

2013-2014 Season
La Jolla Symphony & Chorus
June 7-8, 2014 | Mandeville Auditorium



Life*

Celebrating Choral Director
David Chase's 40th Anniversary!

Steven Schick
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Steven Schick
Music Director



David Chase
Choral Director

Life is for celebrating.

Saturday, June 7, 2014, 7:30pm | Sunday, June 8, 2014, 2:00pm
Mandeville Auditorium, UCSD

Steven Schick conducting

JANÁČEK **Žárlivost (Jealousy)**

HAYDN **Symphony No. 104 in D Major "London"**

*Adagio; Allegro
Andante
Menuetto: Allegro
Allegro spiritoso*

INTERMISSION

David Chase conducting

RATCLIFF **Ode to Common Things**

- I. *Oda a las cosas / Ode to Things*
- II. *Oda a la cama / Ode to a Bed*
- III. *Oda a la guitarra / Ode to a Guitar*
- IV. *Oda a las tijeras / Ode to Scissors*
- V. *Oda al pan / Ode to Bread*

Mónica Ábrego, soprano
Guadalupe Paz, mezzo-soprano
John Russell, tenor
Pablo Gomez, guitar

*Unauthorized photography and audio/video recording are prohibited during this performance.
No texting or cell phone use of any kind allowed.*

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La Jolla Symphony & Chorus
9500 Gilman Drive
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La Jolla, CA 92093-0361
Phone: 858.534.4637
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www.LaJollaSymphony.com

From the Conductor by David Chase

I've always been a fan of Garrison Keillor (Are my Midwestern roots showing?), and I recently ran into a quote of his that I wish had been at my fingertips all year, as lots of wonderful people congratulated me on the distinction of being with LJS&C for forty years. "...So I forgot about immortality and headed down the long dirt road of longevity." It's true: my contribution has been more that of the proverbial tortoise than the hare. But there's been so great a reward.

My fortieth anniversary has been a fabulous year. Steve Schick started it all with his concept to organize the season around his "Life*" poem, which has created a kind of delicious embarrassment for me. And like a kid's birthday party, the anniversary has given me license to do some things that I've been wanting to do, but needed others' indulgence to support; for example, inviting Maria Guinand from Venezuela to share a program of Latin American music in March, and now doing a reprise of Cary Ratcliff's *Ode to Common Things*, a setting of poetry by Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, for this last concert.

If you perceive a thread of Latin American influence in all this, you're right on. That culture has had a rejuvenating influence on me and on the ensembles.

Classical music programs these days are, thankfully, far more cosmopolitan than they used to be, combining styles of many more cultures and historical times than we heard fifty years ago. Since the days of Tom Nee (who was LJS&C Music Director and our spiritual leader from 1967 to 1998), LJS&C has made it its mission to combine the accepted "masterworks" with spunky new works of young and counter-culture composers. In the '70s, Tom declared his interest in non-European music by organizing a large festival of Latin American music. Furthermore, the first piece to be commissioned by the Thomas Nee Commission Endowment was Jeff Nevin's *Concerto for Mariachi and Orchestra* (1998).

It's in that context that Ratcliff's *Ode to Common Things* caught my imagination decades ago. When I first saw the score, I felt that something I'd been looking for had suddenly fallen into my lap. It was a sprawling, colorful setting of text that spoke to me as a choral musician trying to open new space in a repertory that was crowded with serious sacred works. This poetry was fun and sometimes self-deprecating; it bordered on the banal, but plumbed deep and meaningful metaphors; and it was innately musical.

Ratcliff's setting of these poems is clever and nuanced, with memorable tunes and infectious rhythms. Those rhythms immediately spoke to my inner 18-year-old jazz-player... this, I felt, was "my piece." And so it becomes my last offering of this anniversary year.

It was our conscious choice from the outset to have both conductors engaged in this season closer. It's always a great honor for me to share the podium with Steve Schick, who has taken the tradition of Tom Nee's programming and respectfully updated it. In this concert, he has chosen to underscore our ongoing dedication to the classics conjointly with new and unusual works with the inclusion of a Haydn symphony.

Haydn, "Father of the Symphony" and heir to Handel's oratorio legacy, represents the very foundation of what we do. The last of his 104 symphonies is the epitome of what we call "masterworks" and, as such, presents an interesting interpretation challenge. In our day, the concept of what is called "authenticity" is long-established. There exist whole ensembles and organizations whose work is focused on re-creating the music of long-dead composers just as it might have been heard when the composer wrote it. Those conscientious performers have done us all great service in peeling away misconceptions that accrued over centuries, but they have also precluded our modern-day re-conceptions of those works.

Rather than trying to re-create the 18th century, Steve prefers to look at this work with 21st century eyes (and ears)—and, more specifically, with "La Jolla Symphony eyes and ears." The same can certainly be said of his interpretation of Janáček, whose *Zárživost Overture* comes to us from almost exactly 100 years after the *London Symphony*. (By coincidence, that progression is continued with the *Ode to Common Things*: all three are nearly 100 years apart: Haydn—1795, Janáček—1894 and Ratcliff—1995!)

So this, it seems, is my "long dirt road:" an anniversary season that has included daughter Claire Chase and ICE; the premiere of an exciting choral commission; our Venezuelan guest conductor; then the beloved *Chichester Psalms*; and now *Ode*. How fortunate can I be? I hope the road will still stretch a good distance more!

