



January 25th, 2009 1:00 PM

In Jan Hus Sanctuary

351 E. 74th

NYC, NY 10021

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Vox Novus - Remarkable Theater Brigade - Jan Hus Church

**The poetry of Alfonsina Storni
with music by**

Claudia Montero (Argentine)

Este Grave Daño (This serious damage)

Ven (Come)

Dolor (Pain)

Michael Kinney (USA)

Voy a dormir (I'm going to sleep)

Encarna Beltrán (Spain)

Ternura (Tenderness)

Robert Voisey (USA)

Soy (I'm)

Queja (Complain)

Dos Palabras (Two words)

Sonia Megías (Spain)

¿Te acuerdas? (Do you remember?)

Yoli Rojas (Venezuela)

Peso ancestral (Ancient weight)

Matilde Salvador (Spain)

El divino amor (The divine love)

Yo en el fondo del mar (I, in the bottom of the sea)

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Claudia Montero (Argentine)

Este Grave Daño (This serious damage)

Este grave daño, que me da la vida,
Es un dulce daño, porque la partida
Que debe alejarse de la misma vida
Más cerca tendré.

This serious damage, which the life gives me,
It is a sweet damage, because of the departing
That must move away from life itself
Closer I will have.

Yo llevo las manos brotadas de rosas,
Pero están libando tantas mariposas
Que cuando por secas se acaben mis rosas
Ay, me secaré.

I take my hands sprouted of roses,
But there are sipping so many butterflies
That when by dry my roses are finished
Ay, I will dry off .

Ven (Come)

Ven esta noche, amado; tengo el mundo
en mi corazón... La vida estalla...
Ven esta noche, amado; tengo miedo
de mi alma.
¡ Oh, no puedo llorar! Dame tus manos,
y verás como el alma se resbala
tranquilamente, como el alma cae
en una lágrima.

Come tonight, my love; I have the world
in my heart... The life explodes...
Come tonight, my love; I am scared
of my soul.
Oh, I cannot cry! Give me your hands,
and you will see as the soul slips
calmly, as the soul falls
in a tear.

Dolor (Pain)

Quisiera esta tarde divina de octubre
pasear por la orilla lejana del mar;
que la arena de oro, y las aguas verdes,
y los cielos puros me vieran pasar.

I would like this divine evening of October
to walk along the distant shore of the sea;
that the sand of gold, and the green waters,
and the pure skies saw me pass by.

Ser alta, soberbia, perfecta, quisiera,
como una romana, para concordar
con las grandes olas, y las rocas muertas
y las anchas playas que ciñen el mar.

To be tall, haughty, perfect, I would like,
as a Roman, to agree
with the big waves, and the dead rocks
and the wide beaches that surround the sea.

Con el paso lento, y los ojos fríos
y la boca muda, dejarme llevar;
ver cómo se rompen las olas azules
contra los granitos y no parpadear;
ver cómo las aves rapaces se comen
los peces pequeños y no despertar;
pensar que pudieran las frágiles barcas
hundirse en las aguas y no suspirar;
ver que se adelanta, la garganta al aire,
el hombre más bello, no desear amar...

With slow step, and cold eyes
and mute mouth, let myself go;
see how the blue waves break
against the rocks and not to blink;
see how the birds of prey eat up
the small fish and not to wake up;
think that the fragile boats can
sink in the waters and not to sigh;
see that it comes forward, the throat to the air,
the most beautiful man, not wanting to love...

Perder la mirada, distraídamente,
perderla y que nunca la vuelva a encontrar:
y, figura erguida, entre cielo y playa,
sentirme el olvido perenne del mar.

Lose the look, absent-mindedly,
lose it and never find it again:
and, straight figure, between sky and beach,
feel myself the perennial negligence of the sea.

Michael Kinney (USA)

Voy a dormir (I'm going to sleep)

DIENTES de flores, cofia de rocío,
manos de hierbas, tú, nodriza fina,
tenme prestas las sábanas terrosas
y el edredón de musgos escardados.

Voy a dormir, nodriza mía, acuéstame.
Ponme una lámpara a la cabecera;
una constelación, la que te guste;
todas son buenas: bájala un poquito.

Déjame sola: oyes romper los brotes...
te acuna un pie celeste desde arriba
y un pájalo te traza unos compases

para que olvides... Gracias. Ah, un encargo:
si él llama nuevamente por teléfono
le dices que no insista, que he salido...

