

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the research and the objectives of the study. It then proceeds to a literature review, followed by a description of the methodology used. The results are presented in the next section, and the discussion follows. Finally, the conclusion is drawn, and the implications of the findings are discussed.

The research was conducted in a systematic and rigorous manner, following the principles of scientific inquiry. The data collected was analyzed using statistical methods, and the results were compared with those of previous studies. The findings of the study are significant and have important implications for the field of research.

The study was limited by several factors, including the sample size and the scope of the research. However, the results are still valid and provide valuable insights into the topic. Further research is needed to confirm the findings and explore the implications in more detail.

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The authors declare that they have no conflicts of interest and that the research was conducted in accordance with the ethical standards of the relevant authorities. The data and materials used in the study are available upon request.

The research was published in the Journal of Science, and the authors would like to thank the journal for its publication. The authors also thank the readers for their interest in the study.

libros do vento





Awe

00:00

00-00-00

Audiobook of Fantoques Baj
based on works of Uxío Novoneyra

Publishing:

Fundación Uxío Novoneyra, Valumbo collection Nº 7

Poetry:

Uxío Novoneyra

Texts, reading and illustration:

Inacio

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Lavandeira (*retrato de Uxío Novoneyra. Madrid, 1964*)

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Elva Rey

Language revision:

Marta Negro

Language style of poet was always respected on his texts.

Editorial design:

Inacio, Álvaro Negro and Niko Alvarellos

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Niko Alvarellos

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© Play writing and drawings, Inacio

© Music, Benxa Otero

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Play fact sheet

Texts:

Uxío Novoneyra (*Os eidos; Do Courel a Compostela; Tempo de Elexía; Poemas da doada certeza i este brillo premido entre as pálpebras and Dos sonhos teimosos*)

Play-writing, staging and scenography:

Inacio

Soundplasty:

Benxa Otero

Performers:

Inacio and Benxa Otero (horn, guitar and loop station)

Video Editing:

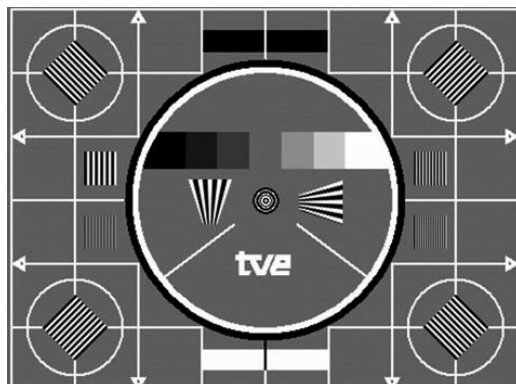
Marcos Vilariño and Alberto Quintá

Wardrobe:

María Chenut

*There's no need for it to be told
for whom this canticle is for..*

- 1 In 1963 Uxío Novoneyra directed the RTVE program *Versos a Medianoche* [Midnight Verses] broadcasted with the testcard.



In that program Uxío called on universal literature: Mallarmé, Rilke, Mayakovsky—here called Maya to overcome censorship—the beatniks... On July 25, the Galician Day of Patriotism, and with the dictatorship in full swing, Uxío had the courage to recite Xosé María Díaz Castro's "Penelope":

ONE step forward and another one back, Galiza,
and the fabric of your dreams remains unmoved...

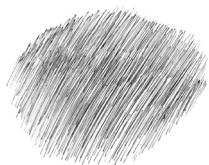
Upon finishing, "Negra Sombra" [Black Shadow] plays.



Awe is the name of this piece in which poems by Uxío are interwoven with fragments of a long interview granted to Emilio Araúxo and documented in *Dos sonhos teimosos* [Of stubborn dreams].

Amassament

**2 I must go to Pía Páxaro and to Boca do Faro
lay down in a clearing in the Campa da Lucenza**



I must go to Devesa da Rogueira and on to Donís
out to Rebolo to Pinza and to Chao dos Carrís.



I must go to Lousada and to Pacios do Señor
to Santalla, to Veiga de Forcas, and on to Fonlor.



I must go to Cebreiro passing through Liñares
ascend Iribio to Cervantes and on to Ancares



I must go to Cido and to Castro de Brío
descend and stroll along the shore of the river.



I must go to Céramo, over to Faro and then
sweep down slowly towards Oéncia and León.



