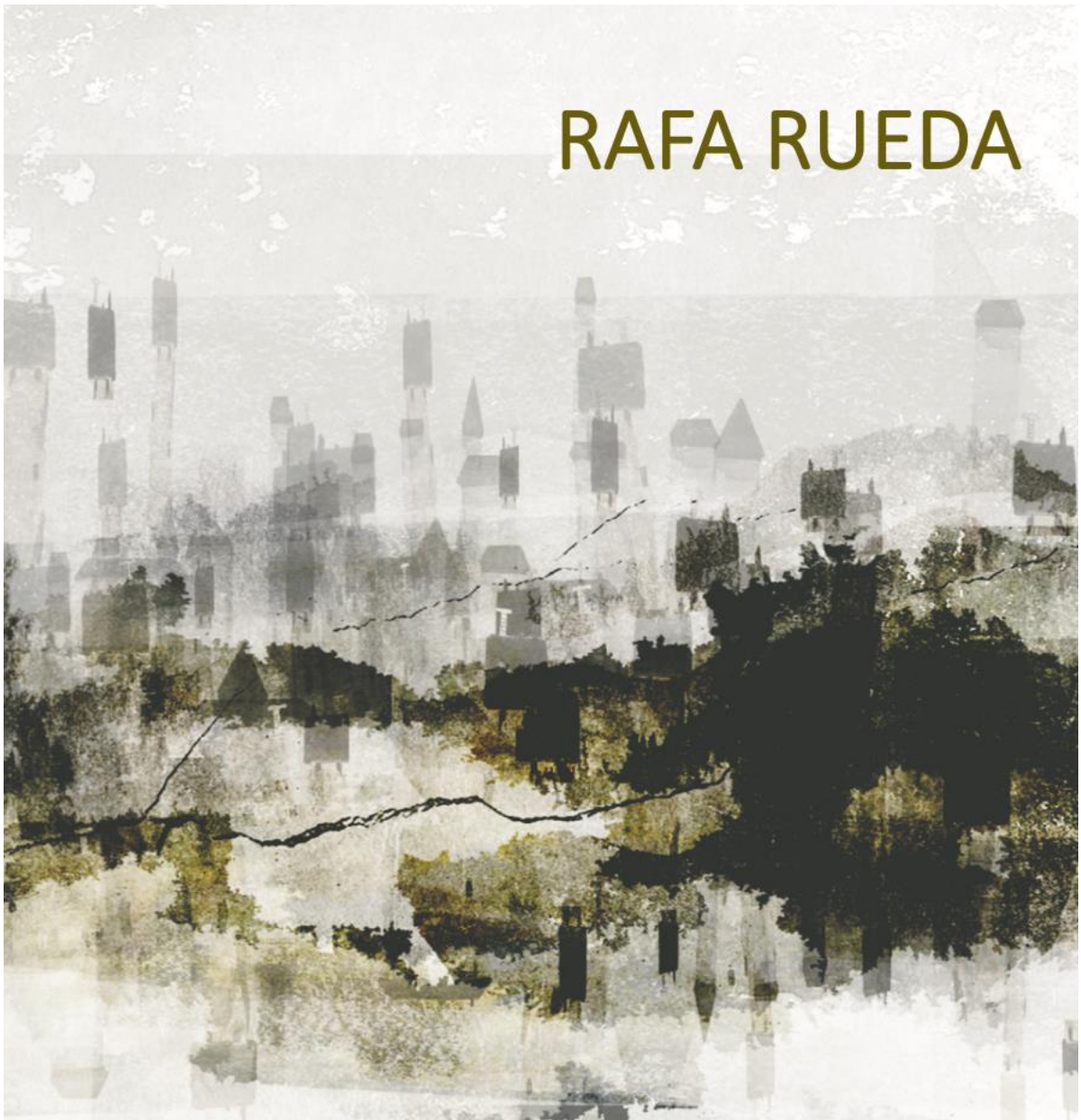
RAFA RUEDA



HIRI KRISTALEZKOA /
A CITY MADE OF GLASS

BOOKTEGI

BOOKTEGI

Guztion liburuak, guztiontzat

booktegi.eus

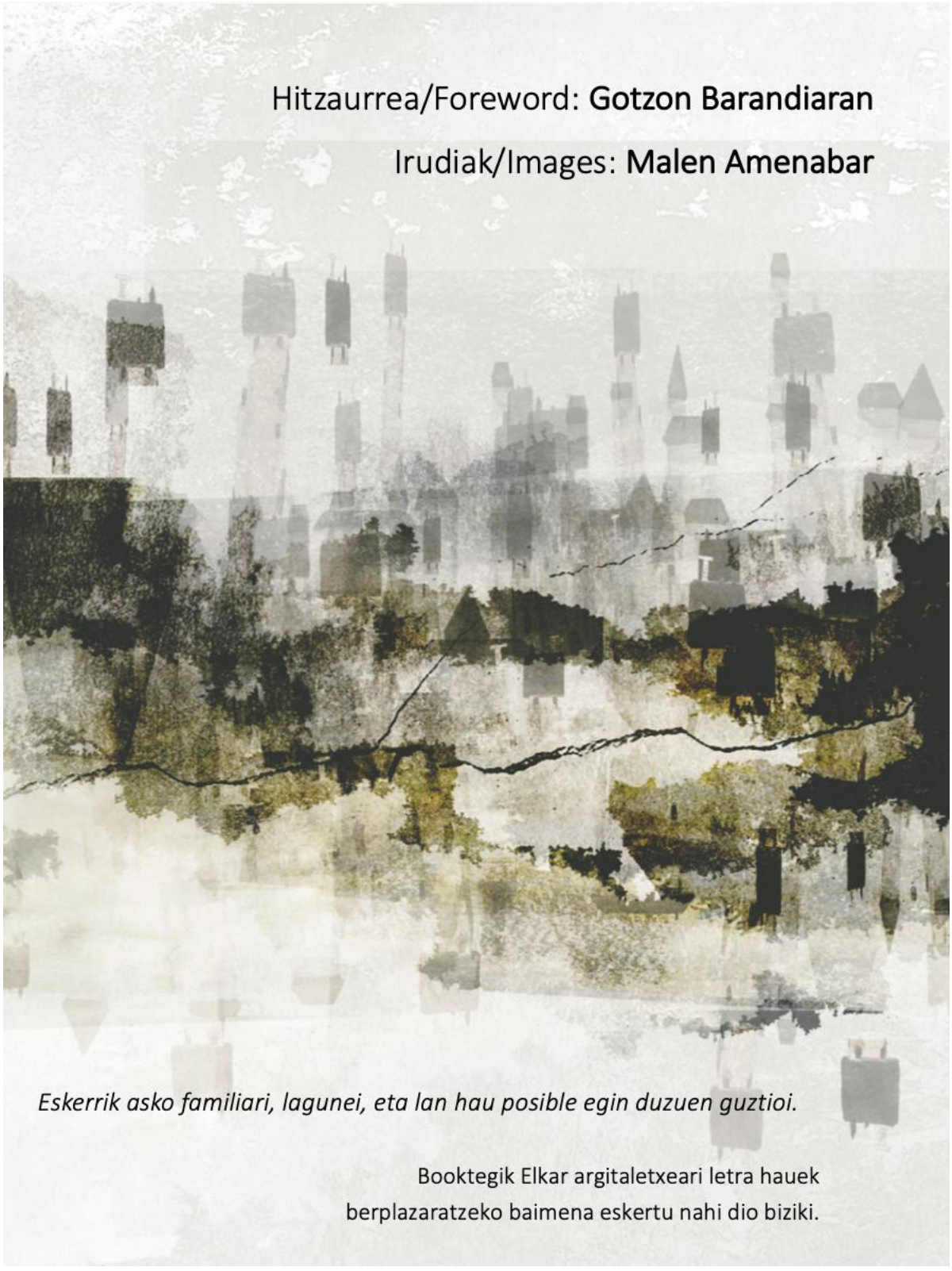
RAFA RUEDA

hiri kristalezkoa /

a city made of glass

Hitzaurrea/Foreword: **Gotzon Barandiaran**

Irudiak/Images: **Malen Amenabar**



Eskerrik asko familiari, lagunei, eta lan hau posible egin duzuen guztioi.

Booktegik Elkar argitaletxeari letra hauek
berplazaratzeko baimena eskertu nahi dio biziki.

