

an opera for one

length 88:33 minutes

sung by deanna pauletto

based on the book of poetry by pablo neruda
twenty love poems and a song of despair

special thanks to deanna pauletto and david rosman

kartz ucci 2009



A central metaphor in my work is the 'location of desire' and the 'pursuit of happiness'. Language theory and philosophy inform my creative approach and my subject matter is often determined by my emotional response to my physical surroundings. In describing my work, I would say that I have an unabashed interest in the romantic and that I prefer, though not exclusively, to work with the merging of two conceptual strategies. These are the application of a system of rules to the method of creation and the appropriation of borrowed elements for its execution. Equally important to this process is the recursive relationship between the original and its recoded meaning.

An opera for one evolved out of a desire to create a work that combined light-music synthesis and spiritual ecstatic experience with Pablo Neruda's erotically charged love poems. Its setting is the projected image of an empty space which contains a white screen and a singular white viewing bench. The camera's point of view is askew and the perspective is forced. Within the frame, projected light bathes both the bench and the screen in colors that correspond to the applied color-code in time with the rhythm of the music. In essence the opera is a projection of a projection of a projection, three times removed from its source.

This work has taken several years and countless variations in the studio to find its correct expression. In 2004 I hired the young Canadian opera soprano, Deanna Pauletto to sing a cappella, Neruda's book of poetry, "Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair". The piece was recorded in a cement-encased stairwell, 16 stories high with only one take and no rehearsal. She was given a color-coded score of the poetry based on my interpretation of the relation between color and its emotional vibration. The composer Alexander Scriabin's color codex heavily influenced my research, but equally significant was Saint Teresa of Avila's "The Interior Castle". In 2008 I hired the musician David Rosman to map Scriabin's color code to the tonalities of Deanna Pauletto's voice. After recording the resulting color with the sound I decided that Scriabin's synesthetic system was not appropriate for Neruda's text. Returning to the original color-coded score as my source I reassigned color by means of my own emotional, notional and symbolic evaluation of Deanna Pauletto's vocal interpretation of Neruda's poetry.

The opera has a running time of 88:33 minutes.

I would like to gratefully acknowledge the support of TILT Export (aka Jenene Nagy and Josh Smith) without whose contribution this project would not have come to fruition.

Contents

- 1/ Cuerpo De Mujer/ Body Of A Woman - 3:42
- 2/ En Su Llama/ The Light Wraps You - 2:45
- 3/ Ah Vastedad De Pinos/ Ah Vastness of Pines - 2:43
- 4/ Es La Mañana/ The Morning Is Full - 2:14
- 5/ Para Que Tú Me Oigas/ So That You Will Hear Me - 4:52
- 6/ Te Recuerdo Como Eras/ I Remember You As You Were - 2:45
- 7/ Inclinado En Las Tardes/ Leaning Into The Afternoons - 2:50
- 8/ Abeja Blanca Zumbas/ White Bee - 3:41
- 9/ Ebrio De Trementina/ Drunk With Pines - 2:49
- 10/ Hemos Perdido/ We Have Lost Even - 2:56
- 11/ Casi Fuera Del Cielo/ Almost Out of Sky - 4:13
- 12/ Para Mi Corazón Basta Tu Pecho/ Your Breast Is Enough - 2:52
- 13/ He Ido Marcando/ I Have Gone Marking - 4:37
- 14/ Juegas Todos Los Días/ Every Day You Play - 5:40
- 15/ Me Gustas Cuando Callas/ I Like For You To Be Still - 3:40
- 16/ En Mi Cielo/ In My Sky As Twilight - 3:17'
- 17/ Pensando, Enredando Sombras/ Thinking, Tangling Shadows - 6:04
- 18/ Aquí Te Amo/ Here I Love You - 4:58
- 19/ Niña Morena Y Ágil/ Girl Lithe and Tawny - 3:21
- 20/ Puedo Escribir/ Tonight I Can Write - 6:56
- 21/ La Canción Desesperada/ The Song of Despair - 10:51

The color grid on each page corresponds to the colors used for the video. One still image from the source video was extracted every second. The total number of still images was then divided by the number of lines in the poem to determine its arrangement. Colors are in sequence but may not correspond directly to the adjacent text.

Body of a Woman

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,

you look like a world, lying in surrender.

My rough peasant's body digs into you

and makes the son leap from the depth of the earth.

I was alone like a tunnel. The birds fled from me,

and night swamped me with its crushing invasion.

To survive myself I forged you like a weapon,

like an arrow in my bow, a stone in my sling.

But the hour of vengeance falls, and I love you.

Body of skin, of moss, of eager and firm milk.

Oh the goblets of the breast! Oh the eyes of absence!

Oh the pink roses of the pubis! Oh your voice, slow and sad!

Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.

My thirst, my boundless desire, my shifting road!

Dark River-beds where the eternal thirst flows

and weariness follows, and the infinite ache.

Cuerpo de Mujer

Cuerpo de mujer, blancas colinas, muslos blancos,

te pareces al mundo en tu actitud de entrega.

Mi cuerpo de labriego salvaje te socava

y hace saltar el hijo del fondo de la tierra.

Fui solo como un túnel. De mí huían los pájaros

y en mí la noche entraba su invasión poderosa.

Para sobrevivirme te forjé como un arma,

como una flecha en mi arco, como una piedra en mi honda.

Pero cae la hora de la venganza, y te amo.

Cuerpo de piel, de musgo, de leche ávida y firme.

Ah los vasos del pecho! Ah los ojos de ausencia!

Ah las rosas del pubis! Ah tu voz lenta y triste!

Cuerpo de mujer mía, persistiré en tu gracia.

Mi sed, mi ansia sin límite, mi camino indeciso!

Oscuros cauces donde la sed eterna sigue,

y la fatiga sigue, y el dolor infinito.



The Light Wraps You

The light wraps you in its mortal flame.

Abstracted pale mourner, standing that way
against the old propellers of twilight
that revolves around you.

Speechless, my friend,
alone in the loneliness of this hour of the dead
and filled with lives of fire,
and pure heir of the ruined day.

A bough of fruit falls from the sun on your dark garment.
The great roots of night
grow suddenly from your soul,
and the things that hide in you come out again
so that a blue and pallid people,
your newly born, takes nourishment.

Oh magnificent and fecund and magnetic slave
of the circle that moves in turn through black and gold:
rise, lead and possess a creation so rich in life that its
flowers perish and it is full of sadness.

En Su Llama

En su llama mortal la luz te envuelve.

Absorta, pálida doliente, así situada
contra las viejas hélices del crepúsculo
que en torno a ti da vueltas.

Muda, mi amiga,
sola en lo solitario de esta hora de muertes
y llena de las vidas del fuego,
pura heredera del día destruido.

Del sol cae un racimo en tu vestido oscuro.
De la noche las grandes raíces
crecen de súbito desde tu alma,
y a lo exterior regresan las cosas en ti ocultas,
de modo que un pueblo pálido y azul
de ti recién nacido se alimenta.

Oh grandiosa y fecunda y magnética esclava
del círculo que en negro y dorado sucede:
erguida, trata y logra una creación tan viva
que sucumben sus flores, y llena es de tristeza.



Ah Vastness of Pines

Ah vastness of pines, murmur of waves breaking,
 slow play of lights, solitary bell,
 twilight falling in your eyes, toy doll,
 earth-shell, in whom the earth sings!

In you the rivers sing and my soul flees in them
 as you desire, and you send it where you will.
 Aim my road on your bow of hope
 and in a frenzy I will flee my flock of arrows.

On all sides I see your waist of fog,
 and your silence hunts down my afflicted hours;
 my kisses anchor, and my moist desire nests
 in your arms of transparent stone.

Ah your mysterious voice that love tolls and darkens
 in the resonant and dying evening!
 Thus in the deep hours I have seen, over the fields,
 the ears of wheat tolling in the mouth of the wind.

