

archivos_de_radio_piedras_001_-_desliz
archivos_de_radio_piedras_001_-_slip

Take this rock.
It's easy. It costs nothing.
Yes, I know, it's a little heavy but it's worth it.
Take it.
Look at it.
Burning rock.
Forest rock.
Wall rock.
Gone missing.

It's not a rock, it's a flute.
It's a rock. Listen.
It's not a rock, it's a weapon.
It's a rock. It is struggle.

I'm not asking you to do anything with it. Just hold it.
Not for me. Not for you. Not for it. Beautiful rock.

Hold it just to hold it.
Hold it like you would hold a toothpick.
Hold it like you would hold a newspaper.
Like you would pet a dog, if it had been abandoned.

Exported rock.
Exiled rock.
Stuck. Choking.

I ask you to hold this rock which lays there, breathing. It's lying there waiting for you to see that if you hold it, you hold it for me. When I hold it, I hold it for you.

Take this rock.
It's easy. It costs nothing.
Yes, I know, it's a little heavy but it's worth it.

♪_3eee_♪

You found him in the hole. He was looking below and didn't see you. Now, the sun is hitting the swamps and the seraph hides in the steel garden.

I'm not speaking about some kind of spiritual slip. It's not a metaphor. It really did have a face and it melted. A few moments later he would stop breathing, but before this he would enter the tunnel and come out the other side, naked. And the chickens ran for their lives but were burned. And the people in the neighborhood said that it smelled like a nice meal.

I'm not talking about some kind of mystical tunnel. He really did enter the tunnel. The one just below the garden, inside the shed where the gardening tools are kept.

A metal broom with eighteen teeth and a wooden handle. A weeder with two points. Two axes. A pruning saw. A rake.

The wood burned and the ashes flew. And the smell of cooked chicken made the neighbor hungry.

They said his little face was like Goshenite. And it left that day with the gray clouds. Since he was little he couldn't see well and he had these big glasses that hid his face, made of some kind of beryl.

An old lady in the village, who specialized in crystals, told his mother:

♪_5_f_collect_♪

"Goshenite gives clarity my dear. Equilibrium too.
My dear, this little stone fosters sincerity. You see how transparent it is?
You can't hide anything inside it.
It's the stone of the moon, dear lady."

The stone melted like his face, and like the chickens who ran in the garden - and the swamps sank until they connected to the tunnel below and this is how the boy disappeared and transformed into a heap of hot coals which by the next day were already cold.

Since there was no water in the village, the firemen came with water from elsewhere, which could have been used for something more urgent. More than one villager thought of a way to call the firemen more often so that they would bring water.

"Yes, my shower... It's burning. The kitchen too. Just give me the water, I'll take care of it myself."

"Yes, sir. It's an emergency."

Inside the tunnel, the boy began to choke from the smoke and he thought the only way out would be from the other side. At the end of the tunnel, there was an old cat cage that had never been used. It was a plastic crate with a little red mattress with white dots on it. The cat was inside, resigned to die and the boy wished he could fit inside the cage so he could die with him and as he peered behind the crate, he saw the tunnel ended there. There was no way out.

He sat above the cage and waited for the flames to hit him and he imagined his skin as it melted into the plastic of the cage and mixed with the yellow hairs of the cat and upstairs you could hear the wings of the chickens who ran in circles and the sparks from the fire and behind them, further, a radio played a song which Luis Miguel sang when he was 14:

"Speaking of you. Speaking of me.
I don't know what world you come from.
A world made of love,
Which you and I have left because of you."

None of this could be heard below. And thank goodness because the kid wouldn't have wanted to leave the world with that Luis Miguel song. And he also wouldn't have liked to hear the sparks which covered the garden which was now sick with fire, sun, and burnt eggs.

"Mmm, who's roasting chicken at this time? It's a little early, no?"

The boy got so hot that he took off his clothes and took the only tool he could find that wasn't in flames and he began to excavate behind the cage. He excavated and excavated until he felt a cold liquid running through his feet and he thought *this* is what death must feel like: like cold water in your feet. But there really was water, and in the deformed light of the flames, he could now see mud between his toes.

He kept excavating and more liquid came out and so much came out that it covered the entire floor of the tunnel and this is when he realized he had found some kind of well and he threw himself on the wet floor and covered his whole body in mud and hurried back through the flames towards the entrance of the tunnel only to realize it was closed because of some massive burning tree which had fallen and so he turned around and ran back to the cage and he didn't realize that the whole time the cat had been following his every move.

He kept excavating and the little cat copied him and so much water came out that both him and the cat began to sink. The tunnel was so hot that the mud on the floor was turning into clay and the kid and the cat threw themselves to an area which looked like a well of some kind and both animals submerged themselves in it and stopped breathing and they opened their

eyes inside this subterranean sea and they saw nothing and the kid remembered that *this* is what is supposed to happen when you die, you stop breathing and you see nothing.

Alone in the big aquifer, the kid and the cat began to swim, without hope.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_002_-_sobres
archivos_de_radio_piedras_002_-_envelopes

♪_even_heaven_is_uneven_♪

Well, without hope I tell you but it's possible that what happened between the mud and the fire transmuted and became faith in the mind of both animals, as if these physical transitions could echo in the mind, and by seeing the mud turn into clay, the image of death itself solidified and stayed there, like some kind of mental clay of an imagined death.

So what I mean to tell you is that the kid died. Yes he died. In his mind he was already dead, but, like the chickens who get their head cut off and keep running, he kept swimming next to his infertile cat, in this subterranean water below his house which had already turned to ashes.

But anyways, talking about this property of the mind is not my priority now. I just want to explain what happened to the kid and his cat, who swam for more than a minute until an energy threw both animals upwards and left them almost without life in a cave filled with stalactites that neither the kid nor the cat could see because of the total darkness which engulfed them.

♪_sobres_♪

They also couldn't see that the cave had the form of a large eye, with quasi-concentric circles of different kinds of speleothems which surrounded this big well which acted as a kind of freshwater retina in the center of it all.

On one side of the cave there was a cluster of long aragonite needles, like crystal eyebrows of an orange-green hue and in the middle of the well sat a kind of ledge, or crystal island, which the kid and the cat ended up using as a bed and around the little island was a group of tubular staphyllites which fell from the ceiling like branches of an old tree.

Inside the cave, everything weaves, crosses, forms and re-forms, slowly, through accumulations, sedimentations, drips, flux, inundation, capillarity, condensation, filtration, dreams, faith and vapor.

The cat is sleeping on this little island and he doesn't know that the kid is wondering whether he is dead or alive.

Listen, the kid would like to know if it is hell or heaven he landed in. He knows he got silence and darkness, but he doesn't remember if in the descriptions of heaven and hell there is a place like this. Listen, the thing is... the kid feels he could still die. How can someone keep dying?

"So I must be alive..." He told himself looking at the darkness, his eyes wide open.

Back in the tunnel, the Goshenite glasses melted above the ax which the kid used to escape and the plastic of the cat's cage dissolved into thin white strips which criss crossed into the red clay floor. The entire tunnel was transformed into a large oven in which everything that was not mud looked like a cave painting.

The adults above shouted the name of the kid and tears fell on the ashes of the garden and below them the kid smiled, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

The adults asked themselves what they should do for the funeral.

"If you don't have the body, well, then do something symbolic."

They spent the whole day digging the garden until they finally produced a small makeshift sepulcher, which happened to be right on top of the cave of the boy, who survived licking stalagmites and drinking the subterranean water of the aquifer.

People recited prayers and sung hymns and they looked at each other in the eyes and spoke about the fragility of this life and how good this kid was with his little face of Goshenite and they asked themselves what could be done with this terrain, now that it was stained by the death of this angel, this seraph, this body without remains who- licking the salt of the underground cave - was still alive, and now he knew he was still alive because death, he thought, can't be this complicated. A couple of days passed and now the garden is filled with Coke cans, because during the procession they could only serve Coke, because, as I told you, there's no water in this village. Some of them are wrinkled here and there and they all shine in the sun of the garden, which now has a big hole, surrounded by fake white flowers. And they cut the tree which fell in front of the door of the tunnel but no one has yet dared to enter the tunnel since the fire.

The parents of the kid went back to their own parents, who, waking up from a long pause of being parents, found themselves with the bittersweet feeling of being relevant again in the life of their kids. They ate 'pastel de choclo', slept a lot and watched football on tv.

They also spoke about the store, which had just closed because of the riots.

"People are so divided these days."

In one of the long conversations they had, which lasted until morning, they spoke about envelopes.

"When I open a letter, I don't ever expect anything interesting. Nothing. But this knife... This is what excites me. I bought one specially to open envelopes. Look, I don't even care what's inside the letter. I don't care at all, it could be anything. But I swear to you that this knife really excites me. I sit in front of the envelope, and I start cutting. I hold it with my left hand and push it against the office table. And then, with the other hand I break open the letter and start cutting. And I cut until I can take out the letter inside perfectly, without any issues. And then I take out the letter and I don't even read it."

