

GUEST RECITAL

QUINCE ENSEMBLE

Monday, November 6, 2023

Hatch Recital Hall

7:30 PM



EASTMAN
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY of ROCHESTER

PROGRAM

From the Grammar of Dreams (1988)

Kaija Saariaho
(1952-2023)

Carrie Henneman Shaw & Liz Pearce, sopranos

Sauh I (1973)

Giacinto Scelsi
(1905-1988)

Liz Pearce, soprano
Kayleigh Butcher, mezzo-soprano

Stinging, ringing bells (2014)

Juhi Bansal
(b. 1994)

Anna Elder, Liz Pearce, & Carrie Henneman Shaw, sopranos

INTERMISSION

Destierros (2023)

Ricardo Zohn-Muldoon
(b. 1962)

4

Las palabras

Ausencia

Recelo

Fe

Anhelo

¿Habrá?

¿Se me está apagando el corazón?

Lleno de flores

US Premiere

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

From the Grammar of Dreams (1988)

Text by Sylvia Plath

I. From *Paralytic*

It happens. Will it go on? ——
My mind a rock,
No fingers to grip, no tongue,
My god the iron lung

That loves me, pumps
My two
Dust bags in and out,
Will not

Let me relapse
While the day outside glides
by like ticker tape.
The night brings violets,
Tapestries of eyes,

Lights,
The soft anonymous
Talkers: 'You all right?'
The starched, inaccessible breast.

From *The Bell Jar*

A bad dream.

I remembered everything.

II.

Dead egg, I lie

Whole
On a whole world
I cannot touch,
At the white, tight
Eyes, nose and ears,
A clear
Cellophane I cannot crack.

On my bare back

I smile, a buddha, all

I remembered the cadavers of Doreen

and the story of the fig tree

Maybe forgetfulness, like a kind of
snow, should
numb and cover them.

But they were part of me.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Wants, desire

Falling from me like rings

Hugging their lights.

They were my landscape.

III. (From *Paralytic*)

The claw

Of the magnolia,

Drunk on its own scents,

Asks nothing of life.

IV. (From *The Bell Jar*)

I thought I would swim out until

I was too tired to swim back.

As I paddled on, my heartbeat
boomed like a dull motor in my ears.

I am, I am, I am.

I took a deep breath and listened to
the old brag of my heart.

I am, I am, I am.

V. (wordless)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Destierros

Text by Laura Zohn

Primera imagen

1. Las palabras vienen primero, las ideas después

El agua vertida en la tierra,
el hielo que se derrite,
la fruta marchita de tanto sol,
los pétalos sueltan la flor.

Pesa el tiempo: nada vuelve.

2. Vienen las ideas tras las palabras

El reflejo del agua en mis ojos de nube,
el canto de todos los pájaros,
el atardecer sin voz,
caen las gotas al ritmo del cielo
atravesando el espejo del charco.

Y los grillos pulsan el paso del tiempo.

3. Las ideas vienen primero, las palabras después

Gris, verde, azul, café,
yerba, piedra, polvo, espinas,
alas negras, plumas blancas,
y el río siempre suena,
y el viento danza,
y la paz merodea.
El reloj desparrama sus horas.

Banishments

Translated by Celia Muldoon

First Image

1. The words come first, then the ideas

Water pouring over earth,
melting ice,
fruit wilted from so much sun,
petals that let go off the flower.

Time weighs, heavy: nothing returns.

2. The ideas come after the words

The reflection of water in my cloud-like eyes,
the singing of all birds,
the voiceless dusk,
the drops falling to the rhythm of the sky
traversing the mirroring puddle.

And the crickets pulsate the passage of time.

3. The ideas come first, then the words

Grey, green, blue, brown,
grass, stone, dust, thorns,
black wings, white feathers,
and the river, ever sounding,
and the dancing wind,
and peace, prowling.

The clock spills its hours.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

4. Vienen las palabras sin las ideas

Al centro del escenario, el búho,
con la luna temprana,
anunciando la noche
hacia el abismo.

