

The recent American political debate over arts funding reminds us that art is never free from politics, nor artists free from political reality. To think otherwise is to live in a quixotic, utopian dream world. In sixteenth-century Spain, the Reyes Católicos, Isabella and Ferdinand, smiled on explorers, musicians, and painters, while Torquemada practiced ethnic cleansing on non-Catholics through their forced conversion to the Church, expulsion, or death.

For Leonardo Balada, Generalísimo Francisco Franco's repressive political regime four centuries later shaped not only his life and career, but his music, and even his name. Born in Barcelona on September 22, 1933, Leonardo's given name was simply Nardo, for the white flower that grows there. Nardo's childhood memories were of war and destruction. In 1936, with Franco's forces attempting a *coup d'état* and failing to win in Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona, those cities were targeted for punitive action. Two needs mutually satisfied led to this: Franco needed help, and the Third Reich's air force needed practice in preparation for the later aggressions that would cause World War II. An agreement was reached: German bombers would attack those three Spanish cities (and of course Guernica, searingly memorialized by Picasso's gray-and-white painting). As part of a non-intervention pact, the European democracies and the United States kept their hands off. As Hitler and Mussolini aided Franco, the Soviet Union gave the Spanish Republic weapons and political advisors--communists. American anti-fascists joined the Republicans and fought alongside them and the Communists in the Spanish Civil War, which raged for three years.

Three-year old Nardo ran with his mother and father through the streets and down the metro steps into the Underground to escape the German bombs pummeling Barcelona. Fleeing with his parents to escape the havoc of the raids continued until he was six. In 1939, it stopped. Franco had won and life went on. Nardo's father, Pepito (José), was a *sastre*, a tailor, as had been his forebears and as would Nardo. Pepito had left school at fourteen, but continued to read, study, and learn. Balada says his father is his idol, not Beethoven:

My father worked fourteen hours a day, did not smoke or drink, and when he could he read and studied Esperanto. He was a vegetarian and opposed the strict regime of Franco. A liberal, my parents' wedding was civil, not religious. I was also never baptized. In the Depression of the Thirties, my father would take us to the opera when he had the money. I helped in the tailor shop and he sent me to the Conservatorio del Liceu--a ten-minute walk from my house--only so that I would appreciate good music.

Later, when Nardo was drafted, the Spanish army told him it was "not good to have a non-Christian name," and the white flower gave way to the papal lion through a legal name change: Leonardo. Since the draft had produced an excess of soldiers, however, he spent only a few months in the army, getting out by lottery! He came to the United States to study in 1956, hoping to make his parents proud. Although he planned to spend one year, with no English Leonardo was fed up after a week. Attending the New York College of Music, he was depressed and determined to leave when his scholarship ran out. "I was going back to Spain to be a tailor, which I hated," he says. "But then I went to a party with friends and met a girl, the wife of a Catalan painter, but younger than he, and I fell in love on the spot. I renewed my scholarship, hung on, and went to The Juilliard School and graduated in 1960."

Balada, who became a naturalized American citizen in 1981, counts among his teachers Aaron Copland, Alexandre Tansman, Vincent Persichetti, and Igor Markevitch.

The composer divides his music into three distinct periods. His *oeuvre* includes more than 70 compositions, among them four operas, sixteen symphonic works, eleven concertos, seven pieces for chorus with and without orchestra, and various chamber works. The first period includes twelve works, the second lists twenty-four compositions, and the third period numbers thirty-seven. The first period runs from 1959 through 1965, when Balada was “searching for an artistic identity.” This music is modernist, neoclassic, motivic, with conventional harmonies and developments. It was a time when 12-tone music was academically dominant. Balada, however, “never believed in it; I hated it and felt I was politically ‘out’ at Juilliard as a result.” It was a time of free-for-all experimentation in America, led by John Cage, Morton Feldman, Robert Ashley, James Tenney, Terry Riley, Pauline Oliveros, Gordon Mumma, Roger Reynolds, Alvin Lucier, and others. For a composer seeking his or her own voice it must have been like standing on Arctic pack ice during a thaw as the contiguous mass splits into fragments.

Then in 1966, with *Geometrias No. 1*, a change took place. While Penderecki’s and Xenakis’s music had abandoned pulse, Balada’s Catalan blood could not let his music be that abstract. Pulse, rhythm, is always present. Long interested in geometric art, as opposed to the abstract expressionism of that period, Balada decided to throw out melodies, “any tune you could whistle,” concentrating instead on what he calls “lines and textures.” Although neither electronic nor aleatoric, his music of that period nevertheless echoes those esthetics.

Balada worked in 1960 with Salvador Dali, the celebrated Catalan painter whose artistic life was consecrated to promoting surrealism and Dali, probably not in that order. They were making a twenty-minute film, “a satire against Mondrian” called *Chaos and Creation*. Meeting at the St. Regis Hotel in New York they talked, drank soda and ate peanuts, just two expatriate Spaniards. Dali spoke “normally” with Balada. Then an autograph seeker approached. “Dali immediately became Dali—extreme, excessive, shocking. I thought it was a joke. . . . Dali had an impact on me, however, as I realized that in the painter’s transformation of an image, a line becomes a texture, a cloud shapes itself into something else. The same could happen in music.” Balada and Dali worked collaborated again in 1967 as part of a “happening” at Lincoln Center.

Balada’s ‘geometric style’ extended through 1974. Then in 1975, with *Homage to Casals* and *Homage to Sarasate*, Balada’s composing style changed again. Keeping the pulse and textures from the second period, he reintroduced melodic ideas, perhaps as a return to his roots, or as an acknowledgment of his patronym, Balada, which means ballad, song, in Spanish. These lines are not obviously melodic, but are related to Dali’s surrealism: exaggerated depictions of things, twisted images, manipulated in unusual ways.

Balada’s music on this disc is from the second and third periods. *María Sabina* (1969), a Symphonic Tragedy in Three Parts, is for narrators, chorus, and orchestra. Set to a text by Camilo José Cela, it is dedicated “to Monica,” Balada’s first wife. Cela, who was given the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1989, was already an important figure when he and Balada met in the mid-1960s. Born in Galicia in 1916, Cela was in his twenties when Franco came to power. Realizing the implications of fascism, Cela could not support Franco, but he stayed in his country. Cela, implicitly but not overtly anti-Franco, wrote his books in a kind of ‘code’ understandable by other anti-fascists who could not get

around the censors. Cela had a mixed reputation politically among other European liberals. He occupied an unusual position, the complexity of which could not be understood until perhaps the late 1970s, when the excesses of Soviet Communism were finally being admitted by anti-fascists internationally. Prior to that fascist atrocities were quickly denounced, but Communist atrocities were overlooked.

