

Next Week at the National Gallery of Art

Gilles Vonsattel, *pianist*

Music by J. S. Bach, Dallapiccola, Liszt, Rorem, and Schubert

October 12, 2008
Sunday evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

For the convenience of concertgoers
the Garden Café remains open until 6:00 pm.

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the
performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones,
pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of
the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

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Landover, MD 20785

www.nga.gov

Francisco Antonio Gijón, *Saint John of the Cross (San Juan de la Cruz)*,
c. 1675, polychromed and gilded wood with sgraffito decoration (estofado),
National Gallery of Art, Washington, Patrons' Permanent Fund



The Sixty-seventh Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,684th Concert

)musica(aperta

Ignacio Alcover, *artistic director*, Robert Wight, *executive director*
Fermí Reixach and Scott Morgan, *actors*, James Stern and Joel Fuller, *violin*
Philippe Chao, *viola*, Ignacio Alcover, *cello*, Rosa Lamoreaux, *soprano*
Kathryn Brake and Haskell Small, *piano*, David Jones, *saxophone*
National Gallery Vocal Arts Ensemble

*Presented in honor of National Hispanic Heritage Month
and in collaboration with the Embassy of Spain*

October 5, 2008
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

Mystics

An original production of)musica(aperta

Based on texts by San Juan de la Cruz and Rosalía de Castro

Textual Treatment and English Synopsis: Juan Uriagereka

Stage Direction: Pedro Boixeda

Script: Juan Uriagereka and Ignacio Alcover

Lighting: Gordon Anson, Juan Garedo, and Rob Johnson

Sound: John Conway

The program includes music by the following composers:

Magister Perotinus (fl. ca. 1200)

Cristóbal de Morales (c. 1500–1553)

Federico Mompou (1893–1987)

Henryk Górecki (b. 1933)

Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)

Oswaldo Golijov (b. 1960)

The Participants

)MUSICA(APERTA

)musica(aperta is an interdisciplinary ensemble producing concerts in which music is placed in context through other arts and media. Each concert, or *spettacolo*, is a performance piece developed by a creative team around a musically compelling topic: an idea, person, character, or place. *Re: New*, a recent production of the ensemble at The Shakespeare Theatre, explored the music of war and love, the culinary creations of chef José Ramón Andrés, and modern dance, as well as the artistic bond between maestro, diva, and chef. In June 2006 The Shakespeare Theatre Company invited)musica(aperta to present *Six Degrees of Hamlet* as part of the city-wide celebration Shakespeare in Washington.

In addition to developing and staging its own works,)musica(aperta is actively engaged with inner-city youth through educational programs that allow students to collaborate with professional musicians, composers, and directors, and to realize their own artistic dreams. The current season features “The Struggles of Mr. M,” a collaboration with the education department of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Staged as a performance workshop for school children, it offers the audience members an opportunity to create an eighteenth-century-style composition, which is then performed by the musicians.

)musica(aperta wishes to express its special appreciation to Javier Díez for his literary research leading to this program.

IGNACIO ALCOVER

Founder and artistic director Ignacio Alcover heads the creative team for each)musica(aperta production. A professional cellist who was born in Barcelona, he has performed throughout the United States as well as in Europe and the Far East. Alcover has collaborated in the theater as a performer and composer for the international production of the two-man show “Un home apassionat.” He was also a member of the Grup Instrumental

Catalá, a contemporary music ensemble in residence at the Fundación Miró in Barcelona, responsible for more than one hundred world premieres. Alcover was recently awarded La Cruz de Oficial de la Orden de Isabel la Católica by King Juan Carlos I of Spain.

JUAN URIAGEREKA

Juan Uriagereka, the writer for *musica(aperta)*, is a professor at the University of Maryland, College Park, who received his doctorate in linguistics from the University of Connecticut. He is the author of *Rhyme and Reason*, which was published by MIT Press and received the American Association of Publishers' 1998 Best New Professional Book in Language and Literature award. He has seven other books to his credit, including the forthcoming *Of Minds and Language: A Conversation with Noam Chomsky*, to be published by Oxford University Press. A creative writer and director for radio, television, and the theater, Uriagereka has produced numerous articles, talks, and interviews in Asia, Europe, Latin America, and the United States and has received grants from the National Science Foundation.

