

**Tara Venditti** mezzo-soprano

The Viola Miller Endowed Vocal Quartet

**Mary Brzezinski** soprano

**Shea Perry** soprano

**Ian Johnson** tenor

**Cody David-Matthews** baritone

**Kristin Ditlow** piano

November 27, 2016

#436

**chatter** music  
worth  
talking  
about  
**SUNDAY**

## Glances

Based on the poetry of Agata Tuszynska (2002)

Thomas Cipullo (b. 1956)

- I Echo
- II Song Impossible
- III Between Verses
- IV A Plea for Mercy
- V Glance
- VI Echo 2

## Joanne Bodin

poet

Joanne Bodin Ph.D., is an award-winning author, poet, and retired educator. Her book of poetry, *Piggybacked*, was a finalist in the New Mexico Book Awards. Her novel, *Walking Fish*, won the New Mexico Book Awards and the International Book Awards in gay/lesbian fiction. She is past vice president of the New Mexico State Poetry Society, and is on the boards of Southwest Writers and the New Mexico Orchid Guild. Her poetry has appeared in numerous publications including: *The Rag*, *La Llorona Poetry Anthology*, *Fixed and Free Poetry Anthology I & II*, *Desert Sun Runner*, *Voices of New Mexico Too*, *More Voices of New Mexico*, *JB Stillwater Magazine*, *NMSPS Albuquerque Chapter Poetry Anthology*, *Zingara Poetry Pics*, *New Mexico Mercury*, *Malpais Review Vol. 5*, *Malpais Review Vol. 6*, *The Poeming Pigeon: Poems About Food*, *The Storyteller's Anthology*, *The Yes Book*, *Glitterwolf Magazine*, *Jesbians*, and *Adobe Walls 5*. Her new novel, *Shadow Dreamer*, a dark psychological thriller about the esoteric world of orchids, is now in publication.

## Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

## Schau nicht zurück, Orfeo!

(2011)

Stefan Hakenberg (b. 1960)

(Libretto by Patricia Anne Simpson)

- I Orfeos erste Schmerzensarie (Aria)  
Ich bin der Tod (Chorus)
- II Das Licht spielt mit Schatten (Chorus)
- III Song am die Fürchterlichen (Aria)  
Ich muss aus meiner Haut (Chorus)  
Arie im Elysium (Aria)  
Die Schatten sind gewichen (Chorus)
- IV Er hat sich doch umgedreht (Chorus)  
Orfeos zweiter Schmerzensgesang (Aria)

Today's concert is sponsored by **EL Bearer** and dedicated to Tara Venditti's amazing voice, Kristen Ditlow, and the Viola Miller Endowed quartet of the UNM Vocal Department.

There are just 2 available

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If you are interested, please contact Judy Jennings at 505-268-4168 or [jjennings2000@yahoo.com](mailto:jjennings2000@yahoo.com)

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# Poetry by Agata Tuszynska

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## The Land of Nod

Dreams of pure spirit  
are other people's dreams.  
Animal animas appear as guides.  
Lobsters befriend them in rocky times,  
or their dreams are in French,  
or painted in archaic style on vases:  
objets d'art. You couldn't hire a guide  
the hot spots my dreams go.  
I don't go my nightly journey  
with friendly totems.  
There are no areas of abstract color,  
pure form. Along my way  
to dreamland are gas stations  
you need keys to use the rest room.  
You wouldn't want to get out of the car,  
not even run down the window  
in my dreams.

## A Death in the Family

I dreamed last night I murdered Mother.  
Something with poison in it, I think,  
although I was determined, had she refused to drink,  
if no luck with one method to try another.  
It's for sure, one thing we could all agree:  
she had it coming. What a nasty character,  
needlessly obnoxious. Egregiously  
unloving, always unfortunate with children.  
Quarrelsome, hostile, insistently unattractive,  
not pleasant, no way. And so  
(snarling, twisted, jealous, plain mean)  
two cups on the kitchen counter are the way to go.  
There were no guilt feelings involved.  
I left the two glasses on the sideboard:  
one plain, one in which poison was dissolved,  
and she, always greedy, drank up both and died.  
I was perfectly safe, no one suspected me.  
But nothing's easy: I had attitudinal problems.  
I worried I would betray myself unnecessarily.  
Perhaps I'd get drunk and blurt out everything.  
I reasoned,  
I wouldn't like prison.  
I saw a gray, lonely cell and myself  
like Mrs. Harris, looking irritably at my watch  
to see how long till I got out.  
I reasoned  
I could write a lot in there.  
I would manage, but I would not like it.

I reasoned  
if I lived an exemplary life  
from then on, never did any  
thing naughty again,  
no one would turn me in.  
No one wanted me punished or put in jail.

I just have to keep calm, be careful,  
keep my psyche under control,  
watch my little quirks,  
not go confessing for the excitement of it,  
and life will go on as usual.  
That's what I'll do.  
What a peculiar person I am.  
It's a wonder my life has gone  
as well as it has.

## Deer in the Mist and Almonds

It's rained for months  
and the deer step delicately,  
trying to shake dry their hooves.  
It's so muddy down by the creek,  
they've come up close to the house.  
They stand in the mustard,  
it's flowered early this year,  
when a sudden fog, thigh-high,  
eradicates all below,  
and all colors not grave go.  
Only metal stays: pewter, silver, steel  
stainless sight, lodestones,  
black holes in the light,  
great tin gods, pinchbeck  
on a damask cloth of white,  
eating the hips off the roses  
near the road.  
They browse into the invisible mustard.  
Stags in the winter orchard  
bear their bare branches  
past the almonds' antlers,  
float above the white;  
great inflexible crafts of zinc.  
Before sunset the sky is icy pink.