Edizio hau elebiduna da. Letrak euskaraz irakurri nahi badituzu, esteka honetan sakatu, mesedez:

Kristalezko hiria

This is a bilingual edition. If you wish to read these lyrics in English, please click on this link:

A City Made of Glass

Kristalezko hiria … egileak

Angel	… Harkaitz Cano
Jon	… Harkaitz Cano
Nahikari	… Gotzon Barandiaran
Roy Batty	… Unai Iturriaga
Little Cowboy	… Unai Iturriaga
Eleonora	… Miren Amuriza
Maryana	… Gotzon Barandiaran
Ainara	… Leire Bilbao
Oroitz	… Arkaitz Estiballes
Irina	… Rafa Rueda

Hitzaurrea

Zeri kantatuko diogu XXI. mendean idazle eta musikariok? Zelan egokituko dugu gure hiztegi poetikoa bizitzeko astia lapurtzen digun etengabeko berrikuntzaren diktadurara? Bere autoan gindoazela *Hiri kristalezkoa* diskoa bilakatuko zenaren lehen doinuak erakutsi zizkidan Rafa Ruedak. Ez zuen zerikusirik ordura arte plazaratuak zituen bakarkako bost diskoetako soinuekin. Hiri bateko soinuak ziren. Gaua iradokitzen duten ahaireak iruditu zitzaizkidan.

Baina zein doinu du hiri batek? Zer melodia txistukatzen du, egunaren aldean isilean aritzeko ohitura duen gauak? Umetan autobusean joaten ginen hirira zapata berriak erostera. Herri txikietan bizi ginenontzat hiria mundua zen, handia, zabala, jendez betea, ezezaguna, misteriotsua, modernoa.

Bernardo Atxagak 1978an argitaratu zuen *Etiopia*. [...] *Etiopia*k abanguardia ekarri zuen, transgresioa, irudiaren nagusia, marginalitatearen edertasuna... Poeta gazteagoen aldarri eta eredu izan zen aldi berean, belaunaldi berriek behar zuten modernotasun literarioa. Etiopia eta haren area Arestiren harriari kontrajarri izan zaio. Ez dut esanen interpretazio zilegizkoa ez denik, baina harria bera area-ale aunitzez sortzen baita, azken finean zentrorik ez dagoela digu adierazten harriaren hondartzeak. Eta horixe izan zen modernotasun berriaren ekarririk eraginkorrena: zentroak pluralak direla.

Koldo Izagirre, *Errealitatearen arbola hitzaldia*, 2000

1980an, Ruper Ordorikak *Hautsi da anphora* diskoa plazaratu zuen, ia osorik Atxagaren *Etiopia* liburuko poemekin osatua. Disko horrek aro berri bat ireki zion euskal kantagintzari, bai estetikoki, bai letrei dagokienez, oso lotua Pott Bandakoek Bilbon bizi zutenari, Juan Karlos Egillorren azalak salatzen duen eran. Euskalduna ontziolako keak belztutako Bilboko zeru hitsa, espainiera nagusi den hirian mundua euskarari ekarri nahia, irudien mozkorraldi bat, marjinatuekiko hurbiltasuna adierazi nahi duen collage erraldoia.

Hiri kristalezkoa munduko edozein hiri izan daiteke. Izan liteke Paris izan nahiko lukeen Donostia hiri inpolutoa. Izan liteke Aingeru Epalzaren *Rock'n'roll* nobelako Iruñea hiri buruzagia edo *Blade Runner* filmea eragin zuen Philip K. Dick idazlearen *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (1968) (*Amesten al dute androideek ardi elektrikoekin?*) eleberriko hiria.

Baina guri Bilbo dakarkigu gogora, eta agian Bilborekiko dugun iruditeria fantastiko horrek harilkatzen ditu *Hiri Kristalezkoa* diskoko letrak. Rafa Ruedak ez zigun besterik esan diskorako berbak ondu genituen idazleoi: Hiri batean bizi litekeen jendeari buruz idaztea nahi dut, izena ere asmatu egiozue. Hamar pertsonaje, hamar istorio. Idazleok ez genekien ofiziokideak zer idazten ari ginen, ez genuen elkarren berri. Eta hala ere, testuetan, elkartzen dituen hari single fin bat antzeman daiteke. Bakardadeak egiten ditu hurko Angel, Jon, Nahikari, Roy Batty, Little Cowboy, Eleonora, Maryana, Ainara, Oroitz eta Irina. Ubela dute bihotzean, elkartasun ezak kolpatu ditu, leku bat bilatzen dute indiferentzia nagusi den bizilekuan, maitasun amiñi bat, faborez.

Teknologia berriek sozializatzeko genuen orain arteko paradigma guztiak aldatu ditu. Komunikaziorako gailu berriek bakartzen gaituzte, pertsonalak intimoa irentsi du, irudiak elkarbanatzen ditugu munduak ez dezan ahaztu hemen gaudena eta badira zenbait urte auzokiderik agurtu ez duguna. Basamortu sentimentala bihur dakiguke hiria. Barra kodeen batura. Munduko Soziologoen Batzarrak ohartarazi duenez, XXI. mendearen bigarren erdialdetik aurrera, munduko biztanleriaren %60tik gora hirietan batuko da.

Eta euskalduna? Nola biziko da euskalduna 2078ko hiri batean? Arrotz, menostu, hauskor? Zeri kantatuko diote 2080an gure idazle eta musikariek? Elkarren berri izan gabe ere, esker txarreko kaleetan bizirautea lehenesten duten pertsonajeak dagoz *Hiri kristalezkoa*n. Distopikoak direla? Bai, gero?

gotzon barandiaran arteaga

idazlea

Kristalezko hiri
bat eskaini didate.
kristalezko leiho,
kristalezko ate.

Kristalezko hiri
bat eskaini didate:
kristalezkoa ni
ez banintz bezala.

Garden ohiturak
berdin gurak ere...

Nire kalte!

Gezurrezko hitzik
ebaki gabe:
egi gose.

Txikitako
irakespen...

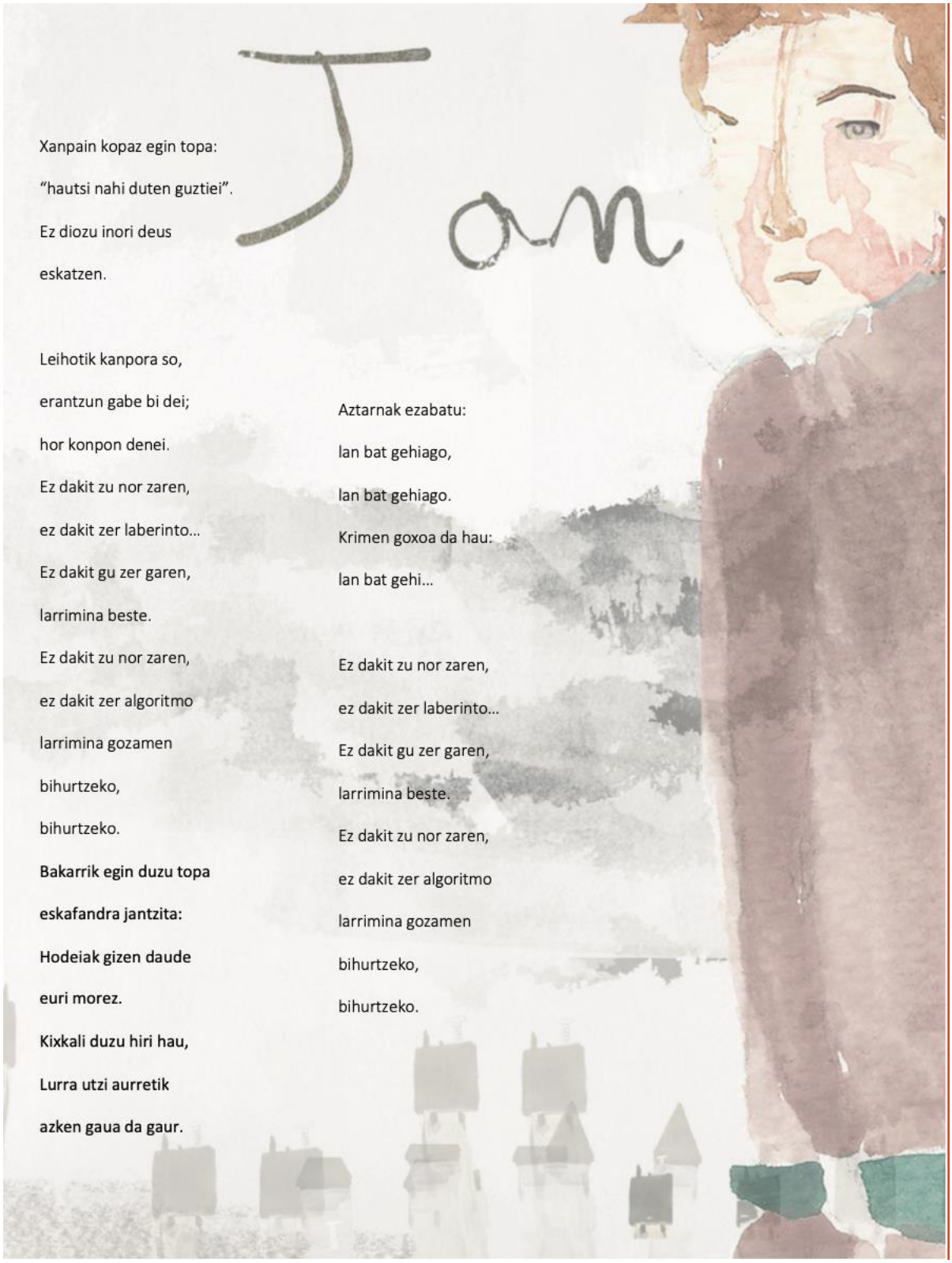
Ahula dut nire
disimulu nahia.

