

*NOTE to Audience::

- PLEASE turn off all CELL PHONES and watch alarms!

PROGRAM NOTES



ART OF THE AMERICAS: THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Tonight's show is an adventure into the imagination. North and South American artists are here fused into one expression. You will hear Mexican and Mexican-American Poetry set to music by North American composers. Argentinean music and art is represented throughout the concert. There is music inspired by the poetry of Pablo Neruda and music inspired by Mayan mythology and pre-columbian imagery. You will hear the music of a young Puerto Rican composer, depictions of Rain Forest and 'Merida' - the contemporary city built on Aztec ruins. The show ends with the Dance of the Mayan God *Ak'ot ti kuchol balam* - who, by night, takes the form of a jaguar.

Some things to listen for:

- The music of living masters John Eaton (winner of the MacArthur Genius Award) and Robert Dick - who is world famous for his talents as composer, flutist (performer, inventor) and improviser.

- 'Classical Music Improvisation' - two of the works on the second half feature improvisation. Improvisation is one of the deepest traditions of classical music - classical music was largely improvised for about 4500 years.

· Different ways of playing the piano. It is interesting to see and hear how differently the same instrument can be played. The entire manner in which the keys are pressed to make the sound, and everything that flows from that, are completely individual and represent philosophies of how to make musical sound and musical impressions. One of the pianists, Miriani Conti, is a world-class performing pianist who plays every kind of music, the other two are composers for whom the piano as a 'laboratory' for music composition - so here the differences and 'philosophies' are even much more transparent.



We begin with the work of Javier de la Torre - a Puerto Rican composer and friend of twenty years ago. He, and his wife Vivian, introduced me to the rain forests of that island and the castles of old San Juan. I remember the constellation El Dragon spanning the sky above amidst a blanket of stars.



We hope all of the music and poetry you hear tonight will inspire you to hear and see more creative potential in your lives. This is one of the purposes of art - to help people infuse imaginative vision into their every day lives and into their vision of the future... a more formal presentation of these ideas is at the end of these notes in 'An argument for the Arts'. Enjoy the show... see you at the other end...



CHIRON *Performing Arts*



Sololoquio IV.... of **Javier J. de la Torre.** This work is dedicated to George Rosenbaum, the performer before you and CHIRON core-member from our inception (refer bios). The composer has this to say about his work...

DEDICATION

to George Rosenbaum
go get'em.

This Viola solo is the fourth work of an open cycle titled "SOLILOQUIOS" for various instruments. This piece, as well as all the others in this cycle, (I - Violincello, II - Flute and III - Clarinet in Bflat), has been written in collaboration with the instrumentalist, which determines the contents and character of the piece.

The main purpose of these pieces is to present the instrumentalist's virtuosity, both in the technical execution and the emotive interpretation of the work.

Javier has provided notes in Spanish as well.

DEDICATORIA

a George Rosenbaum
siempre pa'lante.

Este solo de viola es la cuarta obra de un ciclo abierto titulado SOLILOQUIOS para distintos instrumentos. Esta al igual que todas las obras de este ciclo, (I - violonchelo, II - flauta y III - clarinete en siflat), han sido escritas con y para un interprete en especifico, lo cual determina el contenido y caracter de cada una.

La intension al escribir estas piezas es presentar el virtuosismo del instrumentista, tanto en la ejecucion tecnica como en la interpretacion emotiva de la pieza.



JOHN EATON's Sor Juana Songs:

(Three Sonnets by **Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz** for Mezzo-Soprano and Piano)
performed by the composer and **Jennifer Roderer** (Mezzo Soprano)

The 17th century Mexican poet, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, is commonly considered one of the great poets, if not the greatest, of Latin America. As a brilliant and beautiful young girl, she was taken up by the Spanish Viceroy and Vicereine of Mexico. Devoting herself to knowledge, she later entered a convent, where her cultural soirées were characterized by their profundity and high spirit until the Inquisition and the intolerance of the times drove her away from her literary pursuits and eventually to her death. An early feminist (She once contended that if Christ was born of woman, He could only have been improved thereby), she was among the first to defend the good aspects of native religion, while synthesizing classical and Christian culture.

The poems speak for themselves, they hardly need explication. The illusive love of the first is expressed musically by the liberal use of the middle pedal of the piano as well as having the singer sing directly into the strings with the sustaining pedal engaged. The second poem seems to me a personal manifesto. Sor Juana was an incredibly courageous woman, in discounting the cost of defying the overbearing authority of her undoubtedly envious male detractors. The third speaks in anguish of an unrealized love, using the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe as a departure. The vain calling of Pyramus for Thisbe again uses the strings of the piano to evoke the hollow echo of his call.

