



Pausar pulsa

(Self-published, 2024)

Cassette and booklet (download included) housed in a box with one-of-a-kind handmade covers, in a limited run of 200 copies.

Ainara LeGardon: Voice, words, artwork and collage.

Xabier Erkizia: Artistic production, recording and sound collage.

Ramon Zabalegi: Artwork and collage; design and layout.

Ivor R. Tamplin: English translation

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Pausar Palsa

Silence. Listening. Silence.

If we understand listening as that to which we lend our ears between two moments of that towering summit of sound we call silence, then we can comprehend the performance piece Pausar Palsa as a sort of live revelation of everything that can potentially remain silent until the artist makes it blossom as sound through a process of searching in which voice is the sole protagonist.

The performer's body as medium; the performance as an act of walking over a delicate razor blade, an action never repeated twice because it is more closely linked to the process than to the result, to the location where it takes place.

Over the past decade, Ainara LeGardon's work has focussed on this performative approach to music, exploring the ability of sound to emote and communicate on the margins of its traditional course, in terms of both structure and staging. Her work *Ecosistemas sonoros piensan, aprenden* (2018) already hinted at an attitude akin to a water diviner's craft, blindly rooting out treasures among the sediments; a subtle choreography of discovery through which a wealth of music flourishes, a music she intuits, sets and extracts from instruments arranged throughout the space.

Pausar palsa takes this approach one step further along the path to the ephemeral: the poetics of things that are crossed out, fragmented and superimposed. Voice modulated by the desire to tune in to the tones of sound debris arriving almost imperceptibly from the past. In opposition to digital's desire for immaterial permanence, turned into easily-stored data, the idea of disappearance, of that which appears and evaporates and can only be enjoyed by means of close listening at a point in time and space. In contrast to the ubiquity of music as background,

“Sigo aquí, / escuchándote, / sin saber muy bien
cuánto de mí / aún guardas en tu boca”

*“I’m still here / listening to you / without really knowing
how much of me / you still keep in your mouth”*

Statements recorded on magnetic tapes found in a box in the family home, the artist’s voice coming from the past and arriving in the present, now conjured up, invoked. An archeophony that started with Res-cue. The archive in the mouth (2020), which collects fragments together through a process of emptying, as the words turn to syllables, and the syllables into pure sound.

Pausar pulsa is also an object of sound and text, in a numbered limited edition which records the starting point for a creative process that culminates in the infinite variations of the performance, created following the same conceptual idea of that which is potentially ephemeral. A box, hand-painted on the outside, a family whose members share certain features but are never repeated twice. Inside we find a magnetic tape containing a studio version of the sound piece, accompanied by a fragment of tape with a recording of one of the live incarnations of this performance.

The text includes a score with the linguistic remains that become voice during the performance; a physical copy of that awareness of disappearance itself, which is one of the ideas underlying the entire project. It is printed on black paper that will bear the marks of its being handled: folds and smudges, the action of hands, experience as a means of dissolving materials. Alongside this, printed on fine sheets of paper with a glazing effect, we find all the lyric material that forms the bedrock of this work: that which has been left out in the subtraction process leading us to silence, all of which forms part and lends meaning, which has been essentialised to the point that it doesn’t flourish in the performance.

The recording of a dialogue with what remains before going back into silence once more.

Antonio Marcos.