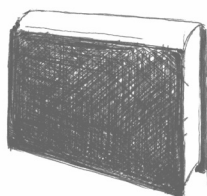
I must go to Vales and Pena da Airexa
and to a field where no one can see me.



- 3 Writing as if nothing were written and the idea that words don't cover the silence was the purpose of *Os Eidos* [Home Fields].

WOLF traps!
Boar paths!
lonely expanses
where no one went nor nor will go.

The wolf of *Os Eidos* is not a perverse animal, although I know that in reality it is, that it's very crafty, and hunt really well hunt very well...like a man, and understands how to hunt a roebuck like a man. No, no, my wolf is a prince of solitude.



The wolf! The eyes the back of the wolf!

The wolf shoots through the forest's scope
moving in yew tree's twigs
rustling in the trails' dry leaves
searching out the loneliest and frightening ravine...

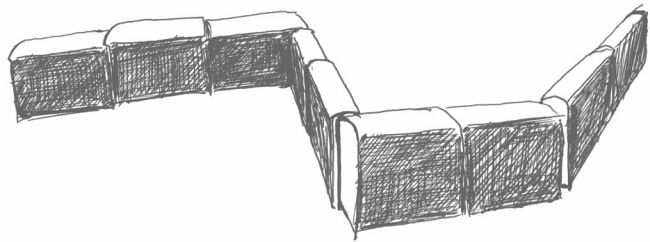
Tracking
It stops and sniffs
Sets its paw lifts its head and wails at the moon
with all the night's shadows in its mouth.

- 4 For this reason I'm telling you that more and more I'm amazed at that state of **Os Eidos**. Not of **Os Eidos** as a book. What amazes me, and what I'm amazed at, still amazed at, is what I felt, do you understand? The experience of how I arrived there and how I installed myself in that world, and succeeded in having that world filled me.

IT runs through the mountain
scanning like a maniac
passing deep paths
and the rocky, mountain steps.

It crosses the entire range alone
bringing along no companion
other than the great presence of the sky
over the silence of the bog.

I don't know where it goes
while I stand there watching it
I only know that there's where
the dream I'm dreaming comes true...



*The road ascends
descends twists
and dies in the distance...*

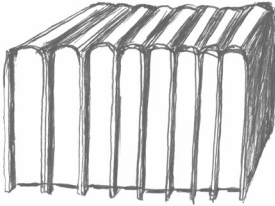
Few descriptions, nothing can give the impression of a land as
well as merely names of the places and the toponyms that are
now also starting to disappear with the last farmers.

THERE goes José de Parada
crossing all alone
the Devesa do Rebolo.

Galloping lazily
he crosses wine country
towards Viana do Bolo.

He leaves the range behind
He carries a soul that's signed
with the sadness of the road.

When one of them vanishes, its not only one individual that vanishes; its a home, a village, a way of life that believed itself to be eternal and which was the basis of the Language that vanishes.



HERE come the ropers to weave the cords!
The work has finished.
The snow has arrived. I see the rain and the wind
for those who can't be inside

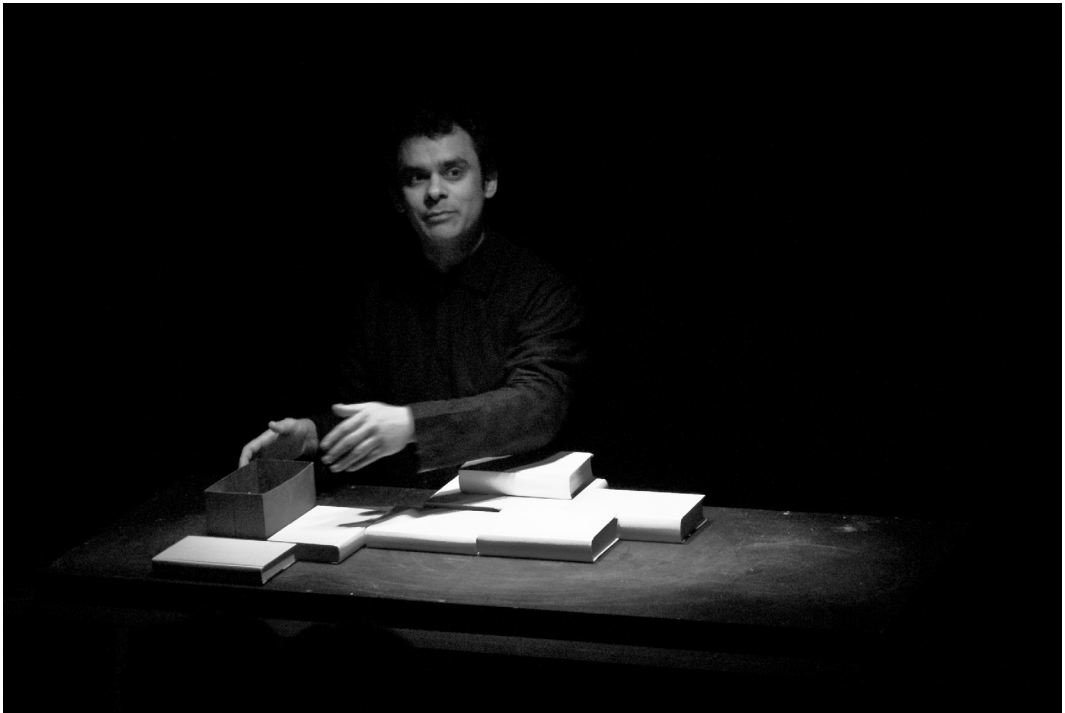
I in mine
and each in theirs
with bread with firewood
with grass for the oxen
and later
come what may:
It's the farmers
prayer.

