

Concierto en Canto

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All things leads to the same and single essence... *Coming and going*. Nuances of the far and near, evolution and transformation in the vision of one's self and the other. Rooted in the age-old memory of a human family in danger of extinction, Fátima's free word perpetuates what always was: essential creative power incarnate: the original sound of Bird's Language.

Simultaneously in and beyond language, she reveals music's path before it came to light in writing, its story, before history, its previous life. She draws near to the fundamental purpose of music: a possible nourishment of the growth and evolution of being, which exists not to please or displease but rather to offer, through deep listening, an understanding of a morsel of truth.

Like the mirrors buried in pre-colombian and Mediterranean tombs to guide the dead through the afterworld, her voice, reflexive and reflecting, with a delicacy of nacreous iridescence -*Alankara Skin; Dhrupad Dream*- returns us to that spark of light among the shadows that is ourselves. But, inhabited by the genius of possible, she guides the living from the telluric depths to the highest peaks, all along the Tree of Life, transported by enthusiasm for the Idea.

Senseous and spiritual, from tormented suffering to crystal clarity -*Canto Largo; Alankara Skin*- two worlds blend in a single person, speaking through a voice that grows from the center: the ungraspable work of the trunk, firmly rooted in ancestral techniques, takes wing in a flight of feelings and mischievous irony. Barking mad but totally controlled, written with extreme precision surpassed by the indescribable -*El Principio del Fin; PercuVOZ*-.

Fátima is the sap that flows to the center of this Tree-passage, transgressing all borders: across the limitations of the body, cultural density, epochs, genres and categories in her musical athanor, initiating us into luminous complexity through the vital movement of rhythm.

Adventure's rigor, and the traveller's discipline open the way to new senses: exploration of the body in play -*PercuVOZ; Sobre Saltos*-. One cannot be merely ethereal... Exaggeration? No! Say rather overabundance, or perhaps a lightening ravishment by the Lady of Mirrors. Struck down like the plumed serpent, Quetzalcoatl. Confronted with his reflection in a mirror held by the God of Night, he identified with humanity. Or Don Quixote, whose madness the Knight of Mirrors struggled to cure by showing him his own reflection.

A play of symbolic mirror-inversions. In a world where everything has become terribly predictable, the word fettered, the Idea yolked by the emptiness of art for art's sake, Fátima is surprise in eruption, wonder provoked by humor and the excesses of a wild woman who blooms before the world, unfolding in the ear of those who know how to listen, the sound from within. Cleo and Polymnie at the same time, she is also Erato, she who plays and love!