TEETH of flowers, hairnet of dew,
hands of herbs, you, perfect wet nurse,
prepare the earthly sheets for me
and the down quilt of weeded moss.

I am going to sleep, my nurse, put me to bed.
Set a lamp at my headboard;
a constellation; whatever you like;
all are good: lower it a bit.

Leave me alone: you hear the buds breaking through . . .
a celestial foot rocks you from above
and a bird traces a pattern for you

so you'll forget . . . Thank you. Oh, one request:
if he telephones again
tell him not to keep trying for I have left . . .

Encarna Beltrán (Spain)

Ternura (Tenderness)

Septiembre. El duraznero, florecido, decora
Las ventanas del cuarto. Las manos de la madre
Están blancas, exangües, y, sobre ellas, el padre
Pone los labios buenos, tibios, y los demora...

Son jóvenes, son bellos y se aman. El niño
De diez días, desnudo, llora en el desaliño
De las telas nevadas y estampadas de flores.
Canarios de oro cantan bajo los corredores.

Es la siesta. La madre saca el seno jugoso,
blanco y suave. Trasiega su líquido precioso
a la boca del dulce animalillo lerdo.

Que ejercita, al sorberlo, su delicia primera,
Recogido en el brazo de amarillenta cera
Que le ciñe la nuca. Yo miro y te recuerdo

September. The peach tree, bloomed, decorates
The windows of the room. The hands of the mother
are white, bloodless, and, on them, the father
puts the good, lukewarm lips, and delays them ...

They are young, they are beautiful and they love each other.
The child

Of ten days, undress, cries in the slovenliness
Of the snow cloths and printed flowers.
Golden canaries sing under the hallways.

It is nap time. The mother takes out the juicy bosom,
white and soft. Takes her precious liquid
to the mouth of the sweet slow little animal.

That exercises, sipping it, his first delight,
Gathered in the arm of yellowish wax
That surrounds the neck. I look and remember you

Robert Voisey (USA)

Soy (I am)

Soy suave y triste si idolatro,
Puedo bajar el cielo hasta mi mano cuando el alma de otro al
alma mía enredo.
Plumón alguno no hallarás más blando.

Ninguna como yo las manos besa,
Ni se acurruca tanto en un ensueño,
Ni cupo en otro cuerpo, así pequeño,
Un alma humana de mayor terneza.

Muero sobre los ojos, si los siento
Como pájaros vivos, un momento,
Aletear bajo mis dedos blancos.

Sé la frase que encanta y que comprende,
Y sé callar cuando la luna asciende
Enorme y roja sobre los barrancos.

I am smooth and sad if I idolatrize,
I can descend the heavens to my hand when the soul of
another is entangled to mine.
You wont find softer feather pillow.

No woman knows how to kiss hands the way I do
Neither embraces so much in a daydream,
Neither fitted in another body, this small,
A human soul of greater tenderness.

I dwell upon the eyes, if I feel them
Like alive birds, a moment,
Moving their wings under my white fingers.

I know the phrase that charms and that understands,
And I know how to be silence when the ascending moon
Is enormous and red upon the cleft.

Queja (Complain)

Señor, mi queja es ésta,
Tú me comprenderás:
De amor me estoy muriendo,
Pero no puedo amar.

Persigo lo perfecto
En mí y en los demás,
Persigo lo perfecto
Para poder amar.

Me consumo en mi fuego,
¡Señor, piedad, piedad!
De amor me estoy muriendo,
¡Pero no puedo amar!

Lord, my complain is this,
You will understand me:
Of love I'm dying,
but I cannot love.

I pursue perfection
In myself and in others,
I pursue perfection
to be able to love.

I consume myself in my fire,
¡Lord, piety, piety!
Of love I am dying,
¡But I cannot love!

Dos Palabras (Two words)

Esta noche al oído me has dicho dos palabras comunes.
Dos palabras cansadas de ser dichas.
Palabras que de viejas son nuevas.

Dos palabras tan dulces,
Que la luna que andaba filtrando entre las ramas se detuvo en
mi boca.

Tan dulces dos palabras
Que una hormiga pasea por mi cuello y no intento moverme
para echarla.

Tan dulces dos palabras
Que digo sin quererlo—¡oh, qué bella, la vida!—

Tan dulces y tan mansas
Que aceites olorosos sobre el cuerpo derraman.

Tan dulces y tan bellas
Que nerviosos, mis dedos, se mueven hacia el cielo imitando
tijeras.

