

# **New York State University**

**F. W. Wrynn, President**

**A. A. Kennedy, Director**

## **Symphony Union Series 1998-1999**

**Twenty-Seventh Season**

**First Concert**

**No. CCXXXII Complete Series**

# **VIOLIN RECITAL**

**University Hall, Friday, November 23, 1999**

**At Six o'clock**

## **Mme. CADENZA FERRENTE**

### **Program**

#### **I.**

**Violin Concerto in A minor, BWV 1041**

**.**

***Bach***

#### **II.**

**Violin Concerto in D minor, Op. 61**

**.**

***Beethoven***

#### **III.**

**Violin Concerto in E minor, Op. 64**

**.**

***Mendelssohn***

## **CADENZA LUNARE**

**By Shay Liess, Composer**

**December 2, 2013**

## **New York State Symphony - Special Thanks**

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The author would like to offer special thanks to the following persons, for which this production could not have been made possible otherwise:

To Jamie Elmer – thank you for challenging me to write outside my comfort zone.

To Sean Carswell – thank you for your guidance, and the proper environment in which to develop my skills.

To Kiara Harpster - the muse of my living Cadenza. Here's to another nine years of love, life, and music.

## **Cadenza Lunare - A Performance in Three Acts**

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*A Performance in Three Acts*

*Music: Mendelssohn, L. Catastrophe*

*Virtuoso: Cadenza Ferrente*

**Act One : LUNAR REMINSCENCE**

***Performed by Luna Kensington***

**Act Two : THE SOLOIST'S DIARY**

***Performed by Cadenza Ferrente***

**Act Three : CADENZA LUNARE**

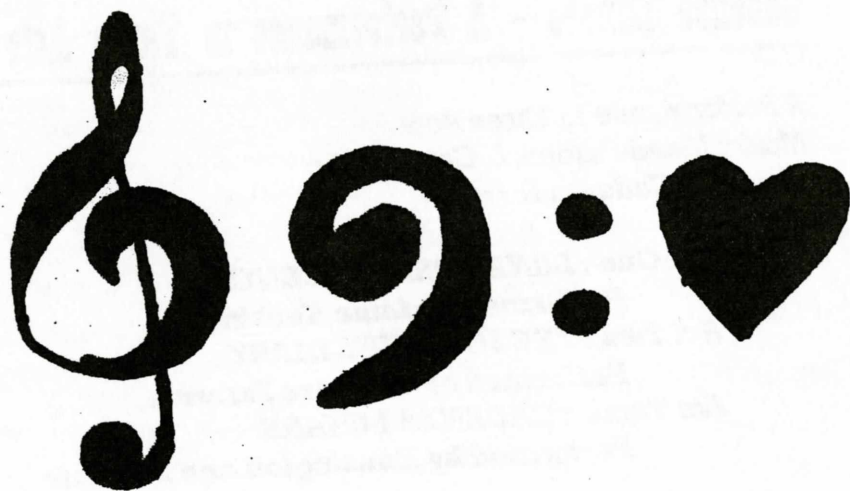
***Performed by Kensington and Ferrente***

## Performers

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**Luna Kensington** is better known as Luna Catastrophe, lead singer, bassist, and songwriter of the 1990s rock band sensation "Black Star Heroine". Luna is an award winning artist whose controversial lyrics and defiance of traditional gender norms lent themselves well to high media attention continuing into and well after her untimely death at the age of 27.

**Cadenza Ferrente** trained on scholarship at the New York Academy of Symphonic Arts, and the Royal Academy of Music. She began to study the violin at the age of 5, first appearing as a soloist with the American Youth Orchestra in 1995. She continues to perform as a critically acclaimed soloist for the New York State Symphony and the Los Angeles Philharmonic.



**Act I**  
**Lunar Reminiscence**



I'm worse at what  
I do best  
and for this gift  
I'm blessed  
our little group has  
always been and  
always will  
until the end



I thought your name was beautiful. I still do, even now. You said my name was prettier – how Luna always reminded you of the moon. You always loved the moon and everything that came with it. You said the night time hours were the best time to be at peace and enjoy the music. Music was so important to us, so beautiful and so powerful. The sort of magic that could transcend anything. You'd love the music here, Cadenza. I really think you would. I wish that you could hear it. I wish that you could hear me.

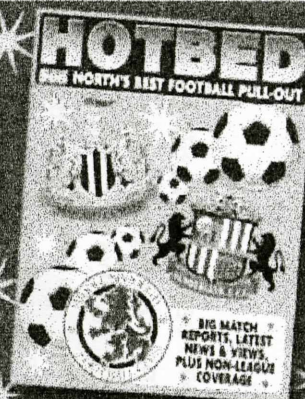
You said your parents hadn't the slightest idea what your name actually meant. They had just remembered it from the name of the restaurant where your mom had gone into labor. They never were ones for planning or careful decisions, but I thought your name was the best thing they'd ever given to you. The Cadenza – that beautiful part of a concerto where the entire orchestra goes quiet, and the spotlight comes down; when the virtuoso stands alone and pours her heart into a totally improvised piece of her own design. You had laughed when I asked if it was like a guitar solo, and you smiled at me with wide eyed affirmation, a smile that seemed like it would never fade. I wish you were wearing that smile, now.



