

THE SPECK OF DUST

Music and tale by Fernando Palacios

1 -

Once upon a time there was a far-off country where there was nothing at all: no people, no trees, no water, no ants, no clouds, no colours, no ground. It was a place where nothing could be heard... nothing... amazing silence reigned.

2 -

Well, to be true there was something: a dweller, just a tiny dweller who lived suspended in space, still, bored... It was a simple and lonely speck of dust. #. That speck of dust only knew the infinite silence and the horizonless space. In spite of her great lightness she couldn't move around because nobody had taught her how to move around. She was there alone #, floating #, still #... like a spider hanging from an invisible thread, or like a dot on a piece of paper, engrossed in her monotony. #

3 -

Suddenly one day # she had a strange feeling: # the wind appeared and began to move gently. # The breeze pushed our friend upwards and downwards. # At first she felt somewhat dizzy, it even gave her vertigo, but she got gradually used to it. In this way, the tiny speck of dust was tracing beautiful drawings in space. # She was no longer a static and passive "note", but thanks to the movement she was now able to produce a melody. #

4 -

The breeze got stronger and became a wind blowing faster and more unsettled #. The speck of dust, swept along more and more by the air, learnt how to nosedive #, to climb to the greatest heights # and to make pirouettes in space. #

5 -

She was so busy with her games that she didn't notice that her country, her world of calm and quietness, had fallen behind. New lands, very different to hers, were approaching. The wind carried her to a place where carnivorous plants, starving, with big mouths, were hungrily watching the absent-minded speck. She had to perform miracles not be gobbled up by those headshrinkers. #

With great difficulty she also went through a space full of nervous particles which, like millions of mosquitoes, made the greatest confusion, so much so that anybody could get lost in that mess. #

The speck, propelled all the time by the gust of wind, went on visiting other places: that of the giant fleas, whose leaps and jumps were as high as mountains (you had to keep your wits about you not to be trampled on!). #

Or the so-called "Shoveland", where everyone moved at high speed, in fits and starts, in ail directions, in a huge and very dangerous race without rhyme or reason. #

6 -

At last, everything changed. She arrived at a place which brought her back memories of her homeland. It happened when the wind stopped and quietness and silence returned. Yet the speck noticed that she was not alone: very close to her, a gentle and minute piece of fluff was staring at her while moving his body smoothly and sweetly. #

Our speck was amazed at the charming dance of her partner and tried to follow suit. She realized that moving was less hard after the experience she had acquired during her long trip. #

7 -

Very soon they were getting on well together. They began playing the game "follow my leader". One of them tried a movement then, the other one followed suit. #

They were joined later by a very robust dot passing by # and a tiny spot, agile like a piccolo. #

The game was a success, and every dot managed to copy the movements of the fluff; everyone was doing the same but, as they went one after another, the performance looked like police chasing thieves. It was as if every dot was going against the others. In other words, that was a point-counterpoint. #

8 -

Suddenly our speck was paralyzed in the presence of a new figure. # This one was very odd indeed! It looked like a very stiff wire, like the trail left by the planes... it was a long and very thin straight line.

- "Good heavens!, the speck said. I cannot even see the beginning nor the end! It's always the same! It goes nowhere!"

The line, watching the astonishment in her face, replied:

- "I am resting now. That is why I lie down and stretch, but I can do a great many things. Look: I can bend like an 's'. # I can make myself into a staircase going up and down. # If I feel inspired I can twist myself in many ways -some of them are very nice. Look, look at this one." #

- "It's great!, said the speck. Do you always do that alone?"

- "Oh, of course not! A lot of lines, diagonal lines, stripes, edges and corners live here... look, here come some friends now." # "You see? There are thick ones #, and some are very thin #; some are wrinkled # and some are broken up. # Look now, when we stand on tiptoe we look like a pizzicato. # We shall make a little show to satisfy your curiosity." #

9 -

- "How wonderful! I am deeply impressed, said the speck. It is incredible how easily you can adopt so many forms. And you can produce many different effects. Would you mind if I move among you and see what happens?"

- "All right, said the line. But you'll have to try to adapt to our movements, OK? Well, don't worry. If you do something strange, we'll follow suit. Are you ready? Set! Go!" #

10 -

Hours, days, months and years went by... always playing to make melodies, accompaniments, counterpoints... it was an endless game. But it was too much activity for our dear speck. She was so used to her former silence and stillness that she felt absolutely exhausted with such a new and hectic life. Moreover she yearned to go back to her country. She knew now how to wiggle gracefully, so she could explore the surroundings, look for some partners and teach them what she had learnt. Without any more ado she gathered momentum and, with the help of the lines forming a big catapult, she shot off towards home. #

She had to cross once again all those strange countries she had visited on her outward journey, but this time she could see them the other way round and at top speed. #

11 -

She finally arrived in her peaceful and quiet land. Once again she could hear the calm and the silence; but now it was different from before, because she could move in any direction she wished. It was the right time to invent the most beautiful movements she was able to do. #

12 -

She would search for all the specks of dust, the dots in the papers, the tiny spots on the walls, the twisted threads, the ribbons and strings... And she would teach them to have fun with the game of

moving and bending with ease in order to make beautiful figures, melodies, songs, sonatas... But that is another story.

13 -

Although if you like we can hear the story that says:

"There was an old man called Michael Finnigin
He grew whiskers on his chinnigin
The wind came up and blew them in again
Poor old Michael Finnigin begin again"

Or, to go back to our story:

"A speck becalmed was annoyed
the wind taught her the air wasn't void
to songs and melodies she gave free rein.
Shall we begin all over again?"

All right. But now it will be just the clarinet and the orchestra who will tell the story from the beginning to the end, in a perfect order and leaving nothing out. This tale is about the adventures of a tiny speck of dust. Do you remember? In the beginning there was the silence...

(Traducción: Luis Gago)