Oh, mis dedos quisieran cortar estrellas.

Tonight you have said two words to my ear, which are common,
Two words tired of being said.
Words which being so old are new.

Two words so sweet
That the moon, filtered through branches,
stop in my lips,

Two sweet words
That an ant walks along my neck
and I don't even try to move to shake it off.

Two sweet words
Tat I say unwillingly: Oh, how beautiful life is!

So sweet and so tame
That they spill as aromatic oils on my body.

So sweet and so beautiful
That nervous my fingers move towards heaven like
scissors.

Oh! my fingers wish they could cut stars.

Sonia Megías (Spain)
¿Te acuerdas? (Do you remember?)

Mi boca con un ósculo travieso
buscó a tus golondrinas, traicioneras,
y sentí tus pestañas prisioneras
palpitando en las combas de mi beso.
Me libró la materia de su peso.
Pasó por mí un fulgor de primaveras
y el alma anestesiada de quimeras
conoció la fruición del embeleso.
Fue un momento de paz tan exquisito
que yo sorbí la luz del infinito
y me asaltó el deseo de llorar.
¿Te acuerdas que la tarde se moría
y mientras susurrabas: "¡Mía! ¡Mía!"
como un niño me puse a sollozar?.

My mouth with a naughty kiss
looked to your swallows, treacherous,
and I felt your prisoners eyelashes
fluttering in the jump ropes of my kiss.
The matter of his weight freed me.
A spring brilliancy passed me through
and the anesthetized soul of illusions
knew the delight of the rapture.
It was such an exquisite moment of peace
that I sipped the light of the infinite
and the desire to cry assaulted me.
Do you remember that the evening was dying
and while you were whispering: " Mine! Mine! "
as a child I started to cry?

Yoli Rojas (Venezuela)
Peso ancestral (Ancient weight)

Peso Ancestral
Tú me dijiste: no lloró mi padre,;
tu me dijiste: no lloró me abuelo,;
no han llorado los hombres de mi raza,
eran de acero.
As' diciendo te brotó una lágrima
ye me cayó en la boca . . . ; más veneno
yo no he bebido nunca en otro vaso así
pequeño.
Débil mujer, pobre mujer que entiende,
dolor de siglos conoc' al beberlo.
Oh, el alma mia soportar no puede
todo su peso.

Inheritance
You said to me: "My father did not weep,
Nor my grandfather weep." I heard you say:
"No man of all my race has ever wept,;
of steel were they."
And thus upon my trembling mouth I felt
The poison of your bitter teardrop fall,
Worse potion than my lips have ever quaffed
From a cup so small.
Weak woman, born all grief to comprehend,
I drank the pain of ages infinite;
But oh, my wretched soul cannot support
The weight of it!

Matilde Salvador (Spain)
El divino amor (The divine love)

Te ando buscando, amor que nunca llegas,
te ando buscando, amor que te mezquinas,
me aguzo por saber si me adivinas,
me doblo por saber si te me entregas.

Las tempestades mías, andariegas,
se han aquietado sobre un haz de espinas;
sangran mis carnes gotas purpurinas
porque a salvarme, ¡oh niño!, te me niegas.

Mira que estoy de pie sobre los leños,
que aveces bastan unos pocos sueños
para encender la llama que me pierde.

Sálvame, amor, y con tus manos puras
trueca este fuego en límpidas dulzuras
y haz de mis leños una rama verde.

I am looking for you, love that never come,
I am looking for you, love that avoid me,
I strain myself to know if you guess mee,
I turn to know if you give yourself to me.

My storms, wandering,
calmed down on a bundle of thorns;
my flesh bleed purple drops
because to saving me: oh child!, you refuse.

Look that I am standing up on the logs,
that sometimes a few dreams are enough
to light up the flame that gets me lost.

Save me, love, and with your pure hands
change this fire in limpid sweetness
and turn my logs into a green brunch.

Yo en el fondo del mar (I, in the bottom of the sea)

Yo en el fondo del mar

Me in the deep sea

En el fondo del mar
hay una casa
de cristal.

In the deep sea
there is a house
made of crystal.

A una avenida
de madreporas
da.

To an avenue
of madrepore
it faces.

Un gran pez de oro,
a las cinco,
me viene a saludar.

A big golden fish,
at five o'clock,
comes tu salute me.

Me trae
un rojo ramo
de flores de coral.

It brings to me
a red bouquet
of coral flowers.

Duermo en una cama
un poco más azul
que el mar.