Balada describes Cela as “a righteous artist, for the poor and anti-Establishment.” In *María Sabina*, the old theme of political repression and the outcast is expressed through code and metaphor. María Sabina’s character is based on an actual Mexican mushroom-cult priestess, still alive when the work’s premier took place at Carnegie Hall on April 17, 1970. Theodore S. Beardsley Jr., then Director of the Hispanic Society of America, wrote of the piece:

Some literary critics will undoubtedly link the vocabulary of the text to the movement in post-Civil War Spanish letters known as *Tremendismo*. However, neither the person of María Sabina nor much of the phraseology of the literary text are sheer invention, but rather constitute a careful reconstruction of the real-life María Sabina based on factual accounts. María Sabina in life as well as in the text is the high priestess of the hallucinatory mushroom cult in the village of Huautla, in the province of Oaxaca, Mexico. Clinging to an ancient Indian cult, outside Christianity and sometimes persecuted by Mexican law, María Sabina has been the subject of several scholarly anthropological studies. . . . The real María Sabina was alive and somewhat clandestinely practicing her arts in Huautla at the moment her stage counterpart was hanged in Carnegie Hall. Indeed, in a press interview some months later she informed her interviewer, not without bewilderment, that in New York an opera had been written about her. . . . In July of 1970, *The New York Times* reported trouble: “Hundreds of hippies are braving imprisonment and fines to penetrate this mushroom paradise in the State of Oaxaca, where the authorities are conducting a drive against mushroom eaters.” Their target was Huautla and María Sabina, whose photograph appears in the article performing a ritual blessing of mushrooms. Subsequent rumors claim that María Sabina was finally coaxed into performing the holy ritual for hire, a sacrilege, and that several hippies died as a consequence of over-ingestion of the mushrooms. In any event, María Sabina’s home in Huautla has been thrice burned by resentful villagers, and she is reported to be carrying in her body two bullets fired into her by neighbors enraged at the notoriety and the influx of foreigners she has attracted to Huautla, where they profane the sacred rites.

The Madrid premiere was to follow by a few months. Cela was well enough connected to secure a performance and broadcast. The censors objected: There would have to be some revisions. Compromises were reached, the censors approved, and the text was expunged of its “offending passages.” The original version had run for 90 minutes. (This disc presents the later, 35-minute version.) The Puerto Rican actress for the premiere, María Soledad Romero, had memorized her long role and although she agreed to the cuts, she was not able to delete them from her memory. At the Madrid performance, the offending lines emerged. ¡*Scandale!* Balada, on the podium, remembers stopping the performance twice. Loud whistling, foot-stamping, and other signs of protest from parts of the audience created such a din the chorus could not hear the orchestra. Balada, feared a thrown tomato or shoe would strike his head. The modernity of the music was perhaps “one-fourth responsible, the text three-fourths.” The censors, afraid to broadcast the performance, claimed “technical difficulties,” always the reason given during Franco’s time when programs were canceled.

Five years later, a performance was being arranged for November 1975. Although assurances were made by the conductor, Raphael Frúbeck de Burgos, that “María Sabina” was not “anti-monarchist,” the performance was nevertheless not scheduled.

Thunderous Scenes (1992), with a libretto by the composer, is from Balada’s opera *Death of Columbus*, written in 1994, which is a sequel to *Christopher Columbus*, given its premiere in Barcelona in 1989 at the Barcelona Opera, with tenor José Carreras and soprano Montserrat Caballé in the roles of Columbus and Isabella. In Spanish, the title is *Escenas Borrascosas*, inspired by the film classic, *Wuthering Heights*, whose Spanish translation was *Cumbres Borrascosas*. The premiere was given at the Alicante International Contemporary Music Festival in Spain. In four scenes for vocal soloists, mixed chorus, and orchestra, it is based on “four dark moments in the real and unreal life” of Christopher Columbus after his discovery of America. “Mirad!”, the first scene, depicts Columbus returned to Spain in shackles after the third voyage, accused of treason. “Jerusalén” pits Columbus against his court accusers and his Queen. Using Biblical quotes, he convinces her that he is destined to free Jerusalem from the infidel and to find the Holy Sepulcher. In “Amadisimas!” Columbus hears the voices of Queen Isabella and Beatriz, his lover, mother of one of his sons. Both women are anguished, the Queen over her disappointment in Columbus’s mistreatment and enslavement of the Indians, Beatriz for the years lost “without the warmth of your kisses.” The final scene, “Perdoname!” imagines Columbus in delirium “at the gate of death.” Franciscan monks intone the *Ave verum* as Columbus looks back over his past and into the future, seeing dark portents for mankind. His last words, “In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum,” are used as the final text.

Guernica (1966), a symphonic movement, is dedicated to Pablo Picasso. It is an homage to him, the painting depicting the shelling of the Basque town by the Germans, and to young Nardo’s bomb shelter traumas. American politics swirled around another “civil war.” Leonardo, living in New York at 118th Street and Amsterdam Avenue in 1965, attended the first anti-Vietnam War protest at the MacMillan Theater of Columbia University. The uproar of antiwar feeling at the meeting rekindled Balada’s vivid recall of the Spanish Civil War. “I was teaching at the United Nations School. The New Orleans Philharmonic announced it would read contemporary music, under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. I had to write this piece, and did so in a flood of energy over my two-week vacation at the end of December. Werner Torkanowsky conducted it, and then included *Guernica* in his regular New Orleans Philharmonic season the next year.” A Second Period work, *Guernica* uses controlled aleatoric devices in the strings, cluster sounds in the high winds, trumpets, and low brasses, and antiphonal effects for the percussion.

Homage to Sarasate (1975) marks the beginning of Balada’s Third Period. It’s co-dedication is to his father, Pepito, the liberal anti-fascist tailor, and to the great violinist and composer Pablo de Sarasate. The opening moments present rhythmic fragments suggesting the rapid triple-meter of a *zapateado*, the traditional Spanish dance, and the title of the Sarasate work from which the central musical ideas come. Brief snatches of melodies alluding to Sarasate’s original emerge in a variety of tonal and rhythmic dislocations, quickly dissolving as other figures come into play. The collage of melodic bits grow more and more dense. This approach is related to other Balada compositions in which another composer is honored—for example, his 1976 *Three Transparencies of a Bach Prelude* and the 1977 *Transparencies of Chopin’s First Ballade*.

—Howard Klein

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MARIA SABINA

Text: Camilo José Cela

English translation: Luz Castaños and Theodore S. Beardsley, Jr.

