

Andrea Centazzo

TINA

"God has sent me as a messenger. I am transformed into a poem"
Temilotzin, an Atzec resistance warrior (from "Pre-Columbian
Literatures of Mexico" by Miguel León Portillo)

Maestro Andrea Centazzo's interweave of spoken words and song with interpretive dance, projected images and movingly expressive music is a glowing homage to Tina Modotti. Immigrant from Italy, she gave up a promising career in Hollywood silent movies and devoted her innovative photographic vision to express the beauty of her sunlit adopted homeland, Mexico, and her love for its storied diverse people. She vigorously supported the ongoing quest for liberty and justice in the post-revolution years of the Mexican Renaissance, side by side with such great artists as Siqueiros and Rivera, who embraced her as one with them.

Her impassioned and troubled personal life is revealed in the letters to her mentor and former lover, American photographer Edward Weston. Selected readings from them provide a valid "story line" for the 16 frames of the opera. The confluence of media conveys the passion and compassion which animated her "firm and delicate being" as so memorably portrayed in the poetic elegy by Pablo Neruda with which the opera begins.

Joseph L. Ventress

Andrea Centazzo

TINA

A Multimedia Opera in 16 Frames

Music and libretto by Andrea Centazzo

Translated by Paul Vangelisti

Inspired by the letters of Tina Modotti and Edward Weston and by Pablo Neruda's poem, "Tina Modotti Has Died"

Opera libretto

Frames

Prologue	Funeral Oration
I	En route from Los Angeles
II	Mexico City - Bullfight
III	Mexico City - Fiesta
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Prologue: FUNERAL ORATION

NARRATOR : (Male voice recites offstage)

Tina Modotti ha muerto

Tina Modotti, hermana, no duermes, no, no duermes: tal vez tu corazón oye crecer la rosa de ayer, la última rosa de ayer, la nueva rosa.

Descansa dulcemente, hermana.

La nueva rosa es tuya, la nueva tierra es tuya: te has puesto un nuevo traje de semilla profunda y tu suave silencio se llena de raíces.

No dormirás en vano, hermana.

Puro es tu dulce nombre, pura es tu frágil vida. De abeja, sombra, fuego, nieve, silencio, espuma, de acero, línea, polen, se construyó tu férrea,

tu delgada estructura.

El chacal a la alhaja de tu cuerpo dormido

aún asoma la pluma y el alma ensangrentada como si tú pudieras

hermana, levantarte,

sonriendo sobre el lodo.

A mi patria te llevo para que no te toquen,

a mi patria de nieve para que a tu pureza

no llegue el asesino, ni el chacal, ni el vendido:

allí estarás tranquila.

¿Oyes un paso, un paso lleno de pasos, algo grande desde la estepa, desde el Don, desde el frío? ¿Oyes un paso firme de soldado en la nieve?

Hermana, son tus pasos.

Ya pasarán un día por tu pequeña tumba

antes de que las rosas de ayer se desbaraten, ya pasarán a ver los de

un día, mañana,

donde está ardiendo tu silencio.

Un mundo marcha al sitio donde tú ibas, hermana. Avanzan cada día los cantos de tu boca en la boca del pueblo glorioso que tú amabas.

Tu corazón era valiente.

En las viejas cocinas de tu patria, en las rutas polvorientas, algo se dice y pasa,

algo vuelve a la llama de tu dorado pueblo,

algo despierta y canta.

Son los tuyos, hermana: los que hoy dicen tu nombre los que de todas partes, del agua y de la tierra, con tu nombre otros nombres llamamos y decimos.

Porque el fuego no muere.

Pablo Neruda

NARRATOR : (baritone)

¡Porque el fuego no muere!

Tina, hermana,

No duerme, no duerme

Tina, hermana,

Descansa, descansa

¡Hoy has de hablar aquí! ¡Ven!

Ya pasarán un día por tu tumba

Ya pasarán un día para verte

Hombres de todas partes, del agua

y de la tierra: porque el fuego no muere.