Zer uste dudan
denek badakite,
oraintxe.

Galdetu eta esan
zintzo eta fite,
oraintxe.

Egiaren bila,
egiaren bilau:
egiak egin nau...
hauskorretan hauskorren.

Gizon beirazko,
gizon beirazko.

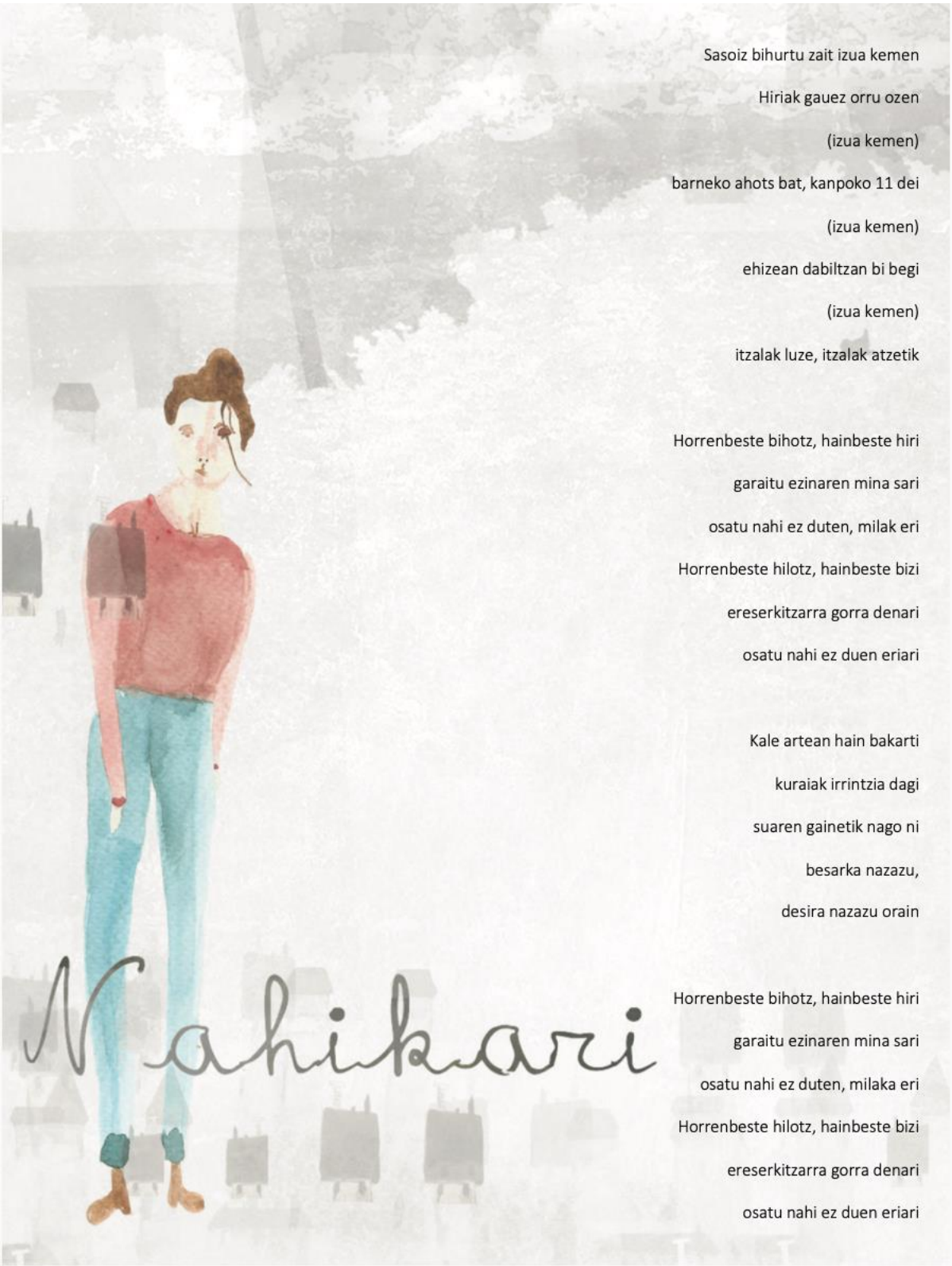


Xanpain kopaz egin topa:
"hautsi nahi duten guztiei".
Ez diozu inori deus
eskatzen.

Leihotik kanpora so,
erantzun gabe bi dei;
hor konpon denei.
Ez dakit zu nor zaren,
ez dakit zer laberinto...
Ez dakit gu zer garen,
larrimina beste.
Ez dakit zu nor zaren,
ez dakit zer algoritmo
larrimina gozamen
bihurtzeko,
bihurtzeko.
Bakarrik egin duzu topa
eskafandra jantzita:
Hodeiak gizen daude
euri morez.
Kixkali duzu hiri hau,
Lurra utzi aurretik
azken gaua da gaur.

Aztarnak ezabatu:
lan bat gehiago,
lan bat gehiago.
Krimen goxoa da hau:
lan bat gehi...

Ez dakit zu nor zaren,
ez dakit zer laberinto...
Ez dakit gu zer garen,
larrimina beste.
Ez dakit zu nor zaren,
ez dakit zer algoritmo
larrimina gozamen
bihurtzeko,
bihurtzeko.

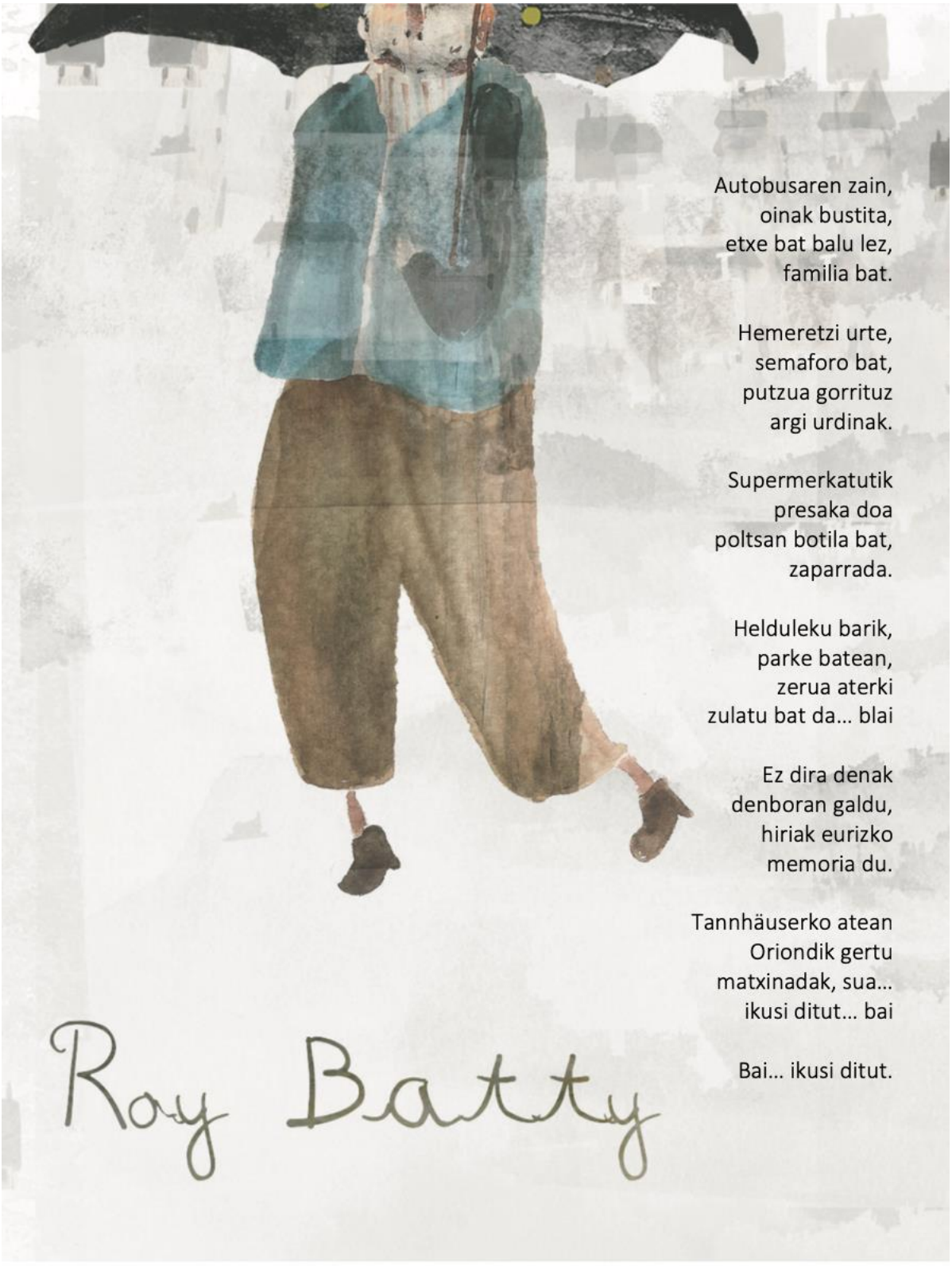


Sasoiz bihurtu zait izua kemen
Hiriak gauez orru ozen
(izua kemen)
barneko ahots bat, kanpoko 11 dei
(izua kemen)
ehizean dabiltzan bi begi
(izua kemen)
itzalak luze, itzalak atzetik

