



MARY HEEBNER

Intimacies / Intimismos

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Transpositions from the Poetry of Pablo Neruda

March 6 – April 17, 2010

Opening Reception: Saturday, March 6, 6 to 9pm

Inauguración: Sábado, 6 de Marzo, 6 to 9pm

Sponsored by the Chilean Consulate in Los Angeles and Pro-Chile in honor of the 200th Anniversary of Chile's Independence.

Patrocinado por el Consulado General de Chile en Los Angeles y Pro-Chile en honor del Bicentenario de la Independencia de Chile.

You are invited to attend: Estás invitado a venir:

Illustrated Lecture / Lectura Ilustrado:

How Women Have Shaped and Influenced Modern Art in America.

By Dr. Judy Larson, Director of Westmont Museum of Art.

Saturday, March 20, 2010, from 4 to 6pm

Bilingual Poetry Reading / Lectura de Poesía Bilingue:

Pablo Neruda: Intimacies: Poems of Love

Neruda Scholar Enrico Mario Santí and the artist, Mary Heebner.

Saturday, April 3, 2010, from 4 to 6pm

Exhibition Program event seating is limited.

To reserve, please call the gallery at 323-525-0053

Las sillas son limitadas para los eventos.

Para reservar, llama la galería por favor al 323-525-0053

EDWARD CELLA

ART + ARCHITECTURE

6018 Wilshire Boulevard (across from LACMA)

Los Angeles, California 90036

edwardcella.com (323) 525-0053

Gallery Hours: Tuesday - Saturday, 11 am - 6 pm



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Dazzle of Day

Enough now of the wet eyes of winter.
Not another single tear.
Hour by hour now, green is beginning,
the essential season, leaf by leaf,
until, in spring's name, we are summoned
to take part in its joy.

How wonderful, its eternal openness,
clean air, the promise of flower,
the full moon leaving
its calling card in the foliage,
men and women trailing back from the beach
with a wet basket
of shifting silver.

PABLO NERUDA

excerpt from "Dazzle of Day" - *Intimacies: Poems of Love by Pablo Neruda*, tr. Alastair Reid
selección de "Deslumbra el día" - *Intimismos: Poemas de Amor por Pablo Neruda*

Deslumbra el día

Nada para los ojos del invierno,
ni una lágrima más,
hora por hora se arma verde
la estación esencial, hoja por hoja,
hasta que con su nombre nos llamaron
para participar de la alegría.

Qué bueno es el eterno para todos,
el aire limpio, la promesa flor:
la luna llena deja
su carta en el follaje:
hombre y mujer vuelven del mar
con un cesto mojado
de plata en movimiento.