

**David Felberg** violin  
**Jennifer Perez** soprano | **Ingela Onstad** soprano  
**Sarah Weiler** alto | **John Carlo Pierce** tenor

March 27, 2016

#402

**chatter** music  
worth  
talking  
about  
**SUNDAY**

**Tocata and Fugue in A minor** for solo violin BWV 565 (1730)  
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Part 1 of **Kafka Fragments** Opus 24 (1985)  
Györgi Kurtág (b1926 Hungary)

**Sections 1-19**

Please see reverse for translation

**Steve Borbas** speaker (Please see reverse for translation)

Steve Borbas is a 1956 Revolution immigrant from Hungary, president of the New Mexico Hungarian Club, and grandson/son of poets. He loves reciting poems in Hungarian. This poem, the *National Song*, was written by young Sandor Petofi, actually incited the March 1848 Revolution against the Hapsburgs. The poem challenges our people to stand up against outside domination (as was the case with the 1956 Hungarian Revolution). Kurtág's cyclical and passionate music matches the tone of Petofi's poem. Steve is an artist, sculptor, adjunct professor over 30 years at Pratt and UNM, and retired as University planner/architect. He has lived and traveled all over the world, but loves the colors, light, space, mood and contradictions of New Mexico.

Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

**Partita in D minor** for solo violin and voices BMV 1004 (1720)  
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

- I Allemanda
- II Corrente
- III Sarabanda
- IV Giga
- V Ciaccona

*"Hidden" Hymn text:*

Christ lay in death's bondage, Hallelujah  
That death no one could subdue  
Where shall I find refuge  
Commend thou all my pathways  
In my beloved God I trust in fear and need  
Grant us patience in times of sorrow  
Jesus, this thy passion, let me now regard  
Within my heart's foundation, Thy name and cross alone, shine forth each day and hour,  
for which I can rejoice  
Praise, honor, and glory be to the highest  
Now praise my soul, the Lord  
Thy will be done, Lord God, alike on earth as even in heaven

*Today's performance*

*is sponsored by*

*Pamela Michaelis in gratitude for  
her friend Steve Borbas, architect,  
artist & poet who embodies  
the beauty, lustiness, and  
power of the Hungarian language.*

**CHATTER SUNDAY**

50 weeks every year at 10:30am

Las Puertas, 1512 1st St NW, Abq

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**chatter SUNDAY**

Sun, April 03 at 10:30am at Las Puertas

Works by **Rebecca Clarke**, **Bohuslav Martinu**

**JS Bach**, **Franz Schubert** and **Johannes Brahms**

**Shanti Randall** viola | **Joanna de Keyser** cello

**Debra Ayers** piano

**Larry Goodell** poet

**chatter CABARET**

Sun, May 08 at 5:00pm at NHCC Salón Ortega

*Save the date*

**Conor Hanick** piano

**David Felberg** violin

Music TBA

Tickets available April 1 [ChatterABQ.org](http://ChatterABQ.org)

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## Kafka Fragments

Text by Franz Kafka

Part I

### 1 The good march in step...

The good march in step. Unaware of them, the others dance around them the dances of time.

### 2 Like a pathway in autumn

Like a pathway in autumn: hardly has it been swept clean, it is covered again with dry leaves.

### 3 Hiding places

There are countless hiding places, but only one salvation; but then again, there are as many paths to salvation as there are hiding places.

### 4 Restless

### 5 Berceuse I

Wrap your overcoat, O lofty dream, around the child.

### 6 Nevermore (Excommunicatio)

Nevermore, nevermore will you return to the cities, nevermore will the great bell resound above you.

### 7 "But he won't stop asking me."

"But he won't stop asking me." That "ah," detached from the second sentence, flew away like a ball across the meadow.

### 8 Someone tugged at my clothes

Someone tugged at my clothes but I shrugged him off.

### 9 The seamstresses

The seamstresses in the downpourings.

### 10 Scene at the station

The onlookers freeze as the train goes past.

### 11 Sunday, 19th July 1910 (Berceuse II)

(Homage to Jeney)

Slept, woke, slept, woke, miserable life.

### 12 My ear...

My ear felt fresh to the touch, rough, cool, juicy, like a leaf.

### 13 Once I broke my leg (Hasidic dance)

Once I broke my leg: it was the most wonderful experience of my life.

### 14 Enarmored

For a moment I felt enarmored.

### 15 Two walking-sticks (Authentic-plagal)

On the stock of Balzac's walking-stick: "I surmount all obstacles."

On mine: "All obstacles surmount me." They have that "all" in common.

### 16 No going back

From a certain point on, there is no going back. That is the point to reach.

### 17 Pride (15th November 1910, 10 o'clock)

I will not let myself be made tired. I will dive into my story even if that should lacerate my face.

### 18 The flower hung dreamily

(Homage to Schumann)

The flower hung dreamily on its tall stem. Dusk enveloped it.

### 19 Nothing of the kind

Nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind.

## The National Song of Hungary

Alexander Petofi, 1848

RISE, Magyar! is the country's call!  
The time has come, say one and all:  
Shall we be slaves, shall we be free?  
This is the question, now agree!  
For by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

Alas! till now we were but slaves;  
Our fathers resting in their graves  
Sleep not in freedom's soil. In vain  
They fought and died free homes to gain.  
But by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

A miserable wretch is he  
Who fears to die, my land, for thee!  
His worthless life who thinks to be  
Worth more than thou, sweet liberty!  
Now by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

The sword is brighter than the chain,  
Men cannot nobler gems attain;  
And yet the chain we wore, oh, shame!  
Unsheath the sword of ancient fame!  
For by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

The Magyar's name will soon once more  
Be honored as it was before!  
The shame and dust of ages past  
Our valor shall wipe out at last.  
For by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!

And where our graves in verdure rise,  
Our children's children to the skies  
Shall speak the grateful joy they feel,  
And bless our names the while they kneel.  
For by the Magyar's God above  
We truly swear,  
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke  
No more to bear!