I sleep in a bed
a little bit bluer
than the sea.

Un pulpo
me hace guiños
a través del cristal.

An octopus
winks at me
through the crystal.

En el bosque verde
que me circunda
-din don... din dan-
se balancean y cantan
las sirenas
de nácar verdemar.

In the green wood
which sorrounds me
-deen don... deen dahn-
swing and sing
the seagreen nacar
sirens.

Y sobre mi cabeza
arden, en el crepúsculo,
las erizadas puntas del mar.

And above my head
burn, in the twilight,
the prickly bristles of the sea.

Alfonsina Storni was one of the most important Latin-American poets of the postmodernism movement. Alfonsina was born in Sala Capriasca, Switzerland to an Argentine living in Switzerland. In 1911 she moved to Buenos Aires, seeking the anonymity of a big city. The following year her son Alejandro was born, the illegitimate child of a journalist in Cornoda. In spite of her economic difficulties, she published *La inquietud del rosal* in 1916, and later started writing for *Caras y Caretas* magazine while working as a cashier in a shop. Alfonsina soon became acquainted with other writers. Her economic situation improved, which allowed her to travel to Montevideo, Uruguay. Her 1920 book *Languidez* received the first Municipal Poetry Prize and the second National Literature Prize. She taught literature at the *Escuela Normal de Lenguas Vivas*, and she published *Ocre*. Her style now showed more realism than before, and a strongly feminist theme. Solitude and marginality began to affect her health, and worsening emotional problems forced her to leave her job as teacher. Trips to Europe changed her writing by helping her to lose her former models, and reach a more dramatic lyricism, loaded with an erotic vehemence unknown in those days.. A year and a half after her friend Quiroga committed suicide in 1937, and haunted by solitude and breast cancer, Storni sent her last poem, *Voy a dormir* ("I'm going to sleep") to *La Nación* newspaper. The following day she committed suicide, by walking into the sea at the La Perla beach in Mar del Plata, Argentina.

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Jorge Parodi is the Vocal Coach of The Juilliard School's Pre-College Division. He has been an Associate Coach and an Accompanist in the Department of Vocal Arts since 1998. He is also a Vocal Coach at the Manhattan School of Music. As the vocal coach/assistant conductor of the Brooklyn College Opera Theater he is in charge of the musical preparation of their main-stage productions, most recently the world premiere of Tom Cipullo's *Glory Denied*.

He is an Adjunct Professor at New York University. As Music Director of its opera productions, he conducted the New York premiere of Giovanni Bononcini's *Camilla*, for which he reconstructed, orchestrated and edited the score. In previous seasons, he has conducted *Riders to the Sea* (Vaughan Williams) and *A game of Chance* (by Seymour Barab). As an Adjunct Professor he teaches Vocal Chamber Music Class, which includes works from the traditional repertoire for voices and piano as well as music for voice and other instruments.

He has worked as coach and répétiteur at the Teatro Colon (Buenos Aires), Opera Company of Philadelphia, and Connecticut Grand Opera. He has collaborated with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. This season he returns as associate conductor to *Bohème* Opera (NJ). He was Assistant Musical Director for the world premiere of *Dora*, by Melissa Shiflett with the American Chamber Opera Company. He has worked with Aprile Millo, Shirley Verrett, Julius Rudel, Rufus Wainwright, to name few.

Mr. Parodi is a faculty member of the International Vocal Arts Institute, working regularly at the Israel Vocal Arts Institute in Tel Aviv. One of the highlights of his long association with IVAI was being the music director of the Israeli premiere of Poulenc's *La Voix Humaine*. Also with IVAI he was a Vocal Coach at the Nagano Opera Master Class (Japan) and at the Inaugural Opera Master Class in conjunction with the China National Opera (Beijing). He is also currently a faculty member of the International Institute of Vocal Arts, an opera study program in Chiari, Italy; and of V.O.I.C.Experience, a vocal workshop under the direction of Sherrill Milnes. He worked at the Lake George Opera Festival for their productions of *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Il Re Pastore*, the latter for which he realized and accompanied the recitatives in performance.