PEDRO BOIXEDA

Pedro Boixeda, the stage director for this production, is an art historian and a media professional who studied scenography at the Barcelona Institute of Theatre and direction with Lluís Pasqual. Boixeda's works range from experimental theater to the stage direction of operas at the renowned Liceo and Palau de la Música in Barcelona and the Teatro de La Zarzuela in Madrid, also known as the Zarzuela Opera House. In addition to his theatrical works, Boixeda taught opera workshops at Barcelona's Conservatory of Music and worked in the production and direction of several films. He has won several prizes for his work as a creative director in multimedia publishing, recognizing his use of state-of-the-art tools for communication and publicity.

NATIONAL GALLERY VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE

With this concert, the National Gallery Vocal Arts Ensemble begins its fourth season as a chamber choir under the leadership of its artistic director, Rosa Lamoreaux. In January 2009 the ensemble will be in residence at the Music Festival of Sonora, Mexico. Members of the National Gallery Vocal Arts Ensemble participating in this concert are:

Rosa Lamoreaux, *soprano*

Gisele Becker, *soprano*

Barbara Hollinshead, *mezzo-soprano*

Roger Isaacs, *countertenor*

Tony Boutte, *tenor*

Stephen White, *tenor*

Steven Combs, *baritone*

Peter Becker, *bass*

Program Notes

When the first Spanish explorers and settlers came to America in the early sixteenth century, Europe was enjoying a flourishing musical environment that subsequent music historians dubbed the “early Renaissance.” During the ensuing 500 years, each successive musical period and style had its representation in the performers and composers who emigrated from Spain and circulated throughout the Americas. From the haunting mysticism of Spanish Renaissance choral music to the vibrant flamenco rhythms of the sixteenth century, the seguidillas and *villancicos* of the eighteenth century, and the zarzuelas of the nineteenth century, Spanish and Hispanic songs and dances were known and loved by people of all ethnic backgrounds. Twentieth-century composers Enrique Granados, Frederic Mompou, and Heitor Villa-Lobos occupy an important place in the canon. Because of the frequent recurrence of mysticism in Spanish and Hispanic music and literature, it is the source from which many of the elements of this program are drawn. It is therefore fitting that the concert is presented in recognition of National Hispanic Heritage Month (September 15 to October 15).

Texts and translations

The author of the English synopsis of *Cántico espiritual*, Juan Uriagereka, writes: “San Juan de la Cruz wrote this poem in 1577, during his imprisonment in Toledo. Several English translations were consulted for this production, but in my view none of them could do justice to the original poem. What is offered here is a ‘guide to the stanzas,’ essentially an invitation to readers to seek meaning for themselves.” Full translations are provided for de la Cruz’s *Cantar de alma* and *Lúa descolorida* by Rosalía de Castro (1837–1883).

CÁNTICO ESPIRITUAL

Esposa

¿Adónde te escondiste,
amado, y me dejaste con gemido?
Como el ciervo huiste,
habiéndome herido;
salí tras ti, clamando, y eras ido.

Pastores, los que fuerdes
allá, por las majadas, al otero,
si por ventura vierdes
aquél que yo más quiero,
decidle que adolezco, peno y muero.

Buscando mis amores,
iré por esos montes y riberas;
ni cogeré las flores,
ni temeré las fieras,
y pasaré los fuertes y fronteras.

SPIRITUAL CANTICLE

The Bride

Where have you gone, love?
You left me behind, I followed—
you were gone.

People: if you see him, tell him that
I’m dying.

I’d go anywhere to find him, I
couldn’t think of anything else to do,
or anything to fear.

Pregunta a las Criaturas

¡Oh bosques y espesuras,
plantadas por la mano del amado!
¡Oh prado de verduras,
de flores esmaltado,
decid si por vosotros ha pasado!

Respuesta de las Criaturas

Mil gracias derramando,
pasó por estos sotos con presura,
y yéndolos mirando,
con sola su figura
vestidos los dejó de hermosura.

Esposa

¡Ay, quién podrá sanarme!
Acaba de entregarte ya de vero;
no quieras enviarme
de hoy más ya mensajero,
que no saben decirme lo que quiero.

Y todos cuantos vagan,
de ti me van mil gracias refiriendo.
Y todos más me llagan,
y déjame muriendo
un no sé qué que quedan
balbuciendo.