PART I

Pregonero

En la serranía de Oaxaca
Crece el hongo de fray Bernardino
Los indios le dicen nanacatlh
Y con él se emborrachan y cantan

Los herejes los sabios los brujos
Las leonadas galas del teyhinti
La sangre del dulce sacrificio
La sangre del ave de la selva

La sangre del Ometepepec niño
Enfermo de amor y vanidad
La sangre de los guerreros muertos
En brazos de las sucias doncellas

Al cabo de cuatro siglos largos
Nació el ángel María Sabina
Que come teunanacatlh amargo
Y bebe ron y anís y agua clara

La condenaron a muerte en la horca
Y de nada valieron el llanto
de Valentina Pavlovna Wasson
Y el fantasma de Antonin Artaud

Pidiendo caridad al demonio
Clemencia a los ángeles ruinosos
Mil llamas al Popocatepetl
O el fin del mundo a los verdes dioses

Se apiade de María Sabina
Y del corazón de sus verdugos
Sin nombre para poder decir
Desnudos alacranes hambrientos

Calvos de tiña mansa y de tiña
Brava y de astronomía ilegal
Amén y sobre las cien cabezas
Del cordero brille el relámpago

Coro

El pueblo quiere ahorcar a María Sabina
El pueblo quiere ver cómo el verdugo que vino de la
cuidad ahorca a María Sabina
El pueblo quiere tirarle de los pies a María Sabina ahorcada
El pueblo quiere besar la falda de María Sabina

María Sabina

Soy una mujer que llora
Soy una mujer que escupe
Soy una mujer que ya no da leche
Soy una mujer que habla
Soy una mujer que grita
Soy una mujer que da la vida
Soy una mujer que ya no pare
Soy una mujer que flota sobre las aguas
Soy una mujer que vuela por los aires
Soy una mujer del aire
Soy una mujer que bebe el humo
Soy una mujer de luz
Soy una mujer pura
Soy una mujer de trapo
Soy una mujer que come flores
Soy una mujer capaz de pasar hambres
Soy una mujer que pasa hambres
Soy una mujer que pasa muchas hambres
Soy una mujer sin lengua
Soy una mujer de palo
Soy una mujer con ojos que ni miran ni brillan
Soy una mujer que ve en la tiniebla
Soy una mujer que palpa la gota de rocío posada sobre la yerba
Soy una mujer hecha de polvo y vino aguado
Soy una mujer que sueña mientras la atropella el hombre
Soy una mujer que siempre vuelve a ser atropellada
Soy una mujer que no tiene fuerza para levantar una aguja
Soy una mujer condenada a muerte
Soy una mujer de inclinaciones sencillas
Soy una mujer que cría víboras y gorriones en el escote
Soy una mujer que cría salamandras y helechos en el sobaco
Soy una mujer que cría musgo en el pecho y en el vientre
Soy una mujer a la que nadie besó jamas con entusiasmo
Soy una mujer que esconde pistolas y rifles en las arrugas de la nuca
Soy una mujer que no tiene dientes
Soy una mujer con dos filas de dientes
Soy una mujer con tres filas de dientes
Soy una mujer a la que nacen dientes en el paladar
Soy una mujer que come tierra
Soy una mujer que se cura las llagas con tierra

Soy una mujer que no salta con alegría por encima de los tejados
Soy una mujer sin pezones
Soy una mujer con seis tetas como las perras
Soy una mujer a la que enterraron viva
Soy una mujer que gozó al ser enterrada viva
Soy una mujer que bebe el semen del padre en la flor de la mandrágora
Soy una mujer que fuma yerbas aromáticas en una pipa
 hecha de vértebras de martir desangrado
Soy una mujer casi ciega
Soy una mujer casi sorda
Soy una mujer casi muda y paralítica
Soy una mujer que ronda los urinarios y los desmontes
Soy una mujer a la que canta el vientre
Soy una mujer que ignora el pecado
Soy una mujer que se desnuda y se viste con libertad
Soy una mujer que ríe sin motivo
Soy una mujer fiel
Soy una mujer respetuosa
Soy una mujer indecente
Soy una mujer que cría ranas y culebras de agua en el lavabo
Soy una mujer envuelta en un sudario de colores
Soy una mujer con las uñas quebradizas
Soy una mujer que se está quedando sin uñas
Soy una mujer que ya ni recuerda cuando perdió las uñas
Soy una mujer que no sabe solfeo
Soy una mujer que alimenta pulgas por caridad
Soy una mujer de aliento fétido
Soy una mujer gorda y poco sana
Soy una mujer a la que cosieron el sexo y el ano
Soy una mujer a la que nadie mira de frente
Soy una mujer que se cobija donde puede por ejemplo bajo
 los puentes o en la cama de los leprosos
Soy una mujer que ama el fuego
Soy una mujer que lleva el fuego de un lado para otro
Soy una mujer incapaz de escupir fuego

PART I

The Town Crier

In the high Sierra of Oaxaca
The mushrooms of Fray Bernardino grow
The Indians all call it nanacatlh
It makes them drunk and it makes them sing of

The heretics, the sages, the witches
The golden bronze people of the teyhinti
The red blood of the sweet sacrifice

The red blood of the bird of the forest

The red blood of the Ometepe child
Sick with love and with vanity
The red blood of the now dead warriors
In the arms of the dirty young maidens

But at the end of four long centuries
The angel María Sabina was born
She eats the bitter teunanacatl
And drinks rum and anis and pure clear water

They condemned her to death on the gallows
She cannot be saved by the wailing
Of Valentina Pavlovna Wasson
Nor by the stark ghost of Antonin Artaud

Begging mercy from the devil
Pardon from all the ruinous angels
Many flames lit to Popocatepetl
Or the total end of the world from the green gods

Have pity on María Sabina
And on the hearts of her hangmen
Nameless, so that one can call them
Deadly scorpions, naked, and famished

Bald from cradle-cap and ringworm
Wild from illicit astronomy
Amen and high above the hundred heads
Of the lamb let brilliant lightning bolts flash

Chorus

The whole town wants to hang María Sabina
The whole town wants to see how the hangman from the city
 kills María Sabina
The whole town wants to pull the dangling feet of the hanged
 María Sabina
The whole town wants to kiss the skirt of María Sabina

María Sabina

I am a woman who cries
I am a woman who spits
I am a woman who no longer gives milk
I am a woman who speaks
I am a woman who screams
I am a woman who gives life
I am a woman who is now barren

I am a woman who floats over the waters
I am a woman who flies through the air
I am a woman of the air
I am a woman who drinks smoke
I am a woman of light
I am a woman who is pure
I am a woman of rags
I am a woman who eats flowers
I am a woman capable of suffering hunger
I am a woman who is suffering hunger
I am a woman who often suffers hunger
I am a woman without a tongue
I am a woman of sticks
I am a woman with eyes that neither see nor shine
I am a woman who sees in the shadows
I am a woman who caresses the drop of dew on the grass
I am a woman made of dust and watered wine
I am a woman who daydreams while a man rapes her
I am a woman who always gets raped again
I am a woman who does not have the strength to lift a pin
I am a woman condemned to death
I am a woman of simple inclinations
I am a woman who grows snakes and sparrows on her bosom
I am a woman who grows salamanders and ferns in her armpits
I am a woman who grows moss on her chest and belly
I am a woman whom no one ever kissed with enthusiasm
I am a woman who hides pistols and rifles in the wrinkles of her neck
I am a woman who has no teeth
I am a woman with two rows of teeth
I am a woman with three rows of teeth
I am a woman who has teeth growing in her palate
I am a woman who eats dirt
I am a woman who cures her wounds with dirt
I am a woman who does not jump with joy over the rooftops
I am a woman without nipples
I am a woman with six teats like bitches
I am a woman who was buried alive
I am a woman who enjoyed being buried alive
I am a woman who drinks her father's semen in the flower of the
 mandrake
I am a woman who smokes aromatic herbs in a pipe made of
 vertebrae from a blood-drained martyr
I am a woman who is almost blind
I am a woman who is almost deaf
I am a woman who is almost dumb and paralyzed
I am a woman who hovers around urinals and rubble
I am a woman whose belly sings
I am a woman who ignores sin

