

Notes on Matters of Listening

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Somos lobos.

We are wolves.

(We who? ¿Nosotros, us? Who is we?)

¿Dónde, quién? Where is we?)

It's raining with some storm in winter. We're up in the attic. It's already dark outside, cayó la noche. A ritual of the South. Urban, too urban to take place in the countryside, and yet the trutruca sound telepathically brings us to the hill. Al punto más alto de la montaña. We are a pack of wolves in a temporary animal community. ¿En serio que somos lobas y lobos? Naaaa, solo kiltras y kiltros por aquí. We are the hunters and the prey, the speed of breathlessly, desperately racing and the calm of quiet contemplation. We fly and fall back to the ground, we advance and retreat, in this battle against our own shadows.

Sí, lo somos. Trabajamos duro, sin parar. Pisamos y correteamos en círculo nuestras sombras para abrir hoyos en la cima y que caiga el agua, ...o lo que caiga. We are part of a hard metal rite (but we're tender inside). We could resemble humans, the elements of earth, buildings, as well as the trash and the messy-smashing sound. Tenemos un despelote. El desmadre. Nos disolvemos en una atmósfera de tubos, telas, cordeles, papeles, alambres, rejas que olvidaron cerrar. Las abrimos como lata de sardina y devoramos sus ruidos. We hate clocks, but we need to use them. We prefer the loudly guttural, the peals of laughs. Those joys of freedom. The clock usually awakes. Sometimes we also use handsaws and nails, glasses, plastic dishes, wool, a broom, a chair, and a ladder.

Golpeamos,

we thump chocamos,

we stomp corremos,

we bang lanzamos,

we boom soplamos,

we beat aullamos,

stamp out feet pataleamos,

we whine and moan reímos,

we howl and groan, saltamos,

we sniff and sneeze aflojamos,

we cough clear our throats caminamos

and awake to the sound of the tubular bells. callamos.

We play dead, our eyes closed, our bodies lying motionless upon the floor. We float on a wave of vibrations. Flotamos, giramos, el flujo nos cubre y envuelve, nos alza y arrastra, nos tensa y sostiene. Es nuestro trawün sónico trenzamos sin acuerdo, sin rayado, ni límites, el caos en el grupo.

It's a call for us: to the land, to the heavy metals, to the tireless working. Un llamado al agua, al ko. Did we say that before? Yes, we are hard workers. Trabajamos duro, puta que

trabajamos. But livelier than that, we PLAY. Y jugamos. We invent our court, en nuestra cancha. We build towers and then tear them down. No es de arena, sino de plástico, metales pesados y a veces madera. We write words on the thin mountain air. Nuestras patas hacen grecas en espiral, hoyos entre la piedras, entra y sale la basura, y el ruido ensordecedor de los truenos. To open more floodgates and sounds. It resonates above and below our feet. It extends through our fur and connects the different bodies. Nos conectamos de reojo y por nuestras colas. (Are there different bodies? Are we not one unique, dispersed body? Are we anybody? Is there anybody else in here? ¿Alguien más?) We must stick together to play. But as we start to play, we are scattered, dispersed, lost at sea. Naufragamos. The ball's rebound insists to call the floor. It keeps bouncing back and forth, as in some sort of sport. We have nothing to say and we are saying it. Nada, nada de nada. Jaja, somos el universo de la nada. El último rito de desahogo antes de ser devorados por el silencio de nuestras cuevas y el mar de incertidumbre.

(Hello? Who is calling?
¿Quién anda por ahí?
To whom you are singing this mad lullaby?
To the pack of white elephants?
To the ghosts of the house?)

Son varios y se presienten. Hay anclada una bandera de piratas. ¿Sientes que los pisos crujen también? ¿Sientes que tu piel se mueve como una marejada? ¿Era una nueva sombra? Despierten, it's time to wake up. The clock still sounds. And we dance to the heat of the sound. Yes, we dance. Qué calor. Are you bothered? Deafened, angry, bored to death, raja? They are buzzing flies that touch your ears. Insisten esos zumbidos. Son moscas que chocan, intentando escapar de una ventana, pero vuelan alrededor de nuestras orejas. They are multiple vibrations. Shrill sounds. Bells, bells, bells. Footsteps, laughter, fingers lightly tapping on the strings of a spider's web. Fueron atrapadas por una telaraña, como un arpa sutil, delicada, sus húmedos hilos. We need to hit. To smash, to break, caress, rub, graze. Estamos seguros. Sigamos jugando plissss...

We are a community formed by a collision of human-animal-metal-trash. We want to saw the floor. Oh, right, we are sweet and wise, too. We have devoured a thousand and one theories, a thousand and one sleepless nights. Los ojos abiertos, brillan en la oscuridad. ¡Qué fácil es distinguir ahora nuestras sombras y sus sonidos! La trutruca nos llamó. Thanks to the trutruca we keep calm. Phew! And yet, we continue. Seguimos. The rebound of the ball insists to open.

We open the hole.
Down the hill.
Cuesta abajo.
Atravesamos el hoyo con la pelota.
Our howls are clear enough to be listened to by the ghosts, they spooooke.
What a relief, finally! At last!
¿Quieren parar?

Their voices reverberate within the wind, metals and bells. They fall as sticks moved by the wind burst. They continue. No paran. We sleep and relax with sweet beats. We try to stop, but the clock still calls us. Someone starts sweeping the floor. Suddenly all that remains are the echoes of water. El agua y su risa, su ruido, sus ecos. Paramos. We stop. There's a round of applause. Someone coughs. Se encienden las luces, nos miramos.