Fatten the pigs kill them
salt and smoke them.
Bit by bit dripping in the fat
Little by little the coals getting closer
Something always needs doing at home.

5 I was born and raised in Parada do Courel

THE PARADA HOUSE

The old stone and lime house—
sunroom and windows facing the mountain range
made a hundred years ago according to my taste



It was a really well-made house, with a very solid roof. At its corner were extremely thick blocks, and when the strong winds came I was never afraid that the wind would pull off the roofing. It gave a feeling of security, and therefore the wind didn't frighten me, perhaps because I was certain of this.

THE wind roams free through the fields
with all its wings flayed out
impregnating the chestnut trees
ripping stone plates from the roofs
whirlpooling in the doorways.

If I had once witnessed my own house's roof flying off, well then, the wind would alarm me. This explains why in the elegies, there's this verse that tells of the trust there is in the winter wind: "Winter wind, from where do you know me?" Observe the peacefulness it's spoken with, as if they knew each other.

At any rate, a safe house is always very important in the mountains.

IT SNOWS like as I say
it snows in that poem

IT SNOWS on the peak's chin
snowing already on the slopes
it snows on the roof and the farmland.

IT SNOWS thick drifts in the tiny valley
It snows over Corzariza
It snows on rocky badlands
It snows on the tall oaks
And covers all the undergrowth
It snows on the chestnut groves and on absolutely all the
branches
It snows on stones and on the holm oaks
It snows for me before my eyes

.....
.....
.....

The snow falls powder-like.





- 6 Childhood and war went together. I remember war, maybe because it was so mixed up with childhood, as an incredibly rich period. It was the only time in which there was music in the village every Sunday. It's strange. Indeed, there was music in the village every single Sunday with dancing, bagpipers...Every single Sunday.

THE WINDS arrived, blowing towards Rodela
The fairs arrived
time for the little girl to show a little leg.

Little girls, little girls, little girls
little damsels with thin waistlines
young little girls of the new harvest
The fairs came, the feasts arrived.



It must be something that happens with wars in general, that the vital impulse is multiplied, youth's vital impulse, perhaps due to the risk.

7 The house of Manuel Cela Macía, from Parada, who was taken for one-way ride having just turned 21 in 1936.

The repression. They killed Manuel. I wrote it forty years after they took him for a walk. I've carried these events inside, without having written about them, for forty years. Forty years.

BALLAD OF MANOEL FROM RIBADAIRA

To Federico Garcia

THROUGHOUT the mountains the men are searching
At night they knock MANOEL CELA they called out
MANOEL DE RIBADAIRA to those who know him
They tear him away from the arms of his parents
its told they've said that they came down

on his back all the way down REAL
They say that he promised them the double barrel shotgun
and the hunting dog he'd trained
and that he would not appear for years
that they'd slice off a finger and take it as
proof to those who had sent them to kill him.

