

# chatter music worth talking about SUNDAY

**Felix Fan** cello  
**Michael Hix** baritone  
**Martin Ly** guitar  
**Sam Brown** bass  
**Alexis Corbin, Hovey Corbin** percussion  
**Luke Gullickson** piano

## Sonata for Solo Cello (1955)

George Crumb (1929–2022)

- I Fantasia
- II Tema Pastorale con variazioni
- III Toccata

## Rebecca Aronson Spoken Word

Rebecca Aronson is the author of *Ghost Child of the Atalanta Bloom*, winner of the 2016 Orison Books poetry prize and finalist for the 2017 Arizona/New Mexico book awards, and *Creature, Creature*, winner of the Main-Traveled Roads Poetry Prize (2007). She has been a recipient of a Prairie Schooner Strousse Award, the Loft's Speakeasy Poetry Prize, and a 2018 Tennessee Williams Scholarship to Sewanee. She has poems recently or forthcoming in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Plume*, *Tishman Review*, *Sugarhouse Review*, *Baltimore Review*, and others. She is co-founder and co-host of Bad Mouth, a series of words and music in Albuquerque, where she also teaches writing. Her website is <http://rebmarack.wixsite.com/rebecca>

## Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

## Songs, Drones and Refrains of Death (1962–68)

Text by Federico García Lorca

George Crumb

Refrain One

I La Guitarra (The Guitar)

Refrain Two

II Casida De Las Palomas Oscuras (Casida of the Dark Doves)

Refrain Three

III Canción De Jinete, 1860 (Song of the Rider, 1860)

Refrain Four

IV Casida Del Herido Por El Agua (Casida of the Boy Wounded by the Water)

*Our immense gratitude to Chatter for sustaining us through these troubled times.*

*With much love,*

*Sue, Linda and Judy*

**Celebrate, honor, or commemorate, a day, a person, an event, by becoming a Chatter Day Sponsor.**

Contact [barblevinton@gmail.com](mailto:barblevinton@gmail.com) for details.

### CHATTER (in)SITE

Every 2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Saturday at SITE Santa Fe

### CHATTER SUNDAY

50 weeks every year at 10:30am  
 912 3rd Street NW, Abq

Subscribe to eNEWS at [ChatterABQ.org](http://ChatterABQ.org)

**Share/follow us on social media:**

- [facebook.com/ChatterABQ](https://facebook.com/ChatterABQ)
- [instagram.com/ChatterABQ](https://instagram.com/ChatterABQ)

Tix at [ChatterABQ.org/boxoffice](http://ChatterABQ.org/boxoffice)

Tonight!

## chatter SUNDAY

Sun, May 1 at 10:30am at 912 3rd St NW

Works by **Zenamon, Price, Lennon/McCartney, Beaser, Brantley, Debussy** and **Budos**

Performed by **Boyd Meets Girl**

**Kristian Macaron** Spoken Word

## chatter CABARET

Sun, Apr 24 at 5:00pm at the Albuquerque Museum

Works by **Ives, Hyla, Rota** and **Beethoven**

Performed by **Tatum, Young, Felberg, Steiner, J Holland** and **Gordon**

Chatter is grateful for the support of



RK VENTURE

### **The Guitar**

The lament of the guitar begins.  
The wine cups of daybreak are broken.  
The lament of the guitar begins.  
It is useless to hush it.  
It is impossible to hush it.  
It weeps monotonous  
as the water weeps,  
as the wind weeps  
over the snowfall.  
It is impossible to hush it.  
It weeps for things far away.  
Sand of the warm South,  
asking for white camellias.  
It weeps arrow without target,  
evening without morning,  
and the first dead bird  
upon the branch.  
Oh, guitar!  
Heart grievously wounded  
by five swords.

### **Casida of the Dark Doves**

Through the branches  
of the laurel  
I saw two dark doves.  
The one was the sun,  
the other the moon.  
Little neighbors,  
I said to them,  
where is my tomb?  
In my tail, said the sun.  
In my throat, said the moon.  
And I who was walking  
with the earth at my belt  
saw two eagles of marble  
and a naked girl.  
The one was the other  
and the girl was no one.  
Little eagles,  
I said to them,  
where is my tomb?  
In my tail, said the sun,  
in my throat, said the moon.  
Through the branches  
of the laurel  
I saw two naked doves.  
The one was the other  
and both were no one.

### **Song of the Rider, 1860**

In the black moon  
of the highwaymen,  
the spurs sing.  
Little black horse.  
Whither with your dead rider?  
... The hard spurs  
of the motionless bandit  
who lost his reins.  
Little cold horse.  
What a scent of the flower of a knife!  
In the black moon  
bled the mountainside  
of Sierra Morena.  
Little black horse.  
Whither with your dead rider? The night spurs  
its black flanks  
piercing with stars.  
Little cold horse.  
What a scent of the flower of a knife!  
In the black moon,  
a shriek! and the long  
horn of the bonfire.  
Little black horse.  
Whither with your dead rider.

### **Casida of the Boy Wounded by the Water**

I want to go down to the well,  
I want to go up the walls of Granada,  
to watch the heart pierced through  
by the dark thrust of water.  
The wounded boy was moaning  
under his crown of rime.  
Pools, cisterns, fountains  
raised their swords to the wind.  
What a fury of love, what a wounding edge,  
such nocturnal murmurs,  
such a white death!  
Such deserts of light were crumbling  
the sands of dawn!  
The boy was alone,  
the city asleep in his throat.  
A water spout out of his dreams  
wards off the hungry algae.  
The boy and his agony, face to face,  
were two green rains enlaced.  
The boy stretched out on the ground,  
and his agony bent over.  
I want to go down to the well,  
I want to die my own death, by mouthfuls,  
I want to stuff my heart with moss,  
to watch the boy wounded by the water.