

Eva Yerbabuena

Ballet Flamenco

presents

LLUVIA



Première:

-Jerez Flamenco Festival, February 28th 2009

-Teatro Español, Madrid, March 5th 2009

LLUVIA (RAIN)

What the Critics Say

'Yerbabuena shapes spatial poetry with music and words which spill from her imagination ... we sink into flamenco's magic. Splinters of glass fall, a garden of emotions flower. Some of the audience were moved to tears. Exceptional.'

Manuel Martín Martín, *El Mundo*, 28th February 2009

'Yerbabuena gives an exemplary lesson. Superb.'

Angeles Castellano, *El País*, 6th March 2009

'Perfect torment and ecstasy. Granada-born flamenco dancer Yerbabuena, a slight figure on stage, treads a line between Bausch at her most abstract and conceptual and Baryshnikov at his most daring. The work's emotional freshness, for all its beauty and precisely measured polish, never lacks tension, sense or emotion.'

Francisco Sánchez Múgica, *Diario de Jerez*, 1st March 2009

'She has reached the pinnacle of her art.... Her soleá is a dance for the annals: it reveals mastery, a deep understanding of flamenco's aesthetic, her full artistic personality. On the night of this review she rounded off her soleá por bulerías with resounding depth and grace. Rightly she received a resounding ovation. Of flamenco tricks or special effects there are none. Her dance alone is more than enough to evoke a flamenco apotheosis.'

Manuel Ríos Ruiz, *ABC*, 6th March 2009

'... Eva Yerbabuena floods the theatre with emotions as she dances, as if drunk with melancholy.'

Público, 6th March 2009

'What transcends is Eva Yerbabuena's genius as a bailaora. She finds new depths within herself and transforms herself while keeping her own personality After an extraordinary performance she walked barefoot down the aisle between the theatre's stalls, her gaze lost in the distance, as tremendous applause from a deeply moved audience broke around her.'

Silvia Calado, *Flamenco World*, [fecha 2009]

'Her command, using dance as a tool for self-expression, is based on an extraordinary control of her body she has taught the company's dancers, whom she converts into an extension of self. In the silence that "cuts us to the quick when pure", she breaks with pain to perform an extraordinary range of danceforms, always responding to the song. Eva distilled.'

Fermín Lobatón, *El País*, 1st March 2009

**To take this silent journey I close my eyes and ears without fear,
breathing in memories as I diver deeper to fathom a past where I can
shed my feelings and allow memories to surface in the here and now.**

Eva Yerbabuena

With thanks to O.N.C.E. (Spanish National Organisation for the blind)



LLUVIA (RAIN)

Her mouth, laden with melancholy, was bound to a mundane landscape below skies sketched by her feet.

Sometimes I talk when I might have stayed quiet.

Sometimes I seal up my ears to remind myself there is no truth in the proverb, Ojos que no ven, corazon que no siente. 'Out of sight, the heart is not hurt.'

Intuition draws us towards the land of imagination.

Rain was born on a grey day of pure melancholy.

Will Rain discomfort those who believe they know me? Perhaps. We find it easier to define others than ourselves. But Rain defines my origins.

They lie in love's purest solitude. I do not mean the marvels of love, but that through which we discover parts of ourselves we never knew existed. I mean the self we find through the melancholy and pain provoked by others' indifference to our love.

Should we lament that? I think not. Suffering, I am sure, is a step towards finding oneself. So this performance is a homage to the melancholy and indifference of desamor – lack of love - and, despite its sense of endless moments, to life itself.

What better to evoke those endless moments than the inner voice of a guitar, which draws us suggestively along until three voices take us into flamenco songforms of other eras: Murciana, Levantica, Taranto, Taranta, Milonga, Tanguillos, Romeras, Soleá and Cuplé. I needed to choreograph these songforms.

Rain ...

Because sometimes I talk when I might have stayed quiet.

Sometimes I seal up my ears.

Sometimes I am drawn to cross the threshold of the imagination's real yet magical world.

Eva Yerbabuena

Cast

EVA YERBABUENA

DANCERS

Mercedes de Córdoba

Irene Lozano

Eduardo Guerrero

Fernando Jimenez

GUITARS

Paco Jarana

Manuel de La Luz

SINGERS

Enrique El Extremeño

Pepe de Pura

Jeromo Segura

José Valencia

PERCUSSION

Manuel Muñoz “El Pájaro”

Raúl Domínguez

VOICE

Isabel Lozano

Alejandro

CREDITS

From an Original Idea by Eva Yerbabuena

Choreography by Eva Yerbabuena

Original Music by Paco Jarana

Stage design by Vicente Palacios

Lighting design by Florencio Ortiz

Sound design by Manu Meñaca

Design and dressmaking by Manuel and Gabriel

Sign language teacher: José Tirado López

TECHNICAL SHEET

Sound, Angel Olalla, Kike Seco

Lighting, Florencio Ortiz

Stage manager, Daniel Estrada

Costumes, Manue and Gabriel

Photos by Rubén Martín

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION

EVA HIERBABUENA, S.L.

Marta Román

Cristóbal Ortega

A EVA HIERBABUENA PRODUCTION S.L.

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PROGRAMME

ENDLESS MOMENTS (Tremolo)

THE STEP (Transition)

CLAY (Taranta)

SOLITUDES (Milonga)

From what grief was I born ...? / Dying to feel, as I die / This I desire, the lack of love in your life / The solitude in your kisses / Which have sown a sad remembrance/ Sad in my memory.' Eva Yerbabuena

SHATTERED VOICES (Frequencies)

FRAGMENTS (Poetry)

'Pure silence cuts to the quick .../ Unshaped by design or pattern .../ Rather, it traces overwhelming absence ... / I see myself with censorious eyes / I disappoint even the hate that I generate in others yet cannot perceive.' Horacio García

'LA QUERENDONA': THE LOVING WOMAN (Tanguillos)

Dedicated to my grandparents, Concha Ríos and José Garrido.

SALT RAIN (Alegrias)

GRIEF (Soleà)

The poem Pure Silence Damages was written for the performance by Horacio García.