Ah Vastedad De Pinos

Ah vastedad de pinos, rumor de olas quebrándose,
 lento juego de luces, campana solitaria,
 crepúsculo cayendo en tus ojos, muñeca,
 caracola terrestre, en ti la tierra canta!

En ti los ríos cantan y mi alma en ellos huye
 como tú lo deseas y hacia donde tú quieras.
 Márcame mi camino en tu arco de esperanza
 y soltaré en delirio mi bandada de flechas.

En torno a mí estoy viendo tu cintura de niebla
 y tu silencio acosa mis horas perseguidas,
 y eres tú con tus brazos de piedra transparente
 donde mis besos anclan y mi húmeda ansia anida.

Ah tu voz misteriosa que el amor tiñe y dobla
 en el atardecer resonante y muriendo!
 Así en horas profundas sobre los campos he visto
 doblarse las espigas en la boca del viento.



The Morning Is Full

The morning is full of storm

in the heart of summer.

The clouds travel like white handkerchiefs of goodbye,
the wind, traveling, waving them in its hands.

The numberless heart of the wind
beating above our loving silence.

Orchestral and divine, resounding among the trees
like a language full of wars and songs.

Wind that bears off the dead leaves with a quick raid
and deflects the pulsing arrows of the birds.

Wind that topples her in a wave without spray
and substance without weight, and leaning fires.

Her mass of kisses breaks and sinks,
assailed in the door of the summer's wind.

Es La Mañana

Es la mañana llena de tempestad

en el corazón del verano.

Como pañuelos blancos de adiós viajan las nubes,
el vi ento las sacude con sus viajeras manos.

Innumerable corazón del viento

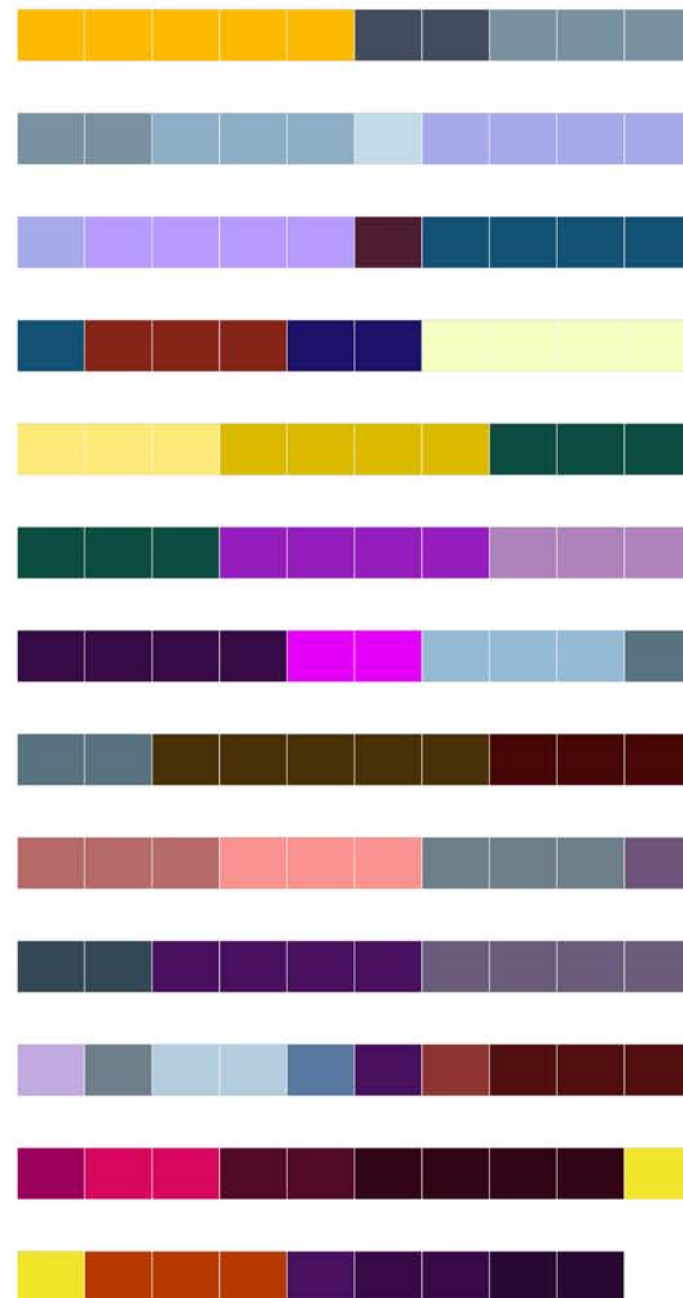
latiendo sobre nuestro silencio enamorado.

Zumbando entre los árboles, orquestal y divino,
como una lengua llena de guerras y de cantos.

Viento que lleva en rápido robo la hojarasca
y desvía las flechas latientes de los pájaros.

Viento que la derriba en ola sin espuma
y sustancia sin peso, y fuegos inclinados.

Se rompe y se sumerge su volumen de besos
combatido en la puerta del viento del verano



So That You Will Hear Me

So that you will hear me
my words sometimes grow thin
as the tracks of the gulls on the beaches.

Necklace, drunken bell
for your hands as smooth as grapes.

And I watch my words from a long way off.
They are more yours than mine.
They climb on my old suffering ivy.

It climbs the same way on damp walls.
You are to blame for this cruel sport.
They are fleeing from my dark lair.
You fill everything, you fill everything.

Before you they are peopled in the solitude that you
occupy,
and they are more used to my sadness than you are.

Now I want them to say what I want to say to you
and to make you hear as I wasn't you to hear me.

The winds of anguish still hauls on them as usual.
Sometimes hurricanes of dreams still knock them over.
You listen to other voices in my painful voice

Lament of old mouths, blood of old supplications.
Love me, companion. Don't forsake me. Follow me.
Follow me, companion, on this wave of anguish.

But my words become stained with your love.
You occupy everything, you occupy everything.

I am making them into an endless necklace
for your white hands, smooth as grapes.

Para Que Tú Me Oigas

Para que tú me oigas
mis palabras se adelgazan a veces
como las huellas de las gaviotas en las playas.

Collar, cascabel ebrio
para tus manos suaves como las uvas.

Y las miro lejanas mis palabras.
Más que mías son tuyas.
Van trepando en mi viejo dolor como las yedras.

Ellas trepan así por las paredes húmedas.
Eres tú la culpable de este juego sangriento.
Ellas están huyendo de mi guarida oscura.
Todo lo llenas tú, todo lo llenas.

Antes que tú poblaron la soledad que ocupas,
y están acostumbradas más que tú a mi tristeza.

Ahora quiero que digan lo que quiero decirte
para que tú las oigas como quiero que me oigas.

El viento de la angustia aún las suele arrastrar.
Huracanes de sueños aún a veces las tumban.

Escuchas otras voces en mi voz dolorida.
Llanto de viejas bocas, sangre de viejas súplicas.
Amame, compañera. No me abandones. Sígueme.
Sígueme, compañera, en esa ola de angustia.

Pero se van tiñendo con tu amor mis palabras.
Todo lo ocupas tú, todo lo ocupas.

Voy haciendo de todas un collar infinito
para tus blancas manos, suaves como las uvas.



I Remember You As You Were

I remember you as you were last autumn.

You were the grey beret and the still heart.

In your eyes the flames of twilight fought on.

And the leaves fell on the water of your soul.

Clasping my arms like a climbing plant

the leaves garnered your voice, that was slow and at
peace.

Bonfire of awe in which my thirst was burning.

Sweet blue hyacinth twisted over my soul.

I feel your eyes traveling, and the autumn is far off:

grey beret, voice of bird, heart like a house,

towards which my deep longings migrated

and my kisses fell, happy as embers.

Sky from a ship, Field from the hills:

Your memory is made of light, of smoke, of a still pond!

Beyond your eyes, farther on, the evenings were blazing.

Dry autumn leaves revolved in your soul.

Te Recuerdo Como Eras

Te recuerdo como eras en el último otoño.

Eras la boina gris y el corazón en calma.