I - EN ROUTE FROM LOS ANGELES

TINA: (recitative)

I feel very much without means when the time comes to do things for myself. I feel simply powerless- I don't know where to start or how to get organized. After all, you know what they say about a prophet in her own country, so, in a certain sense, this goes for me too. You can say that this is my city, but even with all my old friends and acquaintances, there's not a one of them who takes me seriously as a photographer, nobody who has ever asked to see my work! When I get to Mexico, I'll work hard and in a different way.

If I could just buy a Graflex!

I've always held back too much in my work, but now I feel with a Graflex I'd be able to let myself go, open myself to imagination!

Imagination!

On your wings I'll overtake the wind, I'll leave the whirling universe at my back. The mind's eye wanders from star to star, there, with a glance, I'll catch the immensity and baffle the infinite soul with this new world!

NARRATORS : (soprano & baritone)

May fate be with you,
shaping life.

Revolution and art
will shine forth so!

TINA : (recitative)

I am a woman of the twenties! So I always expect something exciting!
Traveling, knowing, loving, reading, listening, passionate talking,
rejoicing over everything and nothing, sharing ideas in total freedom!
Far, far from this city...

Down there is a country with so many and such great subjects to make
an artist drunk!

The golden dust in the streets, volcanos that spit clouds of smoke,
white cities full of people, stuffed with stars, cruel skies in their
blinding splendor, opal sunsets, nights of cold moons.

There we may finally know, love, travel, stay up until dawn as much as
we please...We may think, say and write whatever seems enjoyable or
interesting, down there... in Mexico City.

II - Mexico City: BULLFIGHT

NARRATOR : (baritone)

The sun blazing
in a cloudless sky.

Corrida!

A fight to the death:

Capea!

Solo está el toreador.

TINA : (recitative)

Tonight it's finally starting to rain! A deliciously light drizzle!

Today were the most important bullfights of the year - Gaona's
farewell bullfights. The last three days people have been standing in
line for hours to buy a ticket.

The whole day long they were driven nuts by the relentless sun and the

smell of blood. Now there's an unnatural quiet, with only the perfume of jasmine left, uniquely and always the same, once and for all. Then, an infinite decadence!

NARRATOR : (soprano)

Sobre el lodo corriendo
Thundering fight:
Bull charging...
Fear comes too close to
falter.
Sharp stench of death fills
the bright air.
Red blood, cold sweat
mix with darkening stale mud.
No cowardice!
Great bulls fight at Gaona!
Hombres, toros... corriendo

TINA: (recitative)

From now on all I have must belong only to photography. The rest- even the things I love, concrete things- I will lead through a metamorphosis: from the concrete I'll transform them to the abstract and so always keep hold of them in my heart.

NARRATOR : (baritone)

Rostros de Mexico,
paisajes,
ojos de amor
para fijar las cosas.

TINA : (recitative)

All in all my life is immensely torn apart: to stay whole, in everything, and at the same time to not stop staying whole, in everything.

III - Mexico City: THE FIESTA

TINA: (recitative)

Edward, did I tell you that there was a photography show here? My God, I wish you could have seen it; it was truly a total disaster! I showed too. At first I refused, but they insisted and I accepted and even won a prize. Don't get excited, it's only a five-way split of a first prize, because there were five first prizes. A nice way to make many happy and not play favorites, don't you think? Aren't you proud of your student? I wish you could've read some of the comments in the papers about the various photographs. Of one, "Portrait of an Old Man with Long Beard," an aspiring critic said, "The technique with which the beard was rendered gives the effect of Cezanne's brush strokes." I think I've said enough, don't you think, Eduardito?
Now, my dear, in this sweet night I can't stay home; I have to roam free in the air. In the air that laughs deep and undulating, letting loose the trees. I think always of you and am always conscious of the beauty of your being and your life.

