

miento

Música incidental creada para cuatro ocasiones particulares

Incidental music created for four particular situations



Estas grabaciones son las primeras tomas de aquellas noches.  
En algún momento..., pronto estarán en su versión final.  
Espero que al menos os gusten.

These recordings are the first takes of those nights.  
At some point..., they will soon be in their final version.  
At least, I hope you like them.



1 - 210620

2 - 230620

\* Poema de Holly Madge

3 - 041020

4 - 111020

5 - 171020

## Estado 1 - Confinamiento

Este extraño periodo de clausura nos ha llevado en muchos casos a mirarnos con detalle, y dedicarle un poco más de tiempo a revisar nuestra vida.

Observar a qué dedicamos nuestro tiempo y apreciar si lo perdemos o lo disfrutamos. En algunos casos, hemos tenido la oportunidad de reencontrarnos con quien éramos y descubrir que nunca nos dejó.

La música siempre ha sido uno de los pilares de mi vida. Y sentía que necesitaba volver a ella. Sin pretensiones, sin buscar otra cosa que retomar esas sensaciones tan increíbles.

Tras 15 años, volví a tocar el piano, afiné las guitarras y volví a escuchar música sólo por placer, prestándole toda la atención y haciendo de ello el único interés.

Así volví a tocar en las noches, cuando todo se queda en silencio y puedo escucharme mejor.

Estos temas son improvisaciones tocadas en una sola toma, sin ajustar el tiempo, sin pensar en estructuras o en cómo quedarán una vez grabadas.

Miraba el calendario pero no tanto el reloj, sabiendo que el cambio llegaría en una fecha y no en una hora. Esto, al menos a mi, me hacía perder un poco la noción del tiempo. Por eso en estos temas no hay métrica y el tiempo fluye según van apareciendo las notas.

A veces las melodías reinciden en patrones o tienen un evidente parecido a otras músicas (mías o ajenas) pero tampoco he querido coartar la expresión, así que es lo que es.

\*Gracias Holly por todo tu talento y sensibilidad.



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## State 1 - Confinamiento (Isolation)

This strange period of isolation has in many cases led us to look at ourselves in detail, and spend a little more time reviewing our lives.

To see what we spend our time in and appreciate if we lose it or enjoy it.

In some cases, we have had the opportunity to reconnect with who we were and discover that never left us.

Music has always been one of the foundations of my life. And I felt the need to return to it. Unpretentious. Not looking for anything except to return to those incredible sensations.

After 15 years, I start it play the piano again, tuned the guitars and went back to listening to music just for pleasure, giving it my full attention and making it my only interest.

So I start it played again at night, when everything is silent and I can hear myself better.

These songs are improvisations played in one take, without adjusting the time, without thinking about structures or how they will sound once recorded.

I looked at the calendar but not so much at the clock, knowing that the change would come on a date but not an hour. This, at least for me, made me lose track of time a bit.

That is why in these songs there is no measures, and time flows as the notes appear.

Sometimes the melodies can remember patterns or have an obvious resemblance to different musics (mine or other's) but neither have wanted to restrict the expression, so it is what it is.

\*Thank you Holly for all your talent and sensibility.

What made you try to look straight through me,  
You're only 5'3"  
I'm 5'8" and pretty opaque  
What exactly did you see?

What makes you verbally step over me  
As you greet those all around  
Who can offer up work or an in-joke smirk  
And make your lost soul feel found

From my side It seems pretty clear,  
My prospects don't live up  
To your basic requirements  
Of fame or wealth  
Or my aversion to sucking up

What's the risk in eye contact  
From under the statement hat?  
No wide brim will protect you,  
From having to face the facts

We're all pretty fucked by 2050  
Or so the socials say,  
I reckon we lost the plot when  
Insta filters paved the way

For overly refined existences,  
With a "golden hour" hue  
But there's only one hour of that a day,  
So what else do you do?

Sit like the rest of us, as fear takes hold  
Paralysed with indecision, as your tea gets cold  
Zoom from the micro of your shoe choice to the macro of world peace,  
Swiping relentless concerns that will never cease.

Overthinking flaws that might damage the vibe,  
That this cool, suave man can only continue to thrive  
Stepping up in the game, looking over people's heads  
It's so easy to trip when you don't look where you tread.

Lend me your eyes and I'll show you I care,  
For your smallest triumphs and your deepest despairs  
Make a joke out of our differences to raise a smile  
None of us are getting out alive so all the while

Let's step into, not slate another's shoes,  
Enrich ourselves with another's views  
Share tea that's hot, that hits the spot  
and bring this estranged world some better news.

Holly Madge