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Chapter 1 : The Dissonant Legacy of Modernismo

--Que pensarán de mi sombrero/What will the Poles think of my hat --Y a quien le sonríe el arroz/At whom is the rice grinning --Trabajan la sal y el azúcar/Are the salt and the sugar at work --Es verdad que el ambar contiene/Is it true that amber contains --El 4 es 4 para todos?/Is 4 always 4 for everybody?

Publication of this book was made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Translation and original Spanish text of: *El libro de las preguntas*. From the first book in the late and posthumous Neruda series to this final one, Stephanie Lutgring has helped to shape the translations. The artist Galen Garwood made available six original paintings for reproduction on the covers. I thank my friend for his exquisite images and their questions. To friends and family who have helped sustain me in this project since its inception in 5, I owe a debt that cannot be spoken or repaid. Any errors or inadequacies in these translations are solely the responsibility of the translator. The year-old poet drinks from the common source of all his essential work, revisiting that "deep well of perpetuity": These brief poems, composed entirely of questions, express his dedication to what Hayden Carruth calls the "structure of feeling" underlying experience. Neruda explored many schools of thought, poetic styles, and voices, but his passion lay in finding and improvising upon basic rhythms of perception to reveal unspoken and unspeakable truths. From *Crepusculario* and *Venture of the Infinite Man*, two of his earliest and lesser known works, to the books that form this series of late and posthumous poetry, Neruda developed a radical trust in the quest to know himself. He also trusted the process of setting aside what he knew long enough to rediscover the secret in another cadence and through other eyes. His imagination never surrendered to familiar patterns and, especially in the later poetry, rarely sought refuge in political or artistic programs. Neruda continued to challenge himself as a human being and an artist, until he became "the astute hunter," according to Marjorie Agosin, one who by vocation seeks "the roots of belonging" wherever he finds himself. In *The Book of Questions*, Neruda achieves a deeper vulnerability and vision than in his earlier work. These poems integrate the wonder of a child with the experience of an 16 adult. While Neruda craves the clarity rendered from an examined life, he refuses to be corralled by his rational mind. To the questions that compose the 74 poems of this sequence, no rational answers exist. If all rivers are sweet where does the sea get its salt? One must allow images of rivers, sea, sweetness and salt to reverberate more deeply than their literal meanings. One must be patient, instead of rushing to confront the question with a reasoning mind. When we stare directly at them, they fade from our view. Like those stars, these questions reveal themselves more completely to a receptive mind, a mind engaged in intuitive and emotional perception. Neruda composes his questions mostly of natural objects -clouds, bread, lemons, camels, friends and enemies. Those substances and forms are intertwined in our daily lives; dying and being born, their tangible limits shine outward to refer to the larger world. They are mysterious because, though they are physical and "real," in themselves they cannot be decided or solved. Allowing the questions to light the way, we arrive at previously uncharted places. These poems, however, cannot be considered "roadmaps" for the intuitive, emotional, or spiritual paths. They lead a double life: A koan is a question or a question disguised as a statement in the form of a paradox, which aids students of Zen in the X 7 practice of zazen. An illustration of this paradox can be found in a poem by Zen master Mumon, commenting on two monks arguing with the sixth patriarch about which is actually moving-the wind, a flag, or the mind. Wind, flag, mind moves, the same understanding. When the mouth opens All are wrong. In Latin, it was *quaerere* and *questum*; in English it became *quaestor* and later "quest," "inquest," and "question. *The Book of Questions* fulfills a traditional role of all the best poetry. Its greatest gift is to assist us in teaching ourselves how to see, partly by helping to inspire and focus the inner quest. When we do this, we reawaken the imagination to the quiet possibilities of wonder and awe. In this state, we ask our own unanswerable questions. And we might come to perceive, reflected within us, the nature of the world beyond mind and sight. This unique book is a testament to everything that made Neruda an artist. Which yellow bird fills its nest with lemons? Those who have read his poems about the suffering of

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others at the hands of political and social pathologies, will not be surprised by the lines: What forced labor does Hitler do in hell? Neruda was a complicated artist who integrated the dark with the light, and who responded to the full array of experiences available to a human being. He recognized his contradictions, embraced them, and eventually freed his work from the confines, the dangerous simplifications, of ideological programs and egotism. By doing so, he created a beautifully interwoven, expansive body of work. This book is the last in the Copper Canyon Press late and posthumous Neruda series, carrying between its covers the knowledge that the quest continues: Will they turn out good or bad? Worth flies or worth wheat? But the questions do not die. Where did the full moon leave its sack of flour tonight? Por que los inmensos aviones no se pasean con sus hijos? Par que no enseñan a sacar miel del sol a los helicópteros? In France, where does spring get so many leaves? Where can a blind man live who is pursued by bees? If the color yellow runs out with what will we make bread? Si he muerto y no me he dado cuenta a quien le pregunto la hora? De dónde saca tantas hojas la primavera de Francia? Dónde puede vivir un ciego a quien persiguen las abejas? Si se termina el amarillo con que vamos a hacer el pan? Why do trees conceal the splendor of their roots? Who hears the regrets of the thieving automobile? Is there anything in the world sadder than a train standing in the rain? Por que los arboles esconden el esplendor de sus raíces? Quien oye los remordimientos del automóvil criminal? Does smoke talk with the clouds? Is it true our desires must be watered with dew? Cuantas iglesias tiene el cielo? Por que no ataca el tiburón a las impavidas sirenas? Conversa el humo con las nubes? Es verdad que las esperanzas deben regarse con rocío? And the turtle replied: What do you say to oranges? Does a pear tree have more leaves than Remembrance of Things Past? Why do leaves commit suicide when they feel yellow? Que guardas bajo tu joroba? Y la tortuga preguntó: Que conversas con las naranjas? Tiene mas hojas un peral que Buscando el Tiempo Perdido? Por que se suicidan las hojas cuando se sienten amarillas? What does old ash say when it passes near the fire? For whom do the pistils of the sun burn in the shadow of the eclipse? How many bees are there in a day? Que dice la vieja ceniza cuando camina junto al fuego? Por que lloran tanto las nubes y cada vez son mas alegres? Para quien arden los pistilos del sol en sombra del eclipse? Cuántas abejas tiene el día? Does the leopard wage war? Why does the professor teach the geography of death? What happens to swallows who are late for school? Is it true they scatter transparent letters across the sky? Es paz la paz de la paloma? El leopardo hace la guerra? Por que enseña el profesor la geografía de la muerte? Que pasa con las golondrinas que llegan tarde al colegio? How many questions does a cat have? Do tears not yet spilled wait in small lakes? Or are they invisible rivers that run toward sadness?