TINA: (soprano)

This is all for tonight.
Goodbye dear
and many book books to you.

IV - Mexico City: ARTISTIC SALON

TINA: (soprano)

Grand City hot and damp
packed with the most brilliant people.
Lovely.
Days of friends, wine, art and love.
Warm friends and great talk:
lively hospitality offers food for thought
found there
a photographer
making a name with her own talent
a mere neophyte...
A mere neophyte, a photographer.

TINA: (recitative)

The lens searches the Mexican blue for the persuasive and nimble shape
of a cloud.
The sky up there weighs as much as a stone quarry.
Above the stone of the world are stars of stone.

In the pale blue light of the slow dawning he said to me:
"I'll do portraits of you, today."
The Mexican sun, I thought, reveals all things.

The tragedy of our actual life will be unveiled.
Nothing can hide under this heavy and cruel, cloudless sky.

TINA: (soprano)

In this place I found much
vital inspiration.

FEMALE NARRATOR: (recitative)

For this freedom of song in the rain
we must give all.
For this freedom of being absolutely tied
to the strong and gentle hearts
of the people
we must give all.
For this freedom of sunflowers open
in the dawn of lit-up factories and schoolhouses and of earth that
crunches and a child that awakens
we must give all.
There is no alternative to freedom.
There is no road but freedom.
There is no other country but freedom.
There will be no poetry without the violent music of freedom.

For this freedom that lights up sunken eyes
bare feet
crumbling roofs
and the eyes of children lost in the dust
For this freedom that is the empire of the young

For this freedom
beautiful as life
we must give all.
If it were necessary
even our own shadows
and that would never be enough.

NARRATORS: (soprano & baritone)

Where is my peace?
Our friends singing,
sweet sirens calling to adventure.
There is no time for fear,
all is expected of us
and we must not stop halfway.
Never!

TINA: (recitative)

I have gone through such suffering lately! My heart is so full of pain
and bloody...
Oh Edward, to be near you for just a few moments, to let out all the
repressed feelings that consume my heart- maybe you wouldn't agree
with all that I might say- but it doesn't matter.
You would understand the tragedy of my soul and share it with me- and
this not one else can do.
In the sky huge, dark clouds build up.

I look far off into the excited night, listen to the solemn echo of a
rifle and by chance pick out a thin ray of light that says the ship
I'm looking for has yet to sail past.

My eyes full of tears mirror the deep ailment in my soul because I
want to call out and stop that ship that never comes.
But today, I can't even allow myself the luxury of pain.
I know very well that this isn't a time for tears. We try to carry on
with the most and cannot give in, nor stop halfway.
It's impossible to rest, nor would our consciences or the memory of
the victims allow us to. I am living in a different world. It's
strange how this city and this country can seem so very different than
a few years ago! Sometimes I ask myself if I've changed so much or if
it's some kind of machinery that hangs over me. Obviously, I have
changed my convictions. There's at least no doubt of that.
In respect to tastes, though, ways of life, new habits, am I the
result of living in a certain environment or have these taken the
place of my previous life?
I never stopped before to ask myself these questions and I don't
understand why I'm doing it now. Maybe it's only the desire to talk to
you, a little like old times.

V - Mexico City: EMOTIONS

EDWARD: (baritone)

Emotions, emotions I feel
To fall, to rise, to fall, die:
Tina's name in my mind
the most precious gift in my life
and Tina... Tina...
Tina... Tina.

TINA: (soprano)

Reading your letter
feeling emotions:
you should be proud of me.
While you are gone, dear
I'm faithful...
I will be a good girl
and the time of our separation
may pass swiftly by.
Beloved- thank you-
whatever comes!