I am a woman who undresses and dresses with freedom
I am a woman who laughs for no reason at all
I am a woman who is faithful
I am a woman who is respectful
I am a woman who is indecent
I am a woman who grows frogs and water snakes in the sink
I am a woman wrapped in a multicolored shroud
I am a woman with brittle nails
I am a woman who is losing her nails
I am a woman who cannot remember when she lost her nails
I am a woman who doesn't know solfège
I am a woman who feeds fleas out of charity
I am a woman with fetid breath
I am a woman who is fat and unhealthy
I am a woman whose vagina and anus were sewn up
I am a woman whom no one looks in the eye
I am a woman who seeks shelter where she can, for example
 under bridges or in the beds of lepers
I am a woman who loves fire
I am a woman who carries fire from one place to another
I am a woman incapable of spitting fire

PART II

Coro

Las viejecitas impedidas quieren ahorcar a María Sabina
Las viejecitas impedidas quieren ver el gesto que pone
 el verdugo mientras abraza por el aire a María Sabina
Las viejecitas impedidas no podrán colgarse de los pies
 de María Sabina
Las viejecitas impedidas quieren oler el último sudor
 de María Sabina

María Sabina

Oye luna
Oye mujer cruz del sur
Oye mujer estrella de los navegantes
Oye cirio del muerto
Oye coneja recién parida
Oye el sol y las nubes
Oye mujer herida de muerte
Oye mujer sin alma
Oye mujer sin cuerpo
Oye mujer sin amor
Oye mujer
Oye caracol de la fuente
Oye mosca del verano
Oye lucero de la mañana

Oye gorgojo de los ataúdes
Oye Andrómaca
Oye agua de la lluvia
Oye día luminoso
Oye negra boca del perro
Oye viuda salaz y reconfortada
Oye viuda salaz y hermosa
Oye María Estuardo
Oye hospiciano de los latigazos
Oye Juana de Arco
Oye San Andrés en la cruz
Oye hospiciano de los latigazos
Oye Mesalina
Oye hospiciano de los latigazos
Oye flor de la marijuana
Oye ojo pisado por las bestias mansas
Oye sacristán que roba el aceite
Oye descolorida ánima del purgatorio
Oye lechuza solitaria
Oye Nicanor
Declaro que soy una muerta que canta
Declaro que conozco la ciencia de levantar columnas con lágrimas y saliva
Declaro que sé preparar elixires de vida y pócimas de muerte
Declaro que si pido clemencia es para escarnecer vuestro corazón
Declaro que no creo en vuestra justicia ni en vuestra injusticia
Declaro que soy culpable ante la ley que os rige
Declaro que desprecio vuestra ley
Declaro que escupo vuestra ley
Declaro que siento compasión por vosotros y por vuestra ley

Coro

¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY!
¡Prepara la sentencia alguacil!
¡Prepara la fosa verdugo!
¡Prepara la piedra niño!
No prepares la fosa sepulturero deja que a María Sabina
la devoren los pájaros y la seque el viento
¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY!

María Sabina

Oye reloj del almacén
Oye rata del sumidero
Oye mocita que hoy no quieres mirarme a los ojos
Oye zángano
Oye ramera mimosa que te dejas chupar la sangre por el zángano
Oye virgen que te miras al espejo con saña
Oye tú también verdugo de suaves maneras
Oye jugador de dados

Oye bebedor de cerveza
Oye violador de cadáveres, confidente de cadáveres, compadre de los cadáveres
Oye tañedor de ocarina que pecas con las cabras solteras
Oye mariposa clavada con un alfiler
Oye miserable atesorador de botellas vacías
Oye Martín pescador que vuela sobre la mar embravecida
Oye aurora boreal
Oye arco iris de sólo cinco colores

Me río de vuestra impaciencia
Me río porque sé que os voy a defraudar con mi pirueta
Me río de que no sepáis aprovechar mejor las ocasiones

PART II

Chorus

All the crippled and sick old bitches want now to hang our
 María Sabina
All the crippled and sick old bitches want now to see the expression
 of the hangman, while he embraces her through the air, our María Sabina
All the crippled and sick old bitches won't be able to hang from the feet of María Sabina
All the crippled and sick old bitches want now to smell the last
 droplet of sweat of María Sabina

María Sabina

Listen moon
Listen woman, Southern Cross
Listen woman, star of sailors
Listen candle of the dead
Listen newborn rabbit
Listen sun and clouds
Listen woman wounded unto death
Listen woman without a soul
Listen woman without a body
Listen woman without love
Listen woman
Listen snail in the fountain
Listen summer fly
Listen morning star
Listen graveyard termite
Listen Andromache
Listen rain water
Listen bright day
Listen dog's black mouth
Listen lustful and comforted widow
Listen lustful and beautiful widow
Listen Mary Stuart
Listen pauper of the whippings

Listen Joan of Arc
Listen St. Andrew on the Cross
Listen pauper of the whippings
Listen Messalina
Listen pauper of the whippings
Listen flower of marijuana
Listen eye that has been trampled by tame beasts
Listen sacristan who steals the oil
Listen discolored soul in purgatory
Listen lonely owl
Listen Nicanor
I declare that I am a corpse that sings
I declare that I know how to raise columns with tears and saliva
I declare that I can prepare elixirs of life and potions of death
I declare that if I ask for mercy it is only to mock your heart
I declare that I do not believe in your justice or your injustice
I declare that I am guilty under the law that rules you
I declare that I despise your law
I declare that I spit on your law
I declare that I feel compassion for you and for your law

Chorus

AY! AY! AY! AY! AY!
Prepare the sentence for her, you Sheriff
Prepare the rope for her, you Hangman
Prepare the stones for her, you child
Don't prepare the tomb for her, you there gravedigger, we demand
that María Sabina be devoured by the wild birds and dried up by the wind
AY! AY! AY! AY! AY!

María Sabina

Listen warehouse clock
Listen sewer rat
Listen young girl who won't look me in the eye today
Listen pimp
Listen spoiled harlot who allows her blood to be sucked by the pimp
Listen virgin who looks at yourself in the mirror with fury
Listen you hangman with soft manners
Listen crap-shooter
Listen beer drinker
Listen profaner of corpses, friend of corpses, kin of corpses
Listen flute player who sins with maiden goats
Listen pin-pierced butterfly
Listen miserly hoarder of empty bottles
Listen Martin the fisherman who flies over the enraged sea
Listen aurora borealis
Listen rainbow of just five colors

I laugh at your impatience
I laugh because I know I will fool you with my pirouette
I laugh because you do not know how to take advantage of occasions

PART III

Coro

Pedimos que el verdugo ahorque a María Sabina
Pedimos que se reparta su carne para cocerla en nuestros pucheros
Pedimos que la guardia ahuyente al cuervo y al gusano
Pedimos un poco de sangre reconfortadora

María Sabina

El corazón de Cristo
El corazón de la Madre de Cristo
Soy conocida en el cielo
Dios me conoce
Soy una mujer limpia
El pájaro me limpia
El libro me limpia
El agua me limpia
El aire me limpia
La flor me limpia
Soy conocida en el cielo
Dios me conoce
El corazón de Cristo
El corazón de la Madre de Cristo

Coro

¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY!
¡Lee ya la sentencia alguacil!
¡Disponte a columpiarte en el aire verdugo!
¡Lávate bien la boca con agua de rosas niño!
No prepares la fosa sepulturero y ahuyenta los pájaros
y los gusanos que la carne de María Sabina es de los hombres
¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY!

