

Letter from Octavio to Eduardo Laguillo, on his having made magical contact with Eugenio Montejo

Madrid, 10-03-99

Dear Eduardo,

As I told you the last time we spoke on the phone, I'd like to let you know the exact words Eugenio sent me in his letter about your disk Manoa.

I think they will be important to you, because they concern his appreciative opinion of your lovely disk. I just wanted to inform you, so that you will better understand what he is saying, what he is talking about at the end when he speaks about the old Puerto Malo typographer.

That is because this character is a heteronomous creation of Eugenio's, whose name is actually Blas Coll; I know you've not seen anything about this character, since he is not anthologised in the book I gave you. He is a typographer settled in a little Venezuelan port, and his project is to create a new poetic language. So, that's why, given the happy coincidence of their last names, Eugenio good-humouredly points out that Marta could be his spiritual descendant.

Many congratulations, then, and here are his words of praise. I hope you enjoy them with the same fruition with which he has savoured your disk:

"Thank you so much for sending on the disk and your kind words. Although I already knew what it was all about [Here Eugenio is alluding to a previous conversation we had on the phone about the surprising appearance of the disk], when I listened to the music, which I have listened to many times afterwards, I felt the spiritual correspondence between sound and poem.

Laguillo penetrates deeply into the atmosphere of the words of 'Manoa', and not only in the lovely composition that he dedicates specifically to those verses, but throughout the whole that makes up the disk. I'm very grateful to you for this discovery, a real Christmas present. When I received it, I tried to ring you up to thank you, but I've misplaced your new phone number, probably in the tribulations of having become involved in moving house to the Palos Grandes area, where I am now. The disk accompanied me throughout all those days with its transparencies and its misty sunsets, which I accompanied with sandalwood and eucalyptus incense. A music that reveals, on its creators' part, sincere spiritual work, a successful effort at self-conquest.

In its tones one perceives naturally the musical wisdom of Laguillo, his technical training and his skill as a composer, but also and perhaps more than this his journey to the centre of himself. It makes me happy that on his journey he has encountered by chance –and perhaps not by chance– the words of 'Manoa'.

I also loved the beautiful bit by Marta Coll, perhaps the spiritual descendant of our friend the old typographer from Puerto Malo. You must let me know what impression these noble friends have made upon you. A thousand thanks again for this disk, which has brought me such unexpected happiness."

Caracas, Venezuela