See you next season. ■

***Life is fresh, sometimes a little scary,
utterly ecstatic, sometimes hidden
(in plain sight), made for sharing,
and bursting with promise.
Life is for celebrating.
To David on his 40th year with the
La Jolla Symphony & Chorus.
— Steve Schick**



David Chase receives Proclamation from County Supervisor Dave Roberts.

When in Rhône Wine Tasting Success!

LJS&C's 13th annual wine tasting was held on April 26, hosted at the Rancho Santa Fe home of Don and Julie MacNeil. County Supervisor Dave Roberts surprised the more than 80 guests by making a special appearance to present David Chase with a signed Proclamation, naming the day "David Chase Day" in honor of David's 40 years as LJS&C Choral Director. Special thanks to Don and Julie MacNeil for hosting, to syndicated wine writer Robert Whitley for leading the tasting, and to all who donated wine for the wine raffle.

2013-2014
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**Mission
Statement**

Rooted in San Diego for over 50 years, the La Jolla Symphony and Chorus enriches our lives through affordable concerts of ground-breaking, traditional and contemporary classical music.

Program Notes

by Eric Bromberger

Žárlivost (Jealousy)

LEOS JANÁČEK

Born July 3, 1854, Hukvaldy, Moravia

Died August 12, 1928, Moravska Ostrava



Janáček struggled for years before achieving success as a composer. The premiere of his first great opera, *Jenufa*, did not take place until 1904, when the composer was 50, and even that was a modest performance in the provincial city of Brno, where the orchestra had only 29 players. Not until *Jenufa* was produced in Prague in 1916 did it attract worldwide attention and help prepare the way for the unbelievably prolific final decade of Janáček's life, when he wrote four operas, two string quartets, the *Sinfonietta*, the *Glagolitic Mass*, and many other works.

But the composition of *Jenufa* was slow and painful. He began work in March 1893 and completed the score in March 1904, after eleven years of work. The shocking events of the opera did not help its popularity: the heroine *Jenufa* is loved by two young men—*Steva* (by whom she is pregnant when the opera begins) and *Laca*, who slashes her cheek in a fit of jealousy at the end of Act I. *Jenufa* gives birth to a son, but the infant is drowned by *Jenufa*'s stepmother, who hides the crime. *Steva* abandons *Jenufa*, who eventually marries *Laca* after her stepmother's confession of the murder.

Early in the composition of *Jenufa*, Janáček wrote an overture for the opera, but he omitted this at the premiere in 1904, for he had decided that the powerful overture deflected attention from the opera itself. This detached overture received its premiere as an orchestral work entitled *Žárlivost* ("Jealousy") in 1906 and has had a separate life in the concert hall since then. Several recent productions of *Jenufa*, however, have used *Žárlivost* as the opera's overture; these include Charles Mackerras' pioneering 1982 recording with the Vienna Philharmonic, which tried to reflect Janáček's original intentions as accurately as possible.

Heard as either opera overture or concert work, *Žárlivost* is striking music, full of color, swirling energy, and a haunting lyricism. It opens and closes with the same rhythmic fanfare and this figure rings out repeatedly, sometimes stamped out by full orchestra, sometimes used as subtle accompaniment. It is easy to imagine that this figure might represent the sudden, fiery stab of jealousy, but such an association must remain conjectural. Some Janáček scholars have been at pains to find thematic relations between the music of *Žárlivost* and *Jenufa*, though the connections they have made are tenuous at best. A century after its composition, *Žárlivost* remains powerful music, a vivid promise of the passionate works Janáček would create in his final years. ■

Symphony No. 104 in D Major "London"

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

Born March 31, 1732, Rohrau

Died May 31, 1809, Vienna



On September 28, 1790, Prince Nikolaus Esterházy died, and his successor Prince Anton did not share the family passion for music. Anton disbanded the Esterházy's professional orchestra, and Haydn—who had been music director to the Esterházy family for thirty years—suddenly found himself without a job. He was given a generous pension, and at age 58 he looked forward to a quiet retirement. But suddenly his life changed. The impresario Johann Peter Salomon appeared in Vienna and invited the composer to come to London to put on a series of concerts of his own music. Haydn set off for new territory—and triumphed. His first visit, during the years 1791-92, was so successful that he returned for a second in 1794-95. For each visit he composed six symphonies, and the *Symphony No.*



For more than 30 years Steven Schick has championed contemporary music as a percussionist and teacher by commissioning and premiering more than 100 new works. Schick is a professor of music at the University of California, San Diego and in 2008 was awarded the title of Distinguished Professor by the UCSD Academic Senate.

Schick was one of the original members and percussionist of the Bang on a Can All-Stars of New York City (1992-2002). He has served as artistic director of the Centre International de Percussion de Genève in Geneva, Switzerland, and as consulting artist in percussion at the Manhattan School of Music. Schick is founder and artistic director of the acclaimed percussion group, red fish blue fish, a UCSD ensemble

104 was the last of the twelve. In fact, it would be his final symphony, for he would turn his attention to vocal music over the remaining years of his life. There is no particular reason to call *No. 104* the "London"—that name might apply with equal accuracy to all twelve of the symphonies Haydn wrote for his visits to that city.