Horrenbeste bihotz, hainbeste hiri
garaitu ezinaren mina sari
osatu nahi ez duten, milak eri
Horrenbeste hilotz, hainbeste bizi
ereserkitzarra gorra denari
osatu nahi ez duen eriari

Kale artean hain bakarti
kuraiak irrintzia dagi
suaren gainetik nago ni
besarka nazazu,
desira nazazu orain

Horrenbeste bihotz, hainbeste hiri
garaitu ezinaren mina sari
osatu nahi ez duten, milaka eri
Horrenbeste hilotz, hainbeste bizi
ereserkitzarra gorra denari
osatu nahi ez duen eriari



Autobusaren zain,
oinak bustita,
etxe bat balu lez,
familia bat.

Hemeretzi urte,
semaforo bat,
putzua gorrituz
argi urdinak.

Supermerkatutik
presaka doa
poltsan botila bat,
zaparrada.

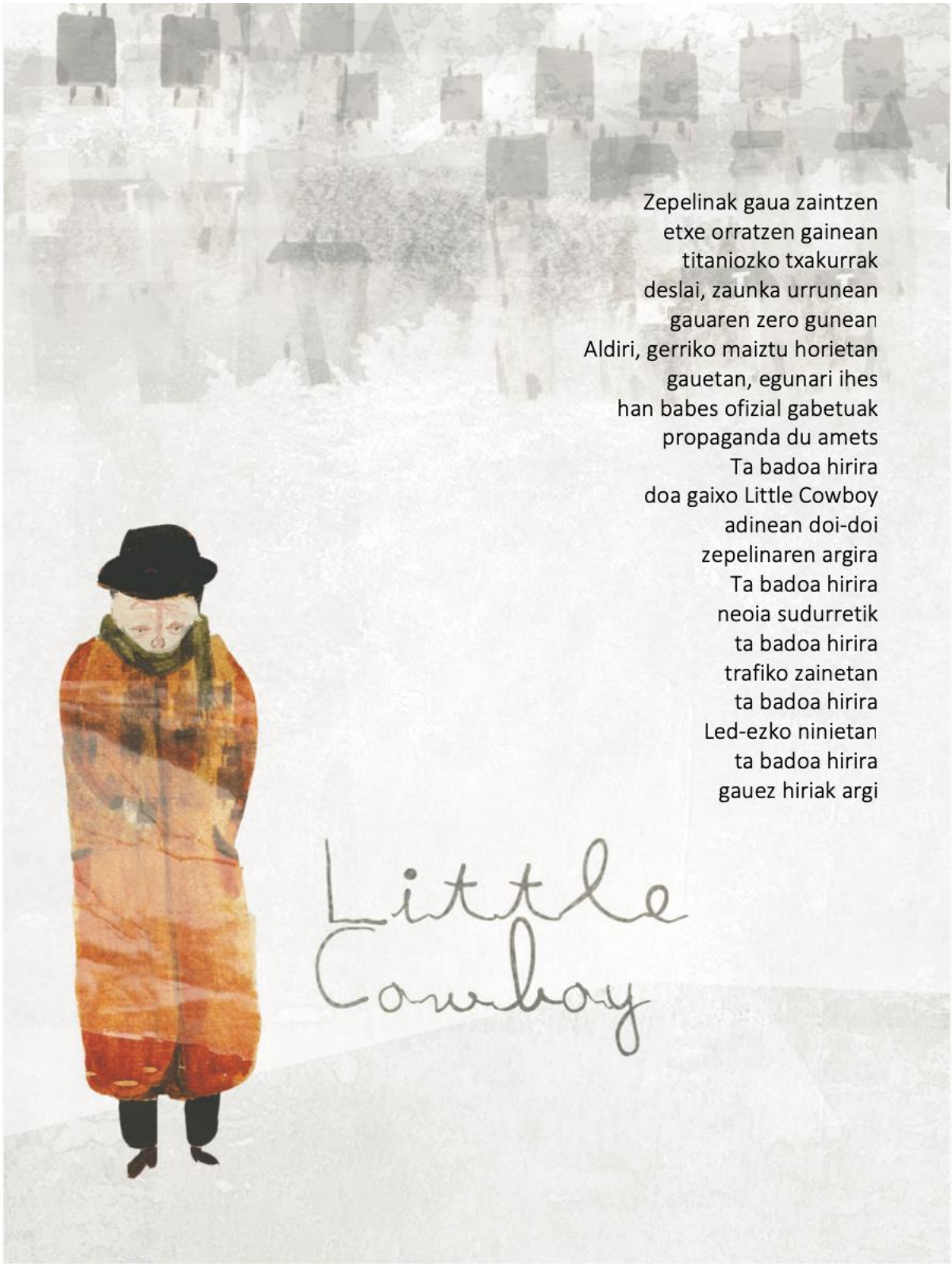
Helduleku barik,
parke batean,
zerua aterki
zulatu bat da... blai

Ez dira denak
denboran galdu,
hiriak eurizko
memoria du.

Tannhäuserko atean
Oriondik gertu
matxinadak, sua...
ikusi ditut... bai

Bai... ikusi ditut.

Roy Batty


Zepelinak gaua zaintzen
etxe orratzen gainean
titaniozko txakurrak
deslai, zaunka urrunean
gauaren zero gunean
Aldiri, gerriko maiztu horietan
gauetan, egunari ihes
han babes ofizial gabetuak
propaganda du amets
Ta badoa hirira
doa gaixo Little Cowboy
adinean doi-doi
zepelinaren argira
Ta badoa hirira
neoia sudurretik
ta badoa hirira
trafiko zainetan
ta badoa hirira
Led-ezko ninietan
ta badoa hirira
gauez hiriak argi
Little Cowboy

Eleonora
goizero-goizero
lekutzen zen parkera,
sahatsaren altzoko jesarlekura,
ogi kozkor batekin.
Burdinola
baten ateetan
oihuz ari zen neska
ikusi nuen haren begietan.
Ogi txatalak
ematen zizkien
kale-katuei eta
heriori begia kliskatu, handik,
sahastsaren altzotik.
Burdinola
baten ateetan
oihuz ari zen neska
haren begietan ikusi nuen
denborak ihes nondik egiten duen.

Eleonora

Maryana

Zeru zikin batetik ihesi
lur odoltu batetik landa
deserria helmuga
sorterria balizko itzulera da

hilez ereindako itsasoa
errukiak arnasa sakon
sukurtsaletan diz-diz
kosmopolitismoaren izarlokak

hiri garbia arrotzegi da
agurrez gabetua
hiri lerden hau uherra
agurrez besamotza
hiri zurian kraka da merke
haragia itzal dugunontzat

Bazterkaletik behera
jende eske
Bazterkaletik gora
non daude?
Bazterkaletik behera
jende eske
Bazterkaletik gora
non daude?
Zeru zikin batetik ihesi
hiri garbia arrotzegi da
agurrez gabetua
hiri lerden hau uherra
agurrez besamotza
hiri zurian kraka da merke
haragia itzal dugunontzat
haragia hobi dugunontzat
haragia habi dugunontzat

Goizero kalean behera
begiztatzen dudanean
hegoak barrurantz bilduta
enara baten pausaz

Hiriak harrapatu duela dirudi

Zeharka begiratzen diot
bere hego hautsiari
hegan egiteko gogoa
berpizten didana berriz

Goizero kalean behera
enara baten pausuaz
ze amesten duen jakin nahi dut
bere lumen azpian

Hiriak harrapatu duela dirudi
nondik datorren jakin nahi dut bakarrik

Hiria esnatzen denean argi ilunetan
betazalak zabaltzen ditut eta zu zaude bertanI open

Nire eskuak zuretzako
habia izango balira
biok elkarrekin joateko
hegan urritira

Nora zoazen jakin nahi dut bakarrik
Nondik zatozen jakin nahi dut bakarrik

Nora zoazen jakin nahi dut bakarrik
Nondik zatozen jakin nahi dut bakarrik

Aimara

Hogeita hamazazpiko
maiatzaren hamarrean,
zazpi esne-behi zebiltzan
hara ta hona larrean,
kortako lanak amaitu barri,
kontu-kontari zineten jarri,
gure sukalde zaharrean,
hiru semetxo ta bi alaba,
ondoan gure amama Klara,
lapikoan aurrean.