Mas ¿cómo perseveras,
oh vida, no viviendo donde vives,
y haciendo, porque mueras,
las flechas que recibes,
de lo que del amado en ti concibes?

A question to the creatures

He planted you, trees, bushes. . .
Have you seen him go by?

Their reply

He did go by our side;
His mere sight dressed us in beauty.

The Bride

How will I survive! Please don't
send any more messengers — they
are not you.

Everyone sings your praises, and
they hurt me more by that.

How can my life go on, not living
where it lives and turning longing
into death?

¿Por qué, pues has llagado
aqueste corazón, no le sanaste?
Y pues me le has robado,
¿por qué así le dejaste,
y no tomas el robo que robaste?

Apaga mis enojos,
pues que ninguno basta a
deshacellos,
y véante mis ojos,
pues eres lumbre dellos,
y sólo para ti quiero tenellos.

¡Oh cristalina fuente,
si en esos tus semblantes plateados,
formases de repente
los ojos deseados,
que tengo en mis entrañas
dibujados!

¡Apártalos, amado, que voy de vuelo!

Esposo

Vuélvete, paloma,
que el ciervo vulnerado
por el otero asoma,
al aire de tu vuelo, y fresco toma.

Why didn't you fix the heart you
broke? Since you stole it, why didn't
you take it with you?

Turn off my complaints, let my
eyes see you — for I want them only
for you.

Dear fountain: if only you could
mirror those eyes I carry inside
my soul. . .

Close your eyes, love: I'm flying!
[She attempts suicide on the well]

The Bridegroom

Stay, dove: Here's your wounded
deer, watching you fly over.

Esposa
¡Mi amado, las montañas,
los valles solitarios nemorosos,
las ínsulas extrañas,
los ríos sonorosos,
el silbo de los aires amorosos;

la noche sosegada,
en par de los levantes de la aurora,
la música callada,
la soledad sonora,
la cena que recrea y enamora;

nuestro lecho florido,
de cuevas de leones enlazado,
en púrpura tendido,
de paz edificado,
de mil escudos de oro coronado!

A zaga de tu huella,
las jóvenes discurran al camino;
al toque de centella,
al adobado vino,
emisiones de bálsamo divino.

En la interior bodega
de mi amado bebí, y cuando salía,
por toda aquesta vega,
ya cosa no sabía
y el ganado perdí que antes seguía.

The Bride
My love: mountains, valleys, islands
and rivers, the rustling of the air;

the quiet night, the silent music, the
noisy solitude;

our bed full of flowers, laid in
purple, built on peace!

Maidens chase your every step, in
search of your ointment so divine. . . .

I drank in my lover's cellar, and lost
track of anything outside.

Allí me dio su pecho,
allí me enseñó ciencia muy sabrosa,
y yo le di de hecho
a mí, sin dejar cosa;
allí le prometí de ser su esposa.

Mi alma se ha empleado,
y todo mi caudal, en su servicio;
ya no guardo ganado,
ni ya tengo otro oficio,
que ya sólo en amar es mi ejercicio.

Pues ya si en el ejido
de hoy más no fuere vista ni hallada,
diréis que me he perdido;
que andando enamorada,
me hice perdidiza, y fui ganada.

De flores y esmeraldas,
en las frescas mañanas escogidas,
haremos las guirnaldas
en tu amor florecidas,
y en un cabello mío entretejidas:

en sólo aquel cabello
que en mi cuello volar consideraste;
mirástele en mi cuello,
y en él preso quedaste,
y en uno de mis ojos te llagaste.

He gave me his chest, he revealed to
me his most delectable knowledge,
and I kept nothing from him.

My soul is now at his service; I have
no other job than loving.

As I won't be seen anywhere else,
you are to tell people that I'm lost.

In the mornings, we will thread the
flowers of your love amidst my hair:

That hair you saw flying on my neck,
which made you a prisoner of my
eyes.

Cuando tú me mirabas,
tu gracia en mí tus ojos imprimían;
por eso me adamabas,
y en eso merecían
los míos adorar lo que en ti vían.

No quieras despreciarme,
que si color moreno en mí hallaste,
ya bien puedes mirarme,
después que me miraste,
que gracia y hermosura en mí
dejaste.