The first performance took place on May 4, 1795, at the King's Theatre at Haymarket in London. Haydn was delighted by the quality of the orchestra, by the enthusiasm of the large audience, and by the profits: "The room was full of select company... The whole audience was very pleased and so was I. I made four thousand gulden on this evening. Such a thing is possible only in England!"

Some have suggested that Haydn, released from his service to a refined aristocratic family and now faced with writing to please a middle-class audience, simplified his musical language to give it more immediate appeal, but this is not to suggest that there is anything condescending or compromised about this music. Quite the opposite. All of Haydn's English symphonies show him at the height of his powers as a symphonist, and these twelve symphonies demonstrate a technical mastery, grand sonority, and breadth of scope that would

Steven Schick conductor

composed of his graduate percussion students that performs regularly throughout San Diego and has toured internationally. He also is founding artistic director (June 2009) of "Roots & Rhizomes"—an annual international course for percussionists hosted by the Banff Center for the Arts in Canada.

As a percussion soloist, Schick has appeared in Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, The Royal Albert Hall (London), Centre Pompidou (Paris), The Sydney Opera House and Disney Hall among many other national and international venues.

Schick is a frequent guest conductor with the International Contemporary Ensemble (Chicago and New York City), and in 2011 he was appointed artistic director and conductor of the San Francisco Contemporary Music Players. Schick has been music director and conductor of the La Jolla Symphony & Chorus since 2007.

represent the furthest development of the symphony until Beethoven took up the form five years later.

From the moment of that festive premiere, Haydn's *Symphony No. 104* has been an audience favorite, and it is not hard to understand why. This is music not just of enormous technical accomplishment but full of energy and high spirits. That energy is evident from the first instant, when the symphony explodes to life on a ringing tutti fanfare. This noble call to order will return twice during the course of the long introduction before the music leaps ahead at the *Allegro* on a theme that seems simplicity itself. But this simple little tune will yield unexpected riches. Haydn had long been interested in building sonata-form movements on just one theme, and now he re-uses his principal theme in place of the expected second subject and proceeds to build much of the development on a string of repeated notes taken from that seminal idea.

The *Andante* gets off to a poised, almost innocent beginning, but soon this is interrupted by

Ode to Common Things

CARY RATCLIFF

Born 1953, Santa Clara, California



The composer has supplied a program note for this piece:

Between 1954 and 1959, Chilean poet Pablo Neruda (1904-1973) wrote four volumes of odes to ordinary objects, common things. "I have a crazy love of things. I like pliers, and scissors. I love cups, rings, thimbles... each bloodless rebirth of gold, eyeglasses, carpenter's nails, clocks, compasses... all bear the trace of someone's fingers on their handle or surface, the trace of a distant hand lost in the depths of forgetfulness."

Neruda's exploration of commonplace objects enriches our everyday interactions with taken-for-granted things: their feel, texture, simplicity, function, beauty, humor. The levels of meaning drawn from them create moments of insight and wonder, and point to the commonality of our lives. We are reminded by the poet of beauty, pleasure and purpose shared across cultures and times in things of the ordinary. This theme seems especially appropriate for a large group that holds song 'common'.

tumultuous outbursts from full orchestra, punctuated by timpani and brass. These in turn are set off by striking silences and passages for woodwinds alone. The *Menuetto* catches us by surprise rhythmically, for Haydn places the accent on the third beat here; the wistful, yearning trio section makes its way back to the minuet via an unexpected bridge passage.

The buoyant finale has set scholars searching for the source of its principal theme, first heard over a bagpipe-like drone at the opening. Some have argued that this theme is based on a street-vendor's cry that Haydn had heard in London: "Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!" More recent research has shown that the theme is based on the Croatian folksong "Oj jelena," which Haydn had heard while in the service of the Esterházy family. Whatever its source, the theme is developed with all the skill Haydn had acquired and refined in over forty years as a symphonist, and his final symphony rushes to its conclusion in a blaze of energy. ■

The text is set in its original Spanish. Aside from its semantic meaning is the musical meaning of its language. The rhythm and ratchet of consonants, the patterned flow of vowels, the sumptuous sound of Neruda's phrases generate much of the rhythm of the work, which is, after all, a mess of people making music with their mouths.

The opening movement, *Ode to Things*, cavorts through lists of favorite objects, playfully spanning the "unstoppable river of things," but ends with Neruda's confession of deep connection: "not only did they touch me, or my hand touched them: they were so close that they were a part of my being, they were so alive with me that they lived half my life and will die half my death."

The journey "from bed to bed to bed (de cama en cama en cama...) puts *Ode to the Bed* immediately into motion. Common to "the newborn, the afflicted, the dying, the lover and the dreamer alike," the bed is an emblem of the "eternal struggle of death and life." "The earth is a bed blooming for love," but also, eventually, "into our bed comes death with rusted hands and iodine tongue." Neruda likens its sheets to the tempestuousness of the sea, final resting place, home of "celestial ashes of dying meteor." Echoes and Doppler shifts fill out the tumultuous three-dimensional musical space.

Ode to the Guitar: Born in the jungle, "you left your nest like a bird... From you poured song... thus was the entire night transformed... its infinite strings tuned, sweeping toward the ocean a pure tide of scents and regrets." From the marriage of man and guitar. At the end of the movement, we 'hear' "the untamed heart take to the roads on horseback" over the buzzing of the guitar, played by the "woman who plays the earth and the guitar, bearing the sorrow and the joy of the deepest hour."