TINA: (recitative)

What's it all matter to you
if we may burn any pain
in any star;
if we can change the huge pure sky
into a huge shining joy?
Be in me as the eternal moods
of the bleak wind, and not
as transient things are-
gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness
of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.
Let the gods speak softly of us
In days hereafter,
The shadowy flowers of Orcus
Remember thee.
Ezra Pound

I want to write to you at length, but not now. I'm not able to understand now. Edward, remember that poem? You are that for me. It doesn't matter what the others mean to me, you are that- and yet you became bitter and lost faith in me. I never lost it because I believe in the multiple possibilities of finding ourselves again and also because I accept the tragic struggle between life that constantly changes and the form that fixes it immutably

VI - Mexico City: SOLITUDE

NARRATORS: (soprano & baritone)

May fate be with you,
shaping life.
Revolution and art
will shine forth so!

TINA: (soprano)

Dreaming of you, dreaming of me
touch the illusion of being together here.
Happy to lose myself in memories,
I will follow you in my thoughts
with life's lessons and graceful signs.
But how shall I breath
entangled in your
bewildering arms?
You are so dear
I will hold you tight

TINA: (recitative)

With some trouble I held off until night came and I could shut myself in our little studio and write to you. My dear, the emptiness of this house is terrifying. It's already wounded me, even though I spent the whole day in some sort of daze, pretending you had just gone into the city and would be coming back soon.

Oh, what doubt, what restlessness, what sleeplessness this remaining faithful to an illusion, this just wanting to wait, this not knowing anything of the roses of the spring to come. Only in pieces the truth flashed into my head and sorrow and loneliness almost suffocated me. Ah, this solitude! I have no idea how to jump from today's shore to tomorrow's. Meanwhile, the river carries along the reality of this one moment down to a hopeless ocean.

TINA: (soprano)

I will support you
I will love you.
Oh! How much you mean to me,
though I tell you how deeply
lonesome.
As I write this I have visions
of you going through
fields and mountains...
and mountains.

TINA: (recitative)

While I write I have visions of you crossing fields and mountains- always further away from here. Edward, for your piece-of-mind maybe I should...
But to relieve myself I have to say that I feel alone, alone, and when I think of you, when I think of your precious being, I'm overcome by tenderness.
Before tonight I had already understood how much you meant to me. Nevertheless, why is it that from the time you left I've suffered and accused myself of not deserving all your wonderful things?
I feel so alone! And this dawn has all the sadness when you arrive by train at a station that has nothing to do with you.
How sharp are the sounds of a day that we know is transient.
I beg you to write me a few words about this. Tell me, please, that maybe I wasn't as bad as I think because, truly Edward, tonight it hurts too much- and I miss you- I miss you, I miss you.

VII - Mexico City: PASSION

EDWARD: (baritone)

My sweetheart, take me
in your loving arms.

TINA: (soprano)

Dear, you must trust with
all your heart.
You hold mine.
I need all yours.

EDWARD: (baritone)

My sweetest love,
hold me, let me
have it all.
Feel me feel the one whom
I adore.
Hold me, touch me
have it all.
I need you to please take me.
Ecstasy now!

TINA: (soprano)

Hold me tight, I'm yours.
Nobody else
but you will do!

TINA: (recitative)

Edward: with tenderness I keep repeating your name, in a way that brings you closer to me tonight as I sit here alone full of memories. My dearest of yesterday and tomorrow, where are you? In what corner of your soul do you hide seeming no longer mine? The other night- at this time you were reading to me from an exquisite book- or maybe we were sipping wine? Or the dusk had surrounded us and you- oh, the memory excites me to the point of fainting! Tell me, maybe at this exact hour, you were kissing my left breast? Oh! The beauty of it all! Wine- books- photographs- music- candlelight- eyes to look into- and then the darkness- and kisses. Sometimes it seems I can't stand too much beauty- I feel overwhelmed. Then the tears come, and the sadness, but that same sadness comes like a longed for blessing and like a new form of loveliness. How I remember vividly every episode. A few stand strong and clear, though at the same time with the vagary of a dream or unreality. Your letter has stayed under my pillow until morning. Was its soft fragrance that woke me? Or the spirit of your and my desires which seem to come from it? Yes, to be drunk with desires, yearning to satisfy them- and yet being afraid- delaying- this is the supreme form of love. Now it's very late and I'm completely exhausted by the intensity of my feelings. My eyelids grow heavy with sleep but in my heart there is a hidden joy for those hours that still belong to us.