En tus ojos peleaban las llamas del crepúsculo.

Y las hojas caían en el agua de tu alma.

Apegada a mis brazos como una enredadera,

las hojas recogían tu voz lenta y en calma.

Hoguera de estupor en que mi sed ardía.

Dulce jacinto azul torcido sobre mi alma.

Siento viajar tus ojos y es distante el otoño:

boina gris, voz de pájaro y corazón de casa

hacia donde emigraban mis profundos anhelos

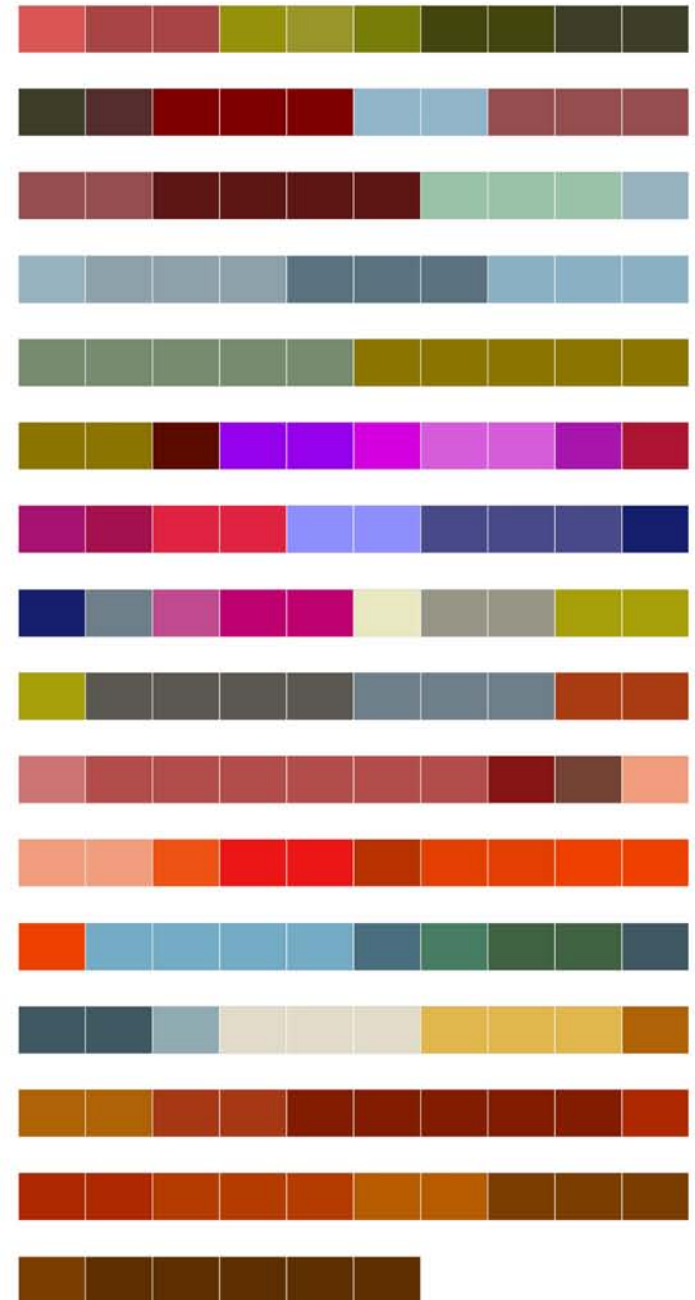
y caían mis besos alegres como brasas.

Cielo desde un navío. Campo desde los cerros.

Tu recuerdo es de luz, de humo, de estanque en calma!

Más allá de tus ojos ardían los crepúsculos.

Hojas secas de otoño giraban en tu alma.



Leaning Into The Afternoons

Leaning into the afternoons I cast my sad nets
towards your oceanic eyes.

There in the highest blaze my solitude lengthens and
flames, its arms turning like a drowning man's.

I sent out red signals across your absent eyes
that move like the sea near a lighthouse.

You keep only darkness, my distant female,
from your regard sometimes the coast of dread emerges.

Leaning into the afternoons I fling my sad nets
to the sea that beats on your marine eyes.

The birds peck at the first stars
that flash like my soul when I love you.

The night on its shadowy mare
shedding blue tassels over the land.

Inclinado En Las Tardes

Inclinado en las tardes tiro mis tristes redes
a tus ojos oceánicos.

Allí se estira y arde en la más alta hoguera
mi soledad que da vueltas los brazos como un náufrago.

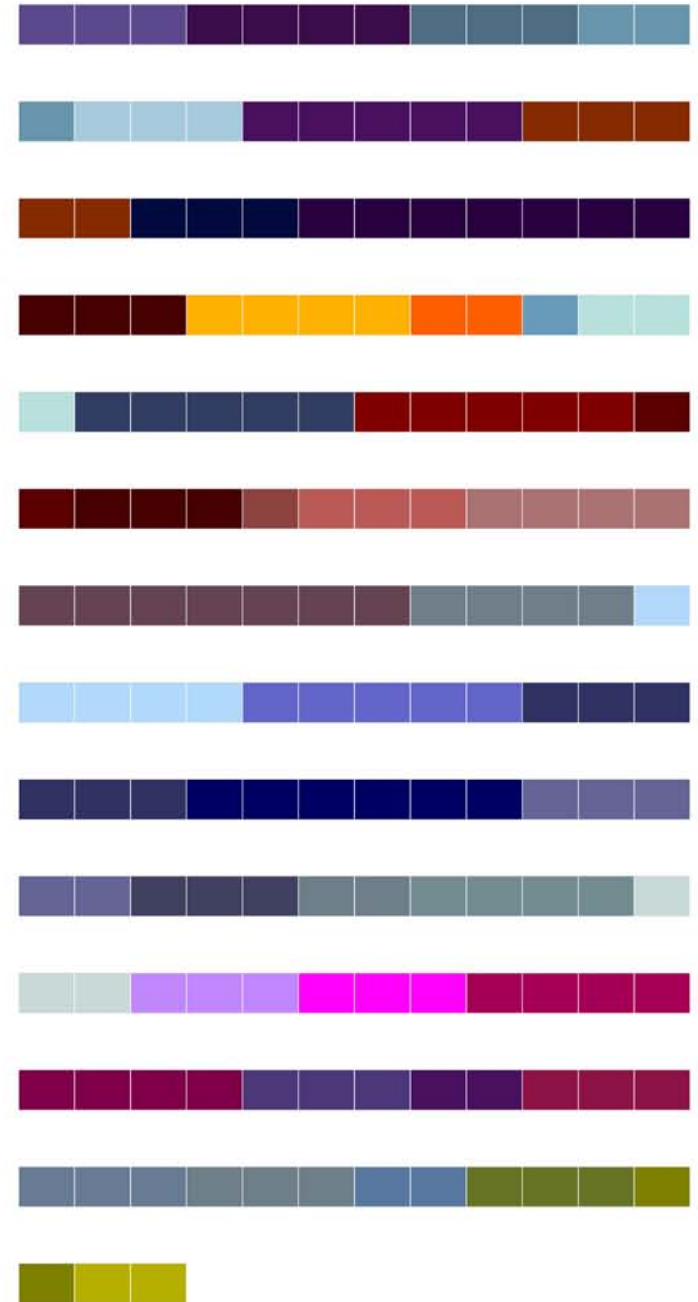
Hago rojas señales sobre tus ojos ausentes
que olean como el mar a la orilla de un faro.

Sólo guardas tinieblas, hembra distante y mía,
de tu mirada emerge a veces la costa del espanto.

Inclinado en las tardes echo mis tristes redes
a ese mar que sacude tus ojos oceánicos.

Los pájaros nocturnos picotean las primeras estrellas
que centellean como mi alma cuando te amo.

Galopa la noche en su yegua sombría
desparramando espigas azules sobre el campo.



White Bee

White bee, you buzz in my soul, drunk with honey,
and your flight winds in slow spirals of smoke.