They went past SAVANE e MEIRAOS
Few saw them, all stepped back
in sight of TEIXEIRA they came to a stop
next a large gully they chose the spot
he turned in the air with the first shot
then there was a second, a third, and a fourth
they tossed in his body without finishing him off
threw stones and brush in afterwards
something had been seen, cattle ranchers had heard
a poor man carrying a sack brought word
the PARADA city council went to pull him out
they had to take two lines and attach them
to his father's waist who goes down

tied up with crossed loops and buckles
they bring up **MANOEL**, dead, followed by his old father,
then carry him over the slippery terrain placed on a litter
crossing places through a through a dreadful hole
stomping crowded feet
he who left on foot and returned on a litter
all the way to **SAVANE** and behind the church square

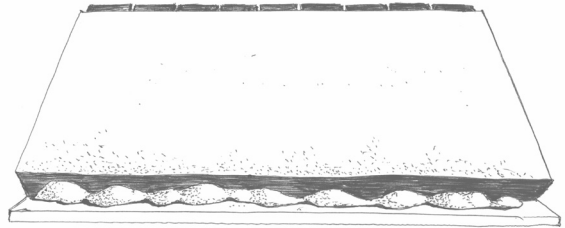
turning up **REAL** the council quiet
all with the same silence charged
they arrive in **PARADA** the entire town
is waiting for them in front of the house
there was I a child of six and the
most piercing cries from the mother and sisters
until one by one they began to faint



it's told it was four men who took him for a walk
and that all of them died tormented
they were four and I silence their names
it's now been forty years to the day



I'VE been cleaning the house of junk and furniture
cupboards and attic leaving no trace
Flirting with touching my ancestor's hands



- 8 I recall, and I don't think it was something that only happened to me, it happened in many places, not only in Galicia, [but also] in Spain, that wearing some piece of red clothing automatically meant repression. They told my mother to make me take off the red sweater but she didn't do it. And so once, at the fair, the falangists came after me. I was what, seven years old or so? and with a pocket knife they cut it right off of my skin. They took the sweater and gave me a long lecture, they tore the sweater to shreds and lectured the entire town, that's what they told me.

EVER since I was small
I always went to see the overflowing river
giving me this gesture
that I know.

In '55 I was in Betanzos. This is the memory I brought from
Caneiros to Tesos Cumes.

MANDEO, gently, to the sound of the night

The river's ripples softly subsided
carrying lonely boats through the infinite sea and night.

Regarding the boats:
women! wine! viands!

The river's ripples softly subsided
carrying lonely boats through the infinite sea and night.



We eat and drink to happiness.

The river's ripples softly subsided
carrying lonely boats through the infinite sea and night.

Wine and viands raise me up to the full moon.

The river's ripples softly subsided
carrying lonely boats through the infinite sea and night.

When the red wine that doesn't lose its color in hearts
is no longer enough for our thirst
we bring our lips to deeper glasses

The river's ripples softly subsided
carrying lonely boats through the infinite sea and night.

Women were true like wine.

The river's ripples softly subsided
carrying lonely boats through the infinite sea and night.

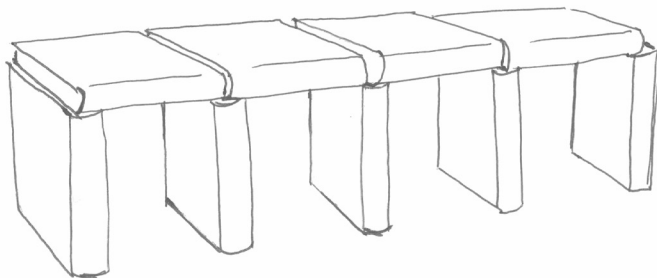
As time passed, it pushed me further from death.

The river's ripples softly subsided
carrying lonely boats through the infinite sea and night.

In the long miracle
I always tried to follow, subsiding, in the boats

9 In Madrid, at the National Library, I began to undertake my research. It's where I found primitive literatures, primitive poetry, and the great cultures of the past. And then, upon returning to Galicia and being drawn to defensive and critical nationalism, I began to read our classic writers, first Pondal and Rosalia, and then the medieval ones, which I read a lot of.

WITH YOU I speak with you King Alfonso Esguío e Torneol
Pero Meogo and Mendiño that you carry in flower
with you King don Denís of Portugal Per Amigo
Roi Fernández from Santiago Martín Códax from Vigo
with you hoarse-voiced Galicians, glass-crafted Galicians
Xoan Airas Airas Nunnes Bernal de Bonaval
Martín de Padrocelos near where I was born
Esteban Coello—gorgeous rags and soft song
Xohan Zorro of the dance and boats at Lisbon
Cerceo Bolseiro that from Armea that from Guillade that from Ambroa
and that from Ponte Lourenzo Martín Moxa Eanes do Cotón
Roi Paes Soares Lopes Lopo Lías and so many others.