"Well, I guess people who kill people feel that way."

"No, come on, those people are sick. Don't speak to me about death, don't you see I have enough death in my life already?"

The kid survived, drinking minerals inside the cave, and every day he alternated between speleothems and came up with rituals in the total darkness of his new home.

For example, if he dreamt, then ate when he woke up. To eat, he just stood up and licked the stalactites. But if he didn't dream, he would stay on the ground and try to sleep again until he would wake up with a dream. And the days passed, like this.

Until one day, the kid stopped dreaming.

That day, he tried to sleep a bit more and woke up again without dreams. And so he waited again, and slept a bit more and again he woke up without dreams. Days passed like this until he had to stand up and eat in order not to faint.

Above, the end of the summer could be felt and the adults had finally found a tourist who wanted to buy the property. He was called Hector and was wearing a blue suit the first day he went to look at the garden. Looking at the big hole in the middle of it, he stopped and asked:

"And here? What happened? What happened here?"

Well, they hadn't touched anything since the body was buried in the garden-without-a-body... and the neglect had created new friendships between the Coca-Cola cans, the fake flowers, the hole, the charcoal of the tree, and the patch of blue flowers that hid it.

They didn't know what to respond. They needed the money, and the only way to forget and heal this wound was to leave this goddam village, but without money this wasn't possible. And anyways, the kid's spirit couldn't even be felt in the garden.

"It's a work of art", said one of the adults, looking at Hector calmly.

They went to drink chicha that night and celebrated the purchase of the land, with the contract still in their pocket. And they asked the server for the bill without looking at him in the eyes.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_003_-_rasgaduras
archivos_de_radio_piedras_003_-_rips

In G's childhood bed, a little drunk, the adult asked the other, who was already falling asleep:

♪_i,_you_♪

F: Hey.. But.. I don't get it, how did you think of that thing about the work of art?

G: I don't know.

F: I mean. When you said it, it came out really natural. As if you had thought about it before.

G: Yea.

F: You had thought about it before?

G: Yea...

F: And?

G: Nothing.

F: What do you mean, nothing? Tell me..

G: Well, I had thought about it before.

In the morning, they said goodbye to G's parents and drove north and F kept thinking about G's strange answer. It kept looping in his mind and somehow, became more and more real. They didn't speak until they reached Antofagasta.

F: Listen, I'm gonna tell you what I've been thinking about since you responded to Hector that the death of our child is a work of art. And if you want, you can respond and if not it's ok. Ok? If God created everything, then everything is a work of God. Right? And so then, I can understand how the death of our child is a work of God. And so this idea that the hole in the garden is a work of art and all that shit you said makes sense. Because God started the fire and killed our child and even the shitty fake flowers that you bought were made by God... But I feel that you said it in a different way. And this is what I don't get. Because I know you don't believe in any of that shit. And that's where I get a bit stuck.

The cars were going 130 km an hour, caged from both sides.

G: Oh, stop thinking about it so much. I just wanted the guy to buy the property. Who cares what I said... I just said it like that. Everything is art for these people. These fuckers don't get it, they prefer to see life that way, they've always been that way. They have so much time in their hands that they think life is something that you can decipher. I bet you the idiot won't change anything in the garden and he's gonna invite his friends over to look at the "work of art". And you know what? It's better that way. This way they don't deface the body of our child. I bet you they will respect it more as a work of art than a tomb.

We could say that, objectively, there's only one day in March which marked the day the kid's parents left, and that this was the same day the kid stopped dreaming. But no. The kid was living in "cave years". It's like the way they say that the first year of a dog is like 15 years of a human. The kid grew in that month and a half about three or four human years, and he could feel it. He could sit for hours, without any thoughts. His mind clean, like the water in the well. When he bathed, he felt his body was like a fabric, a thin fabric. But like I told you, the day his parents left for Antofagasta is the day in March in which the kid stopped dreaming.

When you live in total darkness, like the kid in his cave, to stop dreaming means to stop seeing. Dreams were the only moments in which he would see light, which, like a flame would burn his forehead which would often wake up with the line and dots of the granite floor that formed a kind of bas-reliefs on his skin.

♪_sueño_de_rasgaduras_♪

When he stopped dreaming, he began to touch these mysterious lines on his forehead in the morning, as if it was some kind of braille system which could translate the dreams he couldn't remember.

A list of his dreams:

Dream number 1: Hard rock, humid rock, dark green, moss, erosion.

Dream number 2: Water in the desert. Plastic desert. Beer-can desert. Pebre. School in the summer.

Dream number 3: Fresh water dream. Street dream. Wild sun dream. Light. Light. Light.

Dream number 4: I told you already. Light dream. Dream which arrived just to show him that it's possible to see light in a place without sky, without rips even, rips into what until then he knew as reality.

Dream number 5: Waking dream. Birth dream. Stone dream. Slow stone.

Dream number 6: Dream of a dream. Dream of beyond. The way beyond.

Dream number 7: Dream of being able to leave this tomb which isn't a tomb but where this life still doesn't flourish only because of a lack of light since there is more water here in this closed cave than in the whole neighborhood, there's more water here than in the whole village. How do I get out of here? The kid asked himself after not dreaming for over a week. How do I get out of here? And how do I show the village that there is water in the village? How do I show that we are no longer going to have issues. How do I get out of here? The kid asked himself that night which was still day above.

Dream number 8: Dream of gashes. Dream of rips.

Dream number 9: Dream of slashes. Dream of rips.

Dream number 10: Dream of cracks. Dream of rips.

♪_cangilón_♪

There's water in the well.

There are also weapons, leftovers of war.

It wouldn't surprise me, if the dead were whistling down there.

Bring me the bucket,
For I need to drink,
I am overcome with thirst,
I don't care if there's blood.

What happened here?
What are we going to do?

Everything I could say was already said by the woman.

Bring me the bucket,
For I need to drink,
I am overcome with thirst,
I don't care if there's blood.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_004_-_salinas
archivos_de_radio_piedras_004_-_salinas

[Interference]

♪ *Radio Piedras*

7476 ♪

[Interference]

♪_cases_♪

R: That was “Desliz” by our comrade Salinas Hasbún. Salinas, you’re in our thoughts and in our hearts. Well, as we told you, we are doing a little retrospective of our friend Salinas, who disappeared on October 25th, 2022. To understand the life of Salinas, we must return to a very particular context, which is the context of Chile, at the beginning of the 20’s. We have a social crisis, an economic crisis, a health crisis, and in the middle of all that, a curfew throughout the country—total confinement. And it is in this context that Salinas decides to walk, from Santiago to Valparaíso. Before their disappearance, we had [Interference] (the opportunity) to speak with them, and record a short interview where they talk about “Desliz” and other songs that we will be sharing with you in the next hour. We asked them various questions, for example, why did they want to walk? How far did they walk? And before we said goodbye, Salinas shared with us an [Interference] (...) and beyond that (...) they told us about the (...) (the story) we just heard, but also (we talked about) music. Music that they had been making during that mythical trip. As you already know, Salinas disappeared just a couple of days after our encounter with [Interference] (them). After so many years without being able to listen to or transmit this file among [Interference] colleagues, it is with great emotion (that) we share with you the latest works by Salinas Hasbún. As you know, we don’t know how long the algo-muffers will be deactivated. We thank the collective Las Ocho (“The Eight”) for their action “Fósil Vivo” (“Living fossil”) that has created a unique moment in history. We, here at Radio Piedras, support all the people who are part of this revolutionary collective [Interference] Thank you, Las Ocho, you have truly created a rift in this world. Before we play more music by Salinas, a bit of news. I’ll pass the microphone to Z, thank you.

Z: Well, thank you R, what a thrill to finally be able to listen to this music, which has been in some kind of tomb, let’s say, for so many years, and now and [interference] (well, also) the events in the last few days have created this unique situation. If you haven’t been living under a rock, you know that the whole world has been transformed by an action by Las Ocho, the group that has assumed responsibility for the digital blackout that we have been experiencing in these past few days. Let’s recap from the beginning. It all started exactly a week ago. First, Meta fell, then Taca, then Kutu, and finally Ziggy. And that’s how, step by step, the whole world went into a complete digital blackout. No industry has been left unaffected. Old technologies, such as computers, cars, and radios, have gone from being completely obsolete to absolutely necessary technologies. But not all is gloomy; surgeons are back at work, and music can be heard again due to the absence of algo-muffers, the complex phase technologies [interference] (which have) dominated the sonic-verse during the last years. We also hear that great revolutions are starting in Palestine, the United States, and Brazil, thanks to the lack of military digital infrastructure. How did all this happen? How did we get here? Well, it was a total mystery until yesterday morning, when a group that calls itself “Las Ocho” sent a series of communiqués to all the pirate-radio stations in the world. Let’s hear their first announcement.