VIII - Mexico City: SEPARATION

TINA: (recitative)

Of all the different feelings I have for you tonight not a single one can be put into words. I formulated in my mind and pushed back so many things I wanted to say to you that finally I thought: "What's the use of words between Edward and me? He knows me and I know him and we have faith in each other." This seems to me the most precious thing: the shared faith! I'll be a good girl while you are away. I'll work hard for two reasons: so that you will be proud of me and that the time of our separation may pass more swiftly. Even if a sharp, infinite, tremendous nostalgia wounds me, I tell you: Beloved: thank you wherever it comes!

Just now having laid down on my back on our bed, an endless panorama of things passes across the ceiling...
Quick steps of children with gay voices, adolescence in surprised

silences, women and men in the summer's moonlight, women in the holy
splendor of maternity, old people who quietly look across the sunsets.
And above all you, Edward, you.
Edward, find me again the words to bring to life my little girl
dreams.

TINA: (soprano)

I cannot wait
to see you again.
With so much feeling, Edward,
how this sad and wishful thinking
makes me waver now.
How can I wait
to see you again?
One night, after all day
so drunk with the thought of you
with the memory of last night.
Gentle, kind and dearest of all.
Love.
Dream so real I must call love.

TINA: (recitative)

Edward: I woke with the warm sensation that you were here. My first
thought was: who knows if Edward is awake yet? So I tried to fall back
to sleep calmly and dream of you again, pretending the morning was far
off, deep on the horizon while the morning star still shone. But then
the dawn bathed the morning sky with the color of blood and the
illusion didn't last much longer- and the sight of your empty room
pained me as it did yesterday coming back here.
How can I wait until the moment we will meet again?
How can I?

TINA: (soprano)

And to find myself
more than once here
still close to you in that loving darkness
with the wine's flavor,
your mouth on mine.
Burning desire to kiss you
madly my love.

TINA: (recitative)

This cool night is odd in the middle of midsummer.
Faraway ice is caught in the pale moonlight, the sounds are cold
happiness, frozen into crystal tears.
Like this, I accept the tragic struggle between a life that
continually changes and the form that fixes it forever.

IX - Mexico City: REVOLUTION

NARRATOR: (baritone)

Por ser libres y valientes
a la sierra subieron.
Yo quiero que vuelvan
los guerrilleros
los espero entre
dos nuevas luces.

NARRATOR: (soprano)

Con un fusil frío de nieve
reluciente de luceros
clavado en el corazón.
Oscuro sueño, oscuro sueño.
Yo quiero...

NARRATORS: (soprano & baritone)

Los guerilleros.

X - Mexico City: PRISON

TINA: (recitative)

Things are very dicey here for "dangerous foreigners." I'm prepared for the worst. Any day they might apply provisions for deportation against us. As much as possible I want to have everything in order. What should I do with all your negatives? Should I ship them to you? Please send instructions!

EDWARD: (baritone)

Diego, Lupe, Frida
Luis, Carlos, Charlot
Why her, watch her.
Please, please.
She's so tired
and so scared.