Cogednos las raposas,
que está ya florecida nuestra viña,
en tanto que de rosas
hacemos una piña,
y no parezca nadie en la montaña.

Deténte, cierzo muerto;
ven, austro, que recuerdas los
amores,
aspira por mi huerto,
y corran sus olores,
y pacerá el amado entre las flores.

Esposo

Entrado se ha la esposa
en el ameno huerto deseado,
y a su sabor reposa,
el cuello reclinado
sobre los dulces brazos del amado.

When you looked, your eyes im-
printed grace upon me, and I adored
you back.

Please, do not despise me: If I had
any darkness, you took it away after
you saw me.

Take away the intruders, for our
vineyards have now flourished.

Take the cold winds away, bring
those that recall love and smells and
flowers.

The Bridegroom

She is now in the orchard of desire,
her neck resting on the sweet arms
of her lover.

Debajo del manzano,
allí conmigo fuiste desposada,
allí te di la mano,
y fuiste reparada
donde tu madre fuera violada.

O vos, aves ligeras,
leones, ciervos, gamos saltadores,
montes, valles, riberas,
aguas, aires, ardores
y miedos de las noches veladores,

por las amenas liras
y canto de serenitas os conjuro
que cesen vuestras iras
y no toquéis al muro,
porque la esposa duerma más
seguro.

Esposa

Oh ninfas de Judea,
en tanto que en las flores y rosales
el ámbar perfumea,
morá en los arrabales,
y no queráis tocar nuestros
umbrales.

Under the apple tree, with me you
became one, I mended you where
your mother had been raped.

O birds, lions, game, mountains,
valleys, waters, air and fear who
guard nights,

I summon you by the songs of
mermaids and the pleasant lyres: do
not even touch the wall, so that she
sleeps tighter!

The Bride

O girls of Judea: so long as you smell
the scent of amber, do not attempt to
touch our doors.

CANTAR DE ALMA

(San Juan de la Cruz)

Aquella eterna fuente esta escondida
Que bien se yo do tiene su manida
Aunque es de noche

Su origen no lo se pues no lo tiene
Mas se que todo origen de ella viene
Aunque es de noche

Se que no puede ser cosa tan bella
Y que cielos y tierra beben de ella
Aunque es de noche

Se ser tan caudalosas sus corrientes
Que infiernos cielos riegan y a las
gentes
Aunque es de noche

El corriente que nace de esta fuente
Bien se que es tan capaz y tan potente
Aunque es de noche

Aquesta viva fuente que yo deseo
En este pan de vida ya lo veo
Aunque es de noche

SONG OF THE SOUL

And that eternal fountain, so concealed
It is... that very few can break its seal
Although it is night

Its source I know not, I cannot, no...
But every source will spring from it,
I know
Although it is night

I know such beauty simply cannot be
That earth and heavens both from it
will drink
Although it is night

Even if its currents are not ample
What hells, people, and heavens do
they dampen
Although it is night

I know the flow transpiring from
this fountain
is so powerful it could displace
a mountain
Although it is night

This lively fountain that I always see
Is the bread of life that lives in me
Although it is night

LÚA DESCOLORIDA

(Rosalía de Castro)

Lúa descolorida
como cor de ouro pálido,
vesme i eu non quixera
me vises de tan alto.
Ó espazo que recorres
lévame, caladiña, nun teu raio.

Astro das almas orfas,
lúa descolorida,
eu ben sei que n'alumas
tristeza cal a miña.
Vai contallo ó teu dono
e dille que me leve a donde habita.

Mais non lle contes nada,
descolorida lúa,
pois nin neste nin noutros
mundos terei fortuna.
Se sabes onde a morte
tén a morada escura,
dille que corpo e alma xuntamente
me leve a donde non recorden nunca,
nin no mundo en que estou nin
nas alturas.

COLORLESS MOON

Colorless moon,
Likeness of pale gold,
You see: I'd want
To be carried along
On your rays, to the space
You've walked in silence for so long.

Star of the orphan souls,
Colorless moon,
I know you'll never light
sadness like my own.
Go tell it to your Lord:
I should be sent to his old home.

Although you'd better not,
Colorless moon,
For my fate will remain
Unchanged; I don't know why.
If you know where Death
Lives in the dark and hides,
Tell her to take my body and soul
Where they won't be kept in mind
Either in this earth or in the sky.