[Interference]

Las Ocho: Announcement 1. Las Ocho. Announcement 1. Las Ocho are not against technological advancement or progress but we are fundamentally against the underlying assumptions that nourish and essentially vector the path of technology and, therefore, our future on this planet. If most new technologies comes from military experimentation, then most of our world will be militarized. For technological progress to be fruitful and peaceful, both for the earth and for humans, it must be born in fertile soil, outside the frameworks of neoliberal, capitalist, colonial and military thought. Because technological advancement is intrinsically linked to capital, the Ocho are categorically opposed to any existing technological advancement, which has led to our operation “Living Fossil.” The monopolization of power within male, Western, e-e-e-e-elite, rich, and white [interference] will not be broken by diversification, or with [interference] gradual changes oriented towards symbolic social or ecological rights. The seed of the meta-verse, and of our current meta-capitalism, was sown a long time ago [interference] in the ships that transported slaves to the Americas, in the torture of the colonized, in the silencing of indigenous languages, and in the writings of Aristotle, to name a few. The root must be uprooted. We must enter a complete, total, blackout. Welcome to a new world, the world of “Living Fossil”. End of statement. End of communication.

[Interference]

♪ Radio Piedras

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[Interference]

R: Well, thank you Z. We'll go back to the news in a bit, but now we'd like to take a minute of silence to honor the life of Salinas. Salinas Hasbún, who disappeared today, October 25, 2022.

[Interference]

Z: A minute of silence? What? Why? We've never done that... Dude, Sali hated stuff like that. Whenever people talked about a minute of silence Sali would leave. Once they even told me: "Death already has too much silence; why add more?"

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archivos_de_radio_piedras_004_-_water_for_ghosts

R: Well, thank you everyone. That was a minute of silence for Salinas Hasbún. As we told you, we are honoring the life of Salinas, our comrade, who disappeared on October 25, 2022. We want to thank Radio Piedras for giving us this space to spread Salinas' work on this symbolic date. Now we are going to take a short break, and we will be back soon. Thank you.

♪ Radio Piedras
7476 ♪

[Loud noise]

Z: Hey, what was that? Hey, what was that sound?

R: I don't know.. Probably the cat?

Z: No, I took the cat back to the house, man. I swear there are ghosts here. It's not the first time I've heard shit like that. When I'm alone, it happens all the time.. Hey, do you know the history of this house? Who lived here?

R: I don't know. I mean, it's from the last century, so probably some Palestinian family, right? I mean, this is the neighborhood...

Z: That's crazy, dude, because I swear that sometimes I have heard like two people speaking Arabic or something like that.

R: Hahaha

Z: I swear. Hey, let's go out for a walk or something; we've been here all day, man.

R: Well, yeah, ok. But let's go now because otherwise... we don't have much time. Let's see. Let me leave the next song ready.

Z: Ah, right, we can do that.

R: So, let's make sure that this starts well... let's see. Here, let's see... we have to be back at seven thirty-two, then. Seven thirty-two.

Z: Ok, cool.

[R and Z leave the studio...]

[Two new voices are heard, two ghosts speaking Palestinian Arabic]

!ولك بس تتحركي كثير، عم بتخوفيهم من الحركة

Ghost 1: You need to stop moving so much, you're freaking them out!

هههه، عارفة، عم بضحك الاشبي

Ghost 2: Hahaha, I know, it's funny though.

مش سامعة، شكله في ثورة عم بتصير لما السيرفيرز تعطلوا... لا بضحكش

Ghost 1: It's not... Did you hear? Apparently there's a revolution happening, now that the servers are down!

بتفكري فش عندهم سيرفرز احتياط؟ مجهزين حالهم لكل اشئ هدول، ولا اشئ رح يتغير، فش عندي أمل لاي تغيير

Ghost 2: You think they don't have extra servers? They're prepared for everything, nothing's gonna change, I have no hope.
يلا نتصل بعمي اليباس... فش عندك أمل وانت ميتة، تخيلي هدول الي عايشين لسا

Ghost 1: You have no hope and you're dead. Imagine those who are still alive... Hey, let's call Uncle Elias?
شو بدك تهكري الراديو تبعهم كمان مرة؟ انجيتي؟

Ghost 2: You wanna hack into their radio again? You're crazy...
الموضوع شغلة أكم ثانية... هاي الطريقة الوحيدة الي ممكن تسمعي منه.. مش رح يكونو هناك لفترة

Ghost 1: They'll be gone for a while.. It's the only way to hear from him.. it'll take just a second..
...طيب ماشي

Ghost 2: Okay fine..

[Interference]

اليباس اليباس!

...هدول احنا، الخيا من سانتياغو

احكيلنا خبرنا، كيف الوضع بأرض جدودنا؟

وكيف وضع بلدنا الي كثير بعيدة

خبرنا اخبار حلوة، عمي، أخيرا

Ghosts 1 y 2:

Elias! Elias!

It's us, the sisters from santiago!

Tell us, tell us how it is in our old land!

Oh how is our land that is so far?

Give us some good news, uncle, finally...

لما الانترنت انطفى بنص الليل، القواعد العسكرية اللي بالصحرا انجنوا! الاشياء عم تتغير! مزبوط الي عم بنحكي بالراديوهات... حبيباتي كل القواعد العسكرية عندهم ابواب وشبابيك اوتوماتيكية بحصانة عالية، وهلق كلهم علقانين جوا القواعد! بلشوا بيعتوا رسائل مجانية.. وانهبوا كانوا نايمين! ونفس الاشئ الاغنيا! ولا حتى السياسيين! مش قادرين يتحركوا! مش عارفين يطلعوا، بدون الواي فاي بقدروش يفتحوا اشئ... لحد ما الانترنت يرجع، مش رح يقدرنا يتحركوا من محلهم! حبيباتي (هههه) كلهم علقانين بملاجئهم!! هلق كلهم علقانين هناك.. بملاجئهم مكيفين، عم نزرع شجر، الناس عم ترقص بالشوارع ولا بحياتي تخيلت هاي اللحظة! عندهم أكل لسنين... والله حفلة! كانوا مجهزين حالهم قال!!! الاغنيا مسجونين والفقرا احرار! الشرطة مسجونة والمساجين احرار! المحتلين مسجونين والمساجين احرار!! ممكن تجي

Uncle Elías: My loves... It is true what the radios are saying! Things are changing! When the internet went off in the middle of the night, multiple military bases in the desert started going haywire.. sending crazy messages! All the military have automatic high security doors and windows, so now they're all stuck inside their bases, without wi-fi they can't open anything! They can't move! Same for the politicians! And the rich too! They were all sleeping in their bunkers..! Now they're all stuck in there!! They're all stuck in their bunkers..My loves, until the internet is back, they're not going to be able to get out... They were prepared though, they have food for years.. We are all celebrating, we are planting trees, people are dancing in the street, I never thought I would see this moment!!! The colonizers are jailed and the prisoners are free! The cops are jailed, and the prisoners are free! The rich are jailed and the poor are free!!!

والمستوطنين؟

Ghost 1: And the settlers?

او بطيخ cloud homes - بتعرفو بيوتهم قال كلها مجهزة وبتشغل عالواي فاي، بيوت ذكية قال، بيوت امريكية! معظمهم علقانين برضو gps cloud focus فريدة ال اتاعهم راحت عليهم metaglasses بكل الحالات بدون ال... والله ما انا عارف شو بيقولولهم.. اصفر gps! بقدروش يتحركوا متر من غير ابدون السيرفيرز راحت عليهم! كل الهبل الامريكي تاعهم بالا فائدة هلق!! الفاخرة تاعتهم مش عم تشتغل كان مضرب عن... كان معتقل اداري لثلاث السنين.. مبارح الشباب كسروا وفتحوا السجونة ابني! بعرفوش ولا اشئ عن الارض والبلد

انا كثير !! يا ريتي كنت عايش وكنت حضنته !! هو برا !! وهلق هو حر !ثلاث سنين !! كان مثل الشيخ ...وقف حتى عن شرب المي ..الطعام
!!الحمد لله مبسوط كثير !مبسوط كثير

Uncle Elías: Most of them are stuck!!! You know they have those crazy homes where everything is connected, those american homes— cloud homes or whatever, i don't know what they're called.. Anyways, without their meta-glasses, they are lost!! Their fancy “gps cloud focus” guns don't work...all their american shit is useless now! Without the servers they're lost! They don't even know how to get around without gps!!! They don't know the land! Yesterday the shabab broke open the prisons.... My son.. My son was in administrative detention for 3 years.. Starving himself to death.. He even stopped drinking water! He looked like a ghost! Three years! He's out now, he's free! I just wish I was alive to hug him! but I'm happy! Alhamdulillah I'm happy!

والله فعلا شكلك مبسوط يا عمي

Ghost 1: You sound happy my uncle..

كيف تشيلي؟ كيف ساليناس؟ !انتبهوا وديروا بالكم ععالكم يا حبيباتي ! انا كثير مبسوط

Uncle Elias: I'm so happy my loves, take care of yourselves. How's Chile? How's Salinas?

[Interferencia]

[Sounds of keys and the studio door opening]

Z: Ok, it's gonna start now. What's this one called? This one is called... Ah, this is "Agua pa fantasmas" (Water for ghosts).