Escapa el tiempo, el reloj cesa.

La espuma barre la superficie,
envuelve de blanco el agua,
pasea mi vista de aquí para allá,
allá donde nada nubla el día.

Miré atrás, nomás para agarrar
vuelo.

Segunda imagen

1. Pierdo el tiempo que sueño

Ausencia

Viajé sin equipaje,
el mar a mis espaldas,
crucé los dedos vacíos
castañeteando los dientes
y abrí los ojos para no soñar.

Encerrada en un patio sin jardín,
donde ir o venir da igual.
Ignoro si habrá primavera.
Los peces en la pila danzan su
naranja paz.

La mañana inicia en penumbra,
inhalo la escasa luz que me habita,
exhalo pasos huecos al atardecer.

4. The words come without the ideas

Center stage, the owl,
lit by the early moon,
announcing the night
towards the abyss.

Time escapes, the clock stops.

The foam sweeps the surface,
enveloping the water in whiteness,
carrying my gaze from here to there,
there, where nothing ever clouds the
day.

I looked back, only to take flight.

Second Image

1. My dreams are wasted time

Absence

I traveled without luggage,
the ocean behind me,
crossing my empty fingers,
chattering my teeth,
and I opened my eyes, to avoid
dreaming.

Trapped in a gardenless patio,
where coming or going is all the
same.

I know not whether spring will
come.

In the pond, the fish dance in
orange peace.

The morning begins in near
darkness,
I inhale the scant light that inhabits

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

A la distancia soy un espejismo,
Más brillo tiene una estrella fugaz.
Mi razón se hunde en trance.
Apenas reconozco mi voz.

Hierve mi cabeza en ruinas,
trotoando hacia nubes fantasma.
Vago y divago,
fiel a mis desvaríos.

Queda el vaho de mi vida
en aquel rincón
donde las sombras agonizan.

Perdida casi en el olvido,
rasgo visiones, poca certeza.
Solo sé, si acaso sé,
que nunca olí las rosas de esta
ciudad.

2. Sueño que pierdo el tiempo

Recelo

Pase lo que pase, no dejo de
respirar,
y si acaso pasa lo que pasará,
el tiempo detendrá todas las olas.

Encerrada en mi casa amplia,
refunfuño tragedias a la carta.
Colecciono pesares y perfumes
con dosis de soledad.

Vuelvo la vista atrás...

me, and exhale hollow footsteps at
dusk.

From afar, I am a mirage,
fainter than a shooting star.
My mind sinks into trance.
I barely recognize my voice.

My head is a boiling ruin
trotting toward ghostly clouds.
I wander and ramble,
faithful to my ravings.

The breath of my life remains
in that nook,
where shadows come to die.

Almost lost in oblivion and
uncertainty,
I tear my visions.
And all I know, if anything,
is that I never smelled the roses of
this city.

2. I dream that I waste my time

Mistrust

I breathe, no matter what,
and if what shall happen comes to
be,
time will bring every wave to a
standstill.

Enclosed in my spacious house,
I grumble tragedies à la carte.
I collect sorrows and perfumes
with a dose of solitude.

I turn my gaze back...

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

¡tan poquitas las sonrisas!
A pesar de mi belleza
me apachurra el pesimismo.

So few smiles!
Pessimism crushes me,
my beauty notwithstanding.

Cuando la noche cae
de tanta conjetura,
retengo la zozobra.
Saltan sin voz las palabras.

By nightfall,
all my conjecturing
turns to distress.
And the words leap voiceless.

En algún recoveco,
guardo amor todavía,
pero hoy nada me gusta,
y a veces me gusta pasear.

In some inner recess,
I still harbor love.
There is nothing I enjoy today,
but sometimes I like going for a
walk.

Tejo recuerdos espesos.
Invento historias.
A la distancia olfateo
la miseria ajena.

I weave thick memories.
Invent stories.
I smell the misery of others
a mile away.

Hay más por decir,
pero la vida se desmorona
en esta ingrata ciudad.

There is more to tell,
but life crumbles
in this thankless city.