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Chapter 2 : The Book of Questions - PDF Free Download

Es verdad que en el hormiguero los sueños son obligatorios? Sabes que meditaciones rumia la tierra en el otoño? (Por que no dar una medalla a la primera hoja de oro?) 1 6 XVII Have you noticed that autumn is like a yellow cow?

She has moved back to Massachusetts and lives not far from Vermont, putting her only one state away from Montreal. Besides, we would have hours to catch up, dissect issues and people, and in general hang out. The trip up seemed fast. There was nearly nothing to distract us My friend was somewhat nervous about crossing the border The four and half hours crossing through Vermont went so quickly we were unprepared emotionally for the border when it seemingly jumped up before us. We got to the open window and handed the guard our passports. He asked where we were going, and my friend offered, "To Montreal for a conference. Turned out crossing the border into Canada is a piece of cake. Coming back to America, on the other hand, is more like a pie in the face. The grouchy customs officer took our passports and asked us what we had to declare. He scowled at us and we smiled. Then he said to turn the car engine off and open the trunk. I could hear him unzipping the luggage. What was he looking for? Had we made a mistake by not buying anything? I had just joked with my friend that we should stop at the duty free. We told him we were at a conference. Was that code for something illegal? Our time with the customs officers did not end there. Let me say that knowing we were near the border and my friend had planned to get gas just over the border, I had been holding it. But I really had to go. This was my most pressing concern throughout, but I was also concerned about why it is that he had decided to call our actions into question. He told us to pull up and get out of the car and go into the office. In the office, we had to fill out claims forms, we were instructed to read the back carefully and sign. Neither of us had any trouble signing that Then they rifled through our purses. My agent unzipped all of the little bags I keep in my purse: When he pulled out my computer and the books, he said, I guess you were working. That would be the only clue we had in the whole ordeal as to why we were being searched. I was admonished to not carry medication that was not in its original packing. The other agent asked my friend if it was her car She said no, it was a brand new car They left us in there, not allowing me to use the bathroom, and searched the car. I watched as they sauntered over to another car searching while leaving us to wait in the office. Obviously there was nothing for them to be alarmed at in our car I wondered if they just needed to continue to be hardasses since the first grouch had decided we were undesirables I know, I know However, since we live in the discourse of fear country, we must create monsters out of really ordinary situations. While we were waiting, another customs agent came in carrying a bag of offensive grapes. And she gasped, "They have bread in the trunk. Yeah, lady, I got your number We got in the car and drove away fuming. How ridiculously these border agents handle the situation On that day, we were chosen to be monsters and then rejected as light weights. For me this came on the heels of another friend having crossed into Arizona from California Do I need a passport to cross state borders now? As I prepare for my Christmas trip to California in the car, I am stewing with the reactions I will have I can report that I passed in a car from California to Nevada Sunday night without incident I decided I need to think of fear and borders in other realms as well. It is inside of a gated community nearby called Leisure Village interesting, very time my dad hears this name he says, Sleazy Village, and I need to remember to ask him how it got that moniker. I find it confining from the moment you drive in and have to tell a gate attendant where you are going and who you are You round the corners that all look exactly the same, perfectly manicured lawns and trees. It was safe, my sister said. But, safe from what? I asked, not convinced that anyone needs that kind of safety. I am continually intrigued by those that feel the need to live behind gates. I say this in the full knowledge that mental and emotional walls are gates

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Chapter 3 : Carta de fragancias fall winter by Zermat International - Issuu

Es verdad que el ambar contiene las lagrimas de las sirenas? Como se llama una flor que vuela de pajaro en pajaro? No es mejor nunca que tarde? Y por que el queso se dispuso a ejercer proezas en Francia?

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beer? Que pensarán de mi sombrero, en cien años más, los polacos? Que dirán de mi poesía los que no tocaron mi sangre? Como se mide la espuma que resbala de la cerveza? Que hace una mosca encarcelada en un soneto de Petrarca? What would Jose Marti say about the pedagogue Marinello? How old is November anyway? What does autumn go on paying for with so much yellow money? What is the name of the cocktail that mixes vodka and lightning bolts? Hasta cuando hablan los demás si ya hemos hablado nosotros? Que diría Jose Marti del pedagogo Marinello? Cuántos años tiene Noviembre? Que sigue pagando el Otoño con tanto dinero amarillo? Cómo se llama ese cocktail que mezcla vodka con relámpagos? Why in the darkest ages do they write with invisible ink? Does the beauty from Caracas know how many skirts the rose has? Why do the fleas and literary sergeants bite me? Y a quien le sonríe el arroz con infinitos dientes blancos? Par que en las épocas oscuras se escribe con tinta invisible? Sabe la bella de Caracas cuantas faldas tiene la rosa? Par que me pican las pulgas y los sargentos literarios? How do the oranges divide up sunlight in the orange tree? Is it true that a black condor flies at night over my country? Es verdad que sólo en Australia hay cocodrilos voluptuosos?

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Chapter 4 : A Library's Worth of Questions - My Own True North

El color p rpura oscuro de la soluci n, junto con el vial de color  mbar, hace que resulte imposible realizar una comprobaci n visual en busca de part culas. The dark purple colour of the solution together with the amber vial makes a visual check for particulates impossible.

