

## SONG TO THE POET

Javiera de la Fuente

*"It is in the ten-line poem arranged in quatrains where the solidary system of communicating vessels between the sacred and the profane is evident. Here, the Chilean being confirms its way of existing in a world dominated by wonder, to which it is impossible to respond unless one is alert to modulate oneself as integral expression. This expressive modulation through which the being opens up a creative dialogue with the world in the material, the psychic, and material is the art of living. The poetics of the ten-line poem embodies this." Fidel Sepúlveda, Chile.*

## FOR THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

**Mapuche mythology about "the creation" *Treng Treng and Kai Kai Vilú*.** *At the beginning of the Flood, the two enemies start their sonorous chants that sound like the noise of a machine: Kai Kai, Kai Kai, Kai Kai; and the other Treng, Treng Treng, Treng Treng Treng; so they keep on chanting all the time until these two opposing forces once again normalize nature."* (Pedro Megee Rosso).

**Ten-line poem of Violeta Parra.** *The wa-ter with which we baptize/ That runs down your face/ For these saintly reasons/ That you yheard them say/ You wore to die/ Of different colors*

### **Manifesto by Pedro Lemebel**

*I can't stand injustice/ And I suspect this democratic cueca (...)/ I leave the rifle to you/ For you are cold-blooded/ And it is not fear/*

*The fear has slowly faded away*

### **Popular flamenco lyrics**

*What do you want from me/ if even the water that I drink/ I have to ask you for*

### **Toná José Menese**

*Tied on the hard bench/ of a turquoise galley/ both hands on the oar/ and both eyes on the ground*

### **Venezuelan ten-line poems, Isabel and Ángel Parra**

*In the sea, the shell says I keep a wealth/ a garment of beauty with a natural shine / I am worth more than coral / than diamonds and rubies / I do not exchange myself for you/ for I am worth anywhere / in foreign regions/ they appreciate me too.*

Soundscape made for the exhibition *Wandering Apprentices* by *Cristina Mejías* at *Patio Herreriano*, 2024.

## FOR BIRTH

How the first soleá, and how vertically with heels? How by binary rhythms, traveling oceans of mouths in hands? How like an x-ray of the flamenco body, how a celebration of the land or lands?

### **Copla *La zarzamora*, Lola Flores**

*Let them publish my sin the sorrow that devours me, and let them all turn me aside!*

### **Poem *Defense of Violeta Parra*, Nicanor Parra**

*Sweet neighbor of the green jungle, eternal guest of the flowery April, great enemy of the blackberry, Violeta Parra (...)*

## **Yaghan Lakutaia le Kipa woman**

*Everyone knows me as Rosa because that is how the English colonists baptized me. But my name is Lakutaia le Kipa. Lakuta is the name of a bird and kipa means woman. Every Yaghan is named after the place where she was born and my mother brought me into the world in Bahía Lakuta. This is how our race is: WE ARE NAMED ACCORDING TO THE LAND THAT RECEIVES US.*

Afro-Caribbean tangos, Triana tangos, Chavela tangos, tribal tangos, ritual tangos, Cuban guaracha. Tangos de la Catalina, Isabelita de Jerez, Manuel Vallejo, gypsy dance, payo dance, indigenous dance, black dance, trans dance, dance for dancing.

## **FOR FAREWELL**

Death is also a utopia; what is frightening is life. Those who have sown nothing fear death, says Violeta. This farewell is a celebration of the lived life, a vivid life as Idoia says in her poem to Argentina. And all these crossings, tearing through *seguriya* in the midst of a pandemic, death was so close, lurking around, and we, gathered illegally saving each other, in that ravine where Violeta and Nicanor were saved. The birds and the blackberry as witnesses, our witchcraft imposed itself in the form of a clumsy dance, hinted at and drummed, in rehabilitation. A dance that rehabilitates itself to avoid dying, to be reborn always. Resisting mediocrity, resisting the cards of Rimbaud's seer. Life is, then, what exists between being and being, what remains when a being departs.

## **Suicide letter, Violeta Parra**

*I don't commit suicide for love, but for the pride that exceeds that of the mediocre.*

## **The Seer's Letters, Arthur Rimbaud**

*The poet becomes a seer by a long, immense, and reasoned derangement of all the senses (...) he exhausts in himself all poisons.*

Vicente Escudero and Fernanda Romero, flamenco spiritualism and other magical practices. A connected dance, a dance I pray.

## **Cueca Solo, Gala Torres. Group of Relatives of the Detained-Disappeared Detainees of Chile.**

*"I toast to truth, justice, and reason / so that there is no oppression / nor so much inequality / With courage and dignity / we must overcome this evil / we will rebuild / and with strong foundations / so that this is never lived again in Chile.*

*My life once was I happy / My life, my days were peaceful / My life then misfortune came / My life I lost what I cherished most. / I constantly ask myself / Where are you? / And no one answers me / And you do not come / I constantly ask myself / Where are you? / And you do not come, my soul / Long is the absence / And throughout the land / I ask for awareness / Without you, dear jewel / Life is sad."*

## **I curse the high sky (ten-line poems), Violeta Parra**

*"I curse the mountain range / of the Andes and the Coast / I curse, sir, the narrow / and long strip of land / I curse both peace and war / the straightforward and the fickle / I curse the fragrant / because my longing is dead / I curse everything certain / and the false with the doubtful / How great will my pain be."*

## **FOR THE END OF THE WORLD**

*Anticuecas*, compositions for guitar by Violeta Parra

### **ARTISTS**

Original idea, direction, voice and dance: Javiera de la Fuente Llovet

Guitar: Daniel Mejías

Lighting: Carlos López Camps

Aerial accompaniment: Javiera Paz Peralta Bravo