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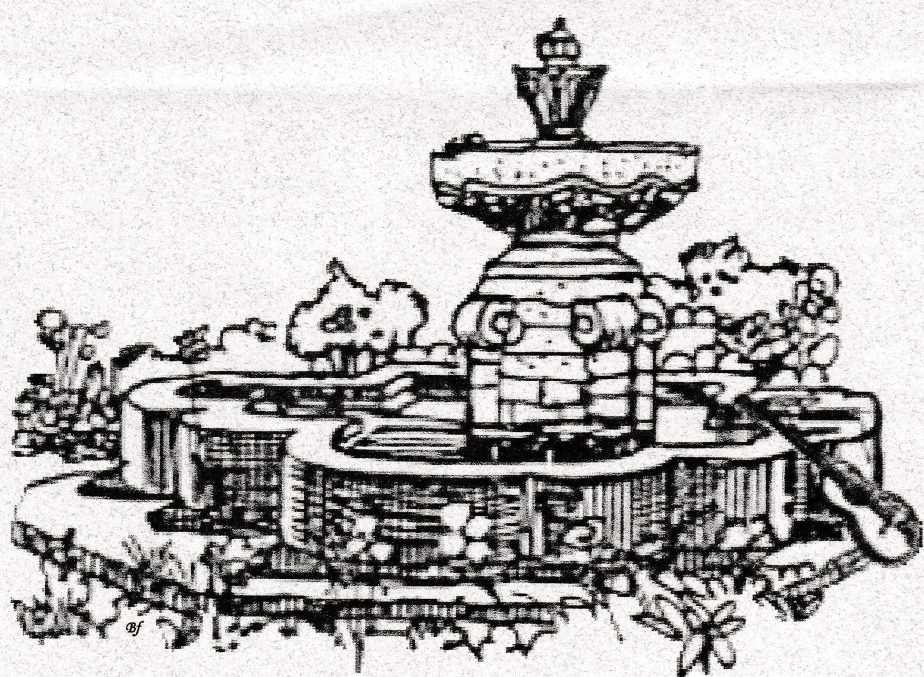
CONCORD

The Chamber Choir of the La Jolla Symphony Chorus

David Chase, Choral Director

ROMANCIERO

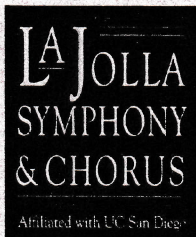
The music of Latin America and Spain



**...el corazon campestre
se va por los caminos a caballo:
sueña y sueña la noche y su silencio,
canta y canta la tierra y su guitarra.**

**...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.**

**"Ode to the Guitar"
Pablo Neruda**



The Great Hall
Cathedral Church of St. Paul
Saturday, April 1, 2000
Sunday, April 2, 2000
St. Elizabeth Seton Catholic Church
Sunday May 7, 2000

ROMANCERO

Pequeña sevillana

Joaquín Rodrigo

Capricho árabe (*Serenata*)

Francisco Tárrega

Randy Pile, *guitar*

Romancero Gitano

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco

Baladilla de los tres ríos

La Guitarra

Puñal

Procesión

Christopher Stephens, *baritone*

Memento

Baile

Christopher Stephens, *baritone*

Crótalo

Oda a las cosas

Cary Ratcliff

Vicki Heins-Shaw, *piano*
Kathy Offerding & Mark Serbian, *percussion*

Intermisión

Folklorico y Popular

A mi me contaron

Rebecca Ramirez, *mezzo soprano*

Iván Pérez Rossi
arr. David Chase

Cancioncilla

Juan Bautista Plaza

Eres Tu

Rebecca Ramirez, *mezzo soprano*
Max Chodos, *tenor*

Juan Carlos Calderon
arr. David Chase

Mata del Anima Sola

Max Chodos, *tenor*

Antonio Estévez

Romancero

The word *Romancero* itself refers to a collection of ballads, either musical or poetic. But its use as a title for this program is more figurative. The program itself is a collection—a collection of disparate works that share the color, romanticism and symbolism that seem inevitably to be part of the Spanish language, whether its origin is Iberian or Latin American. That these literary and cultural qualities permeate the music, even when it composed by American composers, indicates how deeply imbedded they are in the language.

The works of the two master poets represented here, Lorca of Spain and Neruda of Chile, are vastly different and yet they share these extraordinary qualities. Furthermore, these qualities are equally evident in the textless guitar music that begins the program and the populist music that ends it. There is a vivacious, raw nature here that must surely come from Africa, and may only be paralleled in our North American musical experience by jazz and other music of African-American origin. Yet, this poetry and the music it inspires have deeper European roots than jazz and its offspring. Perhaps it is this mixture of the African and European sensibilities that makes the culture of Latin American and Spain so irresistible to North Americans.

The program begins with works for solo guitar, composed by two of Spain's finest composers. Rodrigo's (1901-1999) *Pequeña sevillana* is based on a traditional dance, popular throughout Spain, which frames a sad, lonely, and sometimes painful song, in an A-B-A form. The picturesque *Capricho árabe*, by Tárrega (1852-1909), summons North African desert winds blowing wisps of sand, and caravans of camels, Moorish conquerors and a beautiful abducted Spanish princess.