María Sabina

Sabéis que amo el fuego
Sabéis que llevo el fuego de un lado para otro
Sabéis que escupo fuego si quiero hacerlo
Sabéis que soy una mujer que se lava la cara con la sangre de los mozos
Sabéis que soy una mujer que se lava la cara con la sangre de los muertos

Coro

Sí, Sí, sabemos

María Sabina

Sabéis que soy una mujer que se da baños de asiento con la sangre del león

Coro

Sí, Sí, sabemos

María Sabina

Sabéis que soy una mujer que se convierte en humo
Sabéis que soy una mujer que tiene el corazón de aire
Sabéis que soy una mujer que vuela como el vilano
Sabéis que soy una mujer que flota igual que el corcho
Sabéis que soy una mujer que aún puede parir
Sabéis que soy una mujer a la que vais a quitar la vida
Sabéis que soy una mujer no más viciosa que las otras mujeres
Sabéis que soy una mujer entera y que no llora
Sabéis que soy una mujer que os escupe a la cara
Sabéis que soy una mujer que mea con ruidoso entusiasmo
Sabéis que soy una mujer que alimenta ancianos con su leche
Sabéis que soy una mujer que canta y toca la campana
Sabéis que soy una mujer que canta y toca el violín
Sabéis que soy una mujer que vomita de asco sobre vuestras cabezas

Coro

Disparad cohetes para que su estruendo no permita oír
las palabras de María Sabina
Pegad a vuestros hijos para que su llanto no permita
oír las palabras de María Sabina
Convocad la tempestad para que su quejido no permita
oír las palabras de María Sabina

María Sabina

El corazón de Nuestro Señor Jesucristo
El corazón de su Santísima Madre
Me conocen los santos del cielo y los ángeles
Dios me conoce
Soy una mujer sin sangre
El pájaro me roba la sangre
El libro abierto me roba la sangre
El agua me roba la sangre
El aire me roba la sangre
La flor me roba la sangre
Me conocen los santos del cielo y los ángeles
Dios me conoce
El corazón de la Santísima Madre de Cristo
El corazón de Nuestro Señor Jesucristo

Coro

¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY!
¡Atended a la lectura de la sentencia por el alguacil!

¡No perdáis detalle del esmerado oficio del verdugo!
¡Levantad a los niños sobre vuestras cabezas para que
recuerden este instante durante toda la vida!
¡Emborrachad al sepulturero y rompedle en mil pedazos
el azadón!

María Sabina

El corazón de Cristo
El corazón de la Madre de Cristo
Soy conocida en el cielo

Dios me conoce
Soy una mujer limpia
El pájaro me limpia
El libro me limpia
El agua me limpia
El aire me limpia
La flor me limpia

Soy conocida en el cielo
Dios me conoce
El corazón de Cristo
El corazón de la Madre de Cristo

Coro

¡Desatad al verdugo!
¡Dad al verdugo un vaso de aguardiente!
¡Guardad un respetuoso silencio cuando el verdugo cierre los ojos!
¡Viva el verdugo!

Alguacil

Ahí la tenéis verdugo
Matadla ya
Nadie os ha de pedir cuentas de vuestra acción

Verdugo

Perdonadme María Sabina
Es sólo un momento
Una, dos, tres

Coro

María Sabina . . . María Sabina . . . María Sabina . . .

PART III

Chorus

We demand that the hangman now place the rope on María Sabina
We demand that her flesh be distributed so that we may boil it in our pots and pans.

We demand that the watchmen drive away the crows and all the worms
We demand a small bit of her warm blood to comfort us.

María Sabina

The Sacred Heart of Christ
The heart of the Mother of Christ
The heavens know me
God knows me
I am a cleansed woman
The bird cleanses me
The book cleanses me
The water cleanses me
The air cleanses me
The flower cleanses me
The heavens know me
God knows me
The Sacred Heart of Christ
The heart of the Mother of Christ

Chorus

AY! AY! AY! AY! AY!
Read us the sentence now, you Sheriff
Get ready to swing your rope through the air now, you Hangman
Wash out your mouth well now with rose water and cloves, you child
Don't prepare the tomb for her, you there gravedigger, and drive away all the birds here and all of
the worms because the flesh of María Sabina belongs to all men.
AY! AY! AY! AY! AY!

María Sabina

You know that I love fire
You know I carry fire from one place to another
You know I spit fire if I wish to do so
You know that I am a woman who washes her face with the blood of young men
You know that I am a woman who washes her face with the blood of the dead

Chorus

Yes, yes we do know

María Sabina

You know that I am a woman who takes sitz baths in the blood of the lion

Chorus

Yes, yes, we do know

María Sabina

You know that I am a woman who turns herself into smoke
You know that I am a woman whose heart is made of air
You know that I am a woman who flies like a bird

You know that I am a woman who floats like a cork
You know that I am a woman who can still give birth
You know that I am a woman whom you are going to kill
You know that I am a woman no more licentious than other women
You know that I am a woman who is whole and does not cry
You know that I am a woman who spits in your faces
You know that I am a woman who pees with noisy enthusiasm
You know that I am a woman who feeds the old men with her milk
You know that I am a woman who sings and rings the bell
You know that I am a woman who sings and plays the violin
You know that I am a woman who vomits with disgust over your heads

Chorus

Set off firecrackers so that the horrid noise will protect our ears from
the evil words of María Sabina
Beat all your smallest children so that their loud crying will protect
our ears from the evil words of María Sabina
Call upon the wind and storm so that wails will protect our ears
from the evil words of María Sabina

María Sabina

The heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ
The heart of his Most Blessed Mother
The saints in heaven and the angels know me
God knows me
I am a woman without blood
The bird steals my blood
The open book steals my blood
The water steals my blood
The air steals my blood
The flower steals my blood
The saints in heaven and the angels know me
God knows me
The heart of the Most Blessed Mother of Christ
The heart of Our Lord Jesus Christ

Chorus

AY! AY! AY! AY! AY!
Listen with care to the reading of the harsh sentence by the Sheriff there
Miss not one small detail of the fine and careful work of the Hangman
Raise up all your children, raise them high above your heads so that they
remember this very moment for all of the rest of their lives
Let's get him drunk. Get the gravedigger drunk and break up his hoe
into a thousand pieces.

