's no concern of hers.

II. Intermezzo: Allegro vivace

[The flute and piano chase each other with quick, staccato passages, rising and falling...]

Undine dances about the cottage preparing the celebrations for her 18th birthday. She ignores her mother and father as they dash about her, catching the plates she carelessly tosses to the table, preventing the celebratory meal from being lost to her antics. When she grows tired of this she turns to her reflection in the nearby stream, weaving wildflowers into a wreath about her head. After all this time hints of the sea still suit her best but these flora help disguise her aquatic tendencies somewhat.

Undine can't help but shiver as butterflies invade her stomach. Now that she has come of age, surely it won't be long until she must pursue her quest for true love in earnest. How can she do that from this remote cottage? Anxiously, she thrusts her hands into the stream to clean them after choosing the flowers for her birthday crown.

³ a water spirit in German mythology and folklore.

[The piano takes over with a galant, noble melody...]

A knight, chivalrous and ambitious, saunters down the forest path. The warm spring sun seems stronger than usual at this time of year, and he turns aside to find a stream he hears bubbling down the hill. When he finds it, he's certain he has never seen such exuberant water! Surely he's seen the light reflecting off water before, but has it ever been quite so enchanting? And did the brook always angle this way through the forest, away from the path? Curious, he follows it, intrigued by the wildflowers and merrily chirping birds that seem more celebratory than usual.

Why, a cottage! He didn't realize anyone lived this far from the village. Rumors of a lake where children have disappeared usually keep people from veering too close to its shores, but this cottage seems built upon this lake on purpose. The lake twinkles with the same irresistible quality of the stream when he first found it, and he is drawn nearer.

[The chasing, frolicsome melody returns...]

The knight sees an old man and his wife, laughing and smiling proudly, but he can't tell where their love is directed. He presses onward, drawn to know the center of all this sparkling joy. As he glimpses around the corner of the cottage, he sees the most beautiful creature. Surely the vast ocean received its color from her eyes and not the other way around. Certainly there has never been hair so silky and flowing, moving almost in slow motion as the girl spins in the raindrops. But, how can there be raindrops with no clouds? Is her skin iridescent? Surely not, but...irresistible nonetheless. After a final turn the oceanic eyes find him. He sees as her eyes widen, first in curiosity, then in fear, then finally she blinks shyly and looks to her parents before dashing out of sight. Taken aback, the knight isn't sure what to do, for he cannot leave without meeting this maiden, but he is spared from wondering when she materializes at his side.

[The short, dancing notes give way to a swaying, tender melody...]

All at once, Undine and the knight are locked in each others' gaze. The knight takes in Undine's sublime beauty, gracious, fluid movements, and aqueous laugh. Upon seeing his broad shoulders, his strong jaw, his weathered but cared for hands, Undine can't imagine why she hadn't been dreaming about this exact moment for her entire earthly life. Suddenly, her soul is a mere afterthought compared to having the love of this man. "I'm Huldebrand" the man breathes. "I was walking on the path, and it was as though the water called to me. I didn't realize it until just now, but I feel as if that water was you. How can that be? Surely I sound mad." Surprised into honesty, she replies, "I'm a water spirit. I must have summoned you on accident. I was sent here by my parents in hopes of marrying a human man and I had almost forgotten about it, but today is my birthday, and I realized that I have no idea how to go about finding someone, and I suppose as I thought that, I must have been touching the water which tends to follow my whims. Are you sorry to have followed the call?" she asks him, pleading with her

aquamarine eyes. "I have never been less sorry for anything in my entire life. Pray, what is your name, water spirit?" he asks her breathlessly. "Undine. My name is Undine."

[The sparkling flurry of notes returns...]

Undine excitedly takes his hand and pulls him to meet her parents. She presents him and insists that he stay for her birthday dinner. Her parents of course welcome the stranger, most curious at the sudden appearance of manners in their usually impish daughter.

III. Andante tranquillo

[A luxuriously free, soaring melody opens on the happy couple...]