I am the one without hope, the word without echoes,
he who lost everything and he who had everything.

Last hawser, in you creaks my last longing.
In my barren land you are the final rose.

Ah you who are silent!

Let your deep eyes close. There the night flutters.

Ah your body, a frightened statue, naked.

You have deep eyes in which the night flails.
Cool arms of flowers and a lap of rose.

Your breasts seem like white snails.

A butterfly of shadow has come to sleep in your belly.

Ah you who are silent!

Here is the solitude from which you are absent.

It is raining.
The sea wind is hunting stray gulls.

The water walks barefoot in the wet streets.

From that tree the leaves complain as though they were
sick.

White bee, even when you are gone you buzz in my soul
You live again in time, slender and silent.

Ah you who are silent!

Abeja Blanca Zumbas

Abeja blanca zumbas - ebria de miel - en mi alma
y te tuerces en lentas espirales de humo.

Soy el desesperado, la palabra sin ecos,
el que lo perdió todo, y el que todo lo tuvo.

Ultima amarra, cruje en ti mi ansiedad última.
En mi tierra desierta eres la última rosa.

Ah silenciosa!

Cierra tus ojos profundos. Allí aletea la noche.

Ah desnuda tu cuerpo de estatua temerosa.

Tienes ojos profundos donde la noche alea.
Frescos brazos de flor y regazo de rosa.

Se parecen tus senos a los caracoles blancos.

Ha venido a dormirse en tu vientre una mariposa de
sombra.

Ah silenciosa!

He aquí la soledad de donde estás ausente.

Llueve.
El viento del mar caza errantes gaviotas.

El agua anda descalza por las calles mojadas.

De aquel árbol se quejan, como enfermos, las hojas.

Abeja blanca, ausente, aún zumbas en mi alma.
Revives en el tiempo, delgada y silenciosa.

Ah silenciosa!



Drunk With Pines

Drunk with pines and long kisses,
 like summer I steer the fast sail of roses,
 bent towards the death of the thin day,
 stuck into my solid marine madness.
 Pale and lashed to my ravenous water,
 I cruise in the sour smell of the naked climate,
 still dressed in grey and bitter sounds
 and a sad crest of abandoned spray
 Hardened by passions, I go mounted on my one wave,
 lunar, solar, burning and cold, all at once,
 becalmed in the throat of fortunate isles
 that are white and sweet as cool hips.
 In the moist night my garment of kisses trembles
 charged to insanity with electric currents,
 heroically dividing into dreams
 and intoxicating roses practising on me.
 Upstream, in the midst of the outer waves,
 your parallel body yields to my arms
 like a fish infinitely fastened to my soul,
 quick and slow, in the energy under the sky.

Ebrio De Trementina

Ebrio de trementina y largos besos,
 estival, el velero de las rosas dirijo,
 torcido hacia la muerte del delgado día,
 cimentado en el sólido frenesí marino.
 Pálido y amarrado a mi agua devorante
 cruzo en el agrio olor del clima descubierto,
 aún vestido de gris y sonidos amargos,
 y una cimera triste de abandonada espuma.
 Voy, duro de pasiones, montado en mi ola única,
 lunar, solar, ardiente y frío, repentino,
 dormido en la garganta de las afortunadas
 islas blancas y dulces como caderas frescas.
 Tiembla en la noche húmeda mi vestido de besos
 locamente cargado de eléctricas gestiones,
 de modo heroico dividido en sueños
 y embriagadoras rosas practicándose en mí.
 Aguas arriba, en medio de las olas externas,
 tu paralelo cuerpo se sujeta en mis brazos
 como un pez infinitamente pegado a mi alma
 rápido y lento en la energía subceleste.



We Have Lost Even

We have lost even this twilight.

No one saw us this evening hand in hand
while the blue night dropped out of the world.

I have seen from my window
the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountain tops.

Sometimes a piece of sun
burned like a coin between my hands.

I remembered you with my soul clenched
in the sadness of mine that you know.

Where were you then?

Who else was there?

Saying what?

Why will the whole of love come on me suddenly
when I have sad and feel you are far away?

The book fell that is always turned to at twilight
and my cape rolled like a hurt dog at my feet.

Always, always you recede through the evenings
towards where the twilight goes erasing statues.

Hemos Perdido

Hemos perdido aun este crepúsculo.

Nadie nos vio esta tarde con las manos unidas
mientras la noche azul caía sobre el mundo.

He visto desde mi ventana
la fiesta del poniente en los cerros lejanos.

A veces como una moneda
se encendía un pedazo de sol entre mis manos.

Yo te recordaba con el alma apretada
de esa tristeza que tú me conoces.

Entonces, dónde estabas?

Entre qué gentes?

Diciendo qué palabras?

Por qué se me vendrá todo el amor de golpe
cuando me siento triste, y te siento lejana?

Cayó el libro que siempre se toma en el crepúsculo,
y como un perro herido rodó a mis pies mi capa.

Siempre, siempre te alejas en las tardes
hacia donde el crepúsculo corre borrando estatuas.



Almost Out of Sky

Almost out of the sky, half of the moon
anchors between two mountains.
Turning, wandering night, the digger of eyes.
Let's see how many stars are smashed in the pool.

It makes a cross of mourning between my eyes, and runs
away.
Forge of blue metals, nights of stilled combats,
my heart revolves like a crazy wheel.
Girl who have from so far, brought me so far,
sometimes you glance flashes out under the sky.
Rumbling, storm, cyclone of fury,
you cross above my heart without stopping.
Wind from the tombs carries off, wrecks, scatters your
sleepy root.

The big trees on the other side of her, uprooted.
But you, cloudless girl, question of smoke, corn tassel.
You were what the wind was making with illuminated
leaves.
Behind the nocturnal mountains, white lily of
conflagration
ah, I can say nothing! You were made of everything.

Longing that sliced my breast into pieces,
it is time to take another road, on which she does not
smile.

Storm that buried the bells, muddy swirl of torments,
why touch her now, why make her sad.

Oh to follow the road that leads away from everything,
without anguish, death, winter waiting along it
with their eyes open through the dew.

Casi Fuera del Cielo

Casi fuera del cielo ancla entre dos montañas
la mitad de la luna.
Girante, errante noche, la cavadora de ojos.
A ver cuántas estrellas trizadas en la charca.

Hace una cruz de luto entre mis cejas, huye.
Fragua de metales azules, noches de las calladas luchas,
mi corazón da vueltas como un volante loco.
Niña venida de tan lejos, traída de tan lejos,
a veces fulgurece su mirada debajo del cielo.
Quejumbre, tempestad, remolino de furia,
cruza encima de mi corazón, sin detenerte.
Viento de los sepulcros acarrea, destroza, dispersa tu raíz
soñolienta.

Desarraiga los grandes árboles al otro lado de ella.
Pero tú, clara niña, pregunta de humo, espiga.
Era la que iba formando el viento con hojas iluminadas.
Detrás de las montañas nocturnas, blanco lirio de
incendio,
ah nada puedo decir! Era hecha de todas las cosas.

Ansiedad que partiste mi pecho a cuchillazos,
es hora de seguir otro camino, donde ella no sonría.

Tempestad que enterró las campanas, turbio revuelo de
tormentas para qué tocarla ahora, para qué entristecerla.

Ay seguir el camino que se aleja de todo,
donde no esté atajando la angustia, la muerte, el
invierno,



Your Breast Is Enough

Your breast is enough for my heart,

and my wings for your freedom.

What was sleeping above your soul will rise

out of my mouth to heaven.

In you is the illusion of each day.

You arrive like the dew to the cupped flowers.

You undermine the horizon with your absence.

Eternally in flight like the wave.

I have said that you sang in the wind

like the pines and like the masts.

Like them you are tall and taciturn,

and you are sad, all at once, like a voyage.

You gather things to you like an old road.

You are peopled with echoes and nostalgic voices.

I awoke and at times the birds fled and migrated

that had been sleeping in your soul.