María Sabina

The Sacred Heart of Christ
The heart of the Mother of Christ

The heavens know me

God knows me
I am a cleansed woman
The bird cleanses me
The book cleanses me
The water cleanses me
The air cleanses me
The flower cleanses me

The heavens know me
God knows me
The Sacred Heart of Christ
The heart of the Mother of Christ

Chorus

Take off the Hangman's blindfold
Offer the Hangman a glass of good Tequila
You must hold silence, respectful silence now when the Hangman closes
 both his eyes
Long live the Hangman

Constable

There you have her Hangman
Kill her now
No one will ask you to account for your deed

Executioner

Forgive me, María Sabina,
It will take one moment.
One, two, three . . .

Chorus

María Sabina. . . María Sabina. . .

ESCENAS BORRASCOSAS (THUNDEROUS SCENES)

Text: Leonardo Balada

1. ¡MIRAD!

Colón

Doliente mi cuerpo, con sangre mi alma, como un criminal amarrado a hierros y a grillos, humillado me arrastráis hacia España.

Me miro en el océano cuyas lagunas he abierto a España. Veo en él reflejado el rostro de mi Reina que me ha abandonado.

¡Recordad! que por gracia de Dios esas tierras a vuestros pies he posado.
Pero en pago me habéis humillado.

¡Mirad! ¡Mirad! esos hierros.
Arrastrado con cadenas llego a España.

2. JERUSALEN

Cortesianos (coro)

¡Ja, Ja, Ja! el Gobernador destronado, el Almirante sin mar.
¡vedle, vedle, vedle!

Colón

Estóy apenado Mis Altezas.

Cortesianos

¡Robaste!

Colón

Mis errores han sido de buena fe.

Cortesianos

¡Mataste! ¡Deshonraste al Rey! ¡deshonraste la Reina! ¡deshonraste la Corte! ¡deshonraste a Dios!

Colón

Con humildad franciscana os prometo mi Rey, mi Reina . . .

Reina Isabel

¿Qué prometéis para descargo de vuestra conciencia?

Colón

. . . abrir las puertas de Tierra Santa. Cumplir las profecías de Isaías y Jeremías.

Reina Isabel

¿Por qué vos?

Colón

¡Por designio!

Reina Isabel

¿Quién os manda?

Colón

Nuestro Dios.

Reina Isabel

¿Con qué pruebas?

Colón

¡Mirad la Biblia!

Reina Isabel

¡Sed preciso!

Colón

¡Aquí están! quien libere las islas del océano . . .

Reina Isabel

Vuestra fe, vuestro empeño y lealdad os darán la victoria.

Colón

. . . abrirá las puertas de la Ciudad Santa.

Reina Isabel

Econtrasteis esas islas.

Colón

¡Con la ayuda de la Providencia, permitidme un nuevo viaje!

Reina Isabel

Vos y yo somos el alba, el río lleno, el valle fértil. Vos y yo somos dos fuentes ricas cuyo caudal celeste se vierte en un mar cuyas aguas son vida y destino de la Humanidad. ¡Almirante, por Dios debéis repetir vuestra hazaña y encontrar el Santo Sepulcro y liberar Jerusalén!

Colón

¡Encontraré el Santo Sepulcro, liberaré Jerusalén!

Cortesanos

¡Liberará Jerusalén!

3. ¡AMADISIMAS!

Beatriz

Cristóbal . . .

Reina Isabel

Almirante . . .

Beatriz

. . . tu amada te ha aguardado en Córdoba toda una vida . . .

Reina Isabel

. . . por vuestras proezas honrado. Yo, vuestra Reina, os encargué y mandé en bien de los Indios . . .

Beatriz

. . . porqué hicistes que el mar se te llevara tan lejos cada día.

Reina Isabel

. . . que los Indios moradores de las Indias y tierra firme no recibieran agravios y fueran bien tratados, no fueran esclavizados.

Beatriz

Sola siempre. Amadísimo Cristóbal. Sola he visto correr los años sin el calor de tus besos.

Reina Isabel

Almirante, tengo constancia de injusticias y abusos perpetrados por vos. Almirante, triste está mi corazón por la desobediencia, pues yo siempre he sido vuestro protector y amiga.

Beatriz

Amadísimo, triste está mi corazón. Sin aliento mis suspiros. Sólo penas, añoranzas.

Reina Isabel

Desde mi morada eterna rezaré por vuestra alma.

Colón

¡Amadísimas!

Reina Isabel

¡Adiós Colón! muero decepcionada. En vos confiaba y al final me olvidasteis. Desde el cielo rezaré por vos.

Beatriz

Cristóbal, sola me quedo. Busqué tu mirada, mirando el recuerdo. Pena y soledad vivida.

Colón

Amadísimas, sólo hay borrascas cegando mi espíritu. Misericordia, misericordia.

4. ¡PERDONADME!

Monjes (coro hombres)

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine, vere passum immolatum in cruce pro homine. Cujus latus perforatum unda fluxit et sanguine, esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.

Colón

¡Dios mío! Perdonadme todos a quienes he decepcionado.

Dios, todo son tinieblas y los rayos del infinito ciegan mi orgullo, iluminan la miseria de mi espíritu y de mis pecados.

¡Perdonadme! Beatriz amada. Perdonadme, la tierra y el sol. Perdonadme el mar y los ríos. Perdonadme el aire, las especies. Perdonadme los Indios, los negros, los pájaros, los santos. Todos, todos y Dios a quien creí escuchar y obedecer.

Dios mío lo que he visto para el mañana no puede ser diseño de vuestra voluntad sino castigo por mi soberbia. ¡Perdonadme todos!

In manus tuas Domine commando spiritum meum.

1. LOOK!

Columbus

My body in pain, my soul bleeding, like a criminal chained in irons and shackles, humiliated, you are dragging me to Spain.

I look down to the ocean whose expanse I opened to Spain. I see reflected the face of my Queen who has forsaken me.

Remember how, with the will of God, I surrendered to your feet those lands. But as thanks, you humiliate me.

Look! Look! these irons.

I arrive in Spain being dragged in chains.

2. JERUSALEM

Courtiers (chorus)

Ja, ja, ja! the Governor without a throne, the Admiral without a sea. Look at him!

Columbus

I am repentant, Your Highness.

Courtiers

You robbed!

Columbus

Mine were unintended mistakes.

Courtiers

You killed! You dishonored the King! You dishonored the Queen! You dishonored the Court! You dishonored God!

Columbus

I promise, my King and my Queen, with Franciscan humility . . .

Queen Isabella

What do you promise to do to redeem your sins?

Columbus

. . . to open the gates of the Holy Land. Make true the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah.

Queen Isabella

Why you?

Columbus

I'm God's chosen.

Queen Isabella

Who sends you?

Columbus

Our God!

Queen Isabella

Where is the proof?

Columbus

Look at the Bible!

Queen Isabella

Be more precise!

Columbus

Here it is! "He who frees the islands of the Ocean . . .

Queen Isabella

Your faith, your persistence, and loyalty will give you the victory.

Columbus

. . . will open the gates of the Holy City."

Queen Isabella

You found those islands.

Columbus

With help from Providence, allow me a new voyage!