Hold on, Hold on, This book is a gem so how can I let it go without adding my favorite lines here, Is it true our desires must be watered with dew? Do tears not yet spilled wait in small lakes? Or are they invisible rivers that run toward sadness? Is it true that sadness is thick and melancholy thin? Does a pear tree have more leaves than Remembrance of Things Past? In the middle of autumn do you hear yellow explosions? By what reason or injustice does the rain weep its joy? Will I have my smell and my pain when, destroyed, I go on sleeping? In the sea of nothing happens, are there clothes to die in? In which language does rain fall over tormented cities? Can you love me, syllabary, and give me a meaningful kiss? Is a dictionary a sepulchre or a sealed honeycomb? In which window did I remain watching buried time? Or is what I see from afar what I have not yet lived? If all rivers are sweet where does the sea get its salt? How do the seasons know they must change their shirt? Why so slowly in winter and later with such a rapid shudder? And how do the roots know they must climb toward the light? And then greet the air with so many flowers and colors? Is it always the same spring who revives her role? Why do leaves commit suicide when they feel yellow? What will they say about my poetry who never touched my blood? How old is November anyway? What does autumn go on paying for with so much yellow money? Do all memories of the poor huddle together in the villages? And do the rich keep their dreams in a box carved from minerals? Do the black grapes of the desert have a basic thirst for tears? With the virtues that I forgot could I sew a new suit? Will our life not be a tunnel between two vague clarities? Or will it not be a clarity between two dark triangles? Or will life not be a fish prepared to be a bird? Will death consist of non-being or of dangerous substances? What will your disintegrated bones do, search once more for your form? Will your destruction merge with another voice and other light? Will your worms become part of dogs or of butterflies? But do you know from where death comes, from above or from below? Where is the child I was, still inside me or gone? Does he know that I never loved him and that he never loved me? Why did we spend so much time growing up only to separate? Why did we both not die when my childhood died? And why does my skeleton pursue me if my soul has fallen away? What weighs more heavily on the belt, sadnesses or memories? Where does the rainbow end, in your soul or on the horizon?

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Chapter 5 : Titania | FanFiction

THE BOOK OF QUESTIONS El libro de las preguntas Is it true that amber contains Es verdad que el ambar contiene.

Learn more about this fascinating world. How was perfume originated? One of the oldest uses of perfumes comes from the burning of incense and many aromatic herbs used in religious services. It became a sacred and powerful ritual carried on throughout different civilizations, from the Mesopotamians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and more. How is perfume structured? It must have a carefully balanced blend based in which each ingredient helps in achieving a unique and aesthetically appropriate identity. There are three basic parts: This is the nice scent from flowers, fruits or other compounds we tend to identify ourselves with. Second part, the solvent, is used to dissolve the fragrance gradually. Finally, the third step, the stabilizers and fillers, are used to retain the essential scent for a prolonged time. What are the olfactory notes? It consists of a combination of essential oils from diverse resources of natural and synthetic origin; contributing to the fragrance with its unique aroma in three different levels or notes top, middle and base. The scent after the top notes has dissipated, lasting approximately four hours. The 3 notes of a fragrance Base Notes: These are rich, deep and fixatives notes, which help slow down the evaporation of the lighter notes giving the fragrance a long lasting character. Its persistent aroma could last up to two days. What does the term Olfactive Fragrance Families mean? These are groups of related scents that have been combined where the predominant aroma determines in which family the fragrance will fall under. Our primary classification is as follow: A classic and modern combination of different floral accords: Incluye acordes de vainilla, toques gourmet y notas ambaradas. Se caracteriza por el contraste entre sus notas dulces con la potencia de notas de maderas. A unique contrast of distinct floral notes with a deep woody base, primarily bergamot “ slightly dry, not too sweet. Citrus Compuestos de frutas mandarina y bergamota. A unique blend of warmth and sensuality often associated with amber and vanilla accords. A predominately masculine scent comprised of a union of fresh lavender, oakmoss and fresh herbal notes. Incluye acordes de resinas, especias, notas animales y ambaradas. Sophistication from precious substances such as amber, resin, spices, exotic woods and animal notes. What is the perfume percentage and how it influences on a fragrance? Perfume percentage refers to the essential oil concentration measured in a solvent; the intensity and longevity of a perfume is based on the concentration. The higher concentration, the better, long-lasting aroma you will get. What does Olfactory Tendency Inspiration mean? We refer to the similarity between two or more aromas, most likely from the same family. Development and Creation of ZERMAT Fragrance A fragrance is more than a combination of fine aromas; these are an essential and recognized piece of art filled with emotions. As mentioned, our aromas are filled with emotions to connect with that particular person at that particular moment. Our broad collection of fragrances allows you to choose the right scent for you or your client. Each ZERMAT fragrance is sealed with a special touch from one of the greatest and experienced artists in the world of fragrance. When it comes to quality, our fragrances are created with high-end French essences. A delicate scent for the romantic and feminine woman. An elegant and classic scent for the distinguished woman. Identify her personality from any of these 5 exclusive blends of exotic and fine floral notes. A mystifying aroma for the confident woman. Featuring the most successful and recognized fragrance tendencies in the industry, it allows you to choose from 4 different personalities the scent that better suits you. A daring scent for the modern man. Identify his vivid aroma from any of these 3 outgoing fragrances with combined woody notes, citric and marine accords. A classic scent for the tender and caring man. Identify his peculiar aroma from any of these 4 classic fragrances, combined with fine woods and aromatic fresh herbs. Distinguish his style with any of these 3 exquisite aromas of fine woody notes and aromatic citric accords. Identify his sensual scent from any of these 4 unique fragrances with a conquering blend of woody notes and slight spices.

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Chapter 6 : Sylvania Zevo Bombilla Led Æmbar, (contiene 2 - \$ en Mercado Libre

Es verdad que en el hormiguero los suefios son obligatorios? Sabes que meditaciones rumia la tierra en el otofio? (Par que no dar una medal/a a la primera hoja de oro?) 16 Facebook: La culture ne s'hÃ©rite pas elle se conquiert.