Para Mi Corazón Basta Tu Pecho

Para mi corazón basta tu pecho,

para tu libertad bastan mis alas.

Desde mi boca llegará hasta el cielo

lo que estaba dormido sobre tu alma.

Es en ti la ilusión de cada día.

Llegas como el rocío a las corolas.

Socavas el horizonte con tu ausencia.

Eternamente en fuga como la ola.

He dicho que cantabas en el viento

como los pinos y como los mástiles.

Como ellos eres alta y taciturna.

Y entrísteces de pronto, como un viaje.

Acogedora como un viejo camino.

Te pueblan ecos y voces nostálgicas.

Yo desperté y a veces emigran y huyen

pájaros que dormían en tu alma.



I Have Gone Marking

I have gone marking the atlas of your body
with crosses of fire.

My mouth went across: a spider trying to hide.
In you, behind you, timid, driven by thirst.

Stories to tell you on the shore of the evening,
sad and gentle doll, so that you should not be sad.
A swan, a tree, something far away and happy.
The season of grapes, the ripe and fruitful season.

I who lived in a harbour from which I loved you.
The solitude crossed with dream and with silence.
Penned up between the sea and sadness.
Soundless, delirious, between two motionless gondoliers.

Between the lips and the voice something goes dying.
Something with the wings of a bird, something of
anguish and oblivion.

The way nets cannot hold water.
My toy doll, only a few drops are left trembling.
Even so, something sings in these fugitive words.
Something sings, something climbs to my ravenous
mouth.
Oh to be able to celebrate you with all the words of joy.

Sing, burn, flee, like a belfry at the hands of a madman.
My sad tenderness, what comes over you all at once?
When I have reached the most awesome and the coldest
summit
my heart closes like a nocturnal flower.

He Ido Marcando

He ido marcando con cruces de fuego
el atlas blanco de tu cuerpo.

Mi boca era una araña que cruzaba escondiéndose.
En ti, detrás de ti, temerosa, sedienta.

Historias que contarte a la orilla del crepúsculo,
muñeca triste y dulce, para que no estuvieras triste.
Un cisne, un árbol, algo lejano y alegre.
El tiempo de las uvas, el tiempo maduro y frutal.

Yo que viví en un puerto desde donde te amaba.
La soledad cruzada de sueño y de silencio.
Acorralado entre el mar y la tristeza.
Callado, delirante, entre dos gondoleros inmóviles.

Entre los labios y la voz, algo se va muriendo.
Algo con alas de pájaro, algo de angustia y de olvido.

Así como las redes no retienen el agua.
Muñeca mía, apenas quedan gotas temblando.
Sin embargo, algo canta entre estas palabras fugaces.
Algo canta, algo sube hasta mi ávida boca.

Oh poder celebrarte con todas las palabras de alegría.

Cantar, arder, huir, como un campanario en las manos
de un loco.
Triste ternura mía, qué te haces de repente?
Cuando he llegado al vértice más atrevido y frío
mi corazón se cierra como una flor nocturna.



Every Day You Play

Every day you play with the light of the universe.
Subtle visitor, you arrive in the flower and the water.
You are more than this white head that I hold tightly
as a cluster of fruit, every day, between my hands.

You are like nobody since I love you.
Let me spread you out among the yellow garlands.
Who writes your name in letters of smoke among the
stars of the south?
Oh let me remember you as you were before you existed.

Suddenly the wind howls and bangs my shut window.
The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.
Here all the winds will let go sooner or later, all of them.
The rain takes off her clothes.

The birds go by, fleeing.
The wind. The wind.
I can contend only against the power of men.
The storm whirls dark leaves
and turns loose all the boats that were moored last night
to the sky.

You are here. Oh you do not run away.
You will answer me to the last cry.
Cling to me as though you were frightened.
Even so, at one time a strange shadow ran through your
eyes.

Now, now too, little one, you bring me honeysuckle,
and even your breasts smell of it.
While the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies
I love you, and my happiness bites the plum of your
mouth.

How you must have suffered against getting accustomed
to me,
my savage, solitary soul, my name that sends them all
running.
So many times have we seen the morning star burn,
kissing our eyes,
and over our heads the grey light unwind in turning fans.

My words rained over you, stroking you.

Juegas Todos Los Días

Juegas todos los días con la luz del universo.
Sutil visitadora, llegas en la flor y en el agua.
Eres más que esta blanca cabecita que aprieto
como un racimo entre mis manos cada día.

A nadie te pareces desde que yo te amo.
Déjame tenderte entre guirnaldas amarillas.
Quién escribe tu nombre con letras de humo entre las
estrellas del sur?
Ah déjame recordarte cómo eras entonces, cuando aún
no existías.

De pronto el viento aúlla y golpea mi ventana cerrada.
El cielo es una red cuajada de peces sombríos.
Aquí vienen a dar todos los vientos, todos.
Se desviste la lluvia.

Pasan huyendo los pájaros.
El viento. El viento.
Yo sólo puedo luchar contra la fuerza de los hombres.
El temporal arremolina hojas oscuras
y suelta todas las barcas que anoche amarraron al cielo.

Tú estás aquí. Ah tú no huyes.
Tú me responderás hasta el último grito.
Ovíllate a mi lado como si tuvieras miedo.
Sin embargo alguna vez corrió una sombra extraña por
tus ojos.

Ahora, ahora también, pequeña, me traes madreselvas,
y tienes hasta los senos perfumados.
Mientras el viento triste galopa matando mariposas
yo te amo, y mi alegría muerde tu boca de ciruela.

Cuanto te habrá dolido acostumbrarte a mí,
a mi alma sola y salvaje, a mi nombre que todos
ahuyentan.
Hemos visto arder tantas veces el lucero besándonos los
ojos
y sobre nuestras cabezas destorcerse los crepúsculos en
abanicos girantes.

Mis palabras llovieron sobre ti acariciándote.



the rest is missing from the recorded composition

A long time I have loved the sunned

mother-of-pearl of your body.

I go so far as to think you own the universe.

I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains,

bluebells, dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.

I want to do with you what spring does

with the cherry trees.

the rest is missing from the recorded composition

Amé desde hace tiempo tu cuerpo

de nácar soleado.

Hasta te creo dueña del universo.

Te traeré de las montañas flores alegres, copihues,

avellanas oscuras, y cestas silvestres de besos.

Quiero hacer contigo lo que la primavera

hace con los cerezos.

I Like For You To Be Still

I like for you to be still: I as though you were absent,
and you do not hear me far away and my voice does not
touch you.

It seems as though your eyes had flown away
and it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth

As all things are filled with my soul
you emerge from the things, filled with my soul.
You are like my soul, a butterfly of dream,
and you are like the word Melancholy.

I like for you to be still, and you are still far away,
It sounds as though you were lamenting, a butterfly
cooing like a dove.

And you hear me from far away, and my voice does not
reach you: Let me come to be still in you silence.

And let me talk to you with your silence
that is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring.
You are like the night, with its stillness and constellations.
Your silence is that of a star, as remote and candid.

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were absent,
distant and full of sorrow as though you had died.
One word then, one smile, is enough.
And I am happy, happy that it's not true.

Me Gustas Cuando Callas

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás como ausente,
y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te toca.

Parece que los ojos se te hubieran volado
y parece que un beso te cerrara la boca.

Como todas las cosas están llenas de mi alma
emerges de las cosas, llena del alma mía.
Mariposa de sueño, te pareces a mi alma,
y te pareces a la palabra melancolía.

Me gustas cuando callas y estás como distante.
Y estás como quejándote, mariposa en arrullo.

Y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te alcanza:
déjame que me calle con el silencio tuyo.

Déjame que te hable también con tu silencio
claro como una lámpara, simple como un anillo.
Eres como la noche, callada y constelada.
Tu silencio es de estrella, tan lejano y sencillo.

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás como ausente.
Distante y dolorosa como si hubieras muerto.
Una palabra entonces, una sonrisa bastan.
Y estoy alegre, alegre de que no sea cierto.