Sor Juana Songs

Poetry by Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz
(translations by Alan S. Trueblood)

Que contiene una fantasía contenta con amor decente

Deténte, sombre de mi bien esquivo
imagen del hechizo que más quiero
bella ilusión por quien alegre muero,
dulce ficción por quien penosa vivo.

Semblance of my illusive love, hold still –
image of a bewitchment fondly cherished,
lovely fiction that robs my heart of joy,
fair mirage that makes it joy to perish.

Si al imán de tus gracias, atractivo,
sirve mi pecho de obediente acero,
¿para qué me enamóras lisonjéro
si has de burlarme luego fugitivo?

Since already my breast, like willing iron,
yields to the powerful magnet of your charms,
why must you so flatteringly allure me,
then slip away and cheat my eager arms?

Mas blasonar no puedes, satisfecho,
de que triunfa de mí tu tiranía:
que aunque dejas burlado el lazo estrecho
que tu forma fantástica ceñía,
poco importa burlar brazos y pecho
si tu labra prisión mi fantasía.

Even so, you shan't boast, self-satisfied,
that your tyranny has triumphed over me,
evade as you will arms opening wide,

all but encircling your phantasmal form:
in vain shall you elude my fruitless clasp,
for fantasy holds you captive in its grasp.

Encarece de animosidad la elección de estado durable hasta la muerte

Si los riesgos del mar considerara,
ninguno se embarcara; si antes viera
bien su peligro, nadie se atrviera
ni al bravo toro osada provocara.

If men weighed the hazards of the sea,
none would embark. If they foresaw
the dangers of the ring, rather than taunt
the savage bull, they'd cautiously withdraw.

Si del fogoso bruto ponderara
la furia desbocada en la carrera
el jinete prudente, nunca hubiera
quein con discreta mano lo enfrenara.

If the horseman should prudently reflect
on the headlong fury of the steed's wild dash,
he'd never undertake to rein him in
adroitly, or to wield the cracking lash.

Pero si hubiera algune tan osado
que, no obstante el peligro, al mismo Apolo
quisiese gobernar con atrevida

mano el rápido carro en luz bañado,
todo lo hiciera, y no tomara sólo
estado que ha de ser toda la vida.

But, were there one of such temerity that,
facing undoubted peril, he still planned
to drive the fiery chariot and subdue

the steeds of Apollo himself with daring hand,
he'd stop at nothing, would not meekly choose
a way of life binding a whole life through.

Refiere con ajuste, y envidia sin él, la tragedia de Píramo y Tisbe

De un funesto moral la negra sombra,
de horrores mil y confusiones llena,
en cuyo hueco tronco aun hoy resuena
el eco que doliente a Tisbe nombra,

A dismal mulberry tree's black shade
where shadowy dreads stir dolefully
and in whose hollow trunk there still resounds
an echo calling Thisbe soulfully,

cubrió la verde matizada alfombra
en que Píramo amante abrió la vena
del corazón, y Tisbe de su pena
dio la señal que aun hoy al mundo asombra.

covered the dappled greensward of a lawn
where amorous Pyramus pierced his breast
and bled away, and Thisbe showed her grief
by an act with which the world is still impressed.

Mas viendo del Amor tanto despecho,
la Muerte, entonces de ellos lastimada,
sus dos pechos juntó con lazo estrecho.

¡Mas, ay de la infeliz y desdichada
que a su Píramo dar no puede el pecho
ni aun por los duros filos de una espada!

But seeing Love behave so atrociously,
Death pitied them and bound their chests
in one tight knot together dotingly.

Oh, surely a fate far more to be deplored
is that poor woman who can't bind her breast
to Pyramus's own with so much as a sword!



"To compose, in my opinion, is to create an architecture... In music, this architecture unfolds in time... When time has past, when the work has unfolded, a sense of inner perfection survives in the spirit. Only then can one say that the composer has succeeded in creating that architecture."

– **Alberto Ginastera**

"Suite de Danzas Criollas", by Alberto Ginastera.

*Adagietto Pianissimo · Allegro Rustico · Allegretto Cantabile
Calmo e Poetico · Scherzando-Coda*

performed by **Mirian Conti**

This is a transition work between Ginastera's first and second periods. A remarkable fact is the absence of names for each one of the pieces. In this work the composer starts to part with objective nationalism. He also shows to have achieved a full mastery of the instrument. In this respect mention should be made of the delicate sonorities of the first, third, and fourth sections, the subtle polyrhythms and the Canon in the Allegretto Cantabile. The Scherzando and the Coda include a good part of the material he would use in his First Sonata six years later.