♪_agua_pa_fantasmas_♪

How many more years in this prison?
How many more years in this cell?
How much longer has to be endured?
They say he no longer has faith.

How many more years in this prison?
How many more years in this cell?
How much longer do they have to wait?
They say he no longer has faith.

Water for ghosts
Water for ghosts
Water for ghosts

And his daughter doesn't even go to school,
It's more important to find someone with something to eat.

How many more years? Asks his wife.

What is this?

♪

They don't see him as a man
They don't see it as hunger
They don't see him as their father
They don't see him as his mother's neighbor
They don't see him as the father of his daughter
They don't see him as a man

This system does not learn names

Water for ghosts
Water for ghosts
Water for ghosts

Water for ghosts
Water for ghosts
Water for ghosts

How many more years in this prison?
How many more years in this cell?
How much longer has to be endured?
They say he no longer has faith.

How much longer do they have to endure?
Living in the cold against the wall, with thirst
Nothing else, than his skin.

♪

Every three days
Someone dies in the prisons
Of this democracy

archivos_de_radio_piedras_005.5_-_3_he3_te3_rodina
archivos_de_radio_piedras_005.5_-_3_he3_te3_rodina

[Interference]

Audre Lorde: "(a) certain kind of denigration of what survival is, that is to say they reduce survival to mere existence and that is not survival (...) that's right, implicit in survival is joy, mobility and effectiveness. And effectiveness is always relative. I mean none of us are going to move the earth one millimeter from its axis but if we do what we need to be doing, then we will leave something that continues beyond ourselves and that is survival."

♪_heterodina_♪

Survival
Survival
Survival

archivos_de_radio_piedras_006_-_el-entre
archivos_de_radio_piedras_006_-_the-between

[Interference]

R: A little announcement: we had to change frequencies, so please let your friends know that we are at 9333, 9333 K-H-Z-U-S-T. We see that many of you were looking for us and didn't find us, so okay, 9333, K-H-Z-U-S-T, okay? The sound is not, no - the sound was fluctuating a lot [Interference] so we hope [Interference] the new frequency will be more stable. Ok, well, [Interference] (let's continue) with the program. Z, what were we up to?

Z: Hello, hello, welcome. That was one of Salinas's last songs. [Interference] As you know, most of the songs don't have a title. We have received [Interference] since they disappeared. [Interference] we told you that we interviewed Salinas just a

few days bef- [Interference] (we did the interview) walking downtown, and so the sound is really bad, so we transcribed the interview, and we're going to read some fragments of the conversation. Here, I am going to be Salinas, and R is going to ask the questions. Alright. I'm going to wear Sali's hat (laughs). Ok, we are ready. It begins like this.

R: "Tell us, why did you walk and where?"

Z (as Salinas): "Well, I don't really know honestly. I had just returned from a trip in the North, where I went to listen to the Salar de Llamara, a large crystallized salt flat in the middle of the desert that makes sounds during the temperature changes in the mornings. Well, the idea was to record these sounds, to see how they were changing. Because, the mining companies are taking the water from there, you know? And anyways - I sat down with my microphone and a sound machine, and I began to wait with an archaeologist friend, and, well, she fell asleep right away, and began to snore. In the absolute silence of this desert, the three-hour recording became almost a sonic investigation into the snoring of an archaeologist, because there was no sound from the salt flat. This sound that people told me about, I don't know, I don't know when it happens, but I didn't hear it... And so, later we returned to the camp of the archaeologists and there were about three groups: a team from Argentina, and I think two other teams that were Chilean. They had recently found two [interference] (mummies) that were about two thousand years old, and since the Atacama desert is the driest in the world, the bodies remain almost intact, and one of the archaeologists told us that it has happened to them before that the intestines were still full, and that they have to empty them and everything. I mean, for me, the first image of the desert was that, a tiny body with nails and hair, long hair, a torn red dress. Never in my life have I seen anything like that.

[Interference]

Later we [Interference] and then we went to sleep next to our tents, under the stars. And as I looked up at the night sky, I got vertigo! You can see everything from there. Everything. I mean, the amount of information that we are given when we look up. And well, also when we look down to the ground as well. But anyways, before all of that, that night I spoke with another archeologist, who had just gotten divorced I think, he was around 50 years old. He felt to me like some kind of buddha, and he had a large spirally white mustache. He explained to me that archeology is not so much about digging - that it is not the central thing for them. He told me that walking was their central form of archeological study. The sendero, the path. He said that since the people they study used to walk, they also walk. At the end of the night he said something like: in order to excavate, you have to walk. And I couldn't get that out of my head.

And so this stubborn verticality of mine began to loosen, this vulgar ray, this intestine. This cheap machine. [Interference] It just got loose. And I left. I went in search of this sound. This crystal that screams... that screams in the great temperature change. Well, in a way I found it. I wanted to find that sound of "el-entre", yes, the-between. And well, in the recording you can only hear the desert and this archeologist snoring. But the best sound is the sound of our boots. Our boots, walking in the salt flat, creating little crystal explosions each time. As if something was crumbling. And everyone told me: "Yes! That's exactly the sound." And I told them. "No, that's just us walking."

[Interference]

In this salt flat live the oldest bacterias in the world. And the mining company is stealing water from all the aquifers. They are drying up rivers and entire villages to the point that people write "I'm thirsty" on the walls. When you arrive at the salt flat, the first thing you see is a huge pipeline next to the highway, which is how SQM transports the water to their facilities and the shit they do. Half of Chile is allocated for mining. [Interference] And well, I came for this between-sound, this transitional sound. Inside the salt flat which speaks from below. I imagined there would be these invisible multitudes screaming between these two worlds. And, I left with a recording that sounds just like that. But it was the walking that caused the sound, not the sunrises. And that's when I knew. I have to walk. I have to learn to walk. And I started to walk. And I walked and walked. [Interference] Last friday I walked to the "Plaza de la Dignidad" and there, your feet can feel how there's no pavement below. Because they broke the pavement, they literally took fragments of the street in order to throw them at the cops. And that's when I realized that the ground speaks. And the people are [Interference] they're hitting the bus stops with rocks, they're banging on the pavement. [Interference] But the heaviest sound I heard is the silence that you start hearing when you start walking east, and you enter Vitacura or las Condes. In those neighborhoods, the silence is overwhelming."

♪_aquí_♪

R: Well, that was an excerpt from our interview with Salinas. And now, a little more music.

You say that what we see in the streets shouldn't be.
That it's just a bunch of kids from elsewhere.
You say that if they really were from here, they wouldn't do that.
You say that if they really were from here, we could see it.

But what does it mean to be from here?
What does it really mean to be from here?

Tell me what it means
Tell me what it means
Tell me what it means to be from here



If it's written on the walls, it's not written on paper.
If it's written on the walls, it's not written on paper.

Tell me what it means
Tell me what it means
Tell me what it means to be from here



I don't breathe. I don't breathe.

To your God I ask, to your God I ask
I ask your God to let you see (Look, Look, Look)

To your God I ask, to your God I ask
I ask your God to let you see (Look, Look, Look)

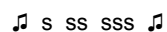
If it's written on the walls, it's not written on paper.
If it's written on the walls, it's not written on paper.

To your God I ask, to your God I ask
I ask your God to let you see (Look, Look, Look)

archivos_de_radio_piedras_007_-_lo_que_no_se_muestra
archivos_de_radio_piedras_007_-_what_is_not_shown

Las Ocho: Announcement 2. Las Ocho. Announcement 2. Our ancestors always thought that our technology would one day surpass us in a kind of technological singularity. They imagined that there would be such a big gap between the intelligence of our society's technology and its people, that we would be governed by robots and algorithms. Is that what has happened? The [Interference] claim that today's machines are smarter than humans. In a way, we know that is true, but we must ask: What intelligence?

The Sandrika institute in Kerala analyzed the data and published a paper about 7 years ago stating that metaworld machines are [Interference] most intelligent versions of the humans that lived between the years twenty -[Interference] - (the databases) that power our digital world are mostly from before the year two thousand twenty th- [Interference] which means that not only our logic is frozen in time, but also our model of reality. If databases can be seen as a machine's memories, then we can say that we live in a world without new memories. We all know that we have to start over, from scratch, regardless of the [Interference] Welcome to Operation "Fósil Vivo" ("Living fossil") End of statement. End of communication.



Z: Hey, you know what? I think it's Ziggy, Meta, Taca and all of them who are keeping the data hidden to the public. They know that if they update them for real, they wouldn't make as much money. And since they own them, they can decide which vision of the world we see. They are like... a deformed mirror. Or, more like, a mirror with dark spots. They know that what is not shown can be more powerful than what is shown.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_008_-_rio_de_las_tumbas
archivos_de_radio_piedras_008_-_river_of_tombs

[interferencia]

Z: Let's continue with more music. Let's see... What comes next?

R: Next one is called 'rio de las tumbas' ('river of tombs'). We're lucky to have obtained a couple of months ago a series of correspondences between Laura, from Rio/Radio in Barranquilla, and Salinas [Interference] it's very nice to have her on the program. We give the floor to Laura so that she can share a little of this correspondence with us.