In My Sky As Twilight

In my sky at twilight you are like a cloud

and your form and colour are the way I love them.

You are mine, mine, woman with sweet lips

and in your life my infinite dreams live.

The lamp of my soul dyes your feet,

My sour wine is sweeter than your lips,

oh reaper of my evening song,

how solitary dreams believe you to be mine!

You are mine, mine, I go shouting it to the afternoon's

wind, and the wind hauls on my widowed voice.

Huntress of the depths of my eyes, your plunder

stills your nocturnal regard as though it were water.

You are taken in the net of my music, my love,

and my nets of music are wide as the sky.

My soul is borne on the shore of your eyes of mourning.

In your eyes of mourning the land of dreams begins.

En Mi Cielo Al Crepúsculo

En mi cielo al crepúsculo eres como una nube

y tu color y forma son como yo los quiero.

Eres mía, eres mía, mujer de labios dulces,

y viven en tu vida mis infinitos sueños.

La lámpara de mi alma te sonrosa los pies,

el agrio vino mío es más dulce en tus labios:

oh segadora de mi canción de atardecer,

cómo te sienten mía mis sueños solitarios!

Eres mía, eres mía, voy gritando en la brisa

de la tarde, y el viento arrastra mi voz viuda.

Cazadora del fondo de mis ojos, tu robo

estanca como el agua tu mirada nocturna.

En la red de mi música estás presa, amor mío,

y mis redes de música son anchas como el cielo.

Mi alma nace a la orilla de tus ojos de luto.

En tus ojos de luto comienza el país del sueño.



Thinking, Tangling Shadows

Thinking , tangling shadows in the deep solitude.
 You are far away too, oh farther than anyone.
 Thinking, freeing birds, dissolving images,
 burying lamps.

Belfry of fogs, how far away, up there!
 Stifling laments, milling shadowy hopes,
 taciturn miller,
 night falls on you face downward, far from the city.

Your presence is foreign, as strange as a thing.
 I think, I explore great tracts of my life before you.
 My life before anyone, my harsh life.
 The shout facing the sea, among the rocks,
 running free, mad, in the sea-spray.
((this line missing) The sad rage, the shout, the solitude of the sea.))
 Headlong, violent, stretched towards the sky.

You, woman, what were you there, what ray, what vane
 of that immense fan? You were as far as you are now.
 Fire in the forest! Burn in blue crosses.
 Burn, burn, flame up, sparkle in trees of light.

It collapses, crackling. Fire. Fire.
 And my soul dances, seared with curls of fire.
 Who calls? What silence peopled with echoes?
 Hour of nostalgia, hour of happiness, hour of solitude,
 hour that is mine from among them all!

Hunting horn through which the wind passes singing.
 Such a passion of weeping tied to my body.
 Shaking of all the roots,
 attack of all the waves!
 My soul wandered, happy, sad, unending.

Thinking, burying lamps in the deep solitude.

((this line missing) Who are you, who are you?)

Pensando, Enredando Sombras

Pensando, enredando sombras en la profunda soledad.
 Tú también estás lejos, ah más lejos que nadie.
 Pensando, soltando pájaros, desvaneciendo imágenes,
 enterrando lámparas.

Campanario de brumas, qué lejos, allá arriba!
 Ahogando lamentos, moliendo esperanzas sombrías,
 molinero taciturno,
 se te viene de bruces la noche, lejos de la ciudad.

Tu presencia es ajena, extraña a mí como una cosa.
 Pienso, camino largamente, mi vida antes de ti.
 Mi vida antes de nadie, mi áspera vida.
 El grito frente al mar, entre las piedras,
 corriendo libre, loco, en el vaho del mar.
((this line missing) La furia triste, el grito, la soledad del mar.))
 Desbocado, violento, estirado hacia el cielo.

Tú, mujer, qué eras allí, qué raya, qué varilla
 de ese abanico inmenso? Estabas lejos como ahora.
 Incendio en el bosque! Arde en cruces azules.
 Arde, arde, llamea, chispea en árboles de luz.

Se derrumba, crepita. Incendio. Incendio.
 Y mi alma baila herida de virutas de fuego.
 Quien llama? Qué silencio poblado de ecos?
 Hora de la nostalgia, hora de la alegría, hora de la soledad,
 hora mía entre todas!

Bocina en que el viento pasa cantando.
 Tanta pasión de llanto anudada a mi cuerpo.
 Sacudida de todas las raíces,
 asalto de todas las olas!
 Rodaba, alegre, triste, interminable, mi alma.

Pensando, enterrando lámparas en la profunda soledad.

((this line missing) Quién eres tú, quién eres?))



Here I Love You

Here I love you.

In the dark pines the wind disentangles itself.

The moon glows like phosphorus on the vagrant waters.

Days, all one kind, go chasing each other.

The snow unfurls in dancing figures.

A silver gull slips down from the west.

Sometimes a sail. High, high stars.

Oh the black cross of a ship.

Alone.

Sometimes I get up early and my soul is wet.

Far away the sea sounds and resounds.

This is a port.

Here I love you.

Here I love you and the horizon hides you in vain.

I love you still among these cold things.

Sometimes my kisses go on those heavy vessels
that cross the sea towards no arrival.

I see myself forgotten like those old anchors.

The piers sadden when the afternoon moors there.

My life grows tired, hungry to no purpose.

I love what I do not have. You are so far.

My loathing wrestles with the slow twilights.

(but - *missing*) night (comes - *missing*) on and starts to
sing to me.

The moon turns its clockwork dream.

The biggest stars look at me with your eyes.

And as I love you, the pines in the wind
want to sing your name with their leaves of wire.

Aquí Te Amo

Aquí te amo.

En los oscuros pinos se desenreda el viento.

Fosforece la luna sobre las aguas errantes.

Andan días iguales persiguiéndose.

Se descíñe la niebla en danzantes figuras.

Una gaviota de plata se descuelga del ocaso.

A veces una vela. Altas, altas estrellas.

O la cruz negra de un barco.

Solo.

A veces amanezco, y hasta mi alma está húmeda.

Suena, resuena el mar lejano.

Este es un puerto.

Aquí te amo.

Aquí te amo y en vano te oculta el horizonte.

Te estoy amando aún entre estas frías cosas.

A veces van mis besos en esos barcos graves,
que corren por el mar hacia donde no llegan.

Ya me veo olvidado como estas viejas anclas.

Son más tristes los muelles cuando atraca la tarde.

Se fatiga mi vida inútilmente hambrienta.

Amo lo que no tengo. Estás tú tan distante.

Mi hastío forcejea con los lentos crepúsculos.

(Pero *missing*) la noche (llega y *missing*) comienza a
cantarme.

La luna hace girar su rodaje de sueño.

Me miran con tus ojos las estrellas más grandes.

((Y como yo te amo MISSING)), los pinos en el viento,
quieren cantar tu nombre con sus hojas de alambre.



Girl Lithe and Tawny

Girl lithe and tawny, the sun that forms
the fruits, that plumps the grains, that curls seaweeds
filled your body with joy, and your luminous eyes
and your mouth that has the smile of water.

A black yearning sun is braided into the strands
of your black mane, when you stretch your arms.
You play with the sun as with a little brook
and it leaves two dark pools in your eyes.

Girl lithe and tawny, nothing draws me towards you.
Everything bears me farther away, as though you were
noon.

You are the frenzied youth of the bee,
the drunkenness of the wave, the power of the wheat-
ear.

My somber heart searches for you, nevertheless,
and I love your joyful body, your slender and flowing
voice.

Dark butterfly, sweet and definitive
like the wheat-field and the sun, the poppy and the
water.

Niña Morena Y Ágil

Niña morena y ágil, el sol que hace las frutas,
el que cuaja los trigos, el que tuerce las algas,
hizo tu cuerpo alegre, tus luminosos ojos
y tu boca que tiene la sonrisa del agua.