Huldebrand and Undine fall in love quickly, but thoroughly. They talk endlessly as they walk through the forest and along the shores of the lake. Huldebrand marvels when Undine causes the water to twist and turn under her fingers. When he proposes, the warnings of her sea people rush into her heart. Undine decides that if she is to marry this man she must do so honestly and openly. No lies, nothing held back. "Of course I will marry you, but you must know that it would be dangerous for you to marry me unless you are certain that you can be absolutely faithful, for if you aren't..." but he cuts her off with a kiss. "Undine, you needn't worry. Nothing could possibly tear us asunder." Unable to finish her warning, she swallows her fears and takes his hand, betrothed to her beloved.

They are married and move to the village, her parents saddened anew at another daughter to miss from their home and their lives, but this time at least they can say goodbye to Undine and wish her well. Once settled Huldebrand introduces Undine to his friend Bertalda, imagining that the two women will be the best of friends. He had not known that Bertalda nurtured a love for him in her heart and did not see the jealousy she hid in order to be friends with Undine. As unaware of Bertalda's jealousy as her husband, Undine senses something familiar about Bertalda and visits a nearby fountain that she knows her water spirit uncle, Kuhleborn, tends to hover near. Anxious to stir up trouble, he tells her that Bertalda is in fact the lost daughter of her earthly parents, the fisherman and his wife. Overcome with joy, Undine invites her parents to the village promising a miracle. She tells Bertalda to prepare for a surprise and Bertalda has visions of jewels and gifts, for it seems clear that Undine is very rich, or how could she be so beautiful?

[The singing melody turns tumultuous...]

Instead of the beautiful reunion Undine expected, when Bertalda learns she was born a peasant she flies into a rage. The work she has done to bury her affection for Huldebrand dissolves and she seeks his arms in comfort. He is moved by her sorrow, and holds her as they sit near the fountain. Fear jolts in Undine's heart as she sees her husband comforting their friend. Surely he will be true. An echo from her uncle carries

through the sprays of the fountain. "Remember, Undine, your duty if he fails you..." She turns emphatically leaving Bertalda to grieve and trusting her husband to comfort her in friendship only. She orders the fountain be blocked off, preventing her menacing uncle access to their lives.

[The wave of fury passes, bringing back the calm, serene refrain...]

Bertalda asks forgiveness of Undine, though no remorse lives in her heart. Having been turned away by both her foster and biological parents after her angry outburst, she moves into Undine and Huldebrand's home. Undine is glad to welcome Bertalda, and does not see the heated glances that pass between Bertalda and Huldebrand.

IV. Finale: Allegro molto

[The uneven, insistent line mimics the motion of a boat tossing in a gale...]

Undine, Huldebrand, and Bertalda agree to take a trip down the river Danube. Once again having access to the trio, Undine's Uncle Kuhleborn starts making trouble. He does not trust Huldebrand and Bertalda, and has no compassion for Undine and how his hijinks might affect her. Kuhleborn causes storm after storm to riddle the boat with gusting winds and crashing waves. The experienced crew is no match for these enchanted squalls, but Undine uses her powers to calm the waves. The crew grows suspicious of her. When Huldebrand speaks up to defend his wife, the crew begins to mistrust him, as well. In a final attempt to disrupt any peace that remains, Kuhleborn reaches through the waves and steals the jewelry from around Bertalda's neck. Undine, terribly embarrassed, reaches into the water and pulls out a beautiful necklace fashioned of coral. Upon seeing this, Huldebrand accuses his wife of being a sorceress and hearing these words of betrayal, Kuhleborn pulls Undine into the surf. As she disappears she calls to him, "Huldebrand! You must remain faithful! You know not the consequences of your betrayal!"