XI - FROM PRISON TO EXILE

TINA: (recitative)

My dear Edward:
I think that by now you're aware of all that's happened to me: I was in jail for 13 days and then definitely deported. I am on my way to Europe and to a new life, at least a life different from Mexico. Undoubtedly you know the pretext the government used to arrest me. Nothing less than "my participation in the last attempt to kill the new President." I'm sure that try as you might you aren't able to imagine me as a "terrorist," a "conspirator," and more. But if I put myself in the place of the Mexican authorities, I realize how smart they were. They knew that if they tried to deport me at any other time there would be loud protest. So they waited for the moment in which, psychologically speaking, public opinion was so aroused over the assassination attempt, people would have believed anything they read or were told. According to the vile and cowardly press, all kinds of proof, documents, arms and the like were found in my house. In other words, everything was ready to kill Ortiz Rubio and, unfortunately, my plans fell short and somebody else beat me to the punch.... This is the story the Mexican public is given to swallow with its morning coffee.
My beloved Edward, I wrap up my dreams within my heart and ask to forget the havoc of this farewell. Since the clever fingers of time wrinkle my forehead with pitiless skill, I wrap up those dreams in my heart.

NARRATOR: (baritone)

Story built
on sorrow,
rumors, lies,
and sorrow.
Blood, horror and sorrow.

TINA: (recitative)

You know the old saying, "All or nothing?" It fits to a T my present situation. I thought that after 13 days of prison in Mexico City and then having been brought to Veracruz and put on a boat for Europe, my problems would have been over and instead it certainly isn't so! First of all I found out that the boat would take a month-and-a-half to make a trip easily done in three weeks. It wouldn't be too bad if I traveled like an ordinary passenger, but in my status as a deportee of the Mexican government I'm under strict surveillance in all ports and not allowed to disembark- excluding here in the United States. The place where I'm currently staying is a strange mix between a jail and a hospital- a big room with many empty, unmade beds that give the strange sensation that until just a short while ago corpses had been stretched out on them. The windows and doors are heavily barred, the latter constantly locked. I look out the window onto a perfectly kept and immaculate American lawn, with a big pole in the middle, on top of which flies the stars and stripes. A sight that ought to make me recall the empire of "law and order" and other noble thoughts of this kind, if I weren't such a hopeless rebel. The papers have followed me and, sometimes, been a step ahead, with the greediness of wolves. Here in the U.S. everything is shown from the angle of "beauty"- one paper talked about my trip and described me as a "woman of breathtaking beauty." Other journalists, to whom I refused interviews, tried to convince me saying that they would only talk about "how good looking" I was. To whom I responded that I couldn't begin to understand what "good looks" had to do with the revolutionary movement or the deportation of communists. Obviously here women are only judged according to movie star standards.

NARRATORS: (soprano & baritone)

May fate be with you,
shaping life.
Revolution and art
Will shine forth so!

NARRATOR: (soprano)

Rest now, dream now.
Rest now, dream now.

NARRATOR: (baritone)

There's no peace here.
Sleep brings fearful monsters,
look, the shadows looming.
Where is your peace?
Demon visions alive, sleepless
you lie alone.
Rest now. Dream now.

XII - EXILE'S DREAM

TINA: (soprano)

Oh, Edward, come to me
for a little while
in my dream.
You are so fine to me,
unforgettable.
Fly with me.
The sky has a scar
to mark the far horizon
with the death of star Sirius,
pretend the morning is far,
deep on the horizon gleaming,
alone with the last lonely moon.
Sleep late with your dream
unforgettable.
I'll stay here.
Red rose petals and kiss,
blessed tenderness
and sweet tears.
Oh! Edward, come to me.
Oh! Edward, come to me.

XIII - From Berlin to Moscow: A NEW LIFE

TINA: (recitative)

My dear Edward finally in Berlin!
I'm not yet able to say if I'll be staying in Germany or not: I have to take many things into consideration. First of all I want to stay where I'll be most useful to the movement and then where I'll be able to make a living. The idea of doing portraits in Berlin scares me a little. Here there are truly excellent photographers, and so many of them, professionals as well as amateurs, that even the average level of work is excellent, even. Beyond this, there are many regulations and taxes, exorbitant taxes, for those with a profession. The reason for this situation derives naturally from the serious war debt this country suffers. It's only thanks to the admirable stubbornness and Teutonic self-love that keeps this nation from going under. You see the hardship written on people: they never laugh, they walk down the street self-absorbed, always in a hurry and seeming constantly aware of a heavy burden weighing them down.
Berlin is a very beautiful city, even if I've seen the sun only once in the ten days I've been here, and for a person coming from Mexico that change is rather harsh. I know the most sensible thing to do is to actually forget the sun, the blue skies, and Mexico's other joys, and adapt myself to this new reality, and once more begin my life from scratch...