3. En el sueño pierdo el tiempo

3. I waste my time dreaming

Fe

Faith

Acurrucada en la cama,
procuro estar bien,
entrelazo mis manos,
solidaria y solitaria.

I snuggle up in bed,
to find solace.
I interlace my hands,
in loneliness and solidarity.

De pequeños placeres me alimento,
encerrada en mis libros,
y en el reto del crucigrama.

Locked in my books,
and in the challenge of crossword
puzzles,
I feed on small pleasures.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Regreso a mi origen,
impulsada por la añoranza.
Río sin ruido, nadie me ve.

I return to my beginning,
driven by nostalgia.
A noiseless river, unseen.

Soy jacaranda en flor,
disfruto, aunque descienda,
porque siempre me acompaña
mi ángel de la guarda.

I am a flowering jacaranda tree,
I enjoy myself, even as I fall down,
because my guardian angel
is always with me.

Fiel al otoño,
desprendida del árbol,
ágil soy toro,
muda soy piedra.

Faithful to autumn,
untethered from the tree,
I am agile, a bull,
I am mute as a stone.

En la música soledad
amo haber amado.

I love that I loved
in musical solitude.

Viajo alrededor de mi cuarto
sin cerrar la ventana.

I travel around my room
without closing the window.

Agradezco mi vida
y todos los zaguanes
de esta hermosa ciudad.

I am grateful for my life
and for all the doorways
of this beautiful city.

4. En el tiempo pierdo el sueño

4. In time I lose my dream

Anhelo

Longing

Mi mundo es cocina, sala, sillón.
De lunes a domingo, la rutina,
salpicada por el piano.

My world is kitchen, living room,
armchair,
a routine from Monday to Sunday,
splashed only by the piano.

Encerrada en un sueño pisoteado.
En vano esperé
el milagro de los ángeles.

Locked in a trampled dream,
I waited in vain
for the miracle of the angels.

Mi cuerpo era perfecto.
Entrabas en mi piel,

My body was perfect.
You entered my skin,

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

ilusionando el nido.
Tu amor casi indigno,
ató mi verano a tu egoísmo.
Respiré todo tu humo.

Sin hijos que abrazar,
me llené de cariño ajeno,
los miércoles por la tarde.

Renuncié a sentirme entera.
La juventud pasó volando,
de tanto beso atorado.

Mucho rezo, mucho llanto.
De mis manos hechas nudo,
queda el puro parpadeo.

Hoy no habrá silencio,
sino el furor de una plegaria.

Quise dejar una vida,
pero ya no hacen los sueños como
antes
en esta yerma ciudad.

raising hopes of a nest.
Your unworthy love
tied my summer to your selfishness.
I breathed all your smoke.

Without children of my own to hug,
I filled my heart every Wednesday
afternoon with other people's
children.

I renounced to feeling whole.
Youth flew by,
on the back of many empty kisses.

So much praying, so much crying.
Only a flicker remains
of my knotted hands.

There will be no silence today,
but only the fury of a prayer.

I wanted to leave a life here,
but dreams are no longer what they
used to be,
in this barren city.

Tercera imagen

*¿Se me está apagando el
corazón?*

1. ¿Habrà alguna vida que no vaya a
terminar?
¿Alguna mañana que no salga el sol?

2. ¿Cuánto falta para mi muerte, si
se lo dejo a la suerte?

3. ¿Envejece el universo junto con
nosotras?

Third Image

Is my heart fading?

1. Is there a life without end?
A morning without dawn?

2. How long until my death, if I
leave it to chance?

3. Does the universe age alongside
us?

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

4. ¿Dónde guardo mis recuerdos,
para que sepan que viví?

4. Where can I store my memories,
so that my life will be known?

5. ¿A quién veré mañana, si me
asomo por la ventana?

5. Who will I see tomorrow if I
look out the window?

6. ¿Qué hacemos con la muerte del
día?
¿Honrarla con la luz de la luna?

