

SYMPHONY NUMBER ONE

Jordan Randall Smith, Music Director

presents

Beethoven's Kitchen

*Serving up aged and seasoned classics, alongside
fresh and flavorful new works in intimate settings.*

Flavor ~ Sunday, February 5th, 2017, 3:00 p.m.

Humoresque (1939)

Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

Partita for Wind Quintet (1948)

Irving Fine (1914-1962)

1. Introduction and Theme
2. Variation
3. Interlude
4. Gigue
5. Coda

Songs and Dances of Macondo (see back for program notes)

Judah Adashi (b.1975)

1. Song of the Birds
2. March of the Gypsies
3. Song of Francisco the Man
4. Waltz of the Clocks
5. Pianola Dances
6. Sunset Hymns and Psalms
7. The Last Dawn of Macondo

~ intermission ~

Six Bagatelles (1973)

Gyorgy Ligeti (1923-2006)

1. Allegro con spirito
2. Rubato. Lamentoso
3. Allegro grazioso
4. Presto ruvido
5. Adagio. Mesto (Bela Bartok in Memoriam)
6. Molto vivace. Capriccioso

Aires Tropicales (1994)

Paquito D'Rivera (b.1948)

1. Alborada
2. Son
4. Vals Venezolano
6. Contradanza

Poker Face

Lady Gaga, Arr. Pei-wen Tan

Sarah McIver, flute
Garrett Hale, oboe

Melissa Lander, clarinet
Kika Wright, bassoon

Kelsay Jones, horn

Special thanks to the **Warnock Foundation** for funding this initiative.
A repeat performance will be given at Mondawmin Mall, Monday, February 6th at 10am.

The fictional town of Macondo is the setting of Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. **Judah Adashi's** suite for woodwind quintet (here imagined as a band of street musicians) was conceived as a songbook of sorts, inspired by musical elements and episodes in the novel. **Songs and Dances of Macondo** was commissioned by the Aspen Music Festival. The piece was recognized with first prize in the 2005 Prix d'Été competition at the Peabody Institute of the Johns Hopkins University, and a 2005 ASCAP Foundation Morton Gould Young Composer Award. Passages from the book associated with each movement are listed below.

1. Song of the Birds

Since the time of [Macondo's] founding, José Arcadio Buendía had built traps and cages. In a short time he filled not only his own house but all of those in the village with troupials, canaries, bee eaters, and redbreasts. The concert of so many different birds became so disturbing that Ursula would plug her ears with beeswax so as not to lose her sense of reality. The first time that Melquiades' tribe arrived...everyone was surprised that they had been able to find that village lost in the drowsiness of the swamp, and the gypsies confessed that they had found their way by the song of the birds.

2. March of the Gypsies

Every year during the month of March a family of ragged gypsies would set up their tents near the village, and with a great uproar of pipes and kettledrums they would display new inventions. First they brought the magnet..."Things have a life of their own," the gypsy proclaimed with a harsh accent. "It's simply a matter of waking up their souls."

3. Song of Francisco the Man

Several months later saw the return of Francisco the Man, an ancient vagabond who was almost two hundred years old and who frequently passed through Macondo distributing songs that he composed himself. In them Francisco the Man told in great detail the things that had happened in the towns along his route...so that if anyone had a message to send or an event to make public, he would pay him two cents to include it in his repertory...He was singing the news with his old, out-of-tune voice, accompanying himself with the same archaic accordion that Sir Walter Raleigh had given him in the Guianas and keeping time with his great walking feet that were cracked from saltpeter.

4. Waltz of the Clocks

Emancipated for the moment at least from the torment of fantasy, José Arcadio Buendía in a short time set up a system of order and work which allowed for only one bit of license: the freeing of the birds, which, since the time of the founding, had made time merry with their flutes, and installing in their place musical clocks in every house. They were wondrous clocks made of carved wood, which the Arabs had traded for macaws and which José Arcadio Buendía had synchronized with such precision that every half hour the town grew merry with the progressive chords of the same song until it reached the climax of a noontime that was as exact and unanimous as a complete waltz.

5. Pianola Dances

José Arcadio Buendía stopped his pursuit of the image of God, convinced of His nonexistence, and he took the pianola apart in order to decipher its magical secret. Two days before the party, swamped in a shower of leftover keys and hammers, bungling in the midst of a mixup of strings that would unroll in one direction and roll up again in another, he succeeded in a fashion in putting the instrument back together...finally, José Arcadio Buendía managed, by mistake, to move a device that was stuck and the music came out, first in a burst and then in a flow of mixed-up notes. Beating against the strings that been put in without order or concert and had been tuned with temerity, the hammers let go. But the stubborn descendants of the twenty-one intrepid people who plowed through the mountains in search of the sea to the west avoided the reefs of the melodic mixup and the dancing went on until dawn.

6. Sunset Hymns and Psalms

The only serene corner had been established by peaceful West Indian Negroes, who built a marginal street with wooden houses on piles where they would sit in the doors at dusk singing melancholy hymns in their disordered gabble...Aureliano could not find anyone who remembered his family, not even Colonel Aureliano Buendía, except for the oldest of the West Indian Negroes, an old man whose cottony hair gave him the look of a photographic negative and who was still singing the mournful sunset psalms in the door of his house.

7. The Last Dawn of Macondo

Then the wind began, warm, incipient, full of voices from the past, the murmurs of ancient geraniums, sighs of disenchantment that preceded the most tenacious nostalgia...he began to decipher the instant that he was living, deciphering it as he lived it, prophesying himself in the act of deciphering the last page of the parchments, as if he were looking into a speaking mirror...it was foreseen that the city of mirrors (or mirages) would be wiped out by the wind and exiled from the memory of men at the precise moment when Aureliano Babilonia would finish deciphering the parchments, and that everything written on them was unrepeatable since time immemorial and forever more, because races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second opportunity on earth.

All passages above from *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, by Gabriel García Márquez, translated by Gregory Rabassa (New York: Harper Collins, 1970).

You can hear Symphony Number One's season finale, "Approaching Eternity" on April 28 & 29.

Please visit our website for details:

<https://symphonynumber.one/eternity>