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# LUNA CATASTROPHE DEAD

30 December : Singer/Songwriter Luna Kensington, otherwise known as Luna Catastrophe, was pronounced deceased Saturday evening following a fiery car crash in Southern California. Ms. Kensington was 26. The Long Beach Sheriff's office has yet to make a public statement regarding the cause of the crash, but bystanders interviewed by CNN state that Ms. Kensington's vehicle had been struck by another driver who ran a red light and fled the scene on foot. Head of the punk band "Black Star Heroine," Kensington found mainstream success late in her career for her unique energy and lyricism. Kensington enjoyed considerable success following the release of her latest album, 'Unacceptable Casualties' last July. Kensington is succeeded by her wife, famed violin soloist Cadenza Ferrante. Neither Ms. Ferrante nor any other members of Black Star Heroine were available for comment at this time. A memorial service has not yet been planned for Ms. Kensington, but fans have already begun a makeshift memorial and candlelight vigil outside the intersection where Ms. Kensington was slain.

MORE ON PAGE 4

## BLACK STAR HEROINE FRONTWOMAN KILLED IN FIERY CRASH



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24 PAGES OF  
MOTORING

**ALL  
JUSTICE**

FIGHTING  
YOUR CORNER

Eddy Eats' pick  
of the scrans



## Act II The Soloist's Diary

She eyes me like a Pisces  
when I am weak  
I've been locked inside your  
Heart-Shaped Box for weeks  
I've been drawn into your magnet  
Fox Pit Trap  
I wish I could eat your  
Lancer  
When you turn black



Luna. It's already been ten months since I lost you, and ten months that I've never stopped missing you. It still doesn't seem real. I still haven't gotten used to writing out my thoughts. It always worked for you, but you were always the poet, the lyricist. I always loved that about you. Your magical way with words. I guess to you, they were just another instrument. You played it well.

Our room is pretty much exactly the way you left it. The post-it note playlists you left me are still up on the mirror, next to the selfie we took at the Greek. You hated that picture because your hair was that awesome looking white, and I hated it because I'd overdressed. We had the blanket spread out on the lawn. Behind us, Frank Zappa's son was playing Frank Zappa's music. Dweezil was his name. It was a funny name for a kid, but I guess we really didn't have any room to talk, did we?

Prog Nation was the tour, I think. It's funny, prog. It exists somewhere at the intersection between symphony and death metal. It reminds me of us. You appreciated the poetry and I appreciated the technique. We both loved the music. Dream Theater was the headline, and you'd trained me for weeks before hand getting me familiar enough with their discography so I could know the songs and sing along. You were always so good about introducing me to new things, exciting things. I miss you. I still don't know how I get through each day. A broken string can be replaced, a ruined bow can be restored. Losing you shattered the whole of my instrument. I'm still picking up the pieces.

Your six string is still resting by the door. I haven't even turned off your radio. The CD changer keeps rotating through the same five discs, over and again. Every song reminds me of you. You never moved into the digital realm, with your music. You always had a soft spot for the physical - vinyl, CDs, cassettes. "Smells Like Teen Spirit" just came on. I still remember that night we first really hung out. We'd been in the same music class in the sixth grade. You sent me home with a copy of "Nevermind" as a prerequisite for our friendship. The next day I was so excited and told you how much I loved it. I said we should totally go see Nirvana live. I hated you for telling me Cobain was dead. It was the first and last time you ever made me cry out of anger. My inner fangirl mourned. You made it all better with a hug and a mixtape. Those were all I really ever needed. I could use them both right about now. It's almost time.

**Act III**  
**Cadenza Lunare**





It's almost time, Cadenza. I see you there, standing atop the balcony, just like you do every evening. The sky is so clear tonight. You are so far away, but I can see and feel you there all the same. You look so beautiful, my love. You must have just gotten back from the concert hall, still all dolled up in your recital dress and those fake pearls that I gave you for your 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday. I know you can afford better. You're still wearing your wedding ring. It makes me so happy that you wear them.

You're holding the Fetzner Stradivarius. I still remember the ceremony. I didn't understand just how important it was, until you told me the price tag. A three million dollar violin on loan from the Royal Academy of Music, and you always let me hold it like it was nothing. I always got so nervous. You know how I treated my instruments. We were lucky if I came back from one of my shows with even a single fretboard intact. You always thought that was fun to watch, but only from backstage. You hated crowds. You always loved to have your space, but you loved to see me scream into the microphone and wake up the next morning sounding like a steaming tea kettle.

Your name is up in lights, over there; sold out shows to see the great Cadenza Ferrante play Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E minor with the New York Symphony. You always loved that one - got right down to business and opened with a solo, one of many. It was filled with those things you called double stops, playing two notes at the same time. Sometimes you even did three, playing chords on a violin that would put Hendrix to shame.