Hay muchas cosas que me encantan de trabajar con carrete. Suele ser por cierto tipo de respeto especialmente en la playa , pero casi siempre capturo a las personas de espaldas porque eso me permite identificarme con ellas, pueden ser cualquier persona: Siempre es un reto cuando debo trabajar con otras personas. Tell us about the magic you found in that. I was living a particular moment of my life when I discovered photography. I needed to be alone and I used to take long walks. I used to photograph myself a lot; at the beginning I did this just for myself, hence photography became a kind of therapy, an introspectionâ€¦ I think this was the first magical thing that attracted me about photography. How do you achieve that? For me is just about instinct. Frequently, the eyes of the spectator are fixed directly on the centre of the frame when the subject is placed in an open and almost empty space. For what purpose do you compose the image like that? There are many things I love about working with film. For example, the time that I have to wait between shooting and viewing the photos, such wait is something magical and allows me to see with new eyes the things that I photographed, since as some days passed by, the emotions are no longer the same. It can be because of this distance, but your photos evoke some sort of melancholia. Is there a feeling or a concept you have in mind and try to convey through your photographs? Which are your favorite partners in crime when it comes to cameras and for what do you use each one? The subjects on your photographs lack identity; they usually show their back to the camera or have their face out of frame. What is the purpose of this anonymity? What has been your greatest photographic challenge? When I feel empathy with the subject, or with what I see around, something moves inside of me and makes me click. Do they know that are being photographed? On which project are you working right now? Todos ellos visten chaqueta, camiseta y zapatillas Converse. Los pantalones son Nudie Jeans. Everything in life is about attitude. Our achievements are but new beginnings, and being prepared is the highlight of the process. All of them told us what they have achieved and for what are they ready, no doubtsâ€¦ the best is yet to come. All of them are wearing Converse jacket, shirt and shoes. He is one of our chosen ambassadors this afternoon, walking around wearing the Converse Chuck II, allowing us to know him a little bit better, open to answer all the crazy things that roam in our head. Y paradojas de la vida, he acabado siendo ilustrador y dibujando lo que el cliente quiere que dibuje aunque sea en parte. O al menos todos por los que me he interesado. Que me paguen una factura cuando toca. Puedo llevar unas zapas vuestras mucho rato seguido y mis pies no me odian. Que noooo, que es broma. Lo hago con cafetera italiana, a mi el Nespresso ese no me mola nada. Was it because of Charles? I was always walking around with a Bukowski book under my arm; I became obsessed with that guy, hence my friends started calling me so: Which is the first illustration you remember doing? I illustrated the cover for the high school agenda. I think I was eighteen years old or so. You have to start somewhere. And which was the first piece you sold? Why did you decide to study advertisement and not fine arts? Actually I really wanted to study graphic design, but it was too expensive, so advertisement was what my innocent and poor kind soul thought resembled the most. The line is very present in your pieces, hence the drawing is very visible, which artists or artistic movements have influenced your process and evolution as an illustrator? Well, the artists that have really influenced me are almost all the ones within the comic art movement: As for the artistic movements, I cannot determine precisely which, though I believe all of them, or at least all the ones that have caught my attention. Which do you consider the biggest accomplishment you have achieved so far? Having an invoice paid on time. What do you like the most about the Converse Chuck II? Which characteristics do you share with Converse? That my real last name starts with C. I think the lifestyle inherent to the brand, especially its more urban side; I grew up in parks and squares, playing on the street, I had no PlayStation. Which has been the biggest difficulty, and the biggest reward, being an illustrator? The biggest difficulty was to decide to be an illustrator. Are you really

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ambitious and usually set plenty of goals for yourself? As I passed ahead of him I saw his face, and the serenity he conveyed provoked in me some kind of click. Life should be like that, a relaxed bike ride at least every now and then, and not just for fifteen shitty days during summer. In which way are you ReadyForMore? Which is the next goal you have set for yourself and what are you doing to achieve it? My next goal is to do my first large comic book with more than four pages, come on. What do you hope to achieve by the end of your days? What does it mean to you to be always ready and how do you achieve so? The first impression you get when you meet Fede is that he is one serious dude. He has always been ReadyForMore, as every innate dreamer is. I can picture him as a kid, studying insects anywhere his parents left him, open to a new world full of creativity. And as a result from those random activities, a universe only his imagination understands was conceived. His favorite color is black, though his heart is all white. Algo que contar a mis nietos. Me gusta el hecho de poder tener tu vida escrita en el cuerpo. Estas palabras son las que siempre repito cuando me preguntan desde cuando dibujo. De las dos disciplinas. A veces me paro y pienso: El primer tatuaje que hice fue en mi pierna, pero fue una prueba, no tiene mucha importancia. El que considero mi primer tatuaje de verdad lo hice a mi mejor amigo. Vino a visitarme y lo primero que me dijo fue: Todos son mis favoritos, no hay ninguno que no me guste pero hay uno que resume toda mi vida. Y es el primero. Luego si lo piensas, el equilibrio no es imposible, lo imposible es mantenerlo. Seguir siendo la persona que soy. A nadie en especial. Muchas veces necesitamos el apoyo de alguien cuando las dudas y los problemas empiezan a surgir. Soy un chico con muchas inquietudes. Moving to Barcelona almost nine years ago. I have always wanted more; have interesting stories to tell, adventures, real anecdotes that are only mine, something to tell my grandchildren. After listening to those words I promised myself that before I turned 30 I was going to be a tattoo artist, and I achieved it when I was 28, so objective 1: When did you realize you wanted to be a tattoo artist? I have always liked the American culture, the sailor tattoos, how they mark their bodies with their stories from travels, adventures and romance. I like the fact of having your life written on your body. I grew closer to the world of illustration thanks to this city; when I arrived here I found plenty of incentives and people interested in promoting art, new artists, they offered you a voice, possibilities to do an exhibition, show your work, one of those agents were you guys, you have always believed in me and supported me, promoting my art since day one. And what really makes you proud about each discipline? Sometimes I stop and think: Thinking about this is what motivates me day after day, and makes me feel proud of the position I am in. Which is, or how would you define, your style? Which was the first tattoo you did and to whom? The one I consider my first real tattoo, I did it to my best friend. From the tattoos you have, which one is your favorite? Keep on being yourself. Is there any tattoo artist you admire?

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Chapter 7 : Marexy | FanFiction

30 XX Is it true that amber contains the tears of the sirens? What do they call a flower that flies from bird to bird? Es verdad que el ambar contiene las.