At bottom...
This is my life, of heights
of pure wind,
of golden peaks
of the eagle and eternal ice!
My freedom: to smell the rose,
clear the woods,
tear from the sun its eternal light!

TINA: (soprano)

Is it time to go?
Again?

(recited)

I wonder why this silence from you.... Please don't put my name on the outside envelope.

TINA: (recitative)

I've never had less time for myself than now. It has its advantages but disadvantages too, the greatest of which is the total lack of time to dedicate to you, for instance, even if only with a few words badly scribbled!

There is a lot to write about, but I'm living a totally new life, so much so that I feel almost like a different person.

(I have to ask you to mention my presence here as little as possible. It might cause me serious problems in the future. Thanks!)

XIV - Spain: CIVIL WAR

NARRATOR: (baritone)

All at once, blinking lights
flashing red.
Explosions attack the ears.
The country on fire!
How battle devastates!
How all things killed!
Here the sign of fire.
Blood, sweat dripping
penetrates.
The smell of burning flesh.
Wounded minds imploding
fire the pain.
The city in flames.
Dank sweat and dark blood...
mingle in the ground,
cold sweat and red blood...
Contain the pain!
No way out!
This rising tide flooding
toward headlong destruction:
you breath in death,
the country in flames.
How war ravages!
How all things killed!
Cold sweat and red blood
punctures the mind:
no escape!

Sharp stench of death,
gore of unending war.
Sunken minds
in bulging eyes,
hands ready to lash out.
Steel shuddering skin on impact
shatter then calm.
The sight is haunting.
The scenery has been splendid,
the view from these broken skulls
is now so hazy.

Far-off ice caught
in the moon's dimming light,
unfurling shadows
blending with waves of cold sweat.
The scenery has been splendid,
the view from these broken skulls
is now so hazy!

XV - Moscow: SILENCE

EDWARD: (baritone)

(recited)

I have not heard from Tina in years. I think she is right considering her place and position. She would not be the same Tina to us, we would not be the same to her. Better have memories.

(sung)

No letter today
empty handed, unhappy
still tied to my mind, to my soul.
Not heard from her in years.
So alone.
Reflected in her glow.
My soul is empty without seeing her.
Tina always clasped to my heart.
Silent cold clear day.
Nothing left of feelings.
No more of competing craziness.
I feel death seep into me.
Drag me down. Soon flooding over me
my soul is empty without her.

XVI - Mexico City: RETURN AND FAREWELL

TINA: (recitative)

Man listens to a friendly voice that his fathers once heard, a voice that like the green of the pond grows murkier with nightfall. And the voice that one day stopped short the father of his father says that he can no longer flee events: "Here's a tremendous threat: it's necessary to face facts and control them if we don't want them to dominate us. To be free, to be clear and immaculate, we must have steel in our souls."

NARRATORS: (baritone & soprano)

May fate be with you,
shaping life.
Revolution and art
will shine forth so!
May fate be with you,
may fate be with you...

TINA: (recitative)

I can't lift a finger without yesterday's ghosts and dreams entering my mind whispering. There's a vague and terrible beauty in their demanding eyes, and they exert a gentle pressure on my hands, keeping me from moving them.

I won't come back. And the birds will stay behind to sing;
and my garden, with its green tree, with its white well, will stay behind.

I won't come back. The warm night, peaceful and quiet, will put the world to sleep, under the rays of the lonely moon.

I won't come back, I won't come back.

I have struggled to forge my life; I put too much art into my life:
not much was left me to give to my art.

But maybe... my life has been my art.