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895-1968) was an Italian Jew who fled Italy in 1939 to become a naturalized US citizen... and had an uncanny knack for Spanish-style music! In this case, his inspiration was the famous collection of "Gypsy Ballads" by Federico Garcia Lorca (1898-1936). Fashioned after folk art, the poems have an earthiness and keen sense of place that made Lorca a sensation when there were published in 1928.

The musical settings are equally evocative, from the guitar's "rushing water" figure in *The Ballad of Three Rivers*, to the chorus's hushed image of the Virgin of Soledad floating above the solemn crowd in the *Paseo* of the Procession, to the sultry depiction of the castanets, the "sonorous scarabs".

The La Jolla Symphony and Chorus began its 1998-99 season with a West Coast premiere of Cary Ratcliff's large choral-orchestral work, **Ode to Common Things**. The first movement was so effective in setting Neruda's quirky poem about love of "things"—"cosas" ... "stuff!"—that I asked the composer's permission to present it in this chamber ensemble version with piano and percussion. Ratcliff is an American, presently living in Rochester, New York, who grew up in northern California surrounded by—and enchanted—by an immigrant Hispanic culture. It was his choice to set this fervent but secular text that caught my first attention. His masterful use of the Hispanic musical idiom—and its mixture with classical European techniques—won the enthusiasm of all of us who have performed it.

The final section of the concert, of course, pays homage to the more popular styles of Spanish music. *A mi me contaron* is a *merengue* from Caracas, a spirited folk-style form in five-four time. Juan Bautista Plaza (1898-1965), an important Venezuelan composer is represented by his sweet, diminutive love song, *Cancioncilla Romántica Venezolana*. The middle section of this arrangement maintains the original canon form in which he wrote it. By contrast, *Eres Tu* is overflowing with emotion and has had a long-standing popular appeal. The Mexican songstress from whom my wife and I learned it described it as "one of the greatest love songs ever written, and it doesn't even have the word 'amor' in it!" The program ends with *Mata del anima sola* by Antonio Estévez (1916-1988), a favorite Venezuelan song that our chorus learned from María Guinand, the conductor from Caracas who originally inspired our interest in all this music. It is the song of the lonely cowboy, accompanied by a band of Venezuelan instruments, here imitated by the voices.

***Baladilla de los tres ríos /
Ballad of the Three Rivers***

The Guadalquivir
flows through orange trees and olive groves
The two rivers of Granada
trickle from the snows down to the wheat
fields.

*Ah, love
that left and never returned!*

The Guadalquivir
has a crimson beard.
The two rivers of Granada,
one carries tears and the other blood.

*Ah love
that has vanished into the wind!*

For sailboats
Seville has a road;
The waters of Granada
are plied only with sighs.

*Ah, love
that left and never returned!*

Guadalquivir, a high tower
and wind in the orange groves.
Darro and Genil, tiny towers
rising dead above the ponds.

*Ah, love
that has vanished into the wind!*

Who can tell how the water carries
ghostly cries!

*Ah, love
that left and never returned!*

Carry orange blossoms, carry olives,
Andalucía, down to the sea.

*Ah, love
that has vanished into the wind!*

La Guitarra / The Guitar

The weeping of
the guitar begins.
Shattering like glass,
dawn breaks.
The weeping of
the guitar begins.
It is useless
to silence it.
It is impossible
to silence it.
Monotonous crying,
like water crying,
like the wind crying
over fields of snow.
It is impossible
to silence it.
Crying for things
distant.
Burning sands of the South
asking for white camellias.
Crying like an arrow without a target,
the afternoon without tomorrow,
and the first bird dead
on the branch.
Oh, guitar!
Heart wounded
by five swords.

Puñal / Dagger

The dagger
enters the heart
like the blade of the plow
in the wasteland.

No.

Do not pierce me.

No.

The dagger
like the sun's ray
sets fire to the terrible
depths.

No.

Do not pierce me.

No.

Procesión / Procession

Through the narrow street come
strange unicorns.
From what fields,
from what mythological forest?
Closer now,
they look like astronomers.
Fantastic Merlins
and Christ on the cross,
Durandarte enchanted,
Orlando furious.

Paso

The image carried during Holy Week

Virgin in spreading crinoline,
Virgin of Solitude,
opened like an immense tulip,
In your boat of lights
floating
on the high tide
of the city
between turbulent songs
and crystal stars.
Virgin in spreading crinoline,
you float
down the river of the street,
to the sea!

Saeta

Flamenco song sung by gypsies during Holy Week

The dark Christ
goes from being
the lily of Judea
to the carnation of Spain.

Look where he is coming from!

Spain.

The clear and dark sky,
the toasted earth,
and channels where
the water runs slowly.
The dark Christ
with his burned forelocks,
high cheekbones,
and white pupils.

Look where he is going!

Memento

When I die
bury me with my guitar
beneath the sand.