## Glances

Only an echo  
Is true  
To itself  
Like a pendulum  
Returning  
Despite everything

That's how it will stay  
Our tenderness

Torn by departure  
Unbroken

It's impossible to leave  
A house without a door  
There isn't any way  
To get back in

## Between Verses

We eat wild strawberries and cabbage soup  
We swallow aspirin  
We make the bed

Between verses  
We burn milk  
We marvel at a statue of winged Nike  
We ready ourselves for a trip

We turn autumnal  
Between verses

And  
On a verse  
Sail away

Tell me  
What I  
Told you

It doesn't matter  
That it's impossible

In the empty  
Envelopes  
Of my eyes  
Your unwritten  
Letters

# Text to accompany Schaue nicht zurück, Orfeo!

## Orfeos erste Schmerzensarie (Orfeo's first lament of pain)

I call my beloved thus  
When the day appears,  
When it hides itself!

But oh where does my sorrow go?  
The idol of my heart  
Does not respond to me!

Euridice, answer—  
Answer me!

My buried heart  
Swallows sand, swallows ash.  
Love lost, remains pain incomprehensible

The bag of earth,  
Grave of her lightless eyes,  
Ashen cheeks.

Euridice, answer—  
Answer me!  
Euridice, answer—  
Answer me!

The earth has you,  
over you is now the ground,  
In me the abyss. Where do we find each other?

There is no homeland,  
Only celebrations.  
The music left the tension of the strings.  
Music left the strings.  
Euridice, answer, answer  
Answer me!  
I call to you

I hear nothing of us.  
Hear my lament.

## Ich bin der Tod (I am the death)

I am the death  
I am alone  
My soul left me

I am dead

I am a nobody,  
in air dissolved  
Dead am I  
am a stranger, a demon among living.

I am the echo  
soundless and empty, with none listening,  
the shadow without sun, the music without tone.

## Das Licht spielt mit Schatten (The light plays with shadow)

The light plays with shadow  
so strongly that they radiate.  
Love is greater than anything  
Love is greater than everything

It can, it must greatly defeat  
it should lead us to aim past death  
If man sees himself, the love is here,  
If man feels himself, the love is there.

Love is completely invincible.  
Love is perfect.

## Song an die Fürchterlichen (Song to the horrible)

She is near to me.  
She is to me all sorrow.

I feel your hatred.  
I feel your envy of me  
that I live,  
that I sing.

I sing it again in the sky.  
My star is an eye of the abyss.  
I sing it like . . .

Have but nothing,  
except for nothing,  
what I bring out of nothing,  
what I bring you.  
She was my only star.  
She is so close to you now,  
but so far from me.

My star is an eye of the abyss.  
I sing it again in the sky.  
My star is an eye of the abyss.

I sing it again in the sky.  
My star is an eye of the ab. . .

I eat the thorns of the fruit  
she died again to live.  
Feel my envy on you.  
See my suffering.  
Hear the sounds of my emptiness.

I sing it again in the sky.  
My star is an eye of the abyss.  
I sing it again in the sky.  
My star is an eye of the abyss.  
I sing it again in the sky. I sing it again in the sky.  
I sing it again in the sky.  
I sing it again in the sky.

## Ich muss aus meiner Haut (I must get out of my skin)

I must get out of my skin.  
This is fear.  
The fear is a nightmare, that always takes you,  
wherever you go

But there are stars of hope.  
The hope is a hero, who frees us from the  
nightmare.

The weapon against the fear,  
that helps us remember the dead.  
The sound of his voice  
pierces the dead's last door, to find the beloved

Love made him a hero,  
Love punishes every hero.  
Love drives us on the clouds, in the music the  
passion  
the dark hole, the loneliness

## Arie im Elysium (Aria in Elysium)

That pure heaven,  
that clear sun,  
that new serene light and this ever

Elysium, blessed meadow of creation,  
still, like the tears of the luminous hope.

Thornless moment  
bloom in the amber,  
weave the strings—what a blessed sight!

Radiate on me,  
on the dusty shadows!  
blossom the fruit  
and draw the smooth glances of the blessed  
gone eternally from the stillness  
back to me,  
here in the field,  
this furrow of Hell  
I see the worldly heroes and gods.

Here she accompanied  
my Euridice,  
smooths the way to rapture.

## **Die Schatten sind gewichen** (The shadows are gone)

The shadows are gone,  
he can almost reach her,  
almost feels her warmth,  
hears well her golden laughter  
a wave of joy, an electric shock of fear.

All must be alright, when her rays scare away  
the cold and together with him  
the frost of solitude, illuminates.  
She pulls him in, like the oasis, the thirsty.

The anticipation rises to the music of their  
hearts.

We cannot look forward too early.  
It can still be the worst to happen.

## **Er hat sich doch umgedreht** (He has turned himself around)

He has himself but,  
he turned himself around.  
We ask ourselves where,  
why he has he himself turned around?

Why?  
Out of fear?  
Where?  
Out of love?  
Out of doubt?

He has sent her into death,  
her death out of love,  
her death out of truth.

He has looked back  
a moment of love,

his look  
of death.

## **Orfeos zweiter Schmerzensgesang** (Orfeo's second painful song)

What  
What will I do?  
Where will I go without my wonderful one!  
Euridice! Euridice!  
Oh God!  
Respond!

My buried heart  
swallows sand, swallows ashes  
love lost  
remains pain inconceivable

We wanted a hole  
by death, beaten  
We wanted both  
Through the night and the need to dance

The ashes of love,  
the lightless eyes,  
the lifeless cheek—  
my heart is buried  
Euridice, answer, answer—  
Answer me!