Y la historia sigue Dejo algunos de los muchos comentarios que hay. Dejo algunos reviews de gente que ha escrito sobre el disco: Chord Change es un tema instrumental, que sirve de regodeo para los dedos de Latimer. Air Born es un dulce desarrollo que recuerda al estilo compositivo de Moody Blues. Sin lugar a duda, uno de los discos imprescindibles en toda discoteca progresiva que se precie. Rock en Progreso Una banda que ha extendido su influencia a todos lados del planeta y a otros estilos. Desde ese momento, este disco es uno de mis favoritos. Esta es la historia de Moonmadness de Camel. Autolycus abajo y Aristillus arriba de Apollo Pete amaba las palabras. A menudo ponemos muchos efectos sobre de ellas, un leslie, phaser faser , chorus, ecos. Todo tipo de cosas para enterrarlas. Latimer tiene una historia sobre la parte de la guitarra que comienza en el minuto 2: Y llegamos a la bonanza de espacio-jazz-rock que es el tema Lunar Sea. Este fue escrito para Andy Ward: Otra sugerencia solo puede ser apreciada por aquellos que recuerdan los viejos tiempos del vinilo: Andy y yo nos sentamos al costado del escenario todas las noches con la boca abierta. Nos colgamos en el jazz. Nunca me pidieron que tocara con ellos de nuevo. One small step for a camel. This album was where Camel really came of age. From the first notes of "Aristillus", a brief but striking instrumental, the attention of the listener is caught. After "Snowgoose" however, another instrumental album would perhaps have appeared indulgent, and would certainly have implied that the band accepted the criticism, giving up on the vocals altogether. Without wishing to labour the point, the vocals are indeed the weak point, but not to the extent that they spoil the album. Footnote, "Moonmadness" was originally was intended to be a concept album based around the personalities of the band members musically if not lyrically. I also love the keyboard sounds which Bardens carefully layers throughout the album. For those who do not a lot of CAMEL, this is a great place to start your collection and work backwards from. I always considered this a kind of concept-like recording really and love the atmospheres they create. Songs are allowed to expand and the only bummer is that the album is over far too soon. The songs are very progressive, and the melodramatic keyboards are often highly placed in the foreground. I would say the omnipresent keyboards are the main attraction, despite the guitar takes very much room too. The drums are often very fast Lunar sea and never simple. The bass is very well played, never timid, although not very elaborated. The guitar sound of Camel is nothing extremely spectacular, but the refined melodies involved are very compensatory. With combinations of mellow flute, Fender Rhodes, moog, organ, the quasi-Canterburian music is a pleasant emotions bringer; it is varied and sometimes surprisingly floating, so that it makes a very well balanced album. If you like The Snow Goose album, then chances that you like this one are high. Let us mention that this record is more loaded, progressive and complex than The Snow Goose. It is less delicate too, but still more than Mirage! A must for any progressive music fan who likes quality music. These songs are slices of the same sleepy exotica that snaked like a wild opiate through the black grooves of their first two albums, "The Snow Goose" being for all intents a downy anomaly. Vocals return, shared again by various band members Andy Latimer bears the burden of them , each obscured by the familiar veil of the subconscious from whence their muse arises. As with "Mirage", the music on "Moonmadness" is intoxicating, absorbing, and comforting, using gentle sounds keyboards, muted bass, flute to weave a soft fabric scented with the spices of faraway worlds. Within their complete catalog, several of these tracks breathe the rarefied air of prog rock classics: As with the best of progressive rock, the songs are suggestive of many things, and may transport individual listeners to any number of fantastic landscapes that a map might limit. The Camel albums that followed were terrestrial excursions, grounded in quasi-conventional structures that made spaceflight difficult. Dave Connolly Well actually this work deserves a 3 stars and an half score, by regarding of a certain diminution of tension in some circumstances This time the melodic aspects of this band are more positive and less melancholic or sad in

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comparison to the majority of the recent albums by Camel Do you remember the mood of "Rajaz" or that one of "Harbour of Tears"?! Apart from the considerations above, their taste is remarkable and the style unique as well!! It can complete your Prog Collection, regarding of such genre from Light Canterbury Lorenzo Thanks for the rating warning but I remain undeterred, Moonmadness undeniably is the best musical contribution by Camel. Following hard on the heels of The Snowgoose, Moonmadness dealt a serious blow to the critics saying.. Aristillus opens up demanding attention and tracks like Spirit of the Water, Song within a Song and Air Born and pure magic. You wonder where the creativity and passion has gone when you listen to relative youngsters serving up classical dynamite. Moonmadness is their best piece of work but there are so many of their albums that came close but never quite having that all round polish. Camels best in my opinion. Melodic and moody in places. They were always at their best when performing without vocals. A relaxing, melodic and thoughtful prog rock album. Andy Robinson This album has a twin: This is the perfect complement and further exploration of musical melodic exploration. Everything I wrote about "The SnowGoose" could apply here since I believe those two albums should be listened one after the other. I had a tape with SnowGoose on one side and Moonmadness on the other, and I could drive my car for hours listening to that. This is extremely intense music, with lot of interesting repetitions creating a climax and musical explosions. You have to listen to this. Belz This should really have three and a half stars, but I will err on the side of generosity and give it the full four. For my opinions on Camel and their music, read my review of Mirage, the same thing said there applies here. Nevertheless, this is a superior album to Mirage as the songwriting is better here. These are two craters on the moon, visible with the naked eye. I actually think this track, though short, is one of their best ones, melodic and bright. Next up comes "Song Within A Song", another decent effort, with some nice relaxing guitar and flute. It probably would have been better left as an instrumental, but, unfortunately, the vocals kick in on this one, and make it sound depressing. Camel can never be accused greatness when it comes to the vocals on their songs! The third track is "Chord Change", another track that is pleasant, if undemanding. The fourth one, "Spirit Of The Water", is a short piece again, and, maybe there is a link here! Lovely keyboards here and a gentle melody. Then comes the weak point for me, track 5, "Another Night", where the band try to sound more upbeat and aggressive, but only succeed in sounding dated. I have heard worse though. The guitar work is ok here, but again I prefer the keyboards. For me, Peter Bardens is the main inspiration in the band at this period in their development. Again nice keyboards and guitar. Likewise, the drums, whilst not brilliant, are played to a decent standard. My copy is the remastered version, with five extra tracks on them. However, it has to be said that the first two bonus songs are far better. The first is the single version of "Another Night" which is shorter see what I mean about the short pieces being more satisfying for me? The second is the demo for "Spirit Of The Water", which is an instrumental, quite haunting and probably my favourite track on the whole cd! All in all, although the vocals somewhat spoil it, and despite the lack of true inventiveness here, this is a good album to have, and, if I have to recommend one Camel album to have in your collection, then it has to be this. Carl Swallow After the instrumental concept album The Snow Goose proved to be something of a breakthrough album, Camel must have been tempted to repeat the trick with another similar work. After opening with the lively and brief instrumental Aristillus, our boys hit us with Song Within A Song, surely one of the most mournful, yet compelling tunes they ever committed to record. His segment then segues into a Bardens solo extravaganza with the rest of the band providing a typically Camel-esque backing track. But the album then gets back into full swing with the highly charged Another Night. The concluding track Lunar Sea is a storming piece of music that starts off, as one would imagine, full of spacey synths courtesy of Bardens. It eventually erupts into a full throttle Latimer guitar solo, but when the rhythm section starts playing around with the time signature, Bardens comes back in Martin Vengadesan With this, Camel did the impossible. Even the vocals, often a Camel weak point, work brilliantly. All the tracks are out of the very top drawer; not a filler or duff track in sight. This is one for the desert island and no mistake. The overall felling is nice and positive but not banal, which I see as an achievement. Great musicians, great elaborate sound.