Zazpi gizon sartu ziren,
zazpi arma eskuetan,
esanez ez zintuztela
sarri ikusten mezetan...
etxeko kajoi guztiak husten,
gero eraman egin zintuzten,
negarrez ta odoletan,
nahiz ta ez zuen gura
kontatu,
mina ez da inoiz, ez,
ezabatu,
amamaren begietan.

Gauez eraman zintuzten,
gauez, aitite Kandido,
kamioneta zahar baten
bultzaka zintuzten igo,
gure etxeko zorion dena,
indarrez ostu nahi zigutena,
ez zen bueltatu berriro,
nahiz eta ahazten zen ahalegindu
gure amama beti jakin du,
zeinek eman zizun tiro!

Amamari joan aurretik
zeuzkan indarren apurrak,
zuretzako izan dira
bere azken hitz samurrak...
asko kostata ta urteekin,
agertu zara sei lagunekin,
mugitu ostean lurrak...
mina ez da inoiz, ez, ezabatu,
nahiz eta bihotzik ezin elkartu,
elkartu dira hezurrak.

Pausatzen ez den hautsa
bihotz karratua
puzzle baten ale galduak
itzalik bako arbolak
bakardade aldrak
zebrabideak elurretan

Zorion saltzaileak
malur erosleak
artzai ilunak zelatan
kristalezko leihoan
begiak galduta
neguko arrats honetan

A City Made of Glass… the writers

Angel	… Harkaitz Cano
Jon	… Harkaitz Cano
Nahikari	… Gotzon Barandiaran
Roy Batty	… Unai Iturriaga
Little Cowboy	… Unai Iturriaga
Eleonora	… Miren Amuriza
Maryana	… Gotzon Barandiaran
Ainara	… Leire Bilbao
Oroitz	… Arkaitz Estiballes
Irina	… Rafa Rueda

Foreword

What will we writers and musicians sing about in the 21st century? How will we adapt our poetic dictionary to the dictatorship of innovation which robs our time for living? When we were driving in his car Rafa Rueda played me the first tunes of what was to become A *City Made of Glass*. It was nothing like the five solo records he had brought out until then. They were the sounds of a city. The tunes reminded me of night time.

But what is the sound of a city? What is the tune the night whistles, the night which is usually quiet compared with the day? When we were children we used to take the bus to the city to get new shoes. For those of us who lived in small towns the city was the world: large, wide, full of people, unknown, mysterious, modern.

Bernardo Atxaga published *Etiopia* in 1978: [...] *Etiopia* brought the avant-garde with it, transgression, the pre-eminence of images, the beauty of the marginalised… It also spoke out for younger poets at the same time as it became a model for them, the literary modernity which the new generations needed. Etiopia and its sand contrasted with Aresti's stone[1]. I wouldn't say it wasn't a legitimate interpretation, but as a stone in itself is made up of numerous grains of sand, the breaking up of a stone tells us that, when it comes down to it, there is no centre. And that was the most significant thing which modernity brought us, the message that there are many different centres.

Koldo Izagirre, *Lecture on the Tree of Reality*, 2000

In 1980 Ruper Ordorika brought out his record *Hautsi da anphora* ('The Anphora has Broken'), most of the lyrics for which were taken from Atxaga's *Etiopia* collection of poems. This record opened a new period for Basque song in terms of aesthetics and lyrics, and it was closely linked with the members of Pott Banda[2] who lived in Bilbao, as Juan Karlos Egillor's sleeve reflects. A giant collage which showed the gloomy sky of Bilbao blackened by smoke from Euskalduna shipyards, the will to bring Basque to the world in a city in which Spanish dominated, and proximity to marginalised people.

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[1] Gabriel Aresti, a ground-breaking Basque poet (1933-1975). His works included the book of poems "Harri eta herri" ('The Stone and the People').

[2] An avant-garde group of artists from various disciplines active between 1977 and 1980.

A City Made of Glass could be any city around the world. It could be the pristine Donostia, with its desire to be Paris. It could be the leading city of Iruñea, which Aingeru Epalza shows us in his novel *Rock'n'roll*, or the city in *Blade Runner*, inspired by writer Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (1968).

But Bilbao is what comes to mind, and perhaps that fantasy collection of images we have of Bilbao is what threads the lyrics of *A City Made of Glass* together. Rafa Rueda told us writers who were going to contribute the words for the record no more than that: "I want to write about people who could live in a city; make up their names too". Ten characters, ten stories. We didn't know what our fellow lyricists were writing, we didn't tell each other. But even so you can see a single, fine thread bringing all the texts together. Solitude brings Angel, Jon, Nahikari, Roy Batty, Little Cowboy, Eleonora, Maryana, Ainara, Oroitz and Irina together. Their hearts are wounded, lack of togetherness has beat them, they look for a place to live when surrounded by indifference; a little bit of love, please.

New technology has completely changed the paradigm of how we used to socialise. New communication tools separate us, remove our intimacy, we distribute images so the world doesn't forget we're here, and it's several years since we last said hello to our neighbours. The city could become a sentimental desert for us. Linked only by bar codes. As the World Sociology Congress has warned, from the second half of the 20th century onwards more than 60% of world's population will live in cities.

And the Basques? Where will the Basques live in a 2078 city? Outsiders, deprecated, fragile? What will our writers and musicians sing about in 2080? Without even knowing about each other, there are characters who prioritise keeping alive in the harsh streets of *A City Made of Glass*. Are they looked down on? Yes, and so?

gotzon barandiaran arteaga

writer

a city made of glass
they've offered me;
a window made of glass,
a door through which you see.

a city made of glass
they've offered me;
and it's made of glass,
as if I weren't the same.

It's clear what I do,
it's clear what I want...

So much the worse!

Words made of lies
unbroken ties,
hungry for truth.

Things that I learned
quite early on...

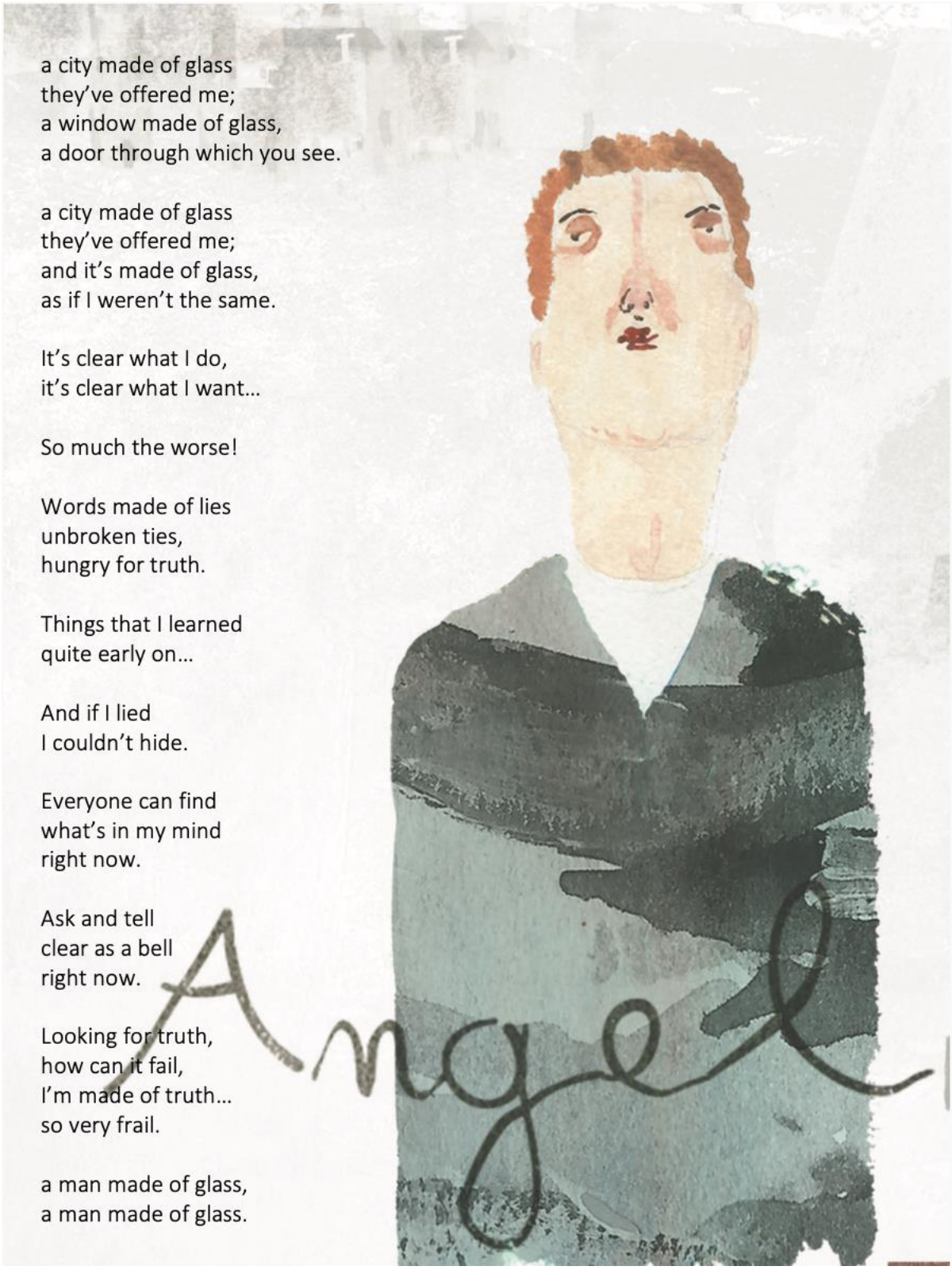
And if I lied
I couldn't hide.