He is the Music Director at Saint Paul's Church in Manhattan. Among his various duties, he produced and conducted a production of Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, which brought opera for the first time to its considerably Spanish and African American community. He is also the Music Director of the Domenico Zipoli Institute which has a twofold purpose: to bring first-class music events to underserved communities of the New York area; and to ensure the preservation and performance of Latin American Baroque music. He conducted the American premiere of *Siete Palabras de Cristo en la Cruz* by Spanish composer Francisco Garcia Fajer, and *Misa de Infantes* by Mexican composer Ignacio de Jerusalem (XVIII century). The cornerstone of the DZI is the Domenico Zipoli Ensemble, comprised of a diverse group of world-class musicians, which identifies, researches and ultimately performs the music the Institute was founded to preserve.

A prizewinner at the Bienal de Arte de Buenos Aires in 1993, Mr. Parodi completed studies in Piano Performance and Conducting at the Conservatorio Nacional de Musica de Buenos Aires. He received his Masters degree in Accompanying and Chamber Music from the University of Michigan as a scholarship student of the eminent accompanist, Martin Katz. As a soloist and chamber musician, he has performed widely throughout Argentina, the United States, Canada, Israel, Italy and Spain. He participated in the recording of the complete edition of the music for piano by Muzio Clementi with the German label, Aurophon. He is also featured in recordings for Albany Records and MSR Classics.

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In her native Argentina, **Agueda Abad** was recognized for the versatility of her repertoire. There she performed operas and oratorios with the leading orchestras and opera houses of Argentina, including the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires and the Buenos Aires Philharmonic Orchestra. With the latter she performed Grieg's *Peer Gynt* in its first complete presentation in the Teatro Colón. Mrs. Abad has also been singled out for her unique talents with contemporary music and was chosen to sing in the Homage to Alban Berg, also at Teatro Colón.

She is the recipient of numerous awards, including the Leonor Hirsch de Von Buch Scholarship for three consecutive years to study with Ernst Haefliger; Finalist/Special Honorary Mention in the 1985 Young Argentinean Soloist competition; "Promociones Musicales" Award; and the National Fund of Performing Arts Singer of the Year.

Upon her arrival in the United States in 1990, she began appearing with the Florida Grand Opera, performing as a soloist in their Mozart *Requiem*; as Carmen in their Middle School Program for two seasons; as the Lay Sister in the production of *Suor Angelica* with Diana Soviero; and as Mrs. Herring in Britten's *Albert Herring*. She went on to perform for other cultural institutions in Florida such as The Society of Classical Arts, Palm Beach; the Art and Culture Center of Hollywood, Florida; and Florida International University, from which she received a scholarship.

In November 2001 in Buenos Aires, Mrs. Abad-Pages received critical acclaim for singing the title role in the world premiere of the opera *Camila y la Sombra* by the Argentinean composer Rolando Mañanes, as well as for her recital at La Scala de San Telmo singing lieder by G. Mahler and H. Wolf and works by contemporary American and Argentinean composers.

Since her arrival to Europe, in January, 2003, has offered diverse recitals in Germany and Spain, with special relevance the ones in the Palau de la Musica Valenciana that same year, for the International Woman's Day (a selection of this concert was broadcasted by Radio Nacional de España), the recital in the House of the Culture of Girona, opening the concert series "Liederkreis", interpreting works of Wolf, Mahler, Montsalvatge, Guastavino, Ginastera and Piazzolla,; and the premiere of the valencian composer José Miguel Sánchez' Mass, in the International Festival of Sacred Music, in the Monastery of Las Palmas (Castellón). Also Mrs. Abad performed in several productions of Zarzuela.

In 2007 she makes her debut in the Palau de les Arts "Reina Sofia", singing under the baton of the Mtro. Lorin Maazel. The same year Mrs. Abad sings in Barcelona the world premiere of "Thirty three God's Names" by the Mexican composer Alejandra Hernández, this electro-acoustic work was also performed in Mexico City in 2008. Also in 2007, she debuted in Madrid singing Beethoven's Coral Fantasy and the Christmas Oratorio "Nativity" by the American composer Norman Dello Joio with Orchestra and Chorus of Radio y Televisión Española, ending that year singing Charpentier's Te Deum and Mozart's Coronation Mass with the Orquesta del Mediterráneo in the Auditorium of Castellón.

In the fall of 2008 she sung in Madrid, works by Salvatore Sciarrino with the saxophone quartet Adolphe Sax, in the same city Mrs. Abad performed the leading rol of the contemporary opera "The Medium" by G.C. Menotti, with the Chamber Opera Company of Moncloa. In December, she will begin in Valencia an international tour, performing a number of concerts with music by Claudia Montero, Robert Voisey, Encarna Beltrán and Anna Cazorra, with poetry by Alfonsina Storni.