

Sun

An account of the past revolutions of the sun. The desert of Almería makes me think about the Midwest, and Elvis in the desert. Here, in the desert of a film set, a woman turns on the radio and makes a connection with Sun Studio in Memphis, Tennessee. It's August, 1953. The music I hear through her radio is like a premature revolt contained in a wax cylinder. The band plays in a tiny little room, not much different from the one we're in now. Far away from the strawberry fields, and from the hotel room by the beach in Almería where Lennon wrote that nothing is real. The Elvis tune creates a thicket of premenstrual revolt on a parchment land, the young voice on this track blinding my senses and tuning them towards more unknown terrain. It's a post-war tombstone blues that I hear, a twisted loop turning towards freedom. This is one of the songs that makes me shiver, despite the August heat flowing down from the Sierra Alhamilla. It's the tune of the blues from the Océanique. On the other side of that rift of an ocean, *Fils de détroit* from the casbah of Tangier play another lament of the ocean. It's a polyvocal transposition of the *saudade*. Music played for the blind universe, like droplets of the ocean evaporating in the sun, and only a grain of salt remains. But no grain or drop will ever reflect the chasm of the universe. All transmissions, laments and longing pass into the ocean, orbit the Earth like the violins of *Fils de détroit*, or the voices of Lennon and Elvis eternally enclaved to the atmosphere. The endless shield of white noise keeps the ocean from fleeing the planet. The rhythm bops in from this woman's radio and caresses our longing for a soul, but it caresses her pain as only a maleficent lament from the Océanique rainforest can. When it rains, it really pours waves and granules, waves and particles, the undulating vibrato and staccato, the movement of the effervescent spots of the dangerous feline. The lyrics astound the falling night: "...there will be no end. Sun, you bore the passions and scorch them with a beam, the ones that aimed to lock you in a concrete house." The bad boys' rhythms are launching the Rocket 88 with a four-barrel carburettor, while the misogynist reverberations capture the sun. A battle beyond the sun. A room in Memphis filled with testosterone, supremacy and fifties-style hate. The harvesting of the sun, the death wish, and the fertile ground for the racial laws now blooming in the present-day strawberry fields, the necrocapitalist fairground and the blue moon of supremacy. In the night you could see only the taillights of the subhuman horsepower. Fear eats the souls of the avant-garde. The sun carriers enter the scene in

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the faux village from the past. But the sun can't be seen anymore. Earth stops moving, and the sun is torn like a ripe pomegranate and given to me. A victory over a star. The transistor radio sings of freedom and the broken sun. Here, in the container invented in the fifties, a forgotten space for the universal cargo, we hear the signals from the stratosphere. The sun was still hot, but barely illuminated anything anymore. Like a torch that only shines a faint light, a glimmer escaped from its body. A cool breeze freezing the sun and shaking the trees on the mountains. The rustling sound of the sun getting smaller and colder. A waft of silvery streams of radiant light disappearing into the black universe. With the woman and her radio, we all fell asleep to the clattering noise from Memphis. The foetus of the earth will be drowned once again in the deaf and blind universe of the Océanique. The song remains the same, the movement and rhythm of the feline monster.