... There Goes Sal

...there goes Sal:
longs for and loves the opera
yet avoids excessive drama—
passionately throws himself into the embraces
of his ideas
musical poetic realistic daring ideas
and experiments—
then surfaces
with that look of youthful curiosity—
that provoking smile of a
waiting waiting sense of humor—
...there goes Salvatore:
passionately alert and alarmed
facing the threats of environmental trivialization
and contempt—
indignant furious explicitly expressive
he lends simmering rage
without loud noise
to his well-honed cutting voice—
...there goes Salvatore Martirano:
    Listen!----------------------------And listen again!—

— Herbert Brün, 1996

Stravinsky: A Composers’ Memorial

As their time is created by composers they cannot be ahead of it. A composer can, however, be ahead of his contemporaries. Stravinsky was, is, and will be just that for the time he created and some to come. Ever since I came to know music, and up to this very day, I have lived in full awareness of Stravinsky’s work, accompanied, befriended and, occasionally, warned by the fascinatingly seductive omnipresence of his musical statements. They deal fairly with all that was given, by displaying it with displaced emphasis. Never without a trace of regret, Stravinsky took heritage to task, condemning adherence rather than fond memory. His way of doing this has been accomplished; but what he did, and the attitude that therein has found its documentation, will continue to speak to anyone who would but listen.

— Herbert Brün, 1971