

THE EARS BETWEEN WORLDS ARE ALWAYS SPEAKING

ARISTOTLE'S LYCEUM

A Four Act Opera By Postcommodity

ο χάρτης χαρακτήκε Ξανά και Ξανά
περπατήσαμε αλλεπάλληλους κύκλους
ψάχνοντας για φωτιές και αφουγκραζόμασταν για κρουστά
η συνεχής αλληλουχία μηνών
αποτελείωσε το καλοκαίρι
και πήρε τις ζωές γερόντων,
νεογέννητων και παιδιών
περάσαμε πολλά ρυάκια και ποτάμια στη διαδρομή
αλλά δεν καταφέραμε να φτάσουμε ποτέ σε νερό

προσταθούμε να θυμόμαστε τα τραγούδια
που τραγουδάγαμε τότε παλιά
ο ήχος των φωνών μας είναι
σαν τον ήχο της φυλής μας
ακόμα αντιλαλεί στη γη
κάτω από τα πόδια μας
και γύρω μας,
όμως υπήρχαν κι άλλες φωνές γύρω μας
που συνωμοτούσαν, προωθούνταν,
είναι οι αγώνες ενάντια στους εξουσιαστές ο
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όμως υπήρχαν κι άλλες φωνές γύρω μας
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είναι οι αγώνες ενάντια στους εξουσιαστές

MAOTINI

مُوْطِنِي مُوْطِنِي
الجلال والجمال والسَّناء والبهاءُ
في رَبِّكَ في رَبِّكَ
والحياة والنجاة والهناء والرجاءُ
في هواك في هواك
هل أراك هل أراك
سالمًا مُنعمًا و غانمًا مكرما
سالمًا منعمًا و غانمًا مكرما
هل أراك في علاكُ
تبلُّغُ السَّمَاءُ تبلُّغُ السَّمَاءُ
مُوْطِنِي مُوْطِنِي

MY HOMELAND, MY HOMELAND
GLORY AND BEAUTY, SUBLIMITY AND SPLENDOR
ARE IN YOUR HILLS, ARE IN YOUR HILLS
LIFE AND DELIVERANCE, PLEASURE AND HOPE
ARE IN YOUR AIR, ARE IN YOUR AIR
WILL I SEE YOU, WILL I SEE YOU?
SAFELY COMFORTED AND VICTORIOUSLY HONORED
SAFELY COMFORTED AND VICTORIOUSLY HONORED
WILL I SEE YOU IN YOUR EMINENCE?
REACHING TO THE STARS, REACHING TO THE STARS
MY HOMELAND, MY HOMELAND

ΛΥΚΕΙΟΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΗ

ACT I

8:00 - 8:03 - Morning Song

8:26 - 8:29 - Monologue

8:53 - 8:54 - Zwischenspiel/ Intermezzo

9:19 - 9:24 - Dialogue #1

9:46 - 9:50 - Dialogue #2/ Recitative

10:12 - 10:14 - Monologue #2

ACT II

10:32 - 10:33 - Chorus

10:55 - 10:57 - Aria

11:20 - 11:23 - Monologue #3 (leitmotif)

11:48 - 11:51 - Monologue #4

12:07 - 12:10 - Monologue #5 (leitmotif)

ACT III

12:30 - Instant Aria

12:35 - 12:38 - Corrido

13:00 - 13:03 - Whispered Sprechgesang
(midday, mid-opera)

13:11 - 13:12 - Instrumental Break (comedy)

13:25 - 13:27 - El Defunto (Whispered Sprechgesang #2)

13:43 - 13:45 - Four Corners song

ACT IV

14:00 - 14:03 - Monologue #6 (main narrator #2)

14:18 - 14:20 - Maotini

14:34 - 14:35 - Ritornello (morning song)

14:55 - 15:00 - Final Chorus

EPILOGUE

and Reprises (various times between 15:20 - 19:45)

Era muy triste, muy cansado ya todo el camino era. Muy duro trabajamos, caminando tanto. Era un trabajo muy duro ha avanzar tanto, días – como catorce días caminamos nosotros. Cruzábamos montañas feos, que caíamos y rodabanos pa el suelo por un rato, todos golpeados con las piedras espinados, con las espinas.

Y así, viviendo cosas feas ahí en el camino – personas, nosotros mirabanos personas ya sus cuerpos desasidos todavía tenían carne, pero se siente uno qué se le va la vida ahí.

No sabe uno qué hacer. Y avanzar, y en veces se quiere uno hasta morir ahí ya junto con ellos de ver, porque son mismos gente. Qué sabe uno qué va con uno verdad?

Y por una razón, por hambre, por sed, por un piquete de animal se quedo ahí. No sabe uno, verdad? Y sigue el dolor de ver, y hacina con lo goluntar de dios seguimos adelante.

The journey was so sad, and everything was so tiring. We worked so hard, walking so much. It was very hard work to advance so much, days—we walked for like fourteen days. We crossed terrible mountains where we would slip and fall to the ground for a while, bruised by the sharp rocks and punctured by cactus spines.

And in that way, experiencing terrible things on the journey—persons, we saw persons whose corpses were decomposed, they still had flesh, but you feel like your life is going to pass there.

You just don't know what to do, and you advance, and sometimes you just want to die right there next to them because they are your people, and you know that they would accompany you on the journey after you pass.

And for whatever reason—whether it was hunger or thirst or an animal bite—that was as far as they got, and truthfully nobody knows, and the pain continues from witnessing, and in that state with the will of god we continued forward.

Later when she was standing up for a very long time she became tired and she decided to go walking.

Un día, muy desesperado de tanta guerra y pobreza con coyote pasé para este lado, sin pagar la inmigración

Le pinté un cuatro al coyote y me fui ha cruzar la frontera el coyote era un bandido nacido allá por mi tierra

On one desperate day from so much war and poverty I crossed over to this side with a coyote Without paying the immigration

I paid four to the coyote and I left to cross the border the coyote was an outlaw born of my land

The only thing she knew was sign language like a deaf person.

We moved more as the dead than as the living. Iba nos más muertos que vivos

Delphi/Naco/Washington/Tromso was 20 miles north/west/south/east of Delphi/Naco/Washington/Tromso as the crow flies.

But even the crow staggered across that land, unable to ever travel a straight line

We are at a place of the red streaked rocks. And we are tired of walking.

Stories by:
Song Vue
Halimo Osman
Man Elbaeh
Elisabet Ampudia
Ahmmad Kasem
Fatima Al Nashaan
Santiago S.
Vicente Escobar
Consuelo Acevedo
Anonymous man

Performers:
Maria Ploumi – voice
Vassia Zacharopoulou – operatic voice
Kostas Foteiadis – guitars, lute, voice
Petros Sakelliou – voice, piano, melodica, engineering/production
Ahmmad Kasem – voice
Nachá Mendez – voice
Marya Errin Jones – voice
Risten Anine Kvernmo Gaup – voice
Frank Dineyazhe – voice and drum
Anonymous man – voice
Postcommodity – various noises, field recordings and gritos

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