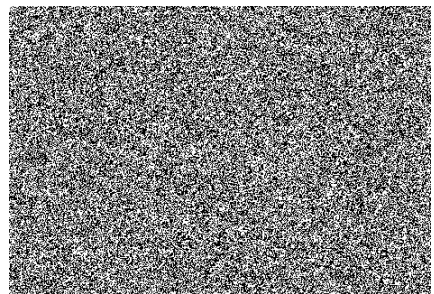
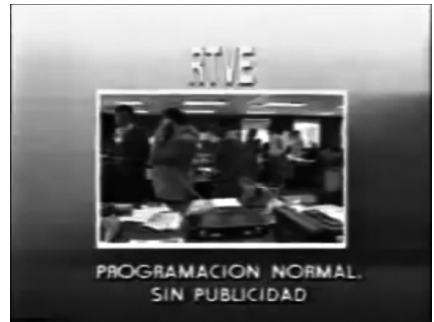
And among all acrobatic performers only you María a Balteira
beautiful sweet dice caster of the first dance.



I am troubadours of the thought
who should not consider himself troubadour
a troubadour who troubles himself with troves
without likewise being the empty sufferer
unable to hush without bursting

There's no need for it to be told
for whom this canticle is for.

- 10 You already know about the poem of Ith. They asked me for a poem, they asked me for the Poem of Ith for a new magazine, because there was already another magazine called “Ith.” And do you know what I told them? It was mid-October, and I told them: if the general strike is a success I’ll write you this poem. And you’ll recall that it was that strike in which the workers cut the power to the Television at midnight, and which had such an impressive apparatus of worker and union strength.



Of course it wasn't just the midnight coup, the next day the total triumph of the general strike appeared on television. And so I, having finished lunch as the TV news program concluded, walk to the living room and write the Poem of Ith.

...

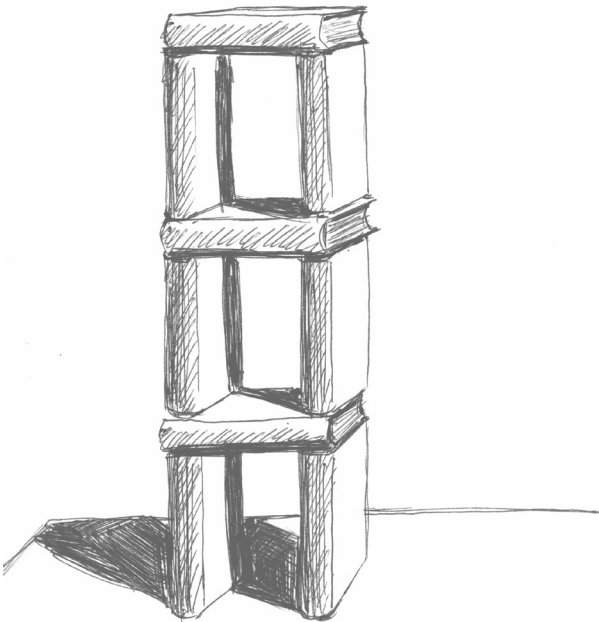
SO Ith, son of Breogán, he who saw, and who went to Ireland from the Tower of Hercules, who saw it in the mirror, and is a visionary, and the symbol of certainty and confidence in the future.

*In the tower of night
listen to the calling
of far-off farness*

Ith came down from the tower at sunset. It's unknown whether it flees.

Or if it's carried along solely by certainty towards the nighttime Boreal North.

Hey there Future Man! We've been waiting for a moment of certainty such as yours. Oh tower that finds itself climbed!



AND WITHOUT WITHHOLDING, MOVE THE BORDER

And without withholding (withholding ourselves is what they say we Galicians do). Withholding and taking all precaution, conscious of our own strength and of the difficulty.