6. What can we do with the death
of the day? Honor it with
moonlight?

Cuarta imagen

Fourth Image

*Todas se conocieron aquí y se
desconocieron allá.*

*They knew who they were here,
but not there.*

Era un campo lleno de flores rojas
como la sangre,
algunas amarillas y negras como las
abejas,
pero no había ningún túnel ni
telarañas,
ni abismos ni viento helado:
todo era luz, menos yo.

It was a field full of blood-red
flowers,
some yellow and black like bees,
but there was no tunnel, nor
cobwebs,
no abyss, nor freezing wind:
all was lit, except me.

En cuanto morí, me fundí como un
foco
y advertí, a mi alrededor,
una vibración polvorienta que se
expandió:
era la vida en extinción,
pero no fue poco a poco,
fue súbitamente... ¡Fum! ¡Fundida!

As soon as I died, I burnt-out like a
lightbulb,
and I noticed around me
an expanding dusty vibration:
it was life fading,
but rather than bit by bit,
it did so suddenly...Fum! Blown
out!

Vino la vida y me entintó:
la saboreé, la sufrí, la gocé y se
acabó.
Así pasó: de todos los colores a la
oscuridad,
y en la ciudad, siguió sonando el tic
tac del reloj.

Life came and inked me:
I savored it, suffered it, enjoyed it,
and it ended.
Such it was: from all colors into
darkness,
and in the city, the tic tac of the
clock remained.

PROGRAM NOTES

From the Grammar of Dreams (1988)

Kaija Saariaho

The texts used in this piece come from two books by Sylvia Plath: there are excerpts of her only novel, *The Bell Jar*, and fragments of the poem *Paralytic* from the poetry collection *Ariel*. The texts are strong, dealing with life and death, escaping into madness, self-destruction and the fight against it. Nevertheless, the piece includes an evolution: the painful nightmare ends in daylight and life. The emotional context of these texts, powerful in the extreme, led me to look for strict rules of musical organization, to contrast the emotional power. However, these rules do not always proceed in a rational or combinatorial thinking, but rather in the manner of our dreams, where thoughts are transformed into visual images with their colors, juxtapositions, movements and directions. I have sought to operate in the same way by opening the text with two voices, and creating with them five different soundscapes.

— Kaija Saariaho

Sauh I (1973)

Giacinto Scelsi

Giacinto Scelsi's *Sauh I-IV* is a set of four unaccompanied vocal works, two duets and two quartets for treble voices. And this is where easy description of Scelsi and his vocal music ends. When we talk about Scelsi, for example, to what extent do we use the lexical framework that we use when talking about 'composers'? Scelsi himself rejected the title of 'composer', rather describing his role as 'messenger' – a receiver of sounds from a world that exists beyond meagre human intellect. On top of that, Scelsi did not notate his own music. Scelsi recorded improvisations, and when he recorded one that he found particularly good, he handed it off to Viero Tosatti, a composer with whom he (quietly) collaborated, to notate and orchestrate his music. And what was the role of Scelsi's performer collaborators? Many of his vocal works were written for soprano Michiko Hirayama, and given the paucity of direct instructions from Scelsi for interpreting the special notation in his scores and the fortunate existence of recordings of Hirayama's incredibly colorful performances, it's unclear to what extent the technical and coloristic parameters that modern performers have come to assume with regard to Scelsi's vocal works come from his 'messages' or from Hirayama's unique instrument and sense of vocalism.

PROGRAM NOTES

For our purposes, the question is not who gets credit for Scelsi's works. At the root of our inquiry is the desire to understand what we are trying to communicate, what experience do we hope to provide listeners in a performance of this work. In the case of *Saub*, much more research and translation work needs to be done. Scelsi's audio recordings are collected at the Fondazione Isabella Scelsi, an organization established by Scelsi and named in honor of his sister. Many recordings have been digitized and source material for some works have been uncovered, but work continues.