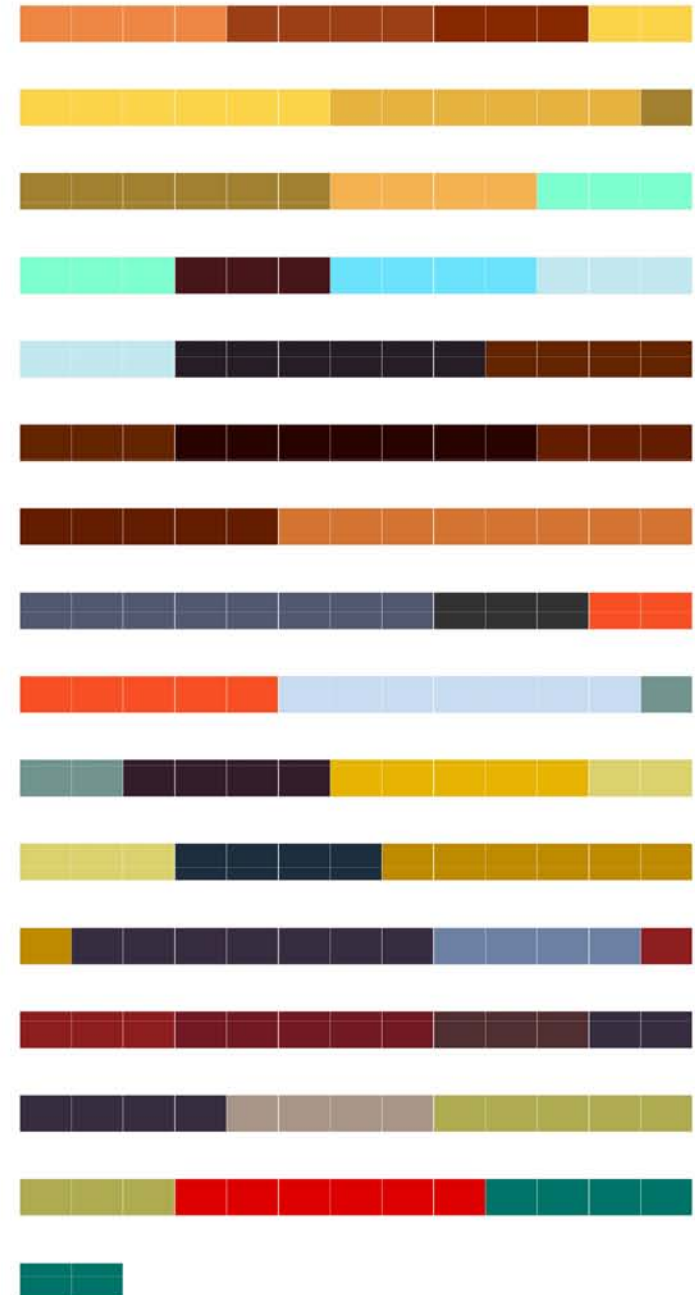
Un sol negro y ansioso se te arrolla en las hebras
de la negra melena, cuando estiras los brazos.
Tú juegas con el sol como con un estero
y él te deja en los ojos dos oscuros remansos.

Niña morena y ágil, nada hacia ti me acerca.
Todo de ti me aleja, como del mediodía.

Eres la delirante juventud de la abeja,
la embriaguez de la ola, la fuerza de la espiga.

Mi corazón sombrío te busca, sin embargo,
y amo tu cuerpo alegre, tu voz suelta y delgada.

Mariposa morena dulce y definitiva
como el trigal y el sol, la amapola y el agua.



Tonight I Can Write

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, 'The night is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver in the distance.'

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my arms.
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, and sometimes I loved her too.
How could I not have loved her great still eyes.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more immense without
her.
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not keep her.
The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the
distance.
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring her closer
My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.

The same night whitening the same trees.
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's for certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my
kisses.
Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I am no longer in love with her, that's certain, but maybe I
love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my
arms my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain she makes me suffer
and these the last verses that I write for her.

Puedo Escribir

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.

Escribir, por ejemplo: "La noche está estrellada,
y tiritan, azules, los astros, a lo lejos".

El viento de la noche gira en el cielo y canta.

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.
Yo la quise, y a veces ella también me quiso.

En las noches como ésta la tuve entre mis brazos.
La besé tantas veces bajo el cielo infinito.

Ella me quiso, a veces yo también la quería.
Cómo no haber amado sus grandes ojos fijos.

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.
Pensar que no la tengo. Sentir que la he perdido.

Oír la noche inmensa, más inmensa sin ella.

Y el verso cae al alma como al pasto el rocío.

Qué importa que mi amor no pudiera guardarla.
La noche está estrellada y ella no está conmigo.

Eso es todo. A lo lejos alguien canta. A lo lejos.

Mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Como para acercarla mi mirada la busca.
Mi corazón la busca, y ella no está conmigo.

La misma noche que hace blanquear los mismos árboles.
Nosotros, los de entonces, ya no somos los mismos.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero cuánto la quise.
Mi voz buscaba el viento para tocar su oído.

De otro. Será de otro. Como antes de mis besos.

Su voz, su cuerpo claro. Sus ojos infinitos.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero tal vez la quiero.

Es tan corto el amor, y es tan largo el olvido.

Porque en noches como ésta la tuve entre mis brazos,
mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Aunque éste sea el último dolor que ella me causa,
y éstos sean los últimos versos que yo le escribo.



The Song of Despair

The memory of you emerges from the night around me.
 The river mingles in its stubborn lament with the sea.
 Deserted like the wharves at dawn.
 It is the hour of departure, oh deserted one!

Cold flower heads are raining in my heart.
 Oh pit of debris, fierce cave of the shipwrecked.
 In you the wars and the flights accumulated
 From you the wings of the song birds rose.

You swallowed everything, like distance.
 Like the sea, like time. In you everything sank!
 It was the happy hour of assault and the kiss.
 The hour of the spell that blazed like a lighthouse.

Pilot's dread, fury of a blind driver,
 turbulent drunkenness of love, in you everything sank.
 In the childhood of mist my soul, winged and wounded.
 Lost discoverer, in you everything sank!

You girdled sorrow, you clung to desire,
 sadness stunned you, in you everything sank!
 I made the wall of shadow draw back,
 beyond desire and act, I walked on

La Canción Desesperada

Emerge tu recuerdo de la noche en que estoy.
 El río anuda al mar su lamento obstinado.
 Abandonado como los muelles en el alba.
 Es la hora de partir, oh abandonado!

Sobre mi corazón llueven frías corolas.
 Oh sentina de escombros, feroz cueva de náufragos!
 En ti se acumularon las guerras y los vuelos.
 De ti alzaron las alas los pájaros del canto.

Todo te lo tragaste, como la lejanía.
 Como el mar, como el tiempo. Todo en ti fue naufragio!
 Era la alegre hora del asalto y el beso.
 La hora del estupor que ardía como un faro.

Ansiedad de piloto, furia de buzo ciego,
 turbia embriaguez de amor, todo en ti fue naufragio!
 En la infancia de niebla mi alma alada y herida.
 Descubridor perdido, todo en ti fue naufragio!

Te ceñiste al dolor, te agarraste al deseo.
 Te tumbó la tristeza, todo en ti fue naufragio!
 Hice retroceder la muralla de sombra,
 anduve más allá del deseo y del acto.



The Song of Despair (cont)

Oh flesh, my own flesh, woman that I loved and lost,
 I summon you in the moist hour, I raise my song to you.
 Like a jar you housed the infinite tenderness
 and the infinite oblivion shattered you like a jar.

There was the black solitude of the islands,
 and there, woman of love, your arms took me in.
 There were thirst and hunger, and you were the fruit.
 There were grief and ruins, and you were the miracle.

Ah woman, I do not know how you could contain me
 in the earth of your soul, in the cross of your arms!
 How horrible and brief was my desire of you!
 How difficult and drunken, how tensed and avid.