11 I toss aside a pillow
and adjust the name of the homeland to mend a dream

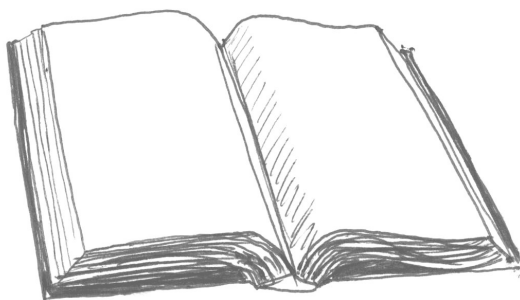
Elegiac pain is basically founded upon or provoked by a consciousness of death or by distance. The impetus for the *Elexias do Courel* [Courel Elegies] was probably the death of two friends in the same year, in 1958: the poet Luís Pimentel in Lugo,

YOUR death left me naked
With your loss I feel all that I have to lose
Your image is before me, in the space pain envisions
The owl cries and I hold vigil.

And then later, a short time after, the painter Carlos Maside in Compostela.

CAN a man die?
Where is Compostela now?
I don't now how to think of you dead.
I open the window and watch the sierra for you

In 1973 Ernesto Che Guevara dies, and in the same year María Mariño, the Noian of the Courel, also dies. Dynamiter of speech, she squeezes, breaks, struggles with, smacks conventional syntax, detrivializing expression—knowing, perhaps, that the true essence of our language is freedom. María Mariño wrote:



WHITE paper,
shredded,
paper,
yell,
yell among the strong
from where my words hurt you.

Then came the deaths and elegies to Luís Seoane, 1979; Reimundo Patiño, 1985; Ánxel Fole, 1986; Xosé María Díaz Castro, 1990, e Antón Avilés de Taramancos, 1992.

- 12 As Galicians at this time we ended up obsessed with Galicia. We ended up being, and continued to be for a long time, obsessed.



GALICIA I say another says
 GALICIA we all say
 Even those who remain silent say
 and they know

GALICIA
 GALICIA
 GALICIA
we know

GALICIA of pain
 GALICIA of sadness
 GALICIA of silence
 GALICIA of hunger
 GALICIA blindfolded
 GALICIA ears plugged
 GALICIA tied

cries against its will
 sad against its will
 silenced against its will
 emigrant against its will
 blind against its will
 deaf against its will
 still against its will

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| free to serve | <i>free to serve</i> |
| free to not be | <i>free to not be</i> |
| free to die | <i>free to die</i> |
| free to flee | <i>free to flee</i> |

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| farmer GALICIA | <i>our GALICIA</i> |
| mariner GALICIA | <i>our GALICIA</i> |
| worker GALICIA | <i>our GALICIA</i> |
| brotherhood GALICIA | |
| GALICIA still lives | |

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| I assemble you from off the GROUND | you're deep down |
| I assemble you from the PEOPLE | you're in everything |
| I assemble you from HISTORY | you're blurry |

I assemble you and raise you up in the whole word
in the true word that the people speak
I assemble you for the youth who are coming in strength
for those who haven't yet been marred by manacles
for those who know that you can be something else
for those who know that humankind can be something else

we know that you can be something else
we know that humankind can be something else

13 *Poetry of declaration or intervention?*

Yes, there is something that wants to be made patent, that wants to be communicated, without a doubt. There's even a will towards communication, an impetus towards communication.



THOSE who have us like this only have of ours our names in the census.

one
dead
two dead
three / thirty dead
three hundred / three thousand dead
TET OFFENSIVE 22000 / 100000 dead
all the os become zeros 00000000000000000000
beneath each 10 / 100 / 1000 / 10000 dead by machine
precious deceased that the night welcomes among reeds
beneath the monsoon's deluge do monzón
under the moon of TET



living now shames me
living now and watching **SPRING** unfold

when does a nation come to and end?

a nation is always being born

it never ends never ever neverevernevereverneverevernever

I know because of you

a people like mine

tiny GALICIA

alone everyone's responsibility

the dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

dead dead

the dead falling through the Teletype

LI PO moons plunge in so the light signals O in

FREED000000000000000000000000000000000000M



O indeed, I have so much of you small as I am this dead peace

nightnight
split this n / i / g / h / t into bits
so that in each only one man fits
standing
up

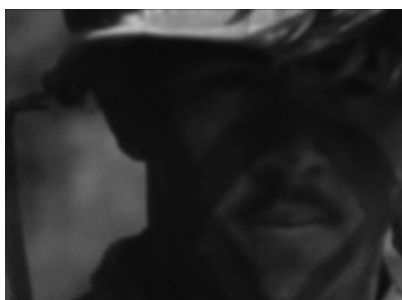
they enter the cities of the SOUTH EAST
and yet now they're all the neighboring village
HUE SAIGON DANANG

far



with my brothers and relatives
day-to-day Galicians
but who didn't forget it as we've forgotten it
so much that sometimes, close, they call *man*
and
we scan for him