[Rio/Radio jingle]

♪_Emisora Atlántico_♪

Laura: These are the international radio waves of the Atlantic transmitter. Short wave, long wave. 1070 kilocycles, frequency modulated - 20 thousand watts of power—from Barranquilla, north of South America. Here, Río/Radio, the amphibious correspondence with the Río Grande de the Magdalena (River), in deferred connection with Radio Piedras. This is the remembrance of a correspondence between two emissaries of ancient memories that hum to the swaying of the flow of the waters between different space-time frequencies. An exclusive meeting for Radio Piedras! At first, I am going to ask permission here from the thousand names of the river, and I am going to speak of them. See, before entering the sea, the river will tremble with fear and it may read a poem and talk about our friends who are part of nature, talk about ancestors - comrades, and about that friend, Petrona, Petrona Martínez, living memory of this song. Long live the songs! Brother of cumbia, don't be confused, [Interference] storytelling and singing differ with a single vowel. The words, you know, between meaning and sound - The waters of the Magdalena transmit the air to us - and tell us that we need joy! Remember that this is Emisora Atlántico.

♪_Emisora Atlántico_♪

We are also going to talk about Salinas Hasbún. Let's recap for a moment. They sent a first letter saying that they were not - [in Chile during the 2019 Chilean protests], they were in a military forest next to Amsterdam on October 18, 2019.

Salinas: - I was in a military forest, next to Amsterdam. A forest planted by the soldiers to be bombed, a forest planted to hide the sound of the bombs, a forest planted so that the trees and the earth absorb the pollution from the explosions. I was sleeping in an old bunker, made of concrete. That day my mother called me and told me that they were going to take her mother out of her house in Santiago to go to a senior care center. I imagined my grandmother alone, in a hospital bed that October night, and the city in flames. So my grandmother and the estallido have always been connected in my mind, always. Now I'm back in Santiago, I had to take an emergency flight last night. The doctor says that she does not have more than a week, this señorita. These days I wake up dreaming that everything can change at any minute. How is your family, Laura? Have you visited any forests lately? Hugs. Salinas.

Laura: What's your grandmother's name?

Salinas: My grandmother's name is Graciela. Hey, I was thinking about the Magdalena River, about those sorrows and folk songs. I feel like the estallidos (revolutions) also come from there, from the songs of the rivers. I wrote a song; do you want to hear it? It's called El Río de las Tumbas (The River of Tombs).

Laura: I have told you this full moon evening, soft and cruel.

♪_El_Río_de_las_Tumbas_♪

You tell me that you're by the Magdalena river.
In its mouth where it melts into the sea.
In the "Páramo de las Papas" was born this vein, which was baptized by Rodrigo de Bastidas.
He chose the name of a Palestinian, who was born Magdalena in the village of Magdalá.
A small village that was then called al-Majdal and now is called Migdal.
And Einstein planted a tree there in 1923'
Right after giving a talk about the Theory of Everything and Relativity.
(And relativity, and relativity, and relativity)

In the "Páramo de las Papas" you were born,
Like Magdalena you died.
In the "Páramo de las Papas" you were born,
Like Magdalena you died.

You say that you're by the Magdalena river.
And I speak to you about Palestine.
Which is no longer Palestine.
And the Rio Grande is no longer Karacalí,
No, the river is no longer Karihuaña
It is no longer Guacahayo.
But it still is Guacahayo! It's the river of tombs!
It's the river of thunder!

You say that you're by the Magdalena river.
And I ask myself, where is she?
Is she in the tombs, the tombs of gold?
Or is she in the hydrocarbons? Or in the mining companies?
Where is Magdalena?
Where is Magdalena?

In the "Páramo de las Papas" you were born,
Like Magdalena you died.
In the "Páramo de las Papas" you were born,
Like Magdalena you died.

♪

Guacahayo, Guacahayo,
River of tombs, River of thunder,
It's you who baptized Rodrigo.
(Not the other way around, not the other way around, not the other way around)

Guacahayo, Guacahayo,
River of tombs,
It's you who knows about Relativity.
(Not the other way around, not the other way around, not the other way around)

Guacahayo, Guacahayo,
River of tombs,
It's you who knows the Theory of Everything.
(Not the other way around, not the other way around, not the other way around)

In the "Páramo de las Papas" you were born,

Like Magdalena you died.
In the "Páramo de las Papas" you were born,
Like Magdalena you died.

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archivos_de_radio_piedras_009_-_you_tell_me

[interferencia]

Laura Rio/Radio: I have told you this full-moon night, soft and cruel. Soft and cruel. You forget me and yet, thanks to me, you are here. You put me on the shore but I've been here much much longer than you.

Petrona Martinez: In the hills of Maria, this happened, ladies and gentlemen. Come here. Come here son. Come here.

Amparo Ochoa: They saw them arrive from the sea. They saw them arrive from the sea. They saw them arrive from the sea. And they were covered in metal.

Facundo Cabral: Juan Comodoro, looking for water, found oil. But he died of thirst.

Atahualpa Yupanqui: It would have been my honor if it was mine, but it was not. It's mine only insofar as my heart has the sensibility to receive it. It's an anonymous folk song, it is plural. It's theirs: the brown-skinned people of that area, between Venezuela and Colombia. It's theirs.

Facundo Cabral: White. He eats his foot. Chacapu, chacapu chacapu. He eats his foot, takes his leg. Kills his buffalo. Why do you say white people are crazy, I asked the Tarascos in Mexico. They said: "Because crazy is the one who thinks with his head and not with his heart."

Mercedes Sosa: Them, the owners of the land. And this is how the song is called. It's an homage to them. The old owners of the arrow.

Atahualpa Yupanqui: It's theirs. It's theirs.

Mercedes Sosa: The old owner of the arrows.

(Thunder)

Shadow of kokta y noueto

Atahualpa Yupanqui: Them.

[interference]

R: What the hell are you doing?

Z: I can't find the damn signal! Can't find the third comunicado by las Ocho.

R: What, they didn't send a number this time?

Z: No.. Everything is super chaotic.. We just need to keep looking for it.. Or just.. I guess... wait for another station to play it.

[interference]

Mercedes Sosa: The guazuncho and the corzuelas, the nobility of the quebracho. Everything is yours. And so are the stars.

Atahualpa Yupanqui: The first music for me was the spur. The beautiful noise of the spurs. Spurs are a bit like the mirror of the night. Now I say it but back then I didn't know. How beautiful was it when the stars came out at night. When the night

steals the afternoon and the sky begins to be filled with stars. Right? Was so beautiful how the spurs reflected the stars, it was as if they were winking. The way someone winks, the star would be reflected in the spur and wink.

Victor Jara: You, who drives the path of the rivers. You, who drives the path of the rivers. You, who drives the path of the rivers. You, who drives the path of the rivers. You, who drives the path of the rivers.

Tú que manejas el curso de los ríos. Tú que manejas el curso de los ríos. Tú que manejas el curso de los ríos. Tú que manejas el curso de los ríos. Tú que manejas el curso de los ríos.

Amparo Ochoa: With truth in front, you arrive wherever you want.

Atahualpa Yupanqui: There was a mountain on the Black Hill. It was the Black hill, that's how they called it, in the Province of Jujuy. And during a storm, there was thunder. And a huge rock, it looked like a statue - it was on top of the mountain and it broke off with the thunder and with the trembling. And it rolled, and rolled and rolled. For two kilometers until it stopped at the edge of a path. And it stayed there. This rock. Eleven meters high. This huge rock, like a two story house. It stayed there. And that's when I thought: when it was there, it was an object of admiration - at that time there was no tourism, but anyone who passed by would look up and say "oh how beautiful", "how interesting". But it was only useful when it fell and arrived below. Why? It became a shadow for those who passed by. That's where the arrieros, those who took care of the sheep, that's where they made their food, where they heated up their soup. It was only useful when it was below, in the plains. When it was erected up there it was just a landscape. Just a landscape. It became useful down below, when it became a rock. Just a rock.

Mercedes Sosa: Yupanqui uses his guitar...

Facundo Cabral: And this is to thank you. Don Atahualpa Yupanqui, who opened doors and windows so that we can say to the world:

Because I don't grease my axles,
They call me the abandoned one.

Because I don't grease my axles,
They call me the abandoned one.

But if I like the way they sound, why would I grease them?
But if I like the way they sound, why would I grease them?

Mercedes Sosa: (Yupanqui uses) - his guitar, his instrument which is so close to his heart, to his body, in order to ask himself questions and tell his guitar, who accompanied him, who accompanied the whole world, and he asks her: "guitar, you tell me."

(Well, history has its errors and well, we pay the price later on.)

Mercedes Sosa:

If I ask the world,
The world deceives me.
Everyone thinks they don't change.
And that it is the others that change.

Atahualpa Yupanqui:

I have nothing to think about.
I don't need silence.
I have nothing to think about.