"A long-lost pair of scissors cut your mother's thread from your navel and handed you for all time your separate existence. *Ode to Scissors* parodies the opening wail at Fortuna (fate) which opens Orff's *Carmina Burana*: Scissors were the tool of the Greek Fate Atropos, with which she cold snip the thread of life. Neruda's lighthearted scissors, however, are busily snipping everywhere, "exploring the world cutting off swatches of joy and sadness in equal measure." Rhythms get cut up, yielding Hispanic syncopations; singers cut words into syllables, and the poet edits himself "with the scissors of good sense" so the poem "won't drag out."

The soprano solo that opens *Ode to Bread* grows to a duet and heats to "the hot blast of fertility," "the joining of seed and fire" that transforms into life-giving bread. Neruda's vision of "earth and the



David Chase conductor

Choral Director of the La Jolla Symphony Chorus since 1973, David Chase serves as a lecturer in the UCSD Music Department. Under his leadership

the 130-voice ensemble performs a mixture of musical styles that combine standard repertory with new or rarely performed works on the LJS&C subscription series and at community venues.

Dr. Chase is a graduate of Ohio State University, and received his doctorate at the University of Michigan. While living in Ann Arbor, he served as conductor of the Grand Rapids Symphonic Choir. In 2009, he retired from Palomar College in San

planets" sown with wheat, bread made "of sea and earth, bread for every mouth" is chanted by the chorus. Then follows a hymn to what will be held in common when bread is shared "open-handedly": "the earth, beauty, love." The closing drama of the movement comes from Neruda's urgent call against those forces of hardship and greed that prevent every being from its "rightful share of soil and life."

The work calls for chorus with the men and women split into three divisions each. Tenors and altos, naturally outnumbered, here relax into equal partnership with baritones and basses, and high and low sopranos. The six-part harmonies, in the third movement, grow quietly out of the tuning of the guitar's six strings. At the other end of the dynamic spectrum are three trumpets and three trombones, which line up exactly with the vocal registers, and are the only single instruments capable of matching the sheer unleashed force of oratorio sound. There are six other wind instruments: a pair of french horns and one each of the individualist colors of the woodwinds. A harp, two pianos and synthesizer add their magic to the sound. Three busy percussionists invoke sound from all manner of wood things, metal things and skin-covered voids, and three vocalists add the intimacy of the solo human voice. Finally, the multi-textured beauty of the string family weaves all together into a rich fabric of sound. ■

Marcos, California, where he taught music since 1974. In addition to his academic and choral duties, Dr. Chase has performed and recorded with the Robert Shaw Festival Chamber Chorus in Souillac, France and at Carnegie Hall. He also has been a fellow in the Melodious Accord Fellowship with Alice Parker in New York City. His compositions are published by Shawnee Press and Concordia Music Publishers.

Dr. Chase and members of the chorus have made four European tours, a tour of Mexico, and in 2001 were the first Western chorus invited to perform in the Kingdom of Bhutan. In spring 2012, the chorus traveled to Carnegie Hall to perform Britten's *Spring Symphony*.

Ode to Common Things (1995)

Music by Cary Ratcliff (b. 1953)

Poetry by Pablo Neruda (1904 – 1973)

Oda a las cosas

Amo las cosas loca, / locamente.
Me gustan las tenazas, / las tijeras,
adoro / las tazas, / las argollas,
las soperas, / sin hablar, / por supuesto,
del sombrero.
Amo / todas las cosas, / no sólo
las supremas,
Sino / las infinita- / mente / chicas,
el dedal, / las espuelas, / los platos,
los floreros.
Ay, alma mía,
hermoso / es el planeta,
lleno / de pipas / por la mano
conducidas / en el humo, / de llaves, /
de saleros,
en fin, / todo / lo que se hizo
por la mano del hombre, toda cosa:
las curvas del zapato, / el tejido,
el nuevo nacimiento
del oro / sin la sangre,
los anteojos, / los clavos,
las escobas, / los relojes, las brújulas,
las monedas, la suave
suavidad de las sillas.
Ay cuántas / cosas / puras
ha construido / el hombre:
de lana, / de madera, / de cristal,
de cordeles, / mesas / maravillosas,
navíos, escaleras.
Amo / todas / las cosas,
no porque sean
ardientes / o fragantes,
sino porque / no sé, / porque
este océano es el tuyo, / es el méo:
los botones, / las ruedas,
los pequeños
tesoros / olvidados,
los abanicos en / cuyos plumajes
desvaneció el amor
sus azahares, las copas, los cuchillos,
las tijeras, / todo tiene
en el mango, en el contorno,
la huella / de unos dedos,
de una remota mano / perdida
en lo más olvidado del olvido.
yo voy por casas,
calles, / ascensores,