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Chapter 8 : Cabeza de Moog !: Camel - Moonmadness () - Deluxe Edition ()

Es una fruta muy rica en potasio, y posee un alto contenido calórico, nos aporta provitamina A, que abunda en aquellas de color oscuro y vitamina E, los cuales actúan en el organismo como.

Publication of this book was made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Translation and original Spanish text of: El libro de las preguntas. From the first book in the late and posthumous Neruda series to this final one, Stephanie Lutgring has helped to shape the translations. The artist Galen Garwood made available six original paintings for re-production on the covers. I thank my friend for his exquisite images and their questions. To friends and family who have helped sustain me in this project since its inception in , I owe a debt that cannot be spoken or repaid. Any errors or inadequacies in these translations are solely the responsibility of the translator. With its composition, he comes full circle as a human being and an artist. Neruda explored many schools of thought, poetic styles, and voices, but his passion lay in finding and improvising upon basic rhythms of perception to reveal unspoken and unspeakable truths. From Crepusculario and Venture of the Infinite Man , two of his earliest and lesser known works, to the books that form this series of late and posthumous poetry, Neruda developed a radical trust in the quest to know himself. He also trusted the process of setting aside what he knew long enough to rediscover the secret in another cadence and through other eyes. His imagination never surrendered to familiar patterns and, especially in the later poetry, rarely sought refuge in political or artistic programs. In The Book of Questions, Neruda achieves a deeper vulnerability and vision than in his earlier work. These poems integrate the wonder of a child with the experience of an adult. While Neruda craves the clarity rendered from an examined life, he refuses to be corralled by his rational mind. To the 31 6 questions that compose the 74 poems of this sequence, no rational answers exist. If all rivers are sweet where does the sea get its salt? One must allow images of rivers, sea, sweetness and salt to reverberate more deeply than their literal meanings. One must be patient, instead of rushing to confront the question with a reasoning mind. When we stare directly at them, they fade from our view. Like those stars, these questions reveal themselves more completely to a receptive mind, a mind engaged in intuitive and emotional perception. Neruda composes his questions mostly of natural objects – clouds, bread, lemons, camels, friends and enemies. Those substances and forms are intertwined in our daily lives; dying and being born, their tangible limits shine outward to refer to the larger world. Allowing the questions to light the way, we arrive at previously uncharted places. They lead a double life: A koan is a question or a question disguised as a statement in the form of a paradox, which aids students of Zen in the X practice of zazen. An illustration of this paradox can be found in a poem by Zen master Mumon, commenting on two monks arguing with the sixth patriarch about which is actually moving – the wind, a flag, or the mind. Wind, flag, mind moves, the same understanding. When the mouth opens All are wrong. One then might come to know the value of a question posed by the Sufi poet Jelaluddin Rumi in the thirteenth century: Rather than remain in control, he submerges himself in not-knowing, in the unknowable questions that enter the imagination. The poet is intent on distinguishing between what he believes in his heart and soul gnosis , and received patterns of thinking and feeling that limit imagination and growth. The Book of Questions fulfills a traditional role of all the best poetry. Its greatest gift is to assist us in teaching ourselves how to see, partly by helping to inspire and focus the inner quest. These poems are the lyrical notations of the poet J s imagination; they reveal their truths only when we live with them and experience them as they are. When we do this, we reawaken the imagination to the quiet possibilities of wonder and awe. In this state, we ask our own unanswerable questions. And we might come to perceive, reflected within us, the nature of the world beyond mind and sight. This unique book is a testament to everything that made Neruda an artist. Which yellow bird fills its nest with lemons? Those who have read his poems about the suffering of others at the hands of political and social pathologies, will not be surprised by the lines: What forced labor does Hitler do in hell? Neruda was a complicated artist who integrated the dark with the light, and who responded to the full array of experiences

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available to a human being. He recognized his contradictions, embraced them, and eventually freed his work from the confines, the dangerous simplifications, of ideological programs and egotism. By doing so, he created a beautifully interwoven, expansive body of work. This book is the last in the Copper Canyon Press late and posthumous Neruda series, carrying between its covers the knowledge that the quest continues: In an earlier book, *Extravagaria*, the poet wonders: The sons of the sons of the son—what will they make of the world? Will they turn out good or bad? Worth flies or worth wheat? But the questions do not die. Where did the full moon leave its sack of flour tonight? For que los inmensos aviones no se pasean con sus hijos? Cual es el pdjaro amarillo que llena el nido de limones? For que no ensenan a sacar miel del sol a los helicopteros? Donde dejo la luna llena su saco nocturno de harina? In France, where does spring get so many leaves? Where can a blind man live who is pursued by bees? If the color yellow runs out with what will we make bread? Si he muerto y no me he dado cuenta a quien le pregunto la hora? De donde saca tantas hojas la primavera de Francia? Donde puede vivir un ciego a quien persiguen las abejasf Si se termina el amarillo con que vamos a hacer el pan? Why do trees conceal the splendor of their roots? Who hears the regrets of the thieving automobile? Is there anything in the world sadder than a train standing in the rain? Dime, la rosa estd desnuda o solo tiene ese vestido? For que los dr boles esconden el esplendor de sus rawest Quien oye los remordimientos del automovil criminal? Hay algo mas triste en el mundo que un tren inmovil en la lluvia? Does smoke talk with the clouds? Is it true our desires must be watered with dew? Cuantas iglesias tiene el cielo? For que no ataca el tiburón a las impavidas sirenas? Conversa el humo con las nubesf Es verdad que las esperanzas deben regarse con rocto? And the turtle replied: What do you say to oranges? Does a pear tree have more leaves than Remembrance of Things Past? Why do leaves commit suicide when they feel yellow? Que guardas bajo tu joroba? Y la tortuga pregunto: Que conversas con las naranjas? Tiene mas hojas un peral que Buscando el Tiempo Perdido? Por que se suicidan las hojas cuando se sienten amarillas? What does old ash say when it passes near the fire? Why do clouds cry so much, growing happier and happier? For whom do the pistils of the sun burn in the shadow of the eclipse? How many bees are there in a day? For que el sombrero de la noche vuela con tantos agujeros? Que dice la vieja ceniza cuando camina junto al fuego? For que Horan tanto las nubes y cada vez son mas alegres? Para quien arden los pistilos del sol en sombra del eclipse? Cuantas abejas tiene el diaf 6 VII Is peace the peace of the dove? Does the leopard wage war? Why does the professor teach the geography of death? What happens to swallows who are late for school? Is it true they scatter transparent letters across the sky? Es paz la paz de la paloma? El leopardo hace la guerra? For que ensena el profesor la geografia de la muerte? Que pasa con las golondrinas que llegan tarde al colegio?

