

Llama el Océano [The Ocean Calls]

Scored for violin, cello, actor and marimba, "Llama el Océano" (The Ocean Calls) is primarily conceived as a musical commentary on the powerful work of the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. The Neruda fragments in this work were chosen for their immediacy and metaphorical eloquence. Each of these fragments evokes (to the composer, though other interpretations are not only entirely valid, but expected!) a distinct "element" and "quality", e.g. water, fire, air), as well as some aspect of Neruda's own life (youth, travels, maturity, old age) and the musical progression (seven instrumental movements performed without interruption) follows, accordingly, a certain chronological sequence.

Rather than creating a strict program, it is the composer's intention to create a musical discourse that emerges from the metaphors and suggestive depictions of Neruda, and—most importantly—to incite through these "images" the listener's own imagination and exploration of the universe of Neruda.

The work is dedicated to Makoto Nakura, whose explosive, exact, suggestive and, ultimately, poetic, performance is a constant source of inspiration.

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THE OCEAN CALLS

1. Water I

I want to dive into water, to fall into the sky
AGUA DORMIDA (SLEEPING WATER), in Crepusculario

2. Fire I

Pale bonfires twisting at the edge of nights
dead clouds of smoke invisible dust whisked away

3. Fire II

I have slowly marked the atlas of your body
with crosses of fire
TENTATIVA DEL HOMBRE INFINITO (Venture of the Infinite Man)

4. Earth

The green earth has yielded
to everything yellow, gold harvests,
farms, leaves, grain,
but when autumn rises
with its spacious banner
it is you that I see,
for me it is your hair
that separates the tassels.
LA TIERRA (The Earth), from LOS VERSOS DEL CAPITAN (The Captain's Verses)

5. Air I

I want to make my arms spin like mad wheels...
Into the metal-blue night.

1, from EL HONDERO ENTUSIASTA (The Ardent Slingsman)

6. Air II

From the air, to the air, like an empty net
ALTURAS DE MACCHU PICCHU (Heights of Macchu Picchu), from CANTO
GENERAL

7. Water II

This wide summer, I am not going to the ocean
covered in heat, I am not going beyond
the walls, the doors, the cracks
that frequent all lives, my life.
From what distance, facing which window,
in what train station
did I leave the ocean, forgotten?
And there we lied,
me, with my back towards the loved one
while the battle ensued
with its white and green, its stone and sparks.
So it was, so it seems to have been:
Lives change, and the dying man
ignores that part of life,
that major note, the abundance
of fury and brilliance
which remained far,
blindly cut off from him.
No, I deny myself of the unknown sea
dead, surrounded by sad cities.
Sea whose waves are unable to kill
or of loading themselves with salt and sound:
I want my own sea, the artillery
of the ocean crashing on the shores;
the sliding of turquoises;
the foam where its reign will die.
I am not going out to sea this summer:
Closed up, buried, and along
the tunnel where I walk imprisoned,
I remotely listen to green thunder,
a cataclysm of broken bottles,
a whisper of salt and agony.
It is the liberator. It is the ocean,

that far, in my homeland
awaits me.

LLAMA EL OCÉANO (The Ocean Calls) [unpublished]