





# Autopsy

Andrea

20



## 1. Vou

(Álvaro de Campos)

for voice and vibraphone • 9:31

Igor C. Silva

## 2. A Carta

(Maria José)

for voice and cello • 10:30

Sofia Borges

## 3. THE POET IS A FAKER

(Fernando Pessoa)

for voice and electronics • 5:40

Sara Glojnaric

## 4. Got Lost

(Álvaro de Campos)

for voice and piano • 26:20

Helmut Lachenmann

# 1. **Vou** (2023)

Igor C. Silva

*Commissioned work by  
Podium Gegenwart  
Deutscher Musikrat  
(German Music Council)  
in the frame of the support program  
InSzene for Andrea Conangla*

Little by little,  
Without me lacking anything,  
Without me having anything left over,  
Without anything being in the same position,

I walk still,  
I'm living being myself through a multitude  
of people without being me.  
I'm being all but me.

Little by little,  
Without anyone speaking to me  
Without anyone listening to me  
Without anyone wanting me

Little by little,  
Without any of that,  
With nothing but that,  
I'm stopping.  
I am still  
I will not end  
I still am.

*CUL DE LAMPE by Álvaro de Campos edited  
by Igor C. Silva as it appears in the song*

## 2. A Carta (2023)

Sofia Borges

*Commissioned work by  
Projecto DME 2023 for  
Andrea Conangla*

You'll never see the hunchback of the yellow  
house, but I don't think but of you

(It wasn't light blue, but a twill too light for the  
dark blue it usually is)

I'm a pot with a wilted plant. paralytic,  
rheumatism, tuberculosis, a rag like me

I feel pity  
Another body, another temper

(the body one can love, I have the right to love  
without being loved. I also have the right to cry,  
which no one should be denied. To be allowed to  
be outside, even if you don't give me a thought,  
but I'd love to meet you and talk)

I'm neither a woman nor a man, because nobody  
thinks I'm anything  
A sort of human being  
Oh, dear God.

A doll with its bones inside out, like I am

I think only of you  
I envy her  
I have no right to anything

Mr Antonio,  
I'm nineteen years old

Mr Antonio?

It's the soul that hurts, not the body.  
The hump doesn't hurt

A doll with its bones turned inside out  
It's sad to be a wimp  
A doll inside out

(a doll with her bones turned inside out,  
a monkey, a wimp, with a hump coming  
out of her blouse)

I could never have anyone who loved me the way  
one loves people who have a body one can love.  
The body, the body

It's the weight of being nobody. A rag like me  
I'm neither a man nor a woman  
My whole soul  
My whole life

I'm crying

Mr António, you will never read this letter

*The Letter from the Hunchback to the Locksmith  
by Maria José edited by Sofia Borges as it appears  
in the song*

### 3. THE POET IS A FAKER (2024)

Sara Glojnarić

*Commissioned work by  
Andrea Conangla*

The poet is a faker.  
He pretends so completely  
He even pretends it's pain  
The pain he genuinely feels.

And those who read what he writes  
In the read pain they feel well,  
not the two he had,  
Not both the ones he felt,  
But only the one they don't feel.

And so on the rails of the wheel  
Spins, entertaining the reason,  
That string train  
That is called heart.

*Poem by Fernando Pessoa*



## 4. Got Lost (2007/8)

Helmut Lachenmann

### Text1

No more path! Abyss all around  
and deathly silence!  
That's how you wanted it!  
From the path your will departed!  
Now, wanderer, it's time!  
Now look cold and clear!  
You are lost if you believe in danger.

### Text2

All love letters are  
Ridiculous.  
They wouldn't be love letters if they weren't  
Ridiculous.  
  
In my time I also wrote love letters,  
Like the others,  
Ridiculous.  
  
Love letters, if there's love,  
Must be  
Ridiculous.  
  
But in fact  
Only those who've never written  
Love letters  
Are  
Ridiculous.

### Text3

Today my laundry basket got lost.  
It was last seen standing in front of the dryer.  
Since it is pretty difficult to carry the laundry  
without it I'd be most happy to get it back.

If only I could go back  
To when I wrote  
Without thinking how  
Love letters  
Ridiculous.

The truth is that today  
My memories  
Of those love letters  
Are what is  
Ridiculous.

(All more-than-three-syllable words,  
Along with unaccountable feelings,  
Are naturally  
Ridiculous.)

# Lado B — Coitadinho do Tiraninho

Improvisation for the  
50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the  
Portuguese Revolution of Freedom  
(25<sup>th</sup> April 1974)

**Andrea Conangla** Voice  
**João Miguel Braga-Simões**  
Percussion (unexpected guest)  
**Igor C. Silva** Bass and mix

## Text 1

António de Oliveira Salazar.  
Three names in regular sequence...  
António is António.  
Oliveira is a tree.  
Salazar is just a surname.

This Mr Salazar  
He's made of salt and bad luck.  
If it rains one day,  
The water dissolves  
The salt, it's natural.  
Oh, hell!  
It looks like it's already rained

Poor  
little tyrant!  
He doesn't drink wine.  
Not even on his own...  
He drinks truth  
And freedom.

Poor  
Little tyrant!  
My neighbour  
Is in Guinea  
And my godfather  
In Limoeiro  
Just round the corner.  
But nobody knows why.  
But it's  
Sure and certain  
That this comforts  
And gives us faith.  
That the poor  
Little tyrant  
Doesn't drink wine,  
Or even  
Coffee.

## Text 2

If you want to dance and  
you don't have a partner  
Call Antonio, call Antonio  
Only Antónios know by heart  
The word love





**Andrea Conangla** Soprano • **João Dias** Vibraphone

**Manuela Ferrão** Cello • **Jana Luksts** Piano

**Igor Stepanov** Sound engineer • **Lorenz Lehmann** Sound engineer

**Daniel Santos** Sound engineer and mastering

**Svitlana Zhytnia** Visuals • **Abel Almeida** Website • **Estaminé Studio** Graphic design

# chografia

## Conangla

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A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face, focusing on her eye, nose, and mouth. She has dramatic makeup, including bright blue eyeshadow, red lipstick, and red blush. Her eye is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white. Several large, solid-colored circles (green, yellow, red) are scattered across the image, some overlapping the woman's face and others in the background. The text "andreaconangla.com" is centered in the middle of the image.

**andreaconangla.com**