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Chapter 9 : best Facinante images on Pinterest in | Ancient aliens, History and Ancient mysteries

partir (El río-o parte la ciudad en calendrierdelascience.com river splits the city in two.)(Es hora de partir el calendrierdelascience.com's time to cut the cake.)(Se fue sin explicaci3n y me parti3 el calendrierdelascience.com left without explanation and broke my heart.)(Le dijeron que si no pagaba la deuda, le iban a partir las calendrierdelascience.com told him that if he didn't pay the debt, they.

The Dissonant Legacy of Modernismo: My studies on modernismo began at Princeton University. Among my colleagues at these seminars, Alicia Andreu stands out as a supportive friend and critic. For the research on literary journalism, the family of Dr. Sergio Provenzano of Buenos Aires allowed me to consult materials in their extraordinary collection in Buenos Aires. In Montevideo, the staff of the Biblioteca Nacional shared my interest in the writings of Julio Herrera y Reissig and were helpful in every way possible. The editorial help I received from graduate students at Berkeley was essential. Barbara De Marco was invaluable as a text editor, as was James Nicolopolus who, along with Steve Raulston and Ching-Ju Lee, helped in all aspects of manuscript preparation. Their interest and skill at the task are evident. A travel grant from the Berkeley Center for Latin American Studies allowed me to consult libraries and archives in Argentina and Uruguay. Literary criticism has found Lugones a literary figure of difficult classification, owing to the abundance and diversity of his work and, in addition, to the rapid shifts in his ideological and political stances. Yet the study of Lugones is made fascinating by the very reason of these changes and the contradictory nature of much of his work. The obvious asymmetries in his work give modern readers a clue to search for the fissures in the productions of modernismo as a total movement. They not only reveal the contradictions within the work of this Argentine writer but can lead us to see the less obvious similarities with writers of his epoch and subsequent generations. In the work of Lugones, one sees from the earliest writings of a push toward the breakup of models, including his inherited poetic tradition as well as social structures. The topics of voyeurism, fetishism in language, and an analysis of the iconography of modernista poetry can serve as the basis for exploring the factors that make Lugones a true precursor of what might be called the dissonant trend in Spanish American poetry. More recently, Jorge Luis Borges has written of the paradoxes and importance of this literary father. Julio Herrera y Reissig, along with other modernista and postmodernista poets questioned the very bases of the conventions of modernismo. Although this tendency has often been viewed more as imperfect imitation than innovation, this study will attempt to show that such tendencies represent a resistance to or a subversion of the received European tradition. The resistance to previous models is an especially important topic in illuminating the course of poetry in Spanish American literature after modernismo. It can offer a way to recast the notion of dependence in modernismo, as well as showing a more direct link between the works of modernismo and vanguardismo. Although it is clear that Lugones borrowed heavily from Laforgue, the most radical experiments in the volume *Lunario sentimental* are found where the poetry owes least to Laforgue—when Lugones ventures into poetic frontiers unexplored up to this point in Spanish American poetry, especially in regard to his treatment of the urban middle class and the image of the modern woman, transformed from inert femme fatale to working-class citizen. In a sense both poets exaggerate and then naturalize the inherited conventions of European writing, and by doing so they change the very linguistic and ideological support base of its transmission. The breaks of syntax, the eruption of the unintelligible, the "mysteriousness" of the much late modernista poetry prefigure the works of later vanguardista poets. Because external structures are dissolving for example, the shifting and changing social-class alignments, a new role for the artist/writer, new economic structures due to industrialization, the structures of poetry formal poetic meter, rhyme also show rearrangement. Given these realignments, the position of the speaking subject in poetry must be shifting as well. We see the dispersal of the framing poetic voice, the fragmentation of landscape, and a heightened experimentation with conventions of rhyme, rhythm, and meter. Here the notions of voyeurism and fetishism in language aid us in establishing how these subversions in language are created.

The breaks in logic and syntax in poetry resonate with the absence of former poetic patterns, making them even more haunting for the reader of today who can read with the tradition of modern poetry as well as the tradition of modernismo. The role of the reader must also be taken into account if we are to understand the changing evaluations of the impact of modernista poetry. Any study of the historical context of modernismo must be attentive to the massive changes that took place in the late nineteenth century. The late nineteenth century witnessed the loss of the dream of the organic hierarchies of romanticism that had held sway even though romanticism itself stressed personal and turbulent self-expression. In essence, the oneiric tendencies of romanticism were difficult to maintain in a context of rapid modernization and relativization of values. The mythopoetic vision of the organic hierarchy reemerges in modernista poetry in only fragmented form, and here the return to the visual metaphors of the map, the landscape, the spatial contours of the city or of the interior space aid us in seeing this process of dislocation. Within the late nineteenth-century matrix, we see poets such as Lugones and Herrera reasserting, often with violence, certain elements of hierarchy in their poetry, only to deflate subtly within the poetry itself any claims to former totalities. With their seemingly blind ingenuousness faced with imported and local models, they open the space for a playfulness and experimentation in modern poetry which later poets have used to full advantage. They recast the vision of the city, the woman, and provincial landscapes through the eyes of a poetic self that makes few claims to structure. Later poets would use the fragments left by these late modernistas as the building blocks for a new diction often an incoherent diction that make Spanish American poetry of this century so distinct from its earlier models. This book will attempt to show that an element of modernismo generated change in a way that has usually been credited to the more overtly political mundonovista inheritors of modernismo or to the vanguardista poets. While poets such as Lugones do not explicitly theorize on the Spanish American subject in their poetry although Lugones does so abundantly in prose, the dislocations and questionings of the materials offered by the epoch combine to dissolve the very foundations of the assumptions of dependence in Spanish American modernista poetry. Roland Barthes distinguishes in *Writing Degree Zero* what he calls the "Hunger of the Word," which "initiates a discourse full of gaps and full of lights, filled with absences and overnourishing signs, without foresight or stability of intention, and thereby so opposed to the social function of language that merely to have recourse to a discontinuous speech is to open the door to all that stands above Nature. Such experiments have nevertheless been seeds of change for twentieth-century poetry. Why do contemporary readers dismiss modernismo as an ossified movement? Its impact would be easier to forget if its visions and rhythms were not still reverberating through a whole century of poetry celebrated for its novelties and distances from modernismo. Why is there so much suspicion of it as a movement? There seems to be a desire to collapse its multiplicity and subtleties into a single profile, despite the many fine studies on individual poets of the era. Leopoldo Lugones exploded part of the masquerade of modernismo with *Lunario sentimental*, but only to the extent that he brought to the surface some of its latent questions. Suspicious, in the end, of a kind of urban modernism and of its dislocations, Lugones finally turned his back on change and sealed off the path toward the unknown with tight rhyme and patriotic melodies. Much of what seems tedious in modernista poetry for the modern reader is its overloading of rarefied objects, its jewel-studded interior spaces, the amethyst shafts of light that make vision difficult. While modern taste prefers clean, spare lines, white walls, and open spaces, the modernistas work from a different set of culturally determined preferences. Just as they held a penchant for ornately decorated physical spaces, language itself had to be filled, decorated, and overburdened until it groaned under the excess of sensory paraphernalia. With rhyme, rhythm, and extended imagistic development, every inch of space was filled, inviting crowding, violence and, ultimately, parody. And this is precisely the process we see in several late modernista poets. Growing agitation, slicing through not only the images but the very contours of the poems themselves, carried modernista innovation to frenzies of linguistic activity. Dealing with a set of culturally valued icons usually derived from a European, especially French, context, the Spanish American writer has often been seen in a position of dependence. The acceptance of codified images in modernismo for example, the *femme fatale*, twilights, emphasis on luxury and sonority usually implies acceptance of the whole

