



May 99



To freedom of the mind, the body, and the
spirit and to those who have helped me
embark on this journey. ♥

All the effort we have put into this
performance is dedicated to Fonta. May you
heal fast and be back for graduation!

Lale is a well known woman in this neighborhood. Yes, she is overweight but in a Spanish fashion. Her chest opens wide, and stay straight up like the horns of a bull. Her waist is shapely and her hips expand below it. Her full body moves beneath the clothes that she tailors herself. This is her yard and right in the corner all the women who live on the street come to sit down every afternoon. The woman all dressed in black is my grandmother. If you talk a little loud, she'll hear you perfectly. In this yard we talk about everything.

You see the balcony with the pink geraniums? Well, all the balconies have...the one just above the clothesline. It's Lale's daughter's bedroom. She loves singing—she sings and sings in her room whatever comes to her mind. Oh there she is! Underneath lives Juan, a guitar player who sometimes gathers with a band of musicians.

On full moon nights, I have even heard a nightingale sing. Will she come tonight?

✧ Magdalena

Text from the Music

A girl singing in her room.

Falla

Siete canciones populares

Canción

Por traidores tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;
Por traidores tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;

No sabes lo que cuesta "del aire"
Niña el mirarlos, madre a la orilla
Niña el mirarlos, Madre.

Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido;
Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido...

Váyaselo ganado "Del aire"
Por lo perdido
Madre a la orilla,
Por lo perdido, "Madre."

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos,
Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.
Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.

Falla

Seven popular songs

Canción

Because your eyes are treacherous
I am going to bury them.
Because your eyes are treacherous
I am going to bury them.

You know not what it costs,
dearest, go gaze into them, mother
to gaze into them, mother!

They say you don't love me,
But once you did.
They say you don't love me,
But once you did.

Make the best of it
and cut your losses, mother!
Cut your losses,
mother!

Jota

They say we are not in love,
They say we are not in love,
because we're not seen talking,
but let them ask your heart
and mine.
They say we're not in love,
because they don't see us talking.

Ya me despido de tí,
ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre
Adiós niña hasta mañana,
Adiós niña hasta mañana,
ya me despido de tí.
Aunque no quiera tu madre.

Turina

Cantares

Ay...
Más cerca de tí me siento,
cuanto más huyo de tí
pues tu imagen es en mí, es en mí
sombra de mi pensamiento
sombra de mi pensamiento.
Ay, vuelvemelo a decir
vuelvemelo a decir
pues embelesado ayer
te escuchaba sin oír
y te miraba sin ver.
Ay...

Ravel

La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort
Coiffé d'un bonnet coní que de soi
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe
blanche.

Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore
et j'écoute au dehors, une chanson de
flûte où s'épanche tour à tour la
tristesse ou la joie.

I must leave you now,
I must leave you now,
leave your house and your window;
and though your mother may disapprove;
goodbye, dearest, till tomorrow!
goodbye, dearest, till tomorrow!
I must leave you now.
And though your mother may disapprove.

Turina

Cantares

Ay...
I feel you closer to me
the more I fly from you,
for your image is within me
like the shadow of my thought.
Ay, tell me again what you said,
for yesterday I was so fascinated
that I listened to you
without hearing;
and gazed at you
without seeing
Ay...

Ravel

The Enchanted Flute

The shade is sot and my master sleeps
With a funny silken bonnet on his head
And his long yellow nose in his white
beard.

But I am still awake, and I can hear outside
the melody of a flute eloquent
Of sadness or joy in turn.

Un air tour à tour langoureux ou
frivole, que mon amoureux chéri joue.
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée,
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
de la flûte, vers ma joue,
comme un mystérieux baiser.

L'indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux
d'une fille, jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine de ton beau visage
de duvet ombragé.
Est plus séduisante en cor de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte.
Une langue inconue et charmante
Comme une musique fausée.
Entre! Et que mon vin te reconforte...
Mais non, tu passes.
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner,
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...

Rodrigo

Con que la lavaré

Con que la lavaré, la tez de la mi cara
con que la lavaré, con que la lavaré,
que vivo mal cuitada.

Lavanse las casadas, con agua de
limones,
lavome yo cuitada con penas y dolores.
Con penas y dolores.

An air, now languorous, now gay,
Played by my dear lover,
And, when I draw near the casement,
I feel that each note flies
From the flute towards my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.

L'indifférent

Your eyes are gentle, like those of a
girl, young stranger, and the delicate
curve of your handsome face,
shadowed with down,
Is still more alluring in its contour.

Your lips chant on my threshold
An unknown, charming tongue,
Like inharmonious music.
Enter! And that my wine may refresh
you... But no, you pass,
And I see you leaving my door,
Making a last graceful gesture,
Your hips gently swaying,
With your languid, feminine walk...

Rodrigo

With what then may I bathe

What can I use to wash my face with?
What can I use? What can I use?
My life is so sad and lonely.

Married women can wash,
with lemon-water scent,
but I, all heavy-hearted,
can only wash with sorrow and sadness
With sorrow and sadness.

Falla

Siete canciones populares

Polo

Ay, Guardo una "Ay"
Guardo una "Ay"
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
Ay, Ay, Ay. Que a nadie se la diré.

Mal haya el amor, mal haya
Mal haya el amor, mal haya,
Ay, y quien me lo dió a entender
Ay.

Rodrigo

De los álamos vengo, madre.

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver como los menea el aire,
de los álamos vengo madre
de ver como los menea el aire.
De los álamos vengo madre
de ver como los menea el aire
De los álamos vengo madre,
de ver como los menea el aire

De los álamos de Sevilla
De ver a mi linda amiga.

De los álamos vengo madre,
De ver como los mena el aire
De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga.

Falla

Seven popular songs

Polo

Ay, Ay
I have a "Ay"
I have a pain in my heart,
Which I can tell no one.
Ay, which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
A curse on love, and a curse
Ay, on the one who made me know it.
Ay.

Rodrigo

De los álamos vengo, madre.

I have been by the poplars, mother,
to see how the wind makes them move.
I have been by the poplars, mother,
to see how the wind makes them move.
I have been by the poplars, mother,
to see how the wind makes them move.
I have been by the poplars, mother,
to see how the wind makes them move.

I have by the poplars of Sevilla,
To see my beautiful girlfriend.

I have been by the poplars, mother,
To watch how the wind makes them move.
I have been by the poplars of Sevilla,
to visit my beautiful girlfriend ☞

Music

Improvised singing

Falla

Seven popular songs

Canción

Jota

Turina

Cantares

Ravel

Sheherazade

The enchanted flute

The indifferent

Anonymous

Romanza (*Guitar*)

Rodrigo

With what then may I bathe?

Falla

Seven Popular songs

Polo

Rodrigo

I have been by the poplars, mother

☞

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Piano

Amy Williams

Guitar

John Arnold

Flute

Alison Hale

Voice

Magdalena

Art Work

Magdalena

Lighting

Garen Marshall