Queen Isabella

You and I are like the dawn, the full river, the fertile valley. You and I are two rich streams whose waters are life and destiny for Humanity. Admiral, with God's help, you must repeat your feat and find the Holy Sepulcher and free Jerusalem!

Columbus

I will find the Holy Sepulcher, I will free Jerusalem!

Courtiers

He will free Jerusalem!

3. BELOVED ONES!

Beatriz

Christopher . . .

Queen Isabella

Admiral . . .

Beatriz

. . . your beloved one has awaited you all her life in Cordova . . .

Queen Isabella

. . . honored for your great accomplishments. I, your Queen, did ask you and did order you for the welfare of the Indians . . .

Beatriz

. . . why did you allow the seas to take you so far every day . . .?

Queen Isabella

. . . of the Indians, inhabitants of the Indies, a mainland, that they shall not be offended or mistreated, and that they should not be enslaved.

Beatriz

Always lonely. My beloved Christopher. All alone I saw the years go by without the warmth of your kisses.

Queen Isabella

Admiral, I have evidence of injustices and abuses done by you. Admiral, sad is my heart due to your disobedience since I have always been your protector and friend.

Beatriz

My beloved one, sad is my heart. Without breath (air) is my sigh. Only grief, only yearnings.

Queen Isabella

From my eternal dwelling I will pray for your soul.

Columbus

My beloved ones!

Queen Isabella

Goodbye Columbus! I die disappointed. I was counting on you and at the end you forgot me. From heaven I will pray for you.

Beatriz

Christopher, I am left alone. I looked for your gaze, searching through memories. In sorrow and loneliness I lived.

Columbus

My beloved ones, there are only thunders that blind my spirit. Mercy, mercy.

4. FORGIVE ME!

Monks (male chorus)

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine, vere passum immolatum in cruce pro homine. Cujus latus perforatum unda fluxit et sanguine, esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.

Columbus

My God! forgive me all of you whom I have disappointed. God, everything is in darkness and the rays from the infinite are blinding my pride, and illuminating the misery of my spirit and of my sins.

Forgive me, beloved Beatriz. Forgive me, earth and sun. Forgive me, sea and rivers. Forgive me, air and species. Forgive me Indians, blacks, birds, saints. All of you, all of you and God, to whom I believed I was listening and obeying.

Oh my God, what I have seen for the tomorrows can not be as a result of your wishes but only as punishment for my arrogance. Forgive me, all of you.

In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum.

Leonardo Balada is University Professor of Composition at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He joined the faculty in 1970. Born in Barcelona, he graduated from the Conservatorio del Liceo there and from the Juilliard School in 1960. Balada's music has been widely performed by orchestras such as the New York Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Israel Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the National Symphony, the Philharmonia of London and the orchestras of Cincinnati, Detroit, Dallas, Mexico, Prague, Barcelona, the National Orchestra of Spain, and the Lausanne Chamber Orchestra. One of his three operas, *Zapata*, was written for and premiered in 1984 by baritone Sherrill Milnes with the San Diego Opera, which commissioned it. The second, *Christopher Columbus*, was given its premiere in 1989 in Barcelona with tenor Jose Carreras and soprano Montserrat Caballé as Columbus and Isabella. The third opera, *The Death of Columbus* was written in 1994 on commission from the National Endowment for the Arts.

The Louisville Orchestra was founded in 1937 by the Louisville Civic Arts Association with Robert Whitney as its first conductor. The Louisville Orchestra Commissioning Project was begun in 1948 to fund new works that would be performed at subscription concerts. Grants from the Rockefeller Foundation in 1953 and 1955 provided funds for the formation of the orchestra's own recording label, First Edition Records, on which the commissioned works were issued. Although the Commissioning Project ended in 1960, the recordings continued to be issued. The extensive list of commissions from American and other composers reads like a who's who of contemporary music.

Jorge Mester was the second conductor of the Louisville Orchestra, taking over from Robert Whitney in 1967, and retaining the post until 1979. Mester was born in Mexico City in 1935 and has conducted numerous orchestras and opera companies here and abroad. He gave the premiere performances of nearly 200 compositions and was one of the most recorded conductors of his generation recording for the first time works by Blacher, Cowell, Crumb, Dallapiccola, Ginastera, Koechlin, Penderecki, Petrassi, Schuller, Schuman and Shostakovich.

América Dunham was born in Parrol, Chihuahua, Mexico and grew up in Sabinas, Coahuila. A graduate of the Coahuila State Teachers College, she taught the first two elementary grants and was

director of the dance department in a high school for four years before coming to the United States. She taught Spanish at the University of Louisville International Center, has appeared in many local dance programs, and has provided technical services relating to the furthering of Mexican cultural activities.

Burwell Hardy is a Louisville attorney who has lived and studied in Mexico and Spain. He has directed, produced and performed operettas, musicals and choral concerts with The Wandering Minstrels. He has appeared with the Kentucky Opera Association, Shakespeare in Central Park and has sung with the Louisville Bach Society and Louisville Madrigal Group.

Richard Spalding, the director of the Louisville Chorus and the Choral Club of Louisville, is Associate Professor of Music Education and Piano at the University of Louisville School of Music. He studied at Fountainbleau and the Conservatoire National de Paris and for 17 years taught music in Kentucky and Indiana public schools. He has also taught at the Allison Summer School in New Brunswick, Canada.

The **Carnegie Mellon Philharmonic** is an ensemble of the Department of Music at Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh. Under the direction of Juan Pablo Izquierdo, the orchestra presents concert seasons with an emphasis on the standard orchestra repertory and rarely performed masterpieces, including works by twentieth-century composers. Among the orchestra's highlights was the performance in April 1995 of the avant-garde piece *Amériques* (1922) by Edgard Varèse at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. In addition to *Escenas Borrascosas*, recent performances of the combined orchestra and choirs have included *Mandú-Cárará* by Heitor Villa-Lobos and *Les Choéphores* by Darius Milhaud. The Carnegie Mellon Philharmonic is heard on broadcasts on WQED-FM in Pittsburgh, and throughout North and South America on public radio networks of several countries. The orchestra is a resident ensemble of Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburgh.

The **Carnegie Mellon Concert Choir** and the **Carnegie Mellon Repertory Chorus** are ensembles of the Department of Music at Carnegie Mellon University. Both groups are conducted by Robert Page, professor of music and director of choral studies. Membership in the ensemble is open to any student in the university, but most of the members of the Concert Choir are music majors concentrating on the voice. Standard a cappella works, ranging from the Renaissance to contemporary music are featured by both ensembles, singly and together. The Concert Choir can be heard in *Torquemada* on a New World Records compact disc featuring the music of Leonardo Balada. Major works in which the choirs have participated include Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*, Vaughan Williams's *Serenade to Music*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Bruckner's *Te Deum*, and the *Gloria* in settings by both Poulenc and Vivaldi.