Ode to Things

I have a crazy love of things: crazy.
I like pliers, scissors;
I adore cups, rings,
bowls, to say nothing, of course,
of hats.
I love all things, not only
the grandest,
but the infinitely small things:
thimbles, plates, spurs,
flower vases.
Ah yes, my soul,
the planet is beautiful,
full of tobacco pipes leading hands
through their own smoke, full of keys,
salt shakers,
ultimately, all that has been made
by human hands, each thing:
shoes with their curves, woven fabrics,
the latest bloodless rebirth
of gold,
spectacles, nails,
brooms, clocks, compasses,
coins, the soft
softness of chairs.
There are so many perfect things
built by human hand:
from wool, from wood, from glass,
from rope, marvelous tables,
boats, stairs.
I love all things,
not because they are
ardent or fragrant
but because, I don't know, because
this ocean is yours, it's mine:
the buttons, the wheels,
the tiny
forgotten treasures,
fans in whose feathers
love has hidden
its orange-blossoms, glasses, knives,
scissors, all have
on their handle, along the outline of their shape,
the trace of someone's fingers,
of a distant hand lost
in layers of forgottenness.
I pass through houses,
streets, elevators,

tocando cosas, / divizando objetos
que en secreto ambiciono:
uno porque repica, / otro porque
es tan suave
como la suavidad de una cadera,
otro por su color de agua profunda,
otro por su espesor de terciopelo.
Oh río / irrevocable / de las cosas,
no se dirá / que sólo /amé / los peces,
o las plantas de selva y de pradera,
que no sólo /amé
lo que salta, sube, sobrevive, suspira.
No es verdad: /muchas cosas
me lo dijeron todo.
No sólo me tocaron
o las tocó mi mano,
sino que acompañaron
de tal modo / mi existencia
que conmigo existieron
y fueron para mí tan existentes
que vivieron conmigo media vida
y morirán conmigo media muerte.

touching things, singling out objects
that I secretly covet,
one because it rings, another for the
soft smoothness that is
the smoothness of a woman's hip,
another for its color of deep waters,
yet another for its smooch like velvet.
Oh unstoppable river of things
it will not be said that I loved only fish
or the plants of jungle and field,
that I loved only
those that leap, ascend, survive and aspire.
It's not true: a multitude of things
has shown me the whole picture.
Not only was I touched by them,
or they by my hand,
but they became
such an integral part of
my very existence,
and they were for me so alive,
that they lived half my life,
and will die half my death.

Oda a la cama

De cama en cama en cama
es este viaje, / el viaje de la vida.
El que nace, el herido
y el que muere,
el que ama y el que sueña
vinieron y se van de cama en cama,
vinimos y nos vamos
en este tren, en esta nave, en este
río común / a toda / vida,
común / a toda muerte.
La tierra es una cama

Ode to the Bed

From bed to bed to bed
is this journey, this journey of life
The newborn, the wounded,
and the dying,
the lover and the dreamer:
all have come and will go, from bed to bed.
we have come and will go
on this train, this boat, this
river common to all life,
common to all death.
The earth is a bed

SAVE THE DATE!

60th Anniversary Gala
October 11, 2014 / The Westgate Hotel

florida por amor, sucia de sangre,
 las sábanas del cielo / se secan
 desplegando
 el cuerpo de septiembre y su blancura,
 el mar / cruje / golpeando
 por la / cúpula / verde / del /abismo
 y mueve ropa blanca y ropa negra.
 Oh mar, cama terrible,
 agitación perpetua
 de la muerte y la vida,
 del aire encarnizado y de la espuma,
 duermen en ti los peces,
 la noche, /las ballenas,
 yace en ti la ceniza
 centrífuga y celeste
 de los agonizantes meteoros:
 palpitando, mar, con todos
 tus dormidos, / construyes y destruyes
 el tálamo incesante de los sueños.
 De pronto sale un rayo
 con dos ojos de puro nomeolvides,
 con nariz de marfil o de manzana,
 y te muestra el sendero
 a suaves sábanas
 como estandartes claros de azucena
 por donde resbalamos / al enlace.
 Luego / viene a la cama
 la muerte con sus manos oxidadas
 y su lengua de yodo
 y levanta su dedo
 largo como un camino
 mostrándonos la arena,
 la puerta de los últimos dolores.

blooming for love, soiled in blood
 the sheets of the sky are spread out to dry,
 unfolding
 the corpse of September and its whiteness;
 the sea creaks, pounded
 by the green dome of the abyss,
 with white clothes and black clothes flowing.
 Oh sea, terrible bed,
 eternal struggle
 of death and life,
 of enraged air and spume,
 in you sleep the fishes,
 the night, and the whales,
 In you lie the
 centrifugal and celestial ashes
 of dying meteors.
 You pulse, sea with all
 your sleepers; foaming and ripping apart
 the unceasing marriage of bed of dreams.
 Suddenly, lightning strikes
 with two eyes of pure forget-me-not,
 with a nose of ivory or apple,
 pointing you the way
 to soft sheets,
 like bright banners of white lily
 where we slip into embrace.
 Then into our bed comes
 death with rusted hands
 and iodine tongue,
 and she raises her finger,
 long as a road,
 pointing us to the shore,
 the doorway of our final pain.