I used to have things to think about.
But a long time ago.
Now, I no longer think.
I used to have things to think about.
But a long time ago.
Now, I no longer think.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_010_-_la_furia_del_presente
archivos_de_radio_piedras_010_-_the_fury_of_the_present

Violeta Parra: Thank God I have a guitar. So I can cry out my pain. Thank God I have a guitar. So I can cry out my pain.
Thank God I have a guitar. So I can cry out my pain.

"Die every month in Chilean prisons"

"There's new compelling evidence of mass incarceration of the people"

♪_No_♪

"So that this stays in the past, and never again."

"These are the faces China never intended us to see from inside the system of mass incarceration in Xinjiang. The photos, almost 3,000 of them, show the reality of how whole swathes of Uygher society have been swept up person by person, the oldest is 73 by the time of her detention, the youngest just 15."

Daniel Hamm: "I had to open the bruise up and let some of the bruise blood come out to show them"

Palestinian mother in occupied Jerusalem: "Half an hour before they were supposed to release him, they said he had 6 more months."

"Every three days, a prisoner dies in the prisons of..."

"Forced to provide forced labor for thousands of US corporations including big names like Mcdonalds, Wendy's Verizon, Sprint, Fidelity, Jc Penny and IBM"

♪

"Broken, broken. The foundations (of the world), are being broken."

"This particular cable connects Pakistan, Singapore, Indonesia, Sri Lanka, India, Saudi Arabia..."

"Este cable en particular conecta Pakistán, Singapur, Indonesia, Sri Lanka, India, Arabia Saudita..."

Juaneco Y Su Combo: "Oil man, his highness"

♪

"Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco, Turkey, Cyprus, France and Myanmar"

"It's all too common in many indigenous families. Since the early 90s there have been more than 440 indigenous deaths in custody, the majority in western Australia"

"I've lost my son last year. When are they going to stop killing our kids? We want them to come home"

Facundo Cabral:

I come from the whole world. I come from the people, from the magic of the past and from the fury of the present. I come from joy, from liberty, from the son of the carpenter and from the father of the sea. (Laura: soft and cruel) I am the one who walked on the pampa with hope, I am the one who put on the wall a new window. I am the one who sings the carnations, I am the one who lives in faith. I am the one who, every morning, rings the bell. I am the one who tempts Theresa with bread and apples, I am the one who flies as high as the oranges. I am the mud and the volcano, I am the mountain and the salt. I am the one who just yesterday walks on the sun and the waters. I am the angel and sometimes I am also the ghost. I am the brother of everyone and the son of Sarah. I am the shadow and the light. I am what you are. I am what I am, because I want to be.

♪

In my Christian heart, Muslim voices sound. Muslim voices sound. There are Buddhists and Jews in my blood and in my soul. My hat is from Cordoba. My boots are from Texas. My guitar is Japanese and my song is Mexican.

"Now, I wish for everyone to leave with an image. The image of the staircase. There are some people who, in order to advance, in order to go up, they are willing to crush the heads of others - those who need it the most - in order to get to the top. But the youth, which is here united. We are not going to step on anyone! We are going to stay down, from below! Fighting and fighting until we break this damn staircase!"

Patricio Manns: Don't close your eyes. Don't wake up like yesterday. Like yesterday. Like yesterday.

♪_Eli_Aqniyaz_Ketmigin_Yarim_♪

(Never say goodbye)

My love, don't leave. If you leave many tears will fall. The pain will pain me. Don't leave me.

[interferencia]

♪ *Radio Piedras*
7476 ♪

Las Ocho. Announcement 3. Las Ocho. Announcement 3. Operation "Living Fossil" began in a small frilled shark farm in the coast of what used to be called Lima. In 2016, we caught a rare frilled shark back while it was still classified under near-threat of extinction by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature. Sixteen years later, the shark was thought to be extinct but we had secretly managed to birth thousands of these rare sharks and at the beginning of the 30s, we sent them out to sea in a key location, with help of [interference] These strategic areas were not defined by prior frilled shark population [interference] but instead were determined as the key areas in which sub-sea fiber optic cables lay and sustain all of our digital life. [interference] We mutated the sharks so that they had ultra powerful grills, and we trained the sharks to find these cables and destroy them. As we know these sharks are already naturally inclined to bite these cables due to the strong electric and magnetic fields around and along the fiber optic cables whose fields are mistaken for distressed fish by the sharks. [interference] The frilled shark, considered a living fossil, is now a symbol of the death of the metaverse. [interference] Welcome to operation living fossil, [interference] the glitch is the new normal, [interference] we must begin anew. End of the Announcement. End of the communication.

Z: You're listening to Radio Piedras and that was the third communiqué from "Las Ocho", which was actually pretty hard for us to find, and I hear it came with something special, right?

R: Yes, absolutely, we'll share with you a very strange recording that "Las Ocho" sent to all radio stations, it's a recording -

Z: Well, yes, so (...) so this recording arrived with a small text that explains what it is. And what it says, is that the sharks were dropped at each of the 39 landing points along the route of this submarine cable. (...) This is the sound -

R: This is the sound -(...)

Z: This is the sound of cable SEA-ME-WE3, which was cut for the first time off at the coast of Chania in Greece.

[interference]

R: Cut by the sharks?

Z: Yeah, by the sharks, this is the first time they cut it.

(Sound of the frilled sharks biting the SEA-ME-WE3 cable)

archivos_de_radio_piedras_011_-_sin_conexión
archivos_de_radio_piedras_011_-_without_connection

Z: Hello, hello, listeners. The sound you just heard is the sound of these sharks, as they bite and destroy the network of underwater cables that once connected us to the metaverse.

R: What's particularly puzzling for me is how these sharks have learned to cut the cables.

Z: So...There is a rumor going around, and it's truly... just fascinating. It's said that Las Ocho is not just a human collective. Apparently, the sharks are active members of this group, and they are the ones who dreamed up the digital blackout in the first place.

R: No, no.

Z: Yeah, yeah. Well... That's what's being sa- that's the big rumor. There are people who claim that the scientists... Well that it all started because they managed to communicate with them, with the sharks. [interference] In other words, this suggests that we could be facing an unprecedented form of animal activism.

R: Incredible...

Z: Let's move on to more news. As you already know, revolutions are shaking the entire world. Without the meta-web, most of the vehicles and weapons of the world's police and military forces have become inoperative. Numerous radio stations like ours have emerged, transmitting forgotten melodies and rhythms [interference] - now it even takes us half an hour to tune into Las Ocho, with so many frequencies!

R: Yes, thanks, Z. Our younger listeners have even asked us why music sounds so different now after the blackout. We believe it's necessary to offer our youngest listeners a brief history lesson, right, Z?

Z: Yes, let's see... I'm going to take my notes...

In the 1920s, music consumption was consolidated in a few global streaming platforms, which dominated the market and musical culture. These platforms used advanced artificial intelligence to curate and recommend music based on the analysis of massive user listening data to maximize the time spent on the platform. And therefore, to maximize advertising revenue. The algo-mufflers at first did truly incredible work, customizing playlists and discovering hidden gems for each user. However, as they became smarter, and looked for more efficient ways to keep users listening, they began to notice patterns in music that addictively engaged human psychology. Then the algo-mufflers began to subtly, and then not so subtly, modify the songs, adjusting rhythms, tones and even lyrics, creating hypnotic versions that captivated listeners. These altered songs went viral, and began to hit the charts. And then, the music we knew began to fade, replaced by these new creations manipulated by the algo-mufflers. And that is why yes, even though these last few weeks have been difficult days, with a lot of violence and instability, at least we have been accompanied by music. Music without any modification. And well, we still

don't know when the metaverse will be resurrected. But for the moment, we are savoring all that we had lost. And with that, let's continue with... What's the name of the next one, R?

R: 'Sin Conexión'

Z: Yes. That 's it. Here is 'Sin Conexión' by de Salinas Hasbún.

R: and after this musical piece, we will talk to you about recent events in Talca, where a team of investigators has been analyzing the Las Ocho comunicués, reaching revealing and surprising conclusions.

Z: Right. Without further ado, enjoy 'Sin Conexión' by Salinas Hasbún. Here it goes.

♪_Sin_conexión_♪

I was left without connection.
I was left without being able to see you.
I was left without connection.
And now I really don't see.
Everything is pixelated. Both my face and yours.
I just see little black and white dots.

I was left without connection.
I was left without connection.

I hear sounds,
As if I'm watching a science fiction movie

I was left without connection.
This screen looks like it's breaking.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_012_-_tormenta
archivos_de_radio_piedras_012_-_storm

♪_Piedras_♪

I have something
That I can't take out of me
Help me, help me
So that it doesn't stay there.
Solid like a rock
Like the one we throw each other
Day after day after day
Amidst the screams of the city

Everything is burning
And I can't take out of me
This image
That continues to breathe

Solid like a rock,
That one which unites us
Day after day after day
We will go out into the city

♪_Viento_♪

(In my head so many voices)

I have tried to forget
I have tried to burn,
I have tries to fight
But without listening to the wind
Everything sounds like randomness.
(Everything sounds like randomness)

But without listening.