Saub, like many of his vocal works, does not use 'language', rather a string of phonemes – o, u, rü, ta, etc., - and the title invokes Scelsi's interest in Asian culture, particularly in Hinduism and Buddhism. The title may refer to a phoneme, alternately transliterated as 'Sau' or 'Saw', used in a basic mantra meditation called Hamsa. In Hindu and Buddhist mantras, individual phonemes may or may not be words, may or may not have meaning. What's important is the sound, and that sound creates a resonance within its sounder that is a 'universal resonance'. It's easy to see how such a concept aligns with Scelsi's view of how we are receiving music. While the *Saub* is the kind of music that most would associate with meditation, perhaps the message to be received with this work is that there is more to be found in deep listening than universal harmony! - Thanks to Bishal Karna and Clouds in Water Zen Center for their assistance.

Stinging, ringing bells (2014)

Juhi Bansal

Stinging, ringing bells by Juhi Bansal is an improvisation for three voices, a succession of bell-like tones and textures created by individual voices and the interaction among them. "Radiant and transcendent", the music of Juhi Bansal weaves together themes celebrating musical and cultural diversity, nature and the environment, and strong female role models. Her music draws upon elements as disparate as Hindustani music, the spectralists, progressive metal, musical theatre and choral traditions to create deeply expressive, evocative sound-worlds. As an Indian composer brought up in Hong Kong, her work draws subtly upon both those traditions, entwining them closely and intricately with the gestures of western classical music.

PROGRAM NOTES

Destierros (2023)

Ricardo Zohn-Muldoon

Destierros (“*Banishments*”) was composed for the Quince Ensemble, thanks to a commission from the Fromm Music Foundation. The work was premiered at the Teatro Degollado of Guadalajara, as part of the Festival Cultural de Mayo, on May 13, 2023. It was performed by the Quince Ensemble and staged by the theatre/puppet company La Coperacha, under the direction of Antonio Camacho.

Destierros sets a collection of poetic texts by my sister Laura Zohn, a well-known multi-disciplinary artist. These texts are a constellation of imaginary introspections, inspired on four remarkable women in our family, all born in the early 20th century and whose lives converged in Guadalajara, México. The texts explore different experiences of “uprootment”, such as madness, illegitimacy, exile, and sterility. *Destierros* is a tribute to the courage, resilience, and grace of these four women, as they navigated their struggles to find meaning in their lives.

MEET THE ARTISTS

Quince Ensemble is a treble voice quartet dedicated to changing the paradigm for contemporary vocal chamber music. Described as “the Anonymous 4 of new music” by Opera News, Quince continually pushes the boundaries of vocal ensemble literature. By performing almost exclusively the music of living composers, and actively commissioning works with a broad and curious aesthetic ear, Quince seeks to create a landscape of contemporary vocal music that is embodied, complex, and expressive, with the musical boldness and virtuosity that is often reserved for instrumental groups.

Dedicated advocates of new music, Quince regularly commissions new works for voices, and over their 14 years together, their list of commissions has grown to over 200 works. In 2019, they launched the Quince New Music Commissioning Fund, continuing to develop repertoire for treble voices. 2023 marked the inaugural Quince Institute for Vocal Chamber Music in Seattle, WA, Quince’s first full festival dedicated to teaching and sharing vocal chamber music with interested students from around the US and South America. Through their broad educational activities, Quince works to bring the experience of chamber

MEET THE ARTISTS

voice singing to a larger community of singers and listeners, offering new and empowering pathways to vocal excellence.

Quince has been featured on many festivals and series including the KODY Festival in Lublin, Poland in collaboration with David Lang and Beth Morrison Projects, Guadalajara's Festival de Mayo, Library of Congress, Mostly Mozart, Outpost Concert Series, Philip Glass: Music with Friends at Issue Project Room, University of Michigan's Hill Auditorium series, Hyde Park Jazz Festival, Long Play Festival, Look & Listen, CSO MusicNOW Sessions, and the SONiC Festival in New York. They are in-demand as university guest artists across the United States, and have worked with emerging composers from Stanford, NYU, University of Chicago, Cornish College, Bowling Green State University, and University of Miami, among many others.