Huldebrand misses his wife, but is easily comforted by the presence of Bertalda. As time goes on, the two decide to marry. Seeking the blessing of Bertalda's birth parents, the fisherman and his wife, Huldebrand and Bertalda are warned to wait longer before marrying. "Huldebrand, I fear for you. Sometimes I still feel the whispers of Undine when I'm near the water. She is out there, you are not free marry until she is recovered or proven gone forever. She seems scared not for herself, but for you. I don't understand, but I cannot give my blessing, I feel it would be a terrible curse if I did." Huldebrand huffs away, leaving the fisherman and his wife and ignoring the ring of truth to their words. He decides to marry Bertalda with or without the blessing of anyone. The couple begins to make plans, quickly forgetting the mystical creature they once centered their lives around.

On the eve of his wedding to Bertalda, Huldebrand dreams of Undine and Kuhleborn, speaking in the depths of the river. Kuhleborn is laughing at Undine, for if the wedding takes place, she will be duty-bound to kill Huldebrand. Undine quips back, "Ah but you

forget! I had the fountain sealed, and that is the only water which makes its way into the village. Without that, no water spirits, even myself, can enter. He is safe!" Kuhleborn is unshaken. "Surely you don't think they will leave that fountain covered forever? It is just a matter of time until you will have no choice. Why do you care, anyway? He was a faithless mortal as are they all." Undine winces, unable to escape her love for Huldebrand even in his duplicity. Huldebrand awakes, cheeks wet with tears, but takes no heed of the peril in his dreams, failing to recall the warnings Undine tried to give him in her earthly life that even then he refused to hear.

Bertalda and Huldebrand are married, and the couple hurry inside after their ceremony to avoid the darkening sky. As Bertalda prepares for her wedding night, she sends her servant to unseal the fountain recalling that the water from it was the best for her complexion. Recalling Undine was the one who sealed it, Bertalda smiled with smug satisfaction at having the power to undo something done by the beautiful, magical Undine.

As soon as the fountain is unsealed, Undine is drawn in to the village, veiled and weeping. She finds Huldebrand alone in his room and kisses him as he drowns in her tears.

[The haunting love song from when Undine and Huldebrand first meet returns, as an echo...]

In a remote village, not too far from a lake often avoided, there lies a grave. Though few remember the story of the man buried here, many visit to see the wonder of a stream with no origin, circling the grave, like a constant embrace. If one stays long enough, they might hear the weeping of a soulless spirit who nonetheless felt compassion and grief, displayed generosity and trust, and mourned an unjust duty even in the face of betrayal.

Sonatine | Henri Dutilleux

Composed in 1943

Allegretto

Octaves in the piano create a cavernous echo, into which the flute slinks using the rich low register but giving it a hollow quality. Quickly the two lines twist and twine about one another. The sparkling high notes of the piano ring out under the grounding low notes. Perhaps we are in Tolkien's glittering caves, or in the massive Sagrada Familia basilica, or the deep, dry caverns of southwestern desert under a starry sky...

The flute joins in the sparkle, exploring the higher notes, fearlessly winding about despite the complex rhythms. A hovering high note glides above before descending to a low trill. The sparkling piano takes over, ushering in a fresh energy. A lightness ascends, bringing more of the warm hues, a glitter in place of the shimmer. With

urgency the two instruments ascend to a dazzling twinkle before an almost lazy familiarity has a brief moment of calm. The flute ascends on wings to a suspended high note, a sublime precipice.

The rumbling piano makes way for a cadenza. This sparkling creature is finally taking flight, experimenting with the skyward maneuvers. Shy at first, but then more sure, unafraid to be a bit reckless, feeling the freedom in the darkness amidst the stars.

Andante

Order comes to this celestial world, dark and mysterious, lingering and stretching in structure previously missing. Angular intervals in the flute overlay the pulsing rhythm of the piano. The building melody suddenly dips, ethereally quiet, but urgency returns quickly after the briefly sustained peace. Finally, the transcendence gives way to exigency, the piano both high and low, the flute recalling the cadenza of the first movement, and suddenly – it stops –

Animé

Brooding, deep piano crashes through, rising and processing and finally twinkling back to a place of form and celebration. The joyous morning erupts, spring accelerated, with blossoms shooting up from the cold ground and dew drops forming, plump and nurturing on the petals. The dancing follicles of dandelions tangle and collide before escaping into the breeze in a flutter. Beneath the earth, roots and worms twist and push their way through the soil, seeking depth and water or light and air.