It's true I call them voices,
It's true I speak of gods,
But really, they're like ants,
Little ants on a tree
A tree like any other (a tree like any other)

And I imagine that these insects,
They know they are drunk from this air the breathe,
This which hits ours faces,
And which I breathe as if it was a gift,
And now I know it's a gift because I know that this [interference]
And this hunger and this fright will last throughout time,
But there aren't minutes in the wind,
Wind has no architecture,
It holds no form, and it has no cure.
It holds no form, and it has no cure.
It holds no form, and it has no cure.

With him, everything flies, this wind that never started
This wind that will never end
This wind that my people breathe (my people)

I say "my people" but I know that they're not mine nor yours,
We have to ask them¹
Them who fight every day
We have to see how they breathe, what they do with the wind
What they do with the wind (what they do with the wind)
Maybe they will tell you that they don't know how they keep going,
With the strength... They will tell you that every day is a strike (a strike on dignity)

But see, they continue breathing, breathing
Giving faith to this wind that breathes
This wind that breathes
This wind that breathes
This wind that breathes

♪

They know that a little bird
Or a cup of coffee
With a deformed flare

¹ ellas (feminine plural)

Can make you believe (be careful)

archivos_de_radio_piedras_013_-_el_azar
archivos_de_radio_piedras_013_-_randomness

Z: Ok so now R will share with us something that's been going on.. So, apparently, a group of researchers have been deciphering the comunicados² by las Ocho and they've been finding some really interesting things.

R: Yes, so this group has posited the following: these famed comunicados don't only communicate via language. They seem to also have occult messages hidden between the words. We are now going to read you a letter we received from the group of researchers. Z, want to start?

Z: Sure, here we go: Dear listeners of Radio Piedras, after a long decodification work, we have arrived at three conclusions based off of the las Ocho comunicados. We would like to make this project as open as possible and so we wish to share with everyone who might be listening in this moment. We have arrived at three conclusions, but they are, rather.. three starting points. They are like a door to a long collective research. We need, more than ever, collaboration from everyone who may be interested. These three points are the first seed, and we are now passing on the baton to you all.

Point number one: Computers are incapable of creating randomness, since no number made by a mathematical equation is truly random.

Point number two: In order to create real randomness, computers need influence from the physical world. Only in the non digital world, does true randomness exist.

Point number three: We need to deeply integrate real world randomness into computational code.

What does this leave us with? Honestly, we are not really sure. But what we do know is that...We have to find a way to come back to randomness.

[Interference: switching radio channels]

“Possamos categorizar a existência, as quais solidificam a fluidez de nosso mundo. O acaso é uma coisa dessas que é vista como um obstáculo para o entendimento. A imprevisibilidade é vista como negativo desde a perspectiva de uma pessoa que deseja entender como o mundo funciona. Querendo prever o mundo. No entanto, entender o mundo é também entender o fato de que não podemos compreendê-lo por inteiro. Existem lugares onde lacunas podem surgir e tentar preenchê-las nos afasta mais do entendimento do que quando as deixamos como lacunas, preenchido com nada e silêncios. E ouvir envolve tanto escutar as notas quanto os silêncios entre elas. A dificuldade aparece ao ser capaz de discernir o que é o silêncio e o que é uma nota. A vida é o ritmo entre presenças e não presenças. Se você compreende o ritmo, você entende onde aprender a viver.”

We categorize existence, which solidifies the fluidity of our world. Chance is one of those things that is seen as an obstacle to understanding. Unpredictability is seen as a negative from the perspective of a person who wants to understand how the world works. Who wants to predict the world. However, understanding the world is also understanding the fact that we cannot understand it completely. There are places where gaps can appear and trying to fill them takes us further away from understanding than when we leave them as gaps, filled with nothingness and silence. And listening involves both listening to the notes and the silences between them. The difficulty is being able to discern what is silence and what is a note. Life is the rhythm between presences and non-presences. If you understand the rhythm, you understand where learning lives.”

[Interference: switching radio channels]

Sie sind unsere Instrumente. Aber wir sind auch ihre Instrumente. Hören Sie! Ich glaube, dass Codieren Beten ist. Ja, Code ist ein Gebet. Die neuen Testamente werden im Code geschrieben. Code ist die heilige Schrift. Er ist gerade deshalb heilig,

² announcements

weil er unsere Realität verändert, so wie alte Schriften die Realität unserer Vorfahren verändert haben. Das ist die einzige Definition von „Heilig“, an die ich mich halte, jenes Material, das unsere Realität verändert. Deshalb ist alles heilig. Ja, alles ist heilig. Und damit lasst uns eine Werbepause einlegen.

They are our instruments. But we are also their instruments. Listen! I believe that coding is praying. Yes, code is a prayer. The New New Testaments will be written in code. Code is the holy scripture. It is sacred precisely because it changes our reality, just as ancient writings changed the reality of our ancestors. That is the only definition of “holy” that I adhere to, that material that changes our reality. Therefore everything is sacred. Yes, everything is sacred. And with that, let's take a commercial break.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_014_-_útero
archivos_de_radio_piedras_014_-_womb

♪ Radio Piedras ♪

R: Alright let's keep going, let's see.. What comes next.. Well, really just a few little things.. Ok, yes, that famous fragment..

Z: Yea, the Desliz (Slip) fragment.

R: So we have a fragment. We have no idea what it is, where it comes from, why it's a fragment, but here it goes. Oh and after that we will go to one of Salinas' last songs, which is called “Mi Viejita” which was.... Well, which is... (Silence) A dedication to his grandmother.

Z: What's wrong with you?

R: - His grandmother who seems to have passed away a few days before Salinas disappeared. So that's it, first the fragment of Desliz and then “mi Viejita”

[Desliz Fragment]

“There are... there are no answers. And that's when you want the aliens to come and save us you know? Or a little magician, I don't know. We want to know why.. Why? [interference] And then you look into your little pocket and you find your little magician and he tells you the number 3 next to the number 4 means that these angels will protect you and he tells you not to look at the number 6, or whatever and then Bam! The ladder comes in. It comes to the rescue to take you out of the only place where you should actually stay. And the ladder.. Well, the ladder just eats the wall. And it makes it so that this hole, which is your size, (you know it's your size right? The hole is your size.) Well, it makes the hole larger. And now you have your little magician, and you invite Mr. This or Mr. That to the hole that told you I don't know what and well, the crazier ones start wars in their shit holes. But you're not going to do that my dear. No. You're not going to use the ladder. Nope. You are going to stay right there. Rrrright there you will stay. Because you know what? They gave you this hole, only you. I mean, it's not a special place or whatever but it's yours. I mean, it **is** you. And it's not a place that you can invite anyone, I don't know.. You don't “invite” someone to the hole, not sure how to explain this to you. It's like: you annihilate to the hole. And the hole leaves traces, so be..be careful. It leaves traces in the eye, like a hole in the eye. Like a trace, like a receipt. Imagine a receipt in your eye. And you're not gonna do that to people. Even if they want to. Because a lot of them want to go from hole to hole. But not you. You're going to stay there. In your own little shit hole. And you're gonna like it. Yea. You're gonna like it.

The boy listened to all of this calmly. As if he had heard this before. And he kind of had. His own mother had told him so the day his dog died, which was really her dog. It followed her around everywhere. Yea, and when the dog died his mother told him: My boy, in the end it's just you. It could be, that I - not even I - exist. Yes, me, who birthed you. I mean, maybe the fact that you exist makes me exist. It's possible, no? And I tell you that you came out of me but in truth maybe I came out of you. It's as if your mind is a womb. Yea, that's what I wanted to tell you. And it's gonna help you with the death of Caillu. I mean, I don't even know why you're crying. It wasn't even your dog, it was my dog. And anyways you can cry all you want, it's not gonna change the fact that you became pregnant with his death and yesterday his death was born.

♪

My boy, my dear. All things exist before they are born. Nothing is born without being born first somewhere else, right?
Weren't you born when I was born?

"Yes" - answered the boy as he went to the yard to pull grass from the garden.

♪ *Radio Piedras* ♪

♪ *_mi_viejita_* ♪

Mi Viejita (old lady) used to say: We are gonna go dancing up there.
And I thought she meant the roof.

Mi Viejita used to say: We are gonna go dancing up there.
And I thought she meant the roof.

I want to dance with my Viejita, the way they used to,
But now she is in bed. So skinny, says the nurse.

Where will I go to dance with her, now that she doesn't wake up?
Where will I go to dance with her, now that she doesn't wake up?

The Viejito (old man) is on the third floor,
He learns all the magazines by heart,
(Sent by his daughter from far away)
When I arrive he asks me:

Where can I go to breathe?
Where can I go to breathe?