Everyone can find
what's in my mind
right now.

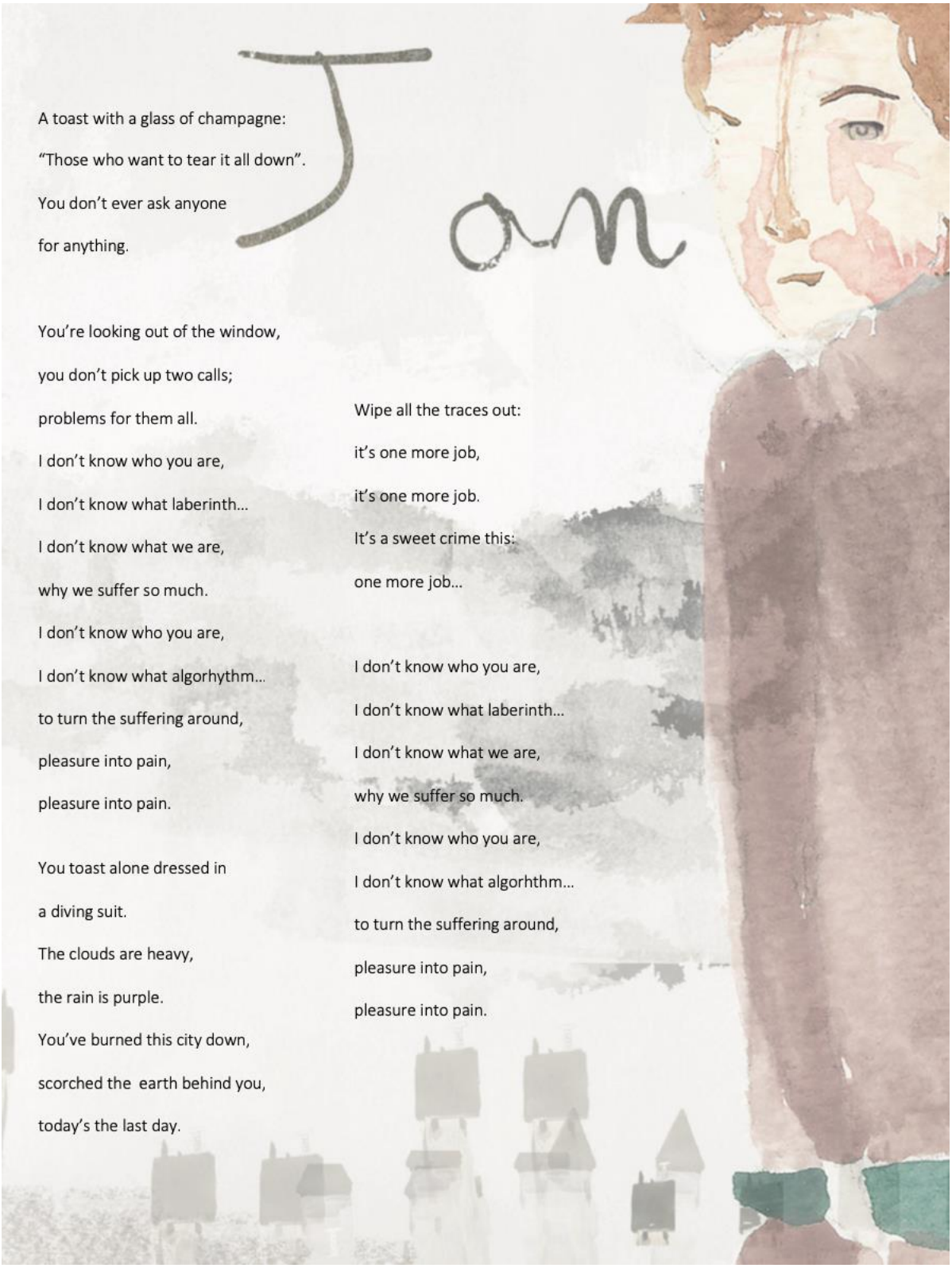
Ask and tell
clear as a bell
right now.

Looking for truth,
how can it fail,
I'm made of truth...
so very frail.

a man made of glass,
a man made of glass.



Jam



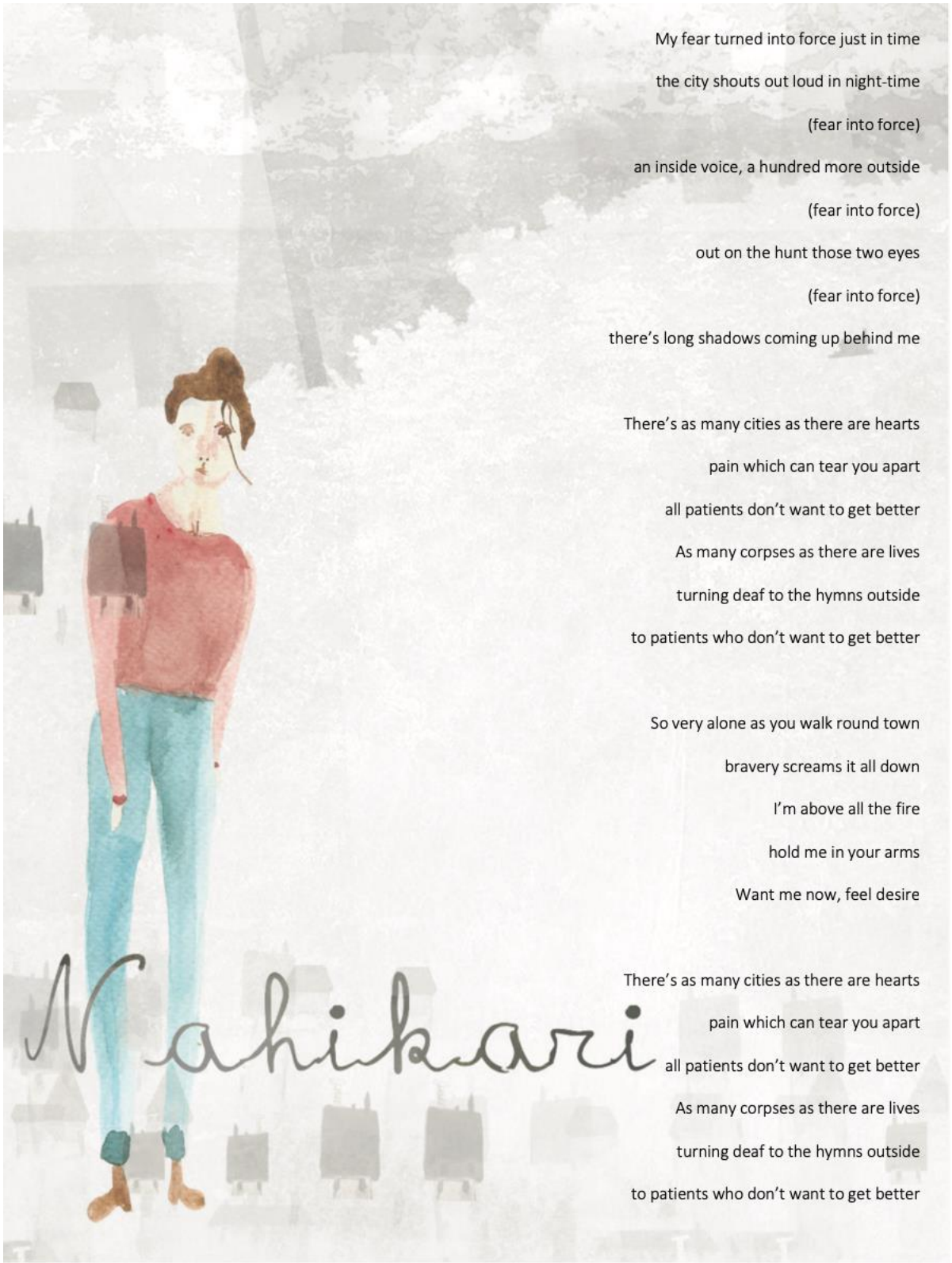
A toast with a glass of champagne:
"Those who want to tear it all down".
You don't ever ask anyone
for anything.

