

NOTES FOR THE PROGRAM

The literary themes which support the choral-symphonic work "Padre Libertador"* embrace an era of Bolivarian extolment extending from mid-XIX century to our days.

Eduardo Blanco (1839-1912) sang the extraordinary feat of the Venezuelans who struggled for their independence and freedom led by the ideals of Simón Bolívar, in his book "Venezuela Heroica"** , a work of romantic inspiration whose pedagogical substance is still valid in youth education today.

Cuban poet Alberto Baeza Flores conceived in the present times a "Poema Coral para el Retorno de Simón Bolívar"***, seeking, he explains, an approach to the hero "from his yesterday and in his own scene".

In his "Canto para Bolívar"****, poet Pablo Neruda searches deep into the roots of the freedom undertaking, to find what is undoubtedly its most fertile germ: Bolívar's love for his American peoples. Consequently, his poem is like a spiritual comment on the most universal Christian prayer.

- * "Father Liberator".
- ** "Heroic Venezuela".
- *** "Choral Poem on the Return of Simón Bolívar".
- **** "Chant to Bolívar".

Following are key excerpts from those texts, which will contribute to a better understanding of the musical creation of Isabel Aretz in its intention of heroic extolment.

In the murky darkness of perdurable night, all which is not deeply black appears bright as a light coveted by he who moans from the bottom of the antre and regards it as providential...

Silence and quietness were our forced watchwords.

Suddenly, an even louder cry than the roaring of the tempest which sweeps the Continent; and a magic word is pronounced in the face of the terrible lion, the guardian of Castile's conquests.

The wind seizes it and carries it in its wings through the space, like an illuminating, frightening fire balloon. The echoes of our mountains wake up from their lethargy and choir it like sentries alerting each other...

EDUARDO BLANCO

We crossed rivers which wrapped our chests snake-like and the heavenly and earthy lianas sometimes threatened to drown us.

The dust of all the roads of America became whirlwind inside our hearts.

The endless marches furnished us the key to the end of some battles.

I told the soldiers of the army of Cartagena and the Union: "Your courage has saved the fatherland, plowing the broad rivers of Magdalena

and the Zulia, marching through paramos and
ranges, crossing deserts...

ALBERTO BAEZA FLORES

Our father who art on earth, in the water, in
the air of our entire wide, silent latitude,
everything bears thy name, father, in our dwelling;
everything which is ours comes from thy dimmed life,
thine heritage were rivers, plains, bell towers,
thine heritage is our daily bread, father.

... I met Bolívar one long morning, / are you?
Father, I told him, are you or are you not, and who
And looking toward the Barracks on the Mount he said,
"I wake up every hundred years, when the people awake".

PABLO NERUDA