You were always one of the quietest people I knew, but at heart you loved showing everyone how great you were, but you were never proud about it. You respected the music. You loved teaching everyone how to respect the music. I always thought of that Concerto like the "Sweet Child O' Mine" of Romantic music. Hell, you taught me what Romantic music was, and how not everything with an orchestra was just classical. I always thought that was one of the most romantic things about you. We were always teaching one another, perfecting one another. Our relationship was like sight reading a concertina - you make a mistake, you don't quit. You learn from one another, you work it out, and you keep trying until its perfect and practiced and beautiful.

Before I met you, I'd never have thought orchestras anything good but for soundtracks and old people, but you changed the way I looked at things. It's funny how life works, sometimes. You were the girl who played the violin because your parents forced you to, and I was the girl who taught herself piano so I could play a cover of Stairway. I don't think we should have worked out. Your parents certainly seemed to think as much, but I'd like to think that was more the tattoos or the piercings or the whole running away across the country with you thing more then anything else. Maybe it was just the betrayal of it all. Childhood friends, falling in love, running away with nothing more than some instruments and a prayer. We'd make our way in the world with the power of rock, some fiddlesticks, and love, and the plan seemed so absolutely brilliant.

I still remember packing everything into that ridiculous truck, driving from coast to coast. Every time we started off, we didn't even know how we'd get the gas money to make the next leg of the trip. You never asked. You just always reached over and pulled my hand over between the gearshift and the parking brake. You'd pick a cassette from the boxes in the back seat and turn up the volume. Those moments were perfect. You looked so happy, always looking forward, smiling, and not saying a single word. We didn't want to interrupt the music any more than we wanted to interrupt the moment. We respected the music just like we respected one another. They were both all that we needed. Who would have ever thought we'd pull it off as long as we did? I guess we both did. You always believed in us. I wish I could tell you that I still do.

It's cold outside, but you don't seem to notice. You never notice. Your violin is clutched between your arms. If you held it any tighter, I'd think it would break. A tremor passes over your lips. You gaze out over the surrounding bay and the myriad ships, to the face of the moon above. You look so close to me when you look up here. I hate seeing your tears and not being able to do anything to stop them. You look almost ready to cast yourself into the bay below, but I know you won't. You're the bravest girl I know, and you always insisted that the show must go on. You lean forward just enough into a bow, and you take a short breath. You raise your arms, ready your violin, and rest your face against the ebony rest. Your eyes shut tight, hair blowing in the twilight wind. You draw the bow against the strings and exhale. There is a long moment of elegant silence. The midnight recital begins.



A passionate draw of a long and gentle note, and I already feel so incredibly guilty. You're shaking, you're crying, you're alone. My sweet, darling Cadenza. Your private concertos call to my soul; these nightly performances continue to lure me from the most blissful reaches of eternity. This piece that you play for no one else, always beautiful but never the same twice. You called it the Cadenza Lunare, allegro molto appassionato. The cadenza of the moon, lively and with great passion. The Cadenza Lunare.

Luna's Cadenza.

The tears continue to flow half as fast as the notes you play. You are so beautiful, and so talented. Your fingers fly over the strings with such incredible precision, in spite of, or even because of the storm raging inside your gentle heart. Rapid arpeggios rise and fall with the torment, the Stradivarius becoming little more than an instrument of your own body, expressing the voice trapped within your very soul. Broken chords for the broken heart, double stops and triple stops all played in fortissimo, building into a harmonic shriek of beautiful tragedy and despair captured in the key of D minor.

Then, when it seems like you can play no faster, when the surface of the Stradivarius has become slick with your tears, when it seems like you might plunge yourself headlong into the bay, you stop. The fermata seems near endless, you keep your eyes shut tight, lips parting just enough that it seems your mouth might join your violin in the expression of that most hated grief - and then you continue.

A beautiful draw of a soothing chord, an exhalation to match your own. A slow shift of your foot away from the railing as you shift down to a D major, decrescendo, calmando, in rilievo. Growing quieter. Growing calmer. In relief, but never perdendo. Never morendo. Never fading into nothing. Never dying.

The tears have stopped, but not the music. I remember this melody. It's one of my songs. "Curse of the Ice Queen." Only you could make that song sound peaceful. Only you could make that sound into something tranquil. Only you could make something so uncultured and loud and unrefined into something beautiful, and give it greater purpose, creating something so beautiful in the union of art and passion for the art, of love and passion for the beloved. It makes me love you and miss you that much more, and a part of me wishes for you to forget me, so that you might never shed another tear like you do every night you play for me. That part of me goes quiet when you finish, when you conclude, take your bow, and gaze back up at the moon with your tear stained violin held close to your heart.

You're smiling. You're smiling like that smile never faded, smiling like I was never taken from you, smiling like we're just as close now as we ever were. I wish I could do anything to send you a sign, to let you know I hear you and see you and haven't forgotten you. A shooting star streaks across the midnight sky, the rest of the heavens joining in silent applause. You gaze up in continuing wonder, and wipe the tears from your face.

*An encore it is, you whisper, taking another bow, before raising your violin for just one more song - "Smells Like Teen Spirit." Keep the faith, my love.*