I'ts not me too
who stays here
who's killing there
GALICIA struggling like
KANSAS NEW JERSEY CALIFORNIA COLORADO IOWA struggles





such clean names?



forgive this peace

PEACE on posters next to **COCACOLA**

PEACEPEACEPEACEPEACEPEACEPEACEPEACEPEACEPEACE

to cover up so much so much

wall

let's empty out the names
 but still
 stillstill people
 I can say yours with a strength
 Still your name can be said of those who there fell
 we can

from them we again have

/ MARÍA MARIÑO *m a n n a t i o n*
 dynamiter of SPEECH /
 m a n - n a t i o n
 m a n - n a t i o n

MAN - NATION

for centuries it had been a nation like mine
 mine for centuries had been a nation just like it

GALICIAN BROTHERHOOD VIETCONG

| | | | |
|------------------------|---------------|----------|------------|
| between my mother | ANA love | they | |
| between them | love ANA | you | |
| three students in LUGO | nameless | | |
| in VIGO | MÉNDEZ FERRÍN | with him | |
| and you | MARÍA MARIÑO | CHÉ | tears 1967 |

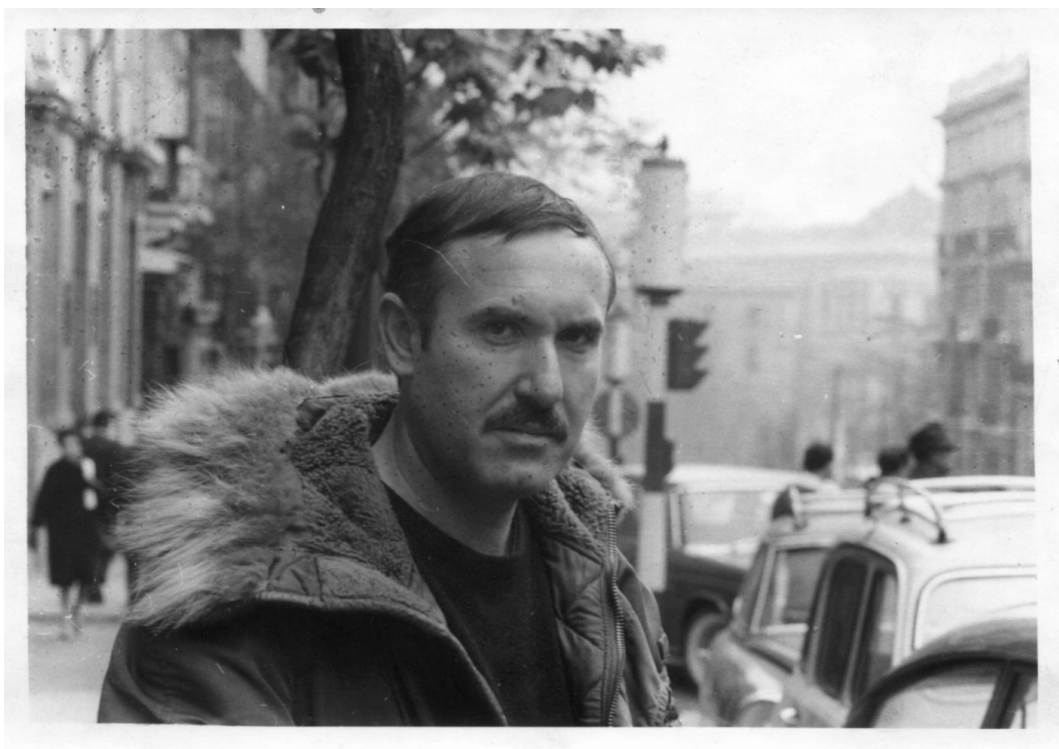


no

I know that singing is not the same
forgive as well this time since words
although sincere have evening on their sides
and ellipses traced from a cannon's refrigerators

.....

the singing stopped without ending



This book was published on March 10th, 2013,
41 years after the assassination of two workers
from Bazán at the hands of the police, and to
whom Uxío dedicated the following poem:

TO AMADOR REI RODRÍGUEZ
AND DANIEL NIEBLA GARCÍA

Ferrol / morning
March 10, 1972

YOU got up early that day
/ the habits of work /
early morning to furnish us with your death