cultural aura that surrounds these images. One may look for a disruptive or questioning movement on other levels, however. Yet even in modernista poetry or prose that seems to have a fetishistic fascination with overloading itself with riches from a more highly ranked cultural order, a subversive movement is sometimes triggered by the overloading process, which calls attention to the overabundance within the closed circles of pleasure and excess by making stark contrast with the emptiness surrounding it. In our desire to show temporal "progress" in poetic development, an anxiety to seek equations between social progression or regression and to see literature as its prophet or mirror, at times we exalt certain stages of poetry because of their explicit commentary on certain political or social movements. It is interesting to note critical appraisals of modernismo and the polemics it has aroused. Our idea of modernismo often takes on the image of a closed space, an escapist, ivory-tower world or an old trunk full of faded costumes and photos. We see less often its disparity, its violence of language, its fetishistic insistence on the bodily form, and its legacy in more contemporary poetry. For instance, the female figure in modernismo is an object almost at one with the language, heavily decorated, distant and elusive, sometimes spied on, while the veil of mystery surrounding her is like the web of musicality that encases the poetry. Mocking irony, the intrusive presence of deflation by social issues and discordant sounds and voices, even in gentle pastoral scenes, cannot be reconciled within this setting. What is most striking in the production of these poets is their violence, a violence turned inward against the grain of language and outward against the usual signs of fulfillment, plenitude, and richness. In general, this plenitude is seen as treasure of physicality, often as stolen treasure. These poets insist on showing the physicality of the referent, shoving it to the forefront, as well as accentuating the physical nature of the words themselves. Like resistant yet malleable bodies, words are to be used and taken apart. Severo Sarduy, in *Escrito sobre un cuerpo*, states: *La casa es el lugar del Mismo, la ciudad el del Otro. Arena of the erotic search; a body waits for us, but the road that leads to it—our word—is almost inexpressible in the excessive codification of city language. A road crowded, erased in the very act of its trace, blind sign on white repetition, without intervals, of the streets. To create new indices, to conceive surfaces of orientation, completely artificial marks, this is our attitude in the face of the city, this is the explanation of our frenzy of signposting. Only visual perceptions, then, are important. Texts, lights, arrows, keys, posters, that rise up like iconic, authoritative presences; fetishes: The attention is directed to the surface quality, to the construction process itself, not to the design as a whole. In other words, objects are emptied of their real that is, tangible information of representation, their physical density, and are presented in their signifying sense as signs, as emblems of the process of production. In this sense, their use is like that of objects in the baroque, not valuable for mimetic representation, but for their ability to be read as opposite signs, not straining to build bridges of relation between the objects of images themselves. In the same way modernismo is striking in its profusion of glittering sign-objects. Perhaps it is this almost fetishistic insistence of overloading signs which has closed it off to so many later readers. This distracting or subversive movement does not involve a confrontation of opposites. We simply see the workings of the backdrop of the machinery. A touch of decor is out of place—something prosaic wanders into a rarefied setting, or the clanking of the rhyme becomes overbearing, drawing too much of our attention. Thus our gaze is distracted by the distancing noise. These moments of hesitation, withdrawal, or suspension serve as equivalents of elision in a sentence, or, as described by Julia Kristeva, of an erasure of the real object of the speaking subject, similar to the process of desemanticization by obscene words or the fragmentation of syntax by rhythm. While working within patches of this modernista discourse, later poets allow us to sense the absences, rather than the accumulations, which make us feel that we are in new territories. The received images that constitute our repertoire for viewing the productions of modernismo allow us to see them in a different light from their contemporaries. And it is precisely through the works of those poets who drew most heavily from them that the movement in modernismo itself can be felt. If we consider the procedures of enclosure or binding in modernista poetry to be part of the exaltation of objects, of landscape scenes, of the female figure, and of decorative form, then our reading must also take into account our own fetishization of this production. By freezing it in time, by surrounding it with rites of previous and current*

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criticism, modernismo becomes a useful object, a museum piece or point of reference. Just as luxury can point out poverty, or monstrosity normality, a limited view of modernismo has restricted our sense of its power in our readings of later poets. If order is a necessary precondition for transgression or for vice, these static landscapes and enclosed gardens, which seem to offer the reader a single, directed point of view, in effect are engineered for more possibilities. Their stillness contains a slight wayward movement or distracting gesture that destabilizes the entire backdrop. The metaphor of eroticism as one of the bases for inquiry is not merely a descriptive scheme. The body, as origin and object of desire, is constantly given to us, sometimes as a lavishly decorated spectacle, other times as a mutilated scrap heap. As one looks closer, this same insistence on dismantling the erotic image is reflected in the framing picture of these prized icons. Things will not stand still under the poetic gaze. Margins are always dissolving, and fin de siglo props are being undermined by the intrusion of off-key elements. These poems are strategic, outflanking readers by beating them in the distancing game through means of more and more elaborate schemes and of towering lookout points of internal commentary.