The Allegro Rustico –even though he uses clusters for the first time– is the section most related to Ginastera's previous works as it reminds us of Corrientes's "Gato", a typical dance of Argentine Mesopotamia.



INTERMISSION

-- WINE IS FREE!



Ah Xoc Kin



'TRIO' - Raul Conti

Robert Dick/Will Ryan

Here CHIRON core-member Robert Dick (flute/composition), and percussionist Will Ryan combine improvisation with compositional craft to depict a universe of myth and ritual. Argentinean Master painter/sculptor Raul Conti's work inspires this exploration of the imaginative universe of pre-Columbian Mythology. Ah Xoc Kin is a god of day and night. By day he takes the form of the Mayan version of a Phoenix, or Firebird, by night he transforms into the Jaguar and is the lord of the Dark realm. The movement from one to the other expresses balance and symbolizes the transforming power of the imagination which can inform all of our daily lives.



MADRIGAL IN SPRING - for piano trio.

- of CHIRON founder and director **Christopher Kaufman**.

The title and music is inspired by the poetry of Pablo Neruda, particularly his *Madrigal in Winter* and *Walking Around*.

This work reflects the process of rediscovery. Passionate energy is combined with clear formal design and direct gesture. The opening phrase of the work depicts the 'opening of the heart' - which can have many connotations - and the resultant outpouring of positive emotion, as represented in the violin/cello duet (in measures 17 - 22) at the end of which the music reaches a climactic peak and then pauses. At this point the music 'reinitiates' -- as do we when we awake each morning and recreate in our minds each aspect of our life experience; our dreams, expectations, hopes and memories. From this point forward the music speaks for itself and can be described as cresting and receding waves of energy.

Madrigal in Spring is concerned with the strong, sometimes painful emotions which inspire rejuvenation and redefinition. In the true sense, the term 'Romantic' may be applied to this music in that the 'emotional intelligence' is paramount.



DANCE OF THE JAGUAR

Galvan/Kaufman

We return to the world of Mayan mythology as realized in the poetry of **Robert Rene Galvan** who is on stage reading his work while the **CHIRON** ensemble performs. The overall is an arrangement of Galvan's poetry and music by Christopher Kaufman. Myth is here mixed with reality as there are three poems (the first two - MERIDA and CHAC and the last Ak'ot ti kuchol balam, *Dance of the Jaguar*) which are Galvan's realizations of actual Mayan Mythological figures and the Third and Fourth Poems (CLOUD BURST and GESTATION) are from other collections, such as his **METEORS** (Lux Nova Editions). Together they tell a story of transformation, healing and growth, love, and connection to one's imaginative vision. I dedicate this piece to my fiancé, Maryclare.

Thank you for listening,



Christopher Kaufman

CHIRON *Performing Arts*

PLEASE BE SURE TO SIGN THE GUEST BOOK OUT FRONT!

Mérida

In the white-washed streets of Mérida
The rarity of rain is broken
By a soft voice over stone,
The city lulled into siesta
By the soothing drone.

An isolated tranquility –
The patio of Casa del Balam
Where the delicate dance of rain
Graces palm and banana leaves,
Cigar smoke rises like incense
Toward swollen clouds.

Only the cathedral bell is heard
Above the storm,
Its hourly reminder of the conquest
Tolls over a city of mock stone.

Somewhere in the song,
The voice of the jaguar
Haunts the streets –
Through the mercado amid the stench
Of urine and fragrance of cooking,
The fumes of old cars and perfume
Of cut flowers.

His growls are masked
By the racket of traffic, vendors,
Los turistas....

A masque of rain celebrates ancient work.
The primacy of thunder evokes a time
When we ran half-naked through the jungle
Armed with only the technology of stone.

Our temple stood where the cathedral now stands.
Wafers of corn and *real* blood marked
Our ceremonies of life and death.

Everything was God and had many names:
The rain was called **Chac**.

But invaders came and took
The golden faces of our Gods,
Stole stones from our temples to make **iglesias**,
And we are left to secret rites;
Burned codices live in the minds
And lips of **quiché** priests in spite
Of that bastard **Landa** who banished the jaguar.

Centuries hence, our glory lies in ruin,
But when **Chac** speaks with his many tongues,
The fire in the morning star, **Kukulkán**,
And in the eyes of **El Balam** burns bright.

Chac

Chac embraces the jungle
With formless force.

An arrow sings through
His mist, drops precious
Plumes of jade
Over root-devoured
Ruins.