Oda a la guitarra

Delgada/ línea pura
 de corazón sonoro,
 eres la claridad cortada al vuelo:
 cantando sobrevives:
 todo se irá menos tu forma.
 No sé si el llanto ronco
 que de ti se desploma,
 tus toques de tambor, tu
 enjambre de alas,
 será de ti lo mío,
 o si eres
 en silencio
 más decididamente arrobadora,
 sistema de Paloma /o de cadera,
 molde que de su espuma / resucita
 y aparece, turgente, reclinada
 y resurrecta rosa.
 Debajo de una higuera,
 cerca del ronco y raudo Bío Bío,
 guitarra,
 saliste de tu nido como un ave
 y a unas manos / morenas / entregaste
 las citas enterradas,
 los sollozos oscuros,
 la cadena sin fin de los adioses.
 De ti salía el canto,
 El matrimonio
 que el hombre
 consumó con su guitarra,
 los olvidados besos,
 la inolvidable ingrata,
 y así se transformó / la noche entera

Ode to the Guitar

Slender, pure outline,
 the very heart of sound:
 you are clarity captured in flight.
 You survive by singing:
 all else shall fall away.
 I don't know if it's the harsh lament
 tumbling out of you,
 your drumming beats, your,
 swarming buzz
 that will become a very part of me,
 or if you are
 in silence
 even more thrilling
 mute outline of a dove, a hip,
 a shape coming to life from its own foam,
 a swollen, reclining
 and resurrected rose.
 Under a fig tree
 by the wild rapids of the Bío Bío,
 guitar,
 you left your nest like a bird,
 to swarthy hands you delivered
 the long-buried rendezvous,
 the covered sobs,
 the endless string of goodbyes.
 From you poured song,
 The marriage
 consummated between man
 and guitar,
 forgotten kisses,
 the unforgettable, ungrateful woman.
 And thus was the entire night transformed



Mónica Ábrego soprano

Mónica Ábrego is considered one of the most important singers to come out of Northwestern Mexico. She began her studies at the Baja California Music Conservatory, and later studied with Mary McKenzie at San Diego State University before earning her bachelor's degree at the Manhattan School of Music. Now living in New York, she is a member of the Pacific Opera Company. She has received awards from the Mexican National Fund for Art and Culture, the Musical Merit Foundation of San Diego, the

National Association of Teachers of Singing, La Jolla Symphony and Chorus Association, and the International Rotary Club. In 2003, she made her solo debut at Carnegie Hall with Pacific Opera. Her operatic roles include "Narcissa" from *La Clementina* in Lucca, Italy, "Serpina" from *La Serva Patrona* at the Tijuana Bach Festival, "Norina" from *Don Pasquale* with Opera de Tijuana, among others, and she has soloed with numerous many orchestras. She also performs Mexican folk and classical music throughout Mexico and the U.S. with Mariachi Champaña Nevin, Mariachi San Francisco de Guadalajara and Mariachi Real de Mexico in New York City.



Guadalupe Paz mezzo-soprano

Born in Mexico, Ms. Paz received her bachelor's of music in voice performance at the Conservatory Arrigo Pedrollo in Vicenza, Italy. She has been a finalist of the international singing competition "Toti dal Monte," a second-place winner of the National Singing Competition "Carlo Morelli" in Mexico, and first-place winner of the Musical Merit Foundation of San Diego competition in 2011 and 2012. Since her debut in 2007 at Palacio de Bellas Artes, she has performed the roles of "Olga" in *Eugene Onegin*, "Suzuki" in

Madam Butterfly, "Angelina" in *Cenerentola*, "Rosina" in *Barber of Seville* and "Hänsel" in *Hänsel und Gretel*. Paz has performed concerts, operas and oratorios at renowned stages such as Teatro Rossini in Pesaro, Teatro Olimpico in Vicenza, Teatro Malibrán in Venice, Teatro Pergolesi in Jesi, Italy; in the U.S. at The Harris Hall, and The Wheeler Opera Theater in Aspen Colorado; and in Mexico at Sala Nezahualcoyotl, Teatro Bicentenario and Teatro Degollado. She is currently preparing for performances of Leos Janáček's *Glagolitic Mass* during the international "Festival Cervantino" that takes place in Guanajuato, Mexico.

en estrellada caja de guitarra,
temblando el firmamento
con su copa sonora
y el río
sus infinitas cuerdas
afinaba
arrastrando hacia el mar
una marea pura
de aromas y lamentos.
Oh soledad sabrosa
con noche venidera,
soledad como el pan terrestre,
soledad con un río de guitarras!
El mundo se recoge / en una sola gota
de miel, en una estrella,
todo es azul entre las hojas,
toda la altura temblorosa canta.
Y la mujer que toca
la tierra y la guitarra
lleva en su voz / el duelo / y la alegría
de la profunda hora.
El tiempo y la distancia
caen a la guitarra:
somos un sueño,
un canto / entrecortado:
el corazón campestre
se va por los caminos a caballo:
sueña y sueña la noche y su silencio,
canta y canta la tierra y su guitarra.

into the starry body of a guitar,
the firmament trembling
with its goblet of sound.
And the river,
its infinite strings
tuned,
sweeping toward the ocean
a pure tide
of scents and regrets.
O delicious solitude that
comes with the night,
solitude like the bread of earth,
solitude like a river of guitars!
The world is gathered into a single drop
of honey, a single star.
Amongst the leaves all is blue
and all the trembling heavens sing.
And the woman who plays
the earth and the guitar
bears in her voice the sorrow and the joy
of the deepest hour.
Time and distance
look out over the guitar:
we are a dream,
an interrupted song.
The untamed heart
takes to the roads on horseback.
It dreams and dreams of the night and its silence
it sings and sings of the earth and its guitar