When I die,
between orange trees
and mint.

When I die
bury me if you wish
in a wheathervane.

When I die.

Baile / Dance

Carmen is dancing
in the streets of Seville.
She has white hair
and shining eyes.

Little girls,
draw the curtains!

On her head is coiled
a yellow serpent,
and she dreams of dancing
with good-looking men in days gone by.

Little girls,
draw the curtains!

The streets are deserted.
in their depths you can sense
Andalucian hearts
groping for past thorns.

Crótalo / Castanets

Castanets. Castanets. Castanets.
Sonorous scarab.

In the spider
of the hand
curling
the hot air,
and smothering us
in its wooden trill

Oda a las Cosas / 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,
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 "smoosh" like velvet.

O 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.

A mi me contaron / They told me

(They told me) that your land not was beautiful...

And there is a splendorous sky
Where the stars play.

(They told me) that your hills and
Your twilights are not beautiful...
And I was left enamoured
Of the warmth of your women.

Chorus

Caracas, Caracas.
Caracas, of my loves.
Caracas, full of jasmine,
Of (silks) and nightingales.
Caracas, Caracas.
Caracas of love and dreams.
Caracas of the friendly hand
And warmth of the Caracas people.

(They told me) that no songs existed...
And in the Caracas squares
You can hear the guasas and the fulias.

(They told me) the Avila is sad,
It smells of melancholy...
And in its slopes, the colors
Sing hymns of happiness

***Cancioncilla Romántica Venezolana
Venezuelan Love Song***

You looked with tenderness
at the fleeting twilight,
the brilliant fire of the sea.
Far away, distant birds became
enraptured with the light.
I only listened to your heart.
My heaven was in you.

Eres tu / You are

Like a promise, you are.
Like a summer morning;
Like a smile, you are.
Like that, like that, you are.

All my hope, you are.
Like fresh rain in my hands;
Like a strong breeze, you are.
Like that, like that, you are.

You are like the water of my fountain.
You are the fire of my fireplace.
You are like the fire of my fire.
You are my life, wheat of my bread.

Mata del Anima Sola ,

Tree of the Lonely Soul

Tree of the lonely soul,
wide opening of the riverside—
now you will be able to say:
Here slept Cantaclaro.

With the whistle and the sting
of the twisting wind,
the dappled and violet dusk
quietly entered the corral.

The night, tired mare,
shakes her mane and black tail
above the riverside;
and, in its silence,
your ghostly heart is filled with awe.

Tree of the lonely soul,
wide opening of the riverside—
now you will be able to say:
Here slept Cantaclaro.

CONCORD

David Chase & Kenneth Bell, Co-Directors

Vicki Heins-Shaw, Accompanist

Soprano

Fran Castle
Christine Chong*
Donali Peter*
Lorena Provencio
Bobette Stewart
Valerie York

Alto

June Allen
Karen Erickson
Kathy Offerding
Rebecca Ramirez*
Marianne Schamp
Martha Jane Weaver*

Tenor

Colin Bloor
Max Chodos*
Todd Dickinson
Jason Mahan
Joe Mundy

Bass

Michael Kaehr
Jukka Ilmavirta
Stewart Shaw
Christopher Stephens*
Randy Stewart

* La Jolla Symphony Chorus Staff Singer

Randy Pile has gained an international following through performances in the U.S., Europe, Canada, New Zealand and Australia. His appearances at major music festivals include the Aspen Music Festival, Salzburg Mozart Festival, Malaga Music Festival, Northwest Guitar Festival, and New Zealand's Summer Festivals. An advocate of new music, he has premiered works at New York University and San Diego's "Sitting on the Floor," and he has shared the stage with Celedonio Romero and his sons Pepe and Celin. Mr. Pile holds music degrees from UC Berkeley and UC San Diego. His PhD. dissertation was based on a revision of Joaquin Rodrigo's guitar works, which he undertook while working closely with the maestro in Madrid. Mr. Pile, who has made a number of recordings, was director of the highly successful 1997 Guitar Foundation of America Festival and Competition and is currently director of the Celedonio Romero Guitar Festival in San Diego. He teaches at Palomar and Mesa Colleges.

CONCORD is the new chamber choir of the La Jolla Symphony Chorus. Its members are the professional staff singers as well as singers auditioned from the 120-voice Symphony Chorus and it is co-directed by David Chase and Kenneth Bell. Like the new chamber orchestra formed this year from the La Jolla Symphony, CONCORD was established to expand our musical programming and to support the ongoing educational outreach of LJS&C. This series of "Romancero" performances is the official premiere of CONCORD, but the ensemble has already participated in some community outreach, notably the "Bravo San Diego" performing arts benefit and the LJS&C's annual benefit, "Music With Love". Members of CONCORD will be performing in San Diego public schools this spring as LJS&C expands its educational outreach program. Next season, CONCORD will appear with the Chamber Orchestra on a special subscription series concert featuring the music of Bach and Stravinsky.



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Symphony & Chorus
presents

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STAR**

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Schnittke: Gogal Suite**
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