Cemetery of kisses, there is still fire in your tombs,
 still the fruited boughs burn, pecked at by birds.
 Oh the bitter mouth, oh the kissed limbs,
 oh the hungering teeth, oh the entwined bodies.

Oh the mad coupling of hope and force
 in which we merged and despaired.
 And the tenderness, light as water and as flour.
 And the word scarcely begun on the lips.

La Canción Desesperada (cont)

Oh carne, carne mía, mujer que amé y perdí,
 a ti en esta hora húmeda, evoco y hago canto.
 Como un vaso albergaste la infinita ternura,
 y el infinito olvido te trizó como a un vaso.

Era la negra, negra soledad de las islas,
 y allí, mujer de amor, me acogieron tus brazos.
 Era la sed y el hambre, y tú fuiste la fruta.
 Era el duelo y las ruinas, y tú fuiste el milagro.

Ah mujer, no sé cómo pudiste contenerme
 en la tierra de tu alma, y en la cruz de tus brazos!
 Mi deseo de ti fue el más terrible y corto,
 el más revuelto y ebrio, el más tirante y ávido.

Cementerio de besos, aún hay fuego en tus tumbas,
 aún los racimos arden picoteados de pájaros.
 Oh la boca mordida, oh los besados miembros,
 oh los hambrientos dientes, oh los cuerpos trenzados.

Oh la cópula loca de esperanza y esfuerzo
 en que nos anudamos y nos desesperamos.
 Y la ternura, leve como el agua y la harina.
 Y la palabra apenas comenzada en los labios.



The Song of Despair (cont)

This was my destiny and in it
 was the voyage of my longing,
 and in it my longing fell, in you everything sank.
 Oh pit of debris, everything fell into you,
 what sorrow did you not express, in what sorrow are you
 not drowned!

From billow to billow you still called and sang.
 Standing like a sailor on the prow of the vessel.
 You still flowered in songs, you still broke in currents.
 Oh pit of debris, open and bitter well.

Pale blind diver, luckless slinger,
 lost discoverer, in you everything sank!
 It is the hour of departure, the hard cold hour
 in which the night fastens to all timetables.

The rustling belt of the sea girdles the shore.
 Cold stars heave up, black birds migrate.
 Deserted like the wharves at dawn.
 Only the tremulous shadow twists in my hands.

Oh farther than everything. Oh farther than everything.
 It is the hour of departure. Oh abandoned one!

La Canción Desesperada (cont)

Ese fue mi destino y en él viajó mi anhelo,
 y en él cayó mi anhelo, todo en ti fue naufragio!
 Oh, sentina de escombros, en ti todo caía,
 qué dolor no exprimiste, qué olas no te ahogaron!

De tumbo en tumbo aún llameaste y cantaste.
 De pie como un marino en la proa de un barco.
 Aún floreciste en cantos, aún rompiste en corrientes.
 Oh sentina de escombros, pozo abierto y amargo.

Pálido buzo ciego, desventurado hondero,
 descubridor perdido, todo en ti fue naufragio!
 Es la hora de partir, la dura y fría hora
 que la noche sujeta a todo horario.

El cinturón ruidoso del mar ciñe la costa.
 Surgen frías estrellas, emigran negros pájaros.
 Abandonado como los muelles en el alba.
 Sólo la sombra trémula se retuerce en mis manos.

Ah más allá de todo. Ah más allá de todo.
 Es la hora de partir. Oh abandonado!



Service Agreement

THIS SERVICE AGREEMENT dated this 8 day of July, 2004

BETWEEN:

Kartz Ucci of 524-388 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ontario, M5V 3P1
(the "Customer")

- AND -

Deanna Pauletto of Toronto, Ontario
(the "Service Provider")

BACKGROUND:

- A. The Customer carries on a business primarily consisting of visual art, practicing visual artist.
- B. The Customer is of the opinion that the Service Provider has the necessary qualifications, experience and abilities to provide services in connection with the business of the Customer.
- C. The Service Provider is agreeable to providing such services to the Customer, on the terms and conditions set out in this Agreement.

IN CONSIDERATION OF the matters described above and of the mutual benefits and obligations set forth in this Agreement, the receipt and sufficiency of which consideration is hereby acknowledged, the parties to this Agreement agree as follows:

Engagement

1. The Customer hereby agrees to engage the Service Provider to provide the Customer with services of musician, and such other services as the Customer and the Service Provider may agree upon from time to time (the "Services"), and the Service Provider hereby agrees to provide the Services to the Customer.

Term of Agreement

2. The term of this Agreement will begin on the date of this Agreement and will remain in full force and effect until completion of the Services. However, it is subject to termination as otherwise provided in this Agreement.

Performance

3. Both parties agree to do everything necessary to ensure that the terms of this Agreement take effect.

Compensation

4. For the Services provided by the Service Provider under this Agreement, the Customer will pay to the Service Provider compensation in the amount of \$25.00 per hour. Compensation will be payable upon completion of the Services. The Customer is entitled to deduct from the Service Provider's compensation any applicable deductions and remittances as required by law.

Additional Compensation

5. The Customer will provide additional compensation as follows. Should any grant be given for completion of this project, musician will be paid standard studio musician wages.

Expenses

6. The Service Provider will be reimbursed for the following expenses incurred by the Service Provider in connection with providing the Services hereunder: gas and parking. The Service Provider will furnish statements and vouchers to the Customer for all such expenses.

Provision of Amenities

7. The Customer will not be providing the Service Provider with any amenities.

Non-Competition

8. Other than with the express written consent of the Customer, which will not be unreasonably withheld, the Service Provider will not, during the continuance of this Agreement or after the termination of this Agreement, be directly or indirectly involved with using any part of this recording for their own or another individual's artistic project(s).

Assignment

9. This Agreement is a personal one, being entered into in reliance upon and in consideration of the personal skill and qualifications of the Service Provider.
10. The Service Provider will not voluntarily or by operation of law assign or otherwise transfer the obligations incurred pursuant to the terms of this Agreement without the prior written consent of the Customer.

Capacity/Independent Contractor

11. It is expressly agreed that the Service Provider is acting as an independent contractor and not as an employee in providing the Services hereunder. The Service Provider and the Customer acknowledge that this Agreement does not create a partnership or joint venture between them.

Modification of Agreement

12. Any amendment or modification of this Agreement or additional obligation assumed by either party in connection with this Agreement will only be binding if evidenced in writing signed by each party or an authorized representative of each party.

Time of the Essence

13. Time will be of the essence of this Agreement and of every part hereof. No extension or variation of this Agreement will operate as a waiver of this provision.

Entire Agreement

14. It is agreed that there is no representation, warranty, collateral agreement or condition affecting this Agreement except as expressed in it.

Severability

15. In the event that any of the provisions of this Agreement are held to be invalid or unenforceable in whole or in part, all other provisions will nevertheless continue to be valid and enforceable with the invalid or

unenforceable parts severed from the remainder of this Agreement.

Additional Clauses

16. Recording becomes the property of the customer, Kartz Ucci

17. The service provider, Deanna Pauletto has the right beyond this agreement, [which is, to provide vocals and random composition of Pablo Neruda's, "20 Love Poems and a Song of Despair", for an art work in process by the customer, Kartz Ucci"] to limit the marketing of the recording beyond its intended use as audio for an artwork.

Currency

18. Unless otherwise provided for, all monetary amounts referred to herein will be paid in Canadian dollars.

Termination of Agreement

19. The obligations of the Service Provider under this Agreement will terminate upon the earlier of the Service Provider ceasing to be engaged by the Customer or the termination of this Agreement by the Customer or the Service Provider.

Governing Law

21. It is the intention of the parties to this Agreement that this Agreement and the performance under this Agreement, and all suits and special proceedings under this Agreement, be construed in accordance with and governed, to the exclusion of the law of any other forum, by the laws of the Province of Ontario, without regard to the jurisdiction in which any action or special proceeding may be instituted.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the parties have duly executed this Service Agreement this 8 day of July, 2004.

Witness:

Kartz Ucci

Deanna Pauletto