Oda a las tijeras

Prodigiosas / tijeras
(parecidas / a pájaros, / a peces).
bruñidas sois como las armaduras
de la Caballería.
De dos cuchillos largos / y alevosos,
casados y cruzados / para siempre,
de dos / pequeños ríos amarrados,
resultó una cortante criatura,
un pez que nada en tempestuo lienzo,
un pájaro que vuela/ en/ las peluquerías.
Tijeras / olorosas / a / mano
de la tía / costurera,
cuando con su metálico / ojo blanco
miraron / nuestra / arrinconada
infancia / contando / a los vecinos
nuestros robos de besos y ciruelas
Y / en la casa/ y dentro de su nido
tijeras cruzaron / nuestras vidas
y luego / cuánta / tela
cortaron y cortaron
para novias y muertos,
para recién nacidos y hospitales
cortaron y cortaron
pelo / campesino
duro / como planta en la piedra,
las banderas / que luego
fuego y sangre / mancharon y horandaron,
y el tallo / de las viñas en invierno,
el hilo / de la / voz / en el teléfono.
Unas tijeras olvidadas
cortaron en tu ombligo
el hilo / de la madre
y entregaron para siempre
separada parte de existencia:
otras, no necesariamente / oscuras,
cortarán algún día / tu traje de difunto
Las tijeras / fueron / a todas partes:

Ode to a Pair of Scissors

Prodigious scissors
(appearing like birds, like fish),
burnished as if you were armor
of a knight.
From two long and treacherous knives
crossed and married for all time,
from two tiny rivers meeting to make love,
comes a creature that cuts,
a fish that swims in tempestuous linens,
a bird that flies through barbershops.
Scissors have that smell of the hands
of my seamstress aunt,
when their blank metallic eye
stared upon our neglected
childhood, reporting to the neighbors
our thefts of kisses and plums.
There, in the house, and inside their nest,
the scissors crossed our lives,
and soon such a quantity of fabric
they began cutting:
for weddings and funerals,
for newborns, and for those in hospital.
cutting
the peasant farmer's hair,
tough as plants growing from stone,
flags that soon enough became
stained with blood, scorched with fire,
tendrils of the vine in winter,
the thread of voices connected by telephone.
A long-forgotten pair of scissors
cut from your navel
your thread back to your mother
and delivered to you forevermore
your separate existence.
Another pair, not necessarily somber,
shall one day cut out your funeral suit.
Scissors have travelled to all parts,



John Russell tenor

John Russell, DMA, is assistant professor of music and director of choral activities at California State University, San Bernardino, where he conducts two choral ensembles, serves on the voice faculty and teaches courses in choral conducting, choral literature and music education. He is a professional tenor soloist and chorister with the Los Angeles Master Chorale and during the summer serves on the conducting faculty at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, New Jersey and the San Diego Summer Choral Festival. His recent solo performances include Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* with the Lisbon Summer Choral Festival Chorus and Orchestra, G.F. Handel's *Israel in Egypt* with the Westminster Chamber

Choir and Orchestra, and W.A. Mozart's *Litaniae de venerabili altaris Sacramento* with the Hollywood Master Chorale. In December he made his Walt Disney Concert Hall debut as the tenor soloist in two performances of G.F. Handel's *Messiah* with the Los Angeles Master Chorale. Russell is a regular member of several professional choral ensembles including Pacific Bach Project (San Diego), the Bach Collegium San Diego and the Horizon Music Group Chamber Choir (Los Angeles). He is a native of Kalamazoo, Michigan and is a graduate of Western Michigan University and Columbia University. He received his Doctorate of Musical Arts in Choral Music from the University of Southern California. Russell was recently announced as the music director of the San Diego Master Chorale.



Pablo Gomez guitar

Original, distinctive, and unconventional, Pablo Gómez's guitar is one of the most remarkable sounds of today's music scene. Decidedly different and away from all conventions, his repertoire includes various aesthetic tendencies: from classics of the twentieth century and contemporary pieces to

works written expressly for him by renowned Mexican and international composers. His repertoire includes solo guitar; electro-acoustic music; duets with vocalist, percussion, and violin; and concerts with chamber ensembles and orchestras. This musical diversity has taken him to performances in concerts in the United States, Sweden, France, London, Germany, Austria, Spain, Canada, Argentina, Chile, Venezuela, Iceland and in several cities in Mexico.

exploraron / el mundo / cortando
por igual / alegría / y tristeza:
todo fue paño / para las tijeras:
titánicas / tijeras / de sastrería
bellas como cruceros,
minúsculas / que cortan uñas
dándoles forma de menguante luna,
delgadas, / submarinas tijeras
del cirujano / que cortan el enredo
o el nudo equivocado en tu intestino.
Aquí con las tijeras / de la razón
corto mi oda,
para que no se alargue y no se encrespe
para que / pueda / caber en tu bolsillo
plegada y preparada / como / un par
de tijeras.