You're looking out of the window,
you don't pick up two calls;
problems for them all.
I don't know who you are,
I don't know what laberinth...
I don't know what we are,
why we suffer so much.
I don't know who you are,
I don't know what algorhythm...
to turn the suffering around,
pleasure into pain,
pleasure into pain.

You toast alone dressed in
a diving suit.
The clouds are heavy,
the rain is purple.
You've burned this city down,
scorched the earth behind you,
today's the last day.

Wipe all the traces out:
it's one more job,
it's one more job.
It's a sweet crime this:
one more job...

I don't know who you are,
I don't know what laberinth...
I don't know what we are,
why we suffer so much.
I don't know who you are,
I don't know what algorhthm...
to turn the suffering around,
pleasure into pain,
pleasure into pain.



Nahikari

My fear turned into force just in time

the city shouts out loud in night-time

(fear into force)

an inside voice, a hundred more outside

(fear into force)

out on the hunt those two eyes

(fear into force)

there's long shadows coming up behind me

There's as many cities as there are hearts

pain which can tear you apart

all patients don't want to get better

As many corpses as there are lives

turning deaf to the hymns outside

to patients who don't want to get better

So very alone as you walk round town

bravery screams it all down

I'm above all the fire

hold me in your arms

Want me now, feel desire

There's as many cities as there are hearts

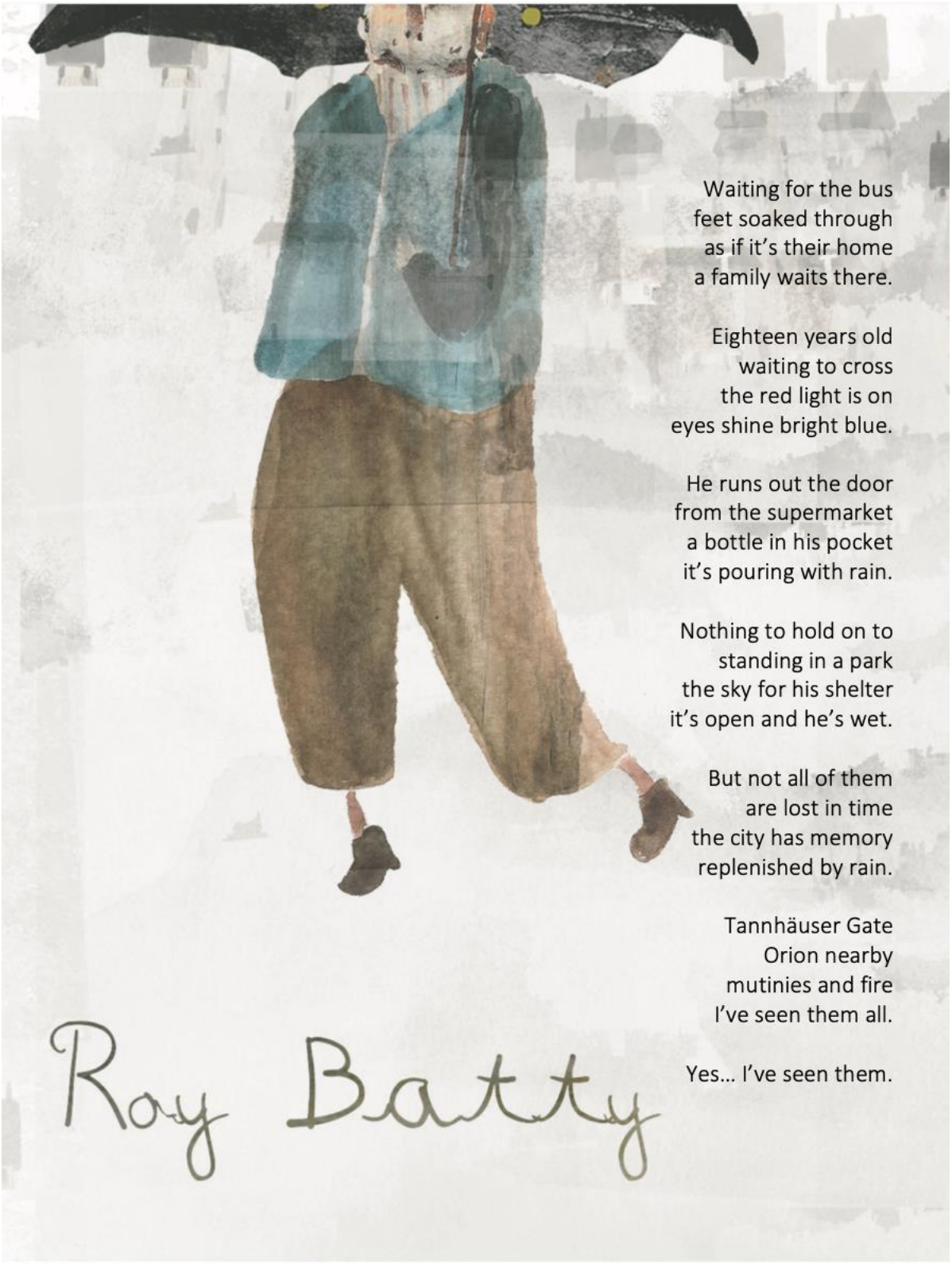
pain which can tear you apart

all patients don't want to get better

As many corpses as there are lives

turning deaf to the hymns outside

to patients who don't want to get better



Waiting for the bus
feet soaked through
as if it's their home
a family waits there.

Eighteen years old
waiting to cross
the red light is on
eyes shine bright blue.

He runs out the door
from the supermarket
a bottle in his pocket
it's pouring with rain.

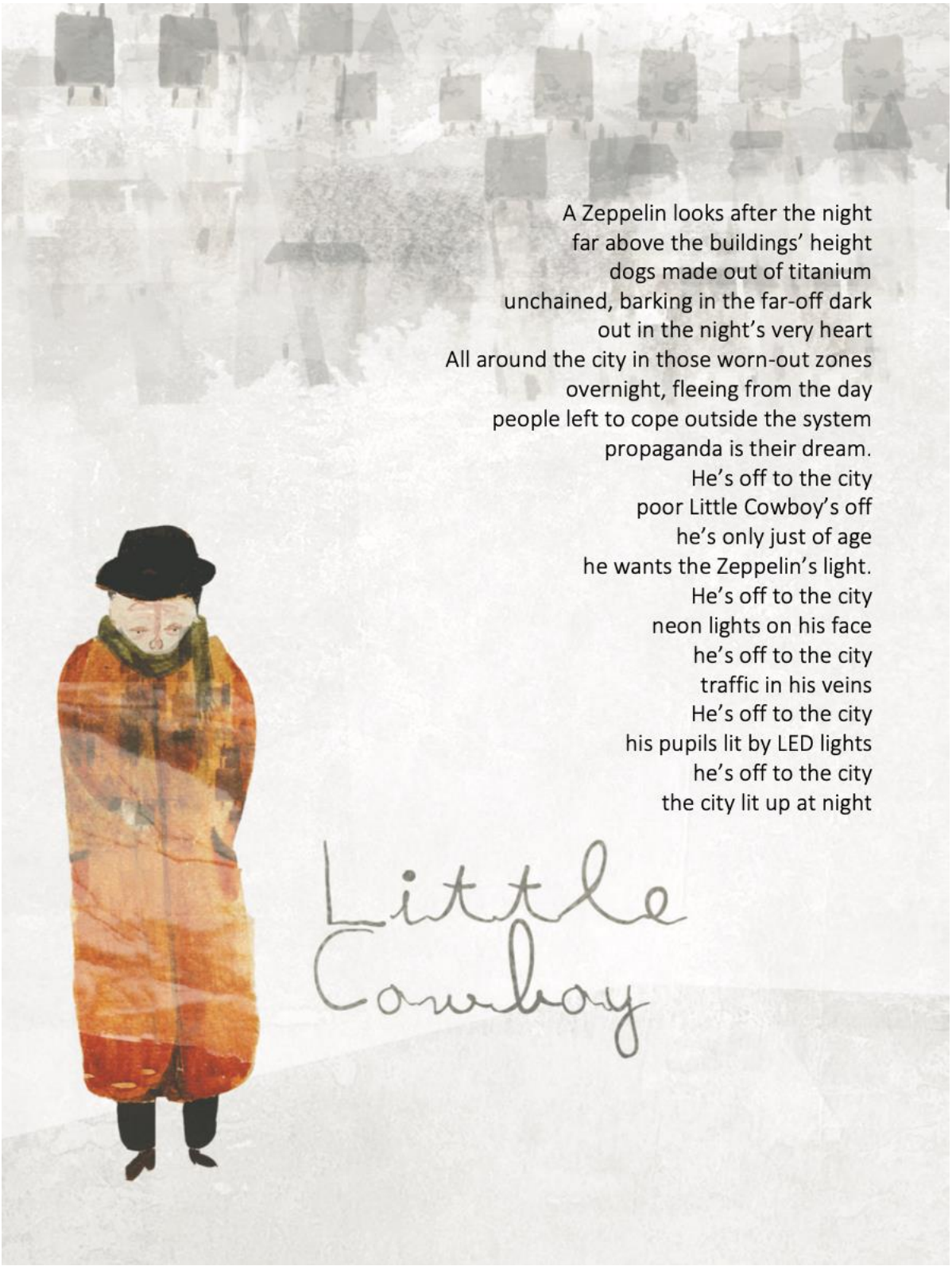
Nothing to hold on to
standing in a park
the sky for his shelter
it's open and he's wet.