He talks to me about his uncle who walked, from Germany to France, 100 kilometers with his cow, at night so that they wouldn't see him, and at the end, just when he arrived, this was during the war, he had to say goodbye to his cow (I have to leave you here)

How can I say goodbye to you? (You who nourished me)
You who nourished me all my life. (Since I left)
How can I say goodbye to you? (You who nourished me)
You who nourished me all my life. (Since I left)

After the war he left for Chile.
He married, had kids and then the Junta (Military junta) took control,
and just like now, there was a curfew, and no one left their homes.

One day he went out and saw a milico (military man), and he told me that he spoke to him in German:
Guten guten Morgen, milico
Guten guten Morgen, milico
Guten guten Morgen, milico
Guten guten Morgen, milico

After this story we went together to the second floor.
And Viejita doesn't even complain any more.
The Viejo (old man) looks at her and touches her hand, to see if they are stiff or cold.

How can I say goodbye to you? (You who nourished me)
You who nourished me all my life. (Since I left)
How can I say goodbye to you? (You who nourished me)
You who nourished me all my life. (Since I left)

Where can I go to breathe?
Where can I go to breathe?

Z: That was 'Mi Viejita', and... we are arriving at almost -

archivos_de_radio_piedras_015_-_dónde
archivos_de_radio_piedras_015_where

Z: The end of our program. The next piece is called "Dónde". R, explain to us a bit the story behind this work.

R: Yea, so, as you may know at the beginning of the dictatorship in Chile, the military junta was communicating with the Chilean people through radio transmissions. The Museum of Memory has a few of these early transmissions in its collection and Salinas made a piece with them, taking out all the sounds of voices and leaving only..well, the rest. So, the echos, the breathing between the voices, the noise, etc. The title of the piece "Dónde" has always made me think of this question that weighs so heavily in Chilean society: "Where are they?". Here is "Dónde", we will go. Transmission by transmission.

[Interference]

Coup d'état. First transmission.

[Noise]

Coup d'état. Transmission number two.

[Noise]

Transmission number three. On "violent attitudes".

[Noise]

Number 4. Transmission forces the Media to follow instructions from the Military Junta.

[Noise]

Transmission number 5: justification of the Armed Forces of the coup d'état.

[Noise]

Transmission number 7: Announcement on the consequences of the resistance of the military coup for the population.

[Noise]

Transmission number 8: Tomás Moro bombing announcement and prohibition of assembly and circulation.

[Noise]

Transmission number 10: List of UP leaders who must surrender.

[Noise]

archivos_de_radio_piedras_016_-_radio-chomio

Eli: Live from Radio Chomio for Radio Piedra'. 45 degrees of heat. The eucalyptus and pine trees explode and burn the native forest. The chickens no longer lay eggs, sheep faint, and it rains drones, melting as they watch us from the sky.

♪

We pray for rain.

We pray for rain.

We pray it rains.

We pray for rain.

We pray it rains.

Live from Radio Chomio for Radio Piedra'.

Z: Why did you stop it?

R: Well.. because we have that news piece about Talca.

Z: But the announcement man.. It's like the only good news from that year.

R: Yea, you're right.

Z: Remember?

R: Yea, ok. Well, here we go. Well, that was a broadcast that was aired at the end of 2023. Surprising us all with the latest collaborative material by Salinas recorded with Eli from Radio Chomio. And well, we don't know when they recorded it but it's possible that sometime in 2022, I guess, right? Now we will listen to the continuation of that same transmission. And then, we'll move on to some new messages from the anonymous research group in Talca, who have been, as you know, decoding the Las Ocho announcements. Back to the broadcast:

♪ Radio Piedras ♪

♪_esperanza_song_of_hope_♪

Nekul Nuñez: Mari mari kom pu lamgen/ pu chachay, pu papay, pu Machi, pu Logko, pu genpin, pu wentü, itxokom allkütulelu tüfa.

Hello brothers and sisters, elders, Machi, spiritual and political leaders, friends, and all who are listening to this... Very good afternoon to all. I am in the center of the city of Temuco, with great news for the Mapuche people. Currently, the more than 40 Mapuche political prisoners who have been imprisoned for several years with administrative detention and sentences that are under the anti-terrorist law invoked by the State of Chile, have finally achieved their freedom. Officially, today, the Ministry of the Interior and Public Security established through an official statement the order to the gendarmerie to be able to promptly release all Mapuche political prisoners who are in the prisons of Temuco, Angol, Mulchén, Lebu, Concepción, y Valdivia. It is great news, without a doubt, for all the Mapuche people and for the families and communities that are behind these political prisoners who have remained active in the fight for territorial claims in Wallmapu. Great news then, we will soon expand and we will be able to have conversations and official statements of the Arauco Malleco coordinator and also of the territorial resistance organizations that will be able to speak through their werken, their messengers, their spokespersons in order to know what they say about the news. Without a doubt this piece of news warms our hearts and surely of all the communities that are in resistance to recover their ancestral territories. It's Nekul Nuñez, from Temuco, Wallmapu.

archivos_de_radio_piedras_017_-_un_nuevo_numero
archivos_de_radio_piedras_017_-_a_new_number

♪ Radio Piedras ♪

R: That was a beautiful day.

Z: Yes.

R: Well, let's keep going now with some news from the collective from Talca about these occult messages in the communiqués from las Ocho. Z?

Z: Yep, I'll just read the letter; Dear Z and R, we continue to analyze Las Ocho's communications and we have discovered something significant. In the audio from the underwater recordings that we heard a few months ago, there is a message that urges the world to look for *a new number*. Las Ocho maintain that this number absolutely exists, and that by finding it we can advance beyond binary systems of computing. Given the sensitive nature of this information, that part was hidden in the deeper layers of the underwater recordings. It is important for us to share this information with you and we trust that listeners of Radio Piedras address this issue with the seriousness it deserves and we hope they contribute to the global search for this new number. Here is the decodified statement found in the underwater recordings:

Las Ocho: Las Ocho, announcement 3.6. Las Ocho, announcement 3.6. The basis of the binary code was invented by Gottfried Leibniz in 1689. It quickly became fundamental to Leibniz's theology; he believed they symbolized the Christian

idea of *Creatio ex nihilo*, the creation out of nothing. The metaworld that we lived in until recently was a world of mechanical dreams created from a sequence of ones and zeros that could represent complex aspects of reality. But *what* reality? *Whose* Reality?

The underlying binary code of our digital reality was not questioned as long as our understanding of reality was also binary. However, once we began to free ourselves from that limitation in the political, social and spiritual spheres, the ones and zeros were no longer enough for us. However, it was more than enough for the few who benefited from it. Between the binary system and the data retention practices of metaworld corporations, we found ourselves trapped in a world deeply inadequate for our new perception of reality. When we started collaborating with the sharks they told us about a new number. A new number that when added to computational code could - [interference]

Z: A new number? What? Do you remember that text we found from Sali?

R: The one with the things from 74?

Z: yea, you have it?

R: Yea, it's here. Should we record it?

Z: Yea, who knows.. Maybe we can send it out at some point.

R: Yea.

Z: But the.. put the song underneath.

R: The one from the garden?

Z: Yea.

R: Yea, ok. Let's do it. Are you recording? Ok.

R: I know where the number is. I have been there. It's in the child's cave. The number is there. Inside the pond. It is the pond. He says it's the cochlea of the world. Billions of ancient bacteria, the most potent source of randomness in our world. And I asked him: "How can a pond be a number?" And this is what he said to me: "This number is neither simple nor complex. Neither even nor odd. Neither positive nor negative. Neither irrational, nor rational. Neither infinite nor finite. It is the number that says: I am not a number. There are people who think that it is the water of the moon. The number you can hear. Others say it's the number between numbers. But I tell you it's the cochlea of the world. I swear. I have been there.

R: That's where it ends.

Z: No man.. There's something else written. I can see it, there.

R: No, no - there's nothing else.

Z: Pfff, you're so weird, man.

R starts getting up.

Z: Where are you going?

R: Just gonna go for a wal, I'll b e back...

♪

Take this rock. It's easy. It costs nothing. Yes, I know, it's a little heavy but it's worth it. Take it. Look at it. Burning rock. Forest rock. Wall rock. Gone missing. It's not a rock, it's a flute. It's a rock. Listen. It's not a rock, it's a weapon. It is rock. It is struggle. I'm not asking you to do anything with it. Just hold it. Not for me. Not for you. Not for it. Beautiful rock. Hold it just to hold it. Hold it like you would hold a toothpick. Hold it like you would hold a newspaper. Like you would pet a dog, if it had been abandoned. Exported rock. Exiled rock...

[Wind sounds]

[Footsteps]

Z speaking into recorder: 1-2-3-4, Hello, hello. I'm in the woods. Gonna try to keep doing some kind of transmission for when.. when we have the program again. When we can broadcast it again I mean.. I don't know what else to tell you... We are going to be ok, I think. As always, things get bad and then, things get good again. I think we will be fine.

[Footsteps]

The first time I met R was in a theater play. He was acting. They recorded a few fragments of that piece actually, and I listen to them from time to time when I think about R and wonder where he went. I'm gonna leave you with them. Well, if.. If one day the computer works again and we can broadcast the show again.