Quince has released four studio albums: *Realign the Time*, *Hushers*, *Motherland*, and David Lang's *love fail*, all available on iTunes, CD Baby, Spotify, Bandcamp, and Amazon. They will release their fifth album, *A handful of dust*, in March 2024.

Comprised of vocalists Liz Pearse (soprano), Kayleigh Butcher (mezzo soprano), Amanda DeBoer Bartlett (soprano), and Carrie Henneman Shaw (soprano), Quince thrives on unique musical challenges and genre-bending contemporary repertoire.

Soprano **Anna Elder's** voice has been described as being, "ethereal" or "a voice that has blues, reds and purples in it" by The New York Times, having a "take no-prisoners energy" SEAMUS for New Focus Recordings or "a voice that could match, pitch for pitch, the grumble of a truck's engine or squeak of a scooter's horn."- Wilmington Star News. Born and raised in the steel city of Pittsburgh, PA and based in Brooklyn, NY, Anna specializes in interpreting and performing contemporary classical music that expands the traditional vocal performance practice and virtuosity. As a soloist, She was a featured performer on the following virtual festivals in 2021: Oh My Ears, Cleveland Uncommon Sound, Society for Electro-Acoustic Music (SEAMUS), and The International Federation for Electro-Acoustic Music (CIME). She has performed with the new music ensemble Kamratōn since 2015, as well as Sydeboob Duo, and wolfTrap. She

MEET THE ARTISTS

premiered the soprano role in composer Eric Moe's chamber opera *We Crossed the River* in May of 2021 and was a featured artist for the Vermont College of Fine Arts composition residency, 2021. Other engagements have included a set with Chicago's Experimental Sound Studio as part of their Quarantine Concerts in 2020. She was a guest artist at The Tanglewood Music Center for their Festival of Contemporary Music, where she sang Andrew Hamilton's *Music For People Who Like Art* with The New Fromm Players. She gave the premiere performance of *Peg* in Music on the Edge's production of Roger Zahab's opera, *Hegemony*. She appeared in the Corningworks' production of *with a shadow of...* as a stand in vocalist for an ill cast member.

“While an unanticipated addition, Elder's superb voice and inclusion on stage was seamless and enriching. Her sequence with Brenner, in which they perfectly mirrored each other while performing a particularly tasking and complex choreography, is so unspeakably scintillating that one could scarcely imagine it hadn't been planned from inception.”

— *Pittsburgh in the Round*

Anna was the lead vocalist with Squonk Opera for three years and premiered *Go Roadshow* and sang in the Off-Broadway version of *Mayhem and Majesty*, where she was described as creating “a sort of persona that becomes tangible which takes shape and begins to define what unfolds on stage.” -Broadway World. Other engagements have included performing Steve Reich's *Music for 18 Musicians* with New Music Detroit, appearing as a guest vocalist with Quince Ensemble, Carnegie Mellon's Contemporary Ensemble, Pittsburgh's Alia Musica, Nat28, and The Eclectic Laboratory Chamber Orchestra. . She has appeared on Music on the Edge's Beyond Microtonal Music Festival, The Pittsburgh Festival of New Music, Detroit's Strange and Beautiful Music 2017, Oh My Ears Festival, and The Cleveland Uncommon Sound Project's Re:Sound festival.

MEET THE ARTISTS

Laura Carolina Zohn Muldoon - I was born in Guadalajara, Jalisco, November 15, 1963. I graduated with a degree in Architecture from Universidad ITESO, in Guadalajara, where I have now taught for 28 years.