Monuments more numerous
Than those of **Ra** are the refuge
Of snakes and bats.

Stones whisper secrets
With his name.

CLOUD BURST

for Holly

Heavy with seed,
We drape the day
In darkness
As we meet with a low drone
And brief webs of fire:
Colliding,
We become the storm,
Dying
In a rush of tears.
After the fall
We dream together
In the swollen veins
Of a rose,
Until the sun frowns down
Upon our happiness
And draws us,
Steaming,
Back to the sky:
We are the rain.

Gestation

At first, no larger than a flea,
What I took, unmissed.

Sipping in the darkness,
My pulse an echo,
A ripple under skin,

Until my spirit started spinning
To shape my world;

You barely recognized yourself.

And though your breasts grow heavy –
You walk as though to move the moon,

Your bones will soften,
And I will simply slip
Into the light.

Ak'ot ti kuchol balam

(Dance of the Jaguar)

Awakened by **coatis**
On the thatched roof,
I molt mosquito netting,
Step barefooted into the music
Of insects and night birds,
Dance past indifferent iguanas
And spin into my **uay**
Under the moon-cast shadow
Of the **Caracol**;
I retreat into the winding chambers
Of myself and escape this dream.

Fur and fury ascend
The Temple of the Jaguars.
Steep stones sweat and butterflies
Swarm the ballcourt;
The mosaic of wings
Lifts me to the **cenote** of sacrifice.
The cool water pulls me under,
My skin, blue among gold and jade faces.

My woman exhales a sweet song in her sleep.

An Argument for the Arts

“Imagination is more important than intelligence.” Albert Einstein

When Einstein said this he was referring to the nature of human evolution and his experience of ‘complete intelligence’. By complete intelligence, we refer to the cooperation of the sensory, emotive, imaginative, intellectual and intuitive functions of the human mind. This harmony of human functioning has led to humanity’s greatest achievements, in which the arts have always had a major role, because it is in the arts that the demonstration and development of ‘complete intelligence’ occurs most directly.

“Great Art can communicate before it is understood.” T.S. Eliot

Many major scientific discoveries were preceded by movements in the arts. Artists demonstrate 'complete human intelligence' and create symbolic languages which convey new ideas, concepts and experiences of reality before words for them have been developed. For example, **Giotto di Bondone** (1276-1337) was the first artist of record to understand the benefits of painting a scene as if it were viewed from a stationary point of view, organized about a horizontal and vertical axis. As a result, the ‘flat picture writing’ that had been the style for over a thousand years acquired depth. Within a generation this advance in perspective had spread to almost all artists. In this way, Giotto extended Euclid’s conception of space into art and altered Plato’s perfect forms in the service of art, making a great contribution to *the science of visual perception*.

A hundred years before Newton and Galileo, **Piero della Francesca** introduced shadow into his art and experimented with the nature of light. **Francesco Grimaldi** proposed that light moved like waves, instead of being streams of particles as was earlier believed, thirteen years before Huygens. **Arnold Schoenberg** and **Igor Stravinsky** demonstrated the relativity of pitch and time in their work before Einstein’s theory hit home, and the first to suggest in philosophical circles that space and time were one was **Edgar Allan Poe** in 1846. The contributions of **Da Vinci** need not be elaborated upon.

The examples are many. In addition to these and many other scientific discoveries, the arts benefit society in the field of education in terms of the development of the mental processes of children (it is proven, for example, that playing a musical instrument stimulates many cognitive functions of the brain), the team spirit of performing in a musical ensemble, goal setting techniques, the ability to visualize a positive future and the discipline to bring your intentions to fruition over a long period of time. The arts bring communities together and inspire personal achievement because it is primarily through the *imagination* that individual and societal evolution occurs.

“Art degraded, imagination denied.” William Blake

The stagnant, regressive cultural state of our country is directly related to the estrangement most people feel with the arts and artists. The environment for a positive future must be created for our youth by supporting the art of our country as much as possible. Symphonic institutions experiencing difficulty, for example, should not resort to becoming museums of past music, but should create the audiences of the future by performing the music of our time.

It is time for our country’s institutions to recognize the vitally important place that the arts have in the forward ‘progress’ of civilization. Otherwise, the continued reliance on intellect divorced from the imaginative, intuitive, emotive, sensory and spiritual functions, which are all vital parts of our heritage as human beings and all of which were needed for us to survive the ages, will continue to ‘degrade’ our visions for the future, our environment, our everyday lives and our spiritual, inner selves.

The Arts should be supported first, not last, by America’s institutions.