A gentle flute melody soars above with the persistent piano providing the lift, as the smallest leaf on the highest branch bursts forth, and then the newly hatched baby bird takes flight for the first time, falling and then rising up, up above and exploring the chilly air.

A return to the opening of this movement brings a casual sense of comfort before zooming way out, back to the colliding heavenly bodies of nebulas and gaseous luminosity, sparkling, a ballet of light and delicacy, but it is short lived, before the cosmos erupt into frenzied bursts.

In the final cadenza, the flute flutters carelessly up and down, sometimes pausing to explore, other times pushing off once more to greater distances before landing in the resounding low octave in full power, chromatically moving alone before the piano joins once more in a mysterious, winding dance. In a final burst of energy, like the last firework in the show, the macrocosmic exploration comes to an effervescent conclusion.

Sonata | Otar Taktakishvili

Composed in 1968

Note: I do not know anything about Georgian culture. I have never met anyone from Georgia, nor been there, nor studied it in any way. But Jeremy has! I'm sure nothing would delight him as much as being asked to tell stories of his time there and with the Georgians he has known. I do find this sonata vividly imaginative and full of folk songs, but everything I say that references Georgian culture is simply the result of a few Google searches. I wish only to provide some context for this charming piece of music. Further, I think this music is the most fun to listen to of everything today, so it doesn't need as much picture painting to be enjoyed, therefore I will simply make a few suggestions of what you might imagine.

I. Allegro cantabile

Morning at the market, at once peaceful and bustling. Haggles, exchanges, preparations all fill the air as we ramble among the merchants. Perhaps we hear a handkerchief swept away by the breeze, or see a child chasing after a balloon with just enough helium missing to provide hope of catching it.

Eventually, routine and delight turn to murkiness and confusion, but before long we're back in the main street in need of just one more khinkali (dumpling). Morning chores completed, we are able to take in the scenic surroundings of the Caucasus mountains, the stone villages built right up on the hillside, overlooking the sea. The long ascent up the slope results in a mammoth view, expansive and triumphant.

The opening theme returns more insistent, fluttering away into the carefree melodies once more. Another beautiful day in Tbilisi, a crossroads of Europe, Asia, and the Middle East. (Note the sparkling send off of 38 consecutive high C's played pianissimo on the flute – a first!)

II. Aria: Moderato con moto

The achingly but beautifully dissonant pulse in the piano seems disconnected from the true aria being sung by the flute, except that at the most compelling moments, the instruments will end the phrase together, removing the strict soliloquic aspect of the aria and replacing it with an engaging colloquy.

The pace pushes forward a bit, bringing with it a more conversational back-and-forth between the instruments. The piano begins to pace up and down as the flute laments.

To close the movement, the flute works their way to the top of the range, leaving the piano to trudge ahead, before joining the piano in a hauntingly beautiful close to this descant.

III. Allegro scherzando

A rousing folk dance, full of catchy melodies and insistent rhythms, forward flourishes and pas de deux. Pictures of the coming festivals and dances around bonfires inspire and excite the villagers. Mischievous dissonance serves to fan the flames of anticipation.

In a whirl, the flute gives way to the piano who changes the scene from preparations to ritual. A heavier, more determined melody replaces the jollity of before. There's a measured, particular air now, showing meticulousness and vigilance. Both instruments get a turn at center stage before anxiously working back into first a full-bodied rendition of this melody in the flute and then a glimmering, delicate show by the piano.

Just when the anticipation has peaked, we return to our opening melody, comforted all the more after our adventures elsewhere. But the party can't go on all night, something has to rush in and scatter the crowd in surprised whoops and peals of laughter.

Cari Shipp, November 2022