

MUSAS

Uncovering Piano Works by Latin American Women Composers

Mínima suite infantil (Short Children's Suite)

by Nelly Mele Lara

Text by Manuel Felipe Rugeles

I

Preludio (Prelude)

The silent earth lifts
the trees of the path
and the sky says to the birds:
Make music in the nests!

II

El curruñatá (The Thick-billed Euphonia)

Mountain thick-billed euphonia,
the one with the little blue crown
and violet-colored wings:
Who could sing like you!

III

Campanero (Ringer)

Ringer, let hear
the voices of your bell
that the Channel-billed Toucan already came
to make the cross in the water!

IV

Airón (Heron)

Heron with golden feathers,
of emerald and scarlet
How you hide in the shade
Your flaming winged body!

V

El colibrí (The hummingbird)

Of the harmonious hummingbird
from the wing to the tail,
each flight is a miracle
each feather is a gem.

VI

Palomitas mensajeras (Messenger Pigeons)

Messengers pigeons:
Where will you be at these hours?
The hawk of the Sierra
passes by talking alone.

VII

La guacharaca (Rufous-vented chachalaca)

Chachalaca, chachalaca,
tell me when it is going to rain!
And if the sun is going to go out,
when will it come back on!

Nahualismo (Nahualism)

by María Mendoza de Baratta

The music, inspired by a legend or myth, invokes in us that autochthonous spirit, so beautiful and indefinable by the very breadth of its abstraction. It is like the emotional wound through which the feeling escapes unconscious and sincere. The entire soul of a village seems to have crystallized itself, in order to perpetuate itself through the centuries.

Program

A spirit that lurks for the instant to do good or evil, embodied in the body of a hieratic owl, of a snake, or a tiger; and in the depth of some eyes, “Nahualism,” the strongest tradition of our indigenous people.

Prelude

It is the call, it is the terrible desperate cry of the race to something very vivid, organic, that is hidden in hollows of very distant times... and in the voice of the blood that beats strongly, the complaint of the NOSTALGIC HARMONIOUS.

Prophecy

The prophecy begins, insistent, insinuating... giving the sensation of having already lived the impression of this melody, of that dance full of mystery and poetic ritual. It is, as longing for perfumes and rhythms that vibrate in all of our being and not being...

Incantation

Here, resonates the priestly call of the horn and the shells. They invoke the good spirits and chase away the bad ones... with a concise satanic gesture, the witch invokes the spirits and fuels a crackling flame that encircles the incense, under the power conjured by the kabbalists.

Sortilege

There is the bewitchment of a dance, with an indigenous musical recitative. It is a melodrama that gives us both joy and pain at the same time. The spell is announced and the spirits suddenly appear in lights... in voices never heard... with inexplicable accents; something like this: as modulating lights ... or as voices that illuminate ... and the "Prophecy" returns.

The cabal

The power of ultra-earthly chords transports us to the unknown. Then... the serpent stretches and grows gigantic, shaking its feathers of fire, the hieratic owl tightens its wings, and its two large eyes lighten up like green lanterns. In the witch's deep gaze, the "Nahualism" flashes disturbingly, foreshadowing something tremendous... it moves voluptuous and fateful in the imploring rhythm of the infallible "Cabal"...

The spell

Suddenly, in the enchantment of surrounding darkness, wailing snakes with red tongues and fiery eyes pass by. Before the demons and spirits, bound by the spell of "Nahualism," the mystics of the conquistadors nail signs of the cross to themselves...

The dance is animated with a diabolical fury... insistent tones... repeated prayers... pleas and calls. Finally, the blaze of the bonfire engulfed in flames, the powerful and fearsome "Nahual" emerges in the beautiful figure of a quetzal, which is the most sacred emblem and symbol of the indigenous people. The "Nahualism" of the natives has triumphed. The witch celebrates it by emphasizing the ritual with a tremendous cackle...! The flame rises up until it kisses the ceiling. The owl lets out the piercing diaphonic song; the sorceress strikes her magic wand twice... the fire goes out... it's all over ...! Only the smoke from the incense clouds the environment and numbs the souls...