



EN



Autopsy

Andrea

20

1. You

(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

A black and white photograph of actress Andrea Conangla. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. Her dark, curly hair is styled in an updo. She is wearing a dark, ribbed, V-neck sweater. Below her reflection on the surface, her eyes are wide and looking upwards. The background is plain and light.

1. You (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

Text 1

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.

Text 2

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.

Text 3

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
50th anniversary of the
Portuguese Revolution of Freedom
(25th 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.

Text 2

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.

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, slightly blurred portrait of a woman's face. She has dark, curly hair and is wearing dramatic makeup, including blue eyeliner and red lipstick. Several colored dots (red, yellow, green) are scattered across the image, some overlapping her face and others in the background.

andreaconangla.com