Oda al pan

Pan, / con harina, / agua / y fuego
te levantas.
Espeso y leve, / recostado y redondo,
repites / el vientre / de la madre,
equinoccial / germinación / terrestre.
Pan, / qué fácil / y qué profundo eres:
en la bandeja blanca / de la panadería
se alargan tus hileras
como utensilios, platos / o papeles,
y de pronto, / la ola / de la vida,
la conjunción del germen
y del fuego,
creces, creces / de pronto / como
cintura, boca, senos,
colinas de la tierra,
vidas,
sube el calor, te inunda
la plenitud, el viento
de la fecundidad,
y entonces
se inmoviliza tu color de oro,
y cuando se preñaron
tus pequeños vientres,
la cicatriz morena / dejó su quemadura
en todo tu dorado / sistema
de hemisferios.
Ahora, / intacto,
eres / acción de hombre,
milagro repetido, / voluntad de la vida
Oh pan de cada boca,
no / te imploraremos,

exploring the world, cutting off swatches of
joy and sadness in equal measure:
everything is material for scissors.
Gigantic tailor's scissors,
beautiful as an ocean liner,
minuscule scissors that cut fingernails
into crescent moon shapes,
slender submarine scissors
of the surgeon that cut through the tangle,
or the lump growing in your bowel by mistake.
With the scissors of good sense,
I will cut short this ode
so that it won't drag out and irritate you,
so that it will fit in your pocket,
folded and ready, like a pair
of scissors.

Ode to Bread

Bread, with wheat, water and fire
you rise.
Dense and light, reclining and rounded,
in you is mirrored the mother's rounded belly,
equinoxial germination of the earth.
Bread, how simple and profound you are:
on the bakery's floured trays
stretched in lines
like silverware or plates or papers
and all at once, life washes over you,
the joining of seed
and fire,
growing, growing suddenly like
hips, mouths, breasts,
hills of earth,
lives.
The heat intensifies: you're overcome
by totality, the hot blast
of fertility,
and suddenly
you're transfixed the color of gold.
And when your tiny wombs
were impregnated
the brown scar left its burn
all along the join of your
golden globes.
Now, whole,
you are action of mankind,
ever-present miracle, the will to live.
O bread of every mouth,
we will not implore you;

los hombres / no somos / mendigos
de vagos dioses / o de ángeles oscuros:
del mar y de la tierra / haremos pan,
plantaremos de trigo
la tierra y los planetas,
el pan de cada boca,
de cada hombre, / en cada día,
llegará porque fuimos / a sembrarlo
y a hacerlo,
no para un hombre sino / para todos,
el pan, el pan
para todos los pueblos
y con él lo que tiene
forma y sabor de pan / repartiremos:
la tierra, / la belleza, / el amor,
todo eso
tiene sabor de pan, / forma de pan,
germinación de harina,
todo / nació para ser compartido,
para ser entregado,
para multiplicarse.
Por eso, pan, / si huyes
de la casa del hombre,
si te ocultan, / te niegan,
si el avaro / te prostituye,
si el rico / te acapara,
si el trigo / no busca surco y tierra,
pan, / no rezaremos,
pan, no mendigaremos,
lucharemos por ti con otros hombres,
con todos los hambrientos,
por todos los ríos y el aire
iremos a buscarte,
toda la tierra la repartiremos
para que tú germines, / y con nosotros
avanzará la tierra:
el agua, el fuego, el hombre
lucharán con nosotros.
Iremos coronados / con espigas,
conquistando / tierra y pan para todos,
y entonces / también la vida
tendrá forma de pan,
será simple y profunda,
innumerable y pura.
Todos los seres / tendrán derecho
a la tierra y a la vida,
y así será el pan de mañana,
el pan de cada boca,
sagrado, / consagrado,
porque será el producto
de la más larga y dura / lucha humana.
No tiene alas / la victoria terrestre:
tiene pan en sus hombros,
y vuela valerosa / liberando la tierra
como una panadera
conducida en el viento.

men are not beggars
of vague gods or obscure angels:
we shall make our bread of sea and earth,
we shall sow with wheat
the earth and the planets,
bread for each and every mouth,
for each person, for each day;
we will sow the seeds
and bring to pass this legacy:
enough for not just one man, but for all.
Bread, bread
for all the peoples.
And with it we will be sharing with
all that has the shape and the flavor of bread:
the earth, beauty and love:
all these
have bread's taste and bread's contour,
the germination of wheat.
All things were created to be shared,
open-handedly,
to multiply.
And so, bread, if you flee
from the houses of mankind,
if you are hidden away or denied,
if the greedy become your pimps
if the rich hoard you,
if the wheat does not seek furrow and soil,
bread, we will not pray,
we will not to beg for you.
Together we will fight for you with the others,
with all those who hunger.
In the rivers and the air
we will search you out.
We will divide the whole earth
so that you might germinate, and with us
the earth will go forward:
water, fire, humankind
joining in the struggle.
We shall be crowned with sprigs of wheat,
winning earth and bread for all.
and then even life
shall have the shape of bread.
It will be simple and profound,
limitless and pure.
Every being shall have its rightful share
of soil and life
and our daily bread
will be the bread for all,
sacred, consecrated
as a result of
the longest and the largest of human struggles.
This terrestrial victory
has on her shoulders not wings, but bread.
She soars valiantly, setting the world free,
like a bread-maker
carried by the wind.

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Scott and Jenny Smerud are proud supporters of the La Jolla Symphony & Chorus. Jenny has played clarinet with the orchestra for eleven years, and served on the board for five years.

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