My life is focused on artistic expression, principally in writing and photography. As a reader, I prefer literary fantasy and historical fiction. My most recent literary influences are Madeline Miller, Rosa Montero, Kelly Barnhill, Paul Auster, and Laura Gallego. I have published seven books, since 1996: two books on architecture, *La Nostalgia Amotinada* and *Monografía de Max Henonin*; two collections of short stories, *Flota* and *Bimbalote*; a short novel, *Caracoles*; and two books of poetry, short stories, and photography, *Yo Invito*, and the most recent, *Sarasiempre*, from 2016. My next writing project is a novel. I have collaborated in various other books, including *Agora Sor Juana, un esfuerzo ciudadano*, with the article “Chapalita, su imagen actual y su historia”, published in 1996 by the H. Ayuntamiento de Zapopan and in *El arte urbano en Guadalajara*, with the chapter “Historias Tapatías”, published in 2003 by Editorial Ágata and the Secretaría de Cultura del Estado de Jalisco. I have participated in narrative and poetry workshops at Escuela de Escritores SOGEM de Guadalajara, where I published a short story as part of the collection *Transfiguraciones*, in 1995. I contributed a weekly column devoted to topics of architecture and urban design in the cultural magazine *Casa Abierta* of the newspaper *Siglo 21* (now *Milenio*), and in the cultural magazine *El Tapatío* of the newspaper *El Informador*, in the years 1994 - 1995. I contributed short stories and essays to several independent literary magazines, such as *Juglares y Alarifes*. I was a member of the adjudicating panel for the Concurso de Poesía Joven Fil Guadalajara, in 1998. I participated in the Primer Encuentro Iberoamericano de Editoriales Alternativas, sponsored by PEN International and the SOGEM, representing Editorial La Divina Garza, in 2001. I was a member of the Editorial Council of the Secretaría de Cultura de Jalisco, in Dirección de Publicaciones en el área de Arquitectura, from 2002 to 2006. I received an honorable mention in the short-story contest Premio Acento de Cuento Breve, in 2005, and was also a finalist in 2006 and 2007. This resulted in the publication of all these short stories by Ediciones Plenilunio. In 2009, I was named as Cronista de la ciudad y miembro del Consejo de la Crónica y la Historia de Guadalajara, by the Ayuntamiento Constitucional de Guadalajara. In 2011, I participated in the book *Crónicas Tapatías*, published by the Gobierno Municipal de Guadalajara.

MEET THE ARTISTS

In recent years, I completed a diploma in Landscape Architecture at Universidad ITESO and a diploma as Instructor of Hatha Yoga, under the auspices of the Secretaría de Educación Pública.

I have presented five individual exhibits as a photographer and participated in several collective shows. From 2006 to 2015, I founded, directed, and curated the art gallery Casa Rombo in Guadalajara, promoting the work of local and national artists.

We acknowledge with respect the Seneca Nation, known as the “Great Hill People” and “Keepers of the Western Door” of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy. We take this opportunity to thank the people whose ancestral lands the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester currently occupies in Rochester, New York.

UPCOMING EASTMAN SERIES CONCERTS

Tickets for all series concerts can be purchased at EastmanTheatre.org

KILBOURN CONCERT SERIES

Vijay Iyer Trio feat. Linda May Han Oh, bass and Jeremy Dutton, drums

Kilbourn Hall

Thursday, November 9, 2023 at 7:30 PM

Described by The New York Times as a “social conscience, multimedia collaborator, system builder, rhapsodist, historical thinker and multicultural gateway,” Vijay Iyer has carved out a unique path as an influential, prolific, shape-shifting presence in twenty-first-century music. A composer and pianist active across multiple musical communities, Iyer has created a consistently innovative, emotionally resonant body of work over the last twenty-five years, earning him a place as one of the leading music-makers of his generation.

FACULTY ARTIST SERIES

Collaborative Piano Faculty

Kilbourn Hall

Saturday, November 11, 2023 at 2:30 PM

UPCOMING STUDENT ENSEMBLE CONCERTS

All student performances are free unless otherwise noted.

Eastman Percussion Ensemble

Kilbourn Hall

Tuesday, November 7, 2023 at 7:30 PM

Composers Sinfonietta

Kilbourn Hall

Wednesday, November 8, 2023 at 7:30 PM

Eastman Wind Orchestra

Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre

Wednesday, November 8, 2023 at 7:30 PM

Music of Augusta Read Thomas, David Maslanka, and Ryan Lindviet



For the most up to date information on Eastman concerts and events, scan this code to visit our online calendar.



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