But not all of them
are lost in time
the city has memory
replenished by rain.

Tannhäuser Gate
Orion nearby
mutinies and fire
I've seen them all.

Yes... I've seen them.

Roy Batty



A Zeppelin looks after the night
far above the buildings' height
dogs made out of titanium
unchained, barking in the far-off dark
out in the night's very heart
All around the city in those worn-out zones
overnight, fleeing from the day
people left to cope outside the system
propaganda is their dream.
He's off to the city
poor Little Cowboy's off
he's only just of age
he wants the Zeppelin's light.
He's off to the city
neon lights on his face
he's off to the city
traffic in his veins
He's off to the city
his pupils lit by LED lights
he's off to the city
the city lit up at night

Eleonora
every single morning
went off to the park
to the chair in the willow tree
with no more than a scrap of bread.

At the gates
of an iron-works
a girl was calling out,
I saw it in her eyes.

She gave out
bits of bread
to some stray cats

from that chair in the willow tree.

At the gates
of an iron-works
a girl was calling out;
I saw it in her eyes,
where time flees from.

Eleonora

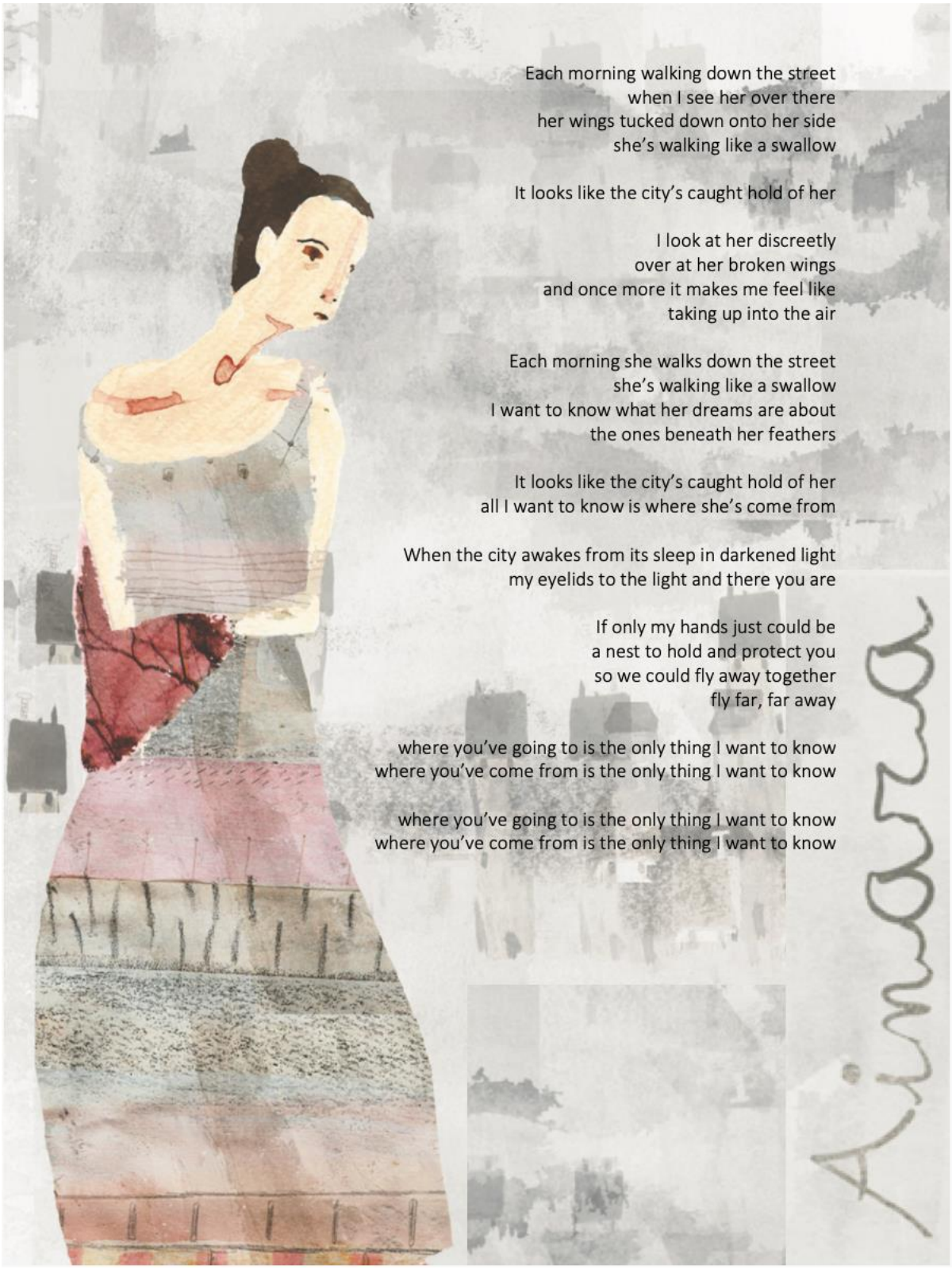
Maryana

Running away from a dirtied sky
from a land all covered in blood
exile is the destination
their home town might just be a way back

A wide sea sown thick with the dead
compassion draws another deep breath
shining bright in the chain stores
citizens of the world' shooting stars

The clean city's too impersonal
where no-one greets anyone
this fine city's so very grimy
where no-one greets anyone
crack's what's cheap in this spotless city
meat for those of us under a roof

Along the side streets
people want to know
with nowhere else to meet
nowhere to go
Along the side streets
people want to know
with nowhere else to meet
nowhere to go
Running away from a dirtied sky
the clean city's too impersonal
where no-one greets anyone
this fine city's so very grimy
where no-one greets anyone
crack's what's cheap in this spotless city
meat for those of us with somewhere to be
meat for those of us with somewhere to rest
meat for those of us with our own nest



Each morning walking down the street
when I see her over there
her wings tucked down onto her side
she's walking like a swallow

It looks like the city's caught hold of her

I look at her discreetly
over at her broken wings
and once more it makes me feel like
taking up into the air

Each morning she walks down the street
she's walking like a swallow
I want to know what her dreams are about
the ones beneath her feathers

It looks like the city's caught hold of her
all I want to know is where she's come from

When the city awakes from its sleep in darkened light
my eyelids to the light and there you are

If only my hands just could be
a nest to hold and protect you
so we could fly away together
fly far, far away

where you've going to is the only thing I want to know
where you've come from is the only thing I want to know

where you've going to is the only thing I want to know
where you've come from is the only thing I want to know

Aimara

On the tenth of May
nineteen thirty-seven
seven milk cows out there
wandering around the field
stable-work just finished for the day
you all started telling stories
in our old kitchen
three sons and two daughters
Grandma Klara was there too
in front of the pots and pans.

Seven men came in
seven arms in their hands
and said they hadn't seen you
often at Mass.
They empty out all the drawers
and then take you away
crying and bleeding
Though she didn't want to tell us
the pain never, never fades away
from Grandma's eyes.

They took you away at night
Grandad Kandido
they pushed you up into
a clapped out van
they wanted to steal from us
all our happiness at home
it didn't come back
though we've tried to forget
our Grandma's always known
who it was shot at you.

Before Grandma lost
the little strength she had left
her last sweet words
were all for you...
It's hard and take years
but you come with six friends
and after digging up the earth...
the pain's never gone...
though hearts can't come together,
their bones are all here now.

Dust that doesn't settle
a rectangular heart
the lost pieces of a puzzle
trees without any shade
solitude in groups
zebra-crossings on the snow

merchants in happiness
purchasers of tears
dark shepherds on the look-out
there by the glass window
eyes lost in the distance,
this winter afternoon