Juan Pablo Izquierdo was born in Santiago, Chile, and enjoys an international career conducting the major orchestras in Berlin, Dresden, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Jerusalem, Leipzig, Madrid, Munich, Paris, Tel-Aviv, and Vienna. In December 1990 he inaugurated the new Claudio Arrau Symphony Orchestra in Santiago, Chile, before a stadium audience of 15,000. He continues as music director of that orchestra. Maestro Izquierdo studied with the German conductor Hermann Scherchen, and is a first-prize winner of the Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition for Conductors; he was subsequently named Assistant Conductor to Leonard Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic. Izquierdo is Director of Orchestral Studies at Carnegie Mellon University, and founder of the Institute of Orchestral Studies 'in Memory of Hermann Scherchen.'

Robert Page, Music Director and Conductor of Choral Studies at Carnegie Mellon University, has won Grammy awards for his recordings of *Catulli Carmina* and *Carmina Burana* by Carl Orff, a Grand Prix de Disque for Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, and a Prix Mondial de Montreux for the world premiere recording of the Shostakovich Symphony No. 13, *Babi Yar*. Page has been associated with many American and world premieres, including *The Lovers* by Samuel Barber; *Turbae* by Alberto Ginastera; *Utrenja*, *St. Luke Passion*, and *Paradise Lost* by Krzysztof Penderecki; and *An American Oratorio* by Ned Rorem. Page has been guest conductor for many United States orchestras, including the Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland orchestras. In Europe, he has conducted in England, Scotland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Poland, the Czech Republic, and Hungary. His choirs can be heard on more than forty recordings on Columbia, Decca, London, New World, RCA, Telarc, and Sony Classical.

Nancy María Balach, mezzo-soprano, has sung leading roles in many operatic productions, among them Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel* with the Opera Theater of Pittsburgh, Dorabella in *Così fan tutte*, Prince Orlofsky in *Die Fledermaus*, Mother Marie in *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, and Mae Jones in *Street Scene*. She has also performed Gilbert and Sullivan operettas with the Ohio Light Opera, as Pitti-Sing in *The Mikado* and Lisa in *The Grand Duke*. In addition to her opera roles, Ms. Balach has appeared as Clara in Beethoven's *Egmont* with the Canton (Ohio) Symphony, Electre in the Pittsburgh premiere of Milhaud's *Les Choéphores*, and sung chamber music at the Strings in the Mountains music festival in Colorado. Ms. Balach has given recitals as a Pittsburgh Concert Society series winner and in Graz, Austria, where she was a student at the American Institute of Musical Studies during the summer of 1993. Ms. Balach is a graduate of Carnegie Mellon University.

Katy Shackleton-Williams, soprano, is a graduate of Carnegie Mellon University's vocal performance program. Among the roles she has performed are Adele in *Die Fledermaus*, Barbarina in *The Marriage of Figaro*, and Constance in *Dialogue of the Carmelites*, and participated in the Opera Theater of Pittsburgh's tour of *Madama Butterfly* and *Cinderella*. She has recorded Leonardo Balada's *Canción* with the Carnegie Mellon Contemporary Ensemble, under the direction of Denis Colwell. Ms. Shackleton-Williams was a winner of the Carnegie Mellon Concerto Competition, where she performed the *Chansons de Ronsard* with the Carnegie Mellon Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.

Matthew Walley, lyric tenor, has performed numerous operatic roles, including Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'amore*, Fritz in *L'Amico Fritz*, Tito in *La Clemenza di Tito*, and Judge Danforth in *The Crucible*. Other operatic credits include roles in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Traviata*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Il Trovatore*. Mr. Walley has performed with several opera companies, including the Pittsburgh Opera and Palm Beach Opera, and performed the role of Anthony Candolino in Terrence McNally's Broadway play *Master Class*. As soloist he has performed with the Pittsburgh Symphony and The Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh; conductors he has worked with include Lorin Maazel, Robert Page, Anton Guadagno, and Theo Alcantra. Among the awards he has received is the Richard F. Gold career grant from The Shoshanna Foundation. Mr. Walley is a graduate of the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Analogias. N. Yepes, guitar. Deutsche Grammophon DGG 2530-802.

Apuntes. Quatuor de Guitares de Versailles. Quantum 6948.

Concerto for Piano, Winds, and Percussion. Carnegie Mellon Concert Winds; Harry Franklin, piano; Richard Strange, conductor. New World 80442-2.

Cuatriis. (Wind version). Serenus SRS 12064.
Mosaico. American Brass Quintet. Serenus SRS 12041.
Sonata for Ten Winds. American Brass Quintet; Dorian Woodwind Quintet. New World 80442-2.
Steel Symphony. Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, conductor. New World 803482.
Torquemada. Carnegie Mellon Contemporary Ensemble; Carnegie Mellon Concert Choir; Stephen Totter, baritone; Robert Page, conductor. New World 80442-2.
Transparencies of Chopin's First Ballade. Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. New World 80442-2.

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María Sabina was recorded February 5, 1973. Produced by Howard Scott.
Originally released on Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records LS-726.

Guernica was oriinally released on Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records LS-686.

Homage to Sarasate was produced by Andrew Kazdin.
Originally released on Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records LS-765.

Escenas Borrascosas

Producers: Juan Pablo Izquierdo, Leonardo Balada, Riccardo Schulz
Recording: Carnegie Mellon Department of Music
Recording engineer: Raymond Chick
Mix engineer: Riccardo Schulz
Assistant mix engineer: Efraín Amaya
Engineering assistance: Rich Jucha, David LaDue
Editing: Pittsburgh Digital Recording & Editing Company
Recorded April 7 and 8, 1994, at Carnegie Music Hall, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Digital mastering: Paul Zinman, SoundByte Productions, Inc., NYC
Photographs: Carles Fontseré; Ken Andreyo
Cover design: Bob Defrin Design, Inc., NYC

Special thanks to Marilyn Taft Thomas, Head of Department of Music at Carnegie Mellon University.

This recording was made possible with grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts, Carnegie Mellon University, and Francis Goelet

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LEONARDO BALADA (b. 1933) 80498-2
MARÍA SABINA

María Sabina (publ. General Music Publ. Co./EMI, ASCAP)

América Dunham (María Sabina); Burwell Hardy (Town Crier); Guillermo Helguera
(Constable); Hector Cortés (Executioner); The University of Louisville Chorus, Richard
Spalding, Director; The Louisville Orchestra; Jorge Mester, conductor. Text by Camilo José
Cela.

Escenas Borrascosas (Thunderous Scenes) (publ. Beteca Music, ASCAP)

Katy Shackelton-Williams, (Isabel); Nancy María Balach, (Beatriz); Matthew Walley, (Colón);
Carnegie Mellon Philharmonic Orchestra; Carnegie Mellon Concert Choir; Carnegie Mellon
Repertory Chorus; Robert Page, Director of Choirs; Juan Pablo Izquierdo, conductor. Text
by Leonardo Balada.

Guernica (publ. General Music Publ. Co./EMI, ASCAP)

The Louisville Orchestra; Jorge Mester, conductor.

Homage to Sarasate (publ. G. Schirmer Inc., ASCAP)

The Louisville Orchestra; Jorge Mester, conductor.

María Sabina, *Homage to Sarastae*, and *Guernica* were originally released on Louisville Orchestra First
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