



IbonRG

Hil zara

Hailing from the Margen Izquierda region in Nervión, Ibon RG (Sestao, 1978) has been actively involved in the local indie and experimental music scene in Bizkaia as a concert promoter (Kafea eta Galletak), producer, arranger (Mursego, Manett, Xabier Montoia, etc) and, most importantly, musician. Throughout four albums released with his own band, Eten, as well as in his project on vocal improvisations, Gargara, IbonRG has been weaving a repertoire that stands out for its strong message and visceral and intimidating delivery. Today, another project can be added to this collection: his first solo effort.

Hil zara I

- 01 . Hil zara I
- 02 . Gandutu da
- 03 . Indar amini bat
- 04 . Estura

- 05 . Eremiten zortziko hautsia
- 06 . Erreka gazia
- 07 . Behinola
- 08 . Gogoaren durunda

Hil zara II

- 01 . Duintasunaren zama
- 02 . Zure elea
- 03 . Egunean
- 04 . Baldintza subjektiboak

- 05 . Aizun, toles
- 06 . Dudaren domina
- 07 . Ito errota
- 08 . Hil zara II

Ibon RG, piano and voice

Txesus Garate recorded 'Hil zara I' in a hermitage in Valle de Manzanedo, in Aitzpitarte IV, a cave in Erreterria, and in two bunkers in Getxo and Galdakao. Txesus Garate and Ibon Aguirre recorded 'Hil zara II' in the School of Music in Eibar. Txesus Garate mixed and produced the album in Erreterria and Estanis Elorza did the mastering at Doctor Master in Donostia

Jon Martin did the album layout and a piece of by him is on the cover

Formats: 2 x vinyl 10" and digital. Ref: R75
Release date: 25th of January 2019

Promo: sofia@repetidordisc.com
cc: laura@repetidordisc.com

www.repetidordisc.com

The first rough ideas for the songs were left to simmer for quite some time. It was the accidental rereading of a poem by Koldo Izagirre, called Baldintza subjektiboak, that seemed to fit perfectly with a melody Ibon used to wake up humming to. As he puts it -*The songs were meant to be sung a cappella, but I sat on the piano one day to simply get the tone of a melody, and I ended up adding music to a few of the sketches I had (...)*.

In 'Hil zara', Ibon showcasts these leanings. He sings a cappella in one record, and over the piano on the other. The first one was recorded in four different locations (a hermitage, a cave, and two bunkers). Ibon's naked voice resonates against the edges, reliefs, and carvings on the walls of these spaces. In contrast, 'Hil zara II' was recorded in the music school in Eibar, using a single piano and the same microphone set up throughout the entire recording session.

Two different songs in this album share the same title, 'Hil zara' (you died), which is also the album title. One is the album opener, and the other closes it. What happens in between is that Ibon, using an accurate language of his own that at times borders on abstraction, recites a collection of poems that is both restrained and solemn and, above all, moving. Ibon makes a foray into a symbolic dimension where, as if his song served the purpose of exposing the hoax through which time is made rational, the poet in him tries to decypher the calculations we use to measure it. His words point out and highlight, and us readers and listeners make out in nature a deformed reflection of memory.

Fishing in the garbage/ One can sniff the reaction/ As you plow the land/ The roots are left to air (...). Dudaren domina (Medal of doubt).

Enjoy it.

Hil Zara I/ You've Died

Tell me if you've died
Tell me if the sky's cleared up
where you've buried the key
where you lie

Your shadow doesn't darken me
Nor your glow make me pale
Your blowing doesn't cool me
Nor your breath warm me up
To me, you've passed on
You're nothing

Your sleep doesn't move me
Nor your cry deafen me
Your breath doesn't disgust me
Nor your smoke sweeten me
You've evaporated downwards
You're dust

Gandutu da/ Misted up

The window is wet
the truth misted up
The heat has broken
fear is full up

The middle is dry
The middle is not an option
You half-laugh
A half-expression

The road is empty,
the path is lost
The street is cold,
the air is hushed

You've got used to yourself
From you not a twitch
The gazes around you
never ending gazes

Indar amiñi bat/ A touch of strength

If we gathered a touch of strength
to caress the shadow beneath the sole
we wouldn't sell ourselves so easily

If we gathered a touch of strength
to smell our worn out hands
we wouldn't forget so easily
the flowers we on our knees pulled up

If we gathered a touch of strength
to sharpen our blunt scythe
we wouldn't get lost so easily

If we gathered a touch of strength
to dance the melodies of the night
we wouldn't get wet so easily
from the glinting splash of the puddle

Estura/ Tight spot

Breath tight
Light tighter
Sleep tighter still
And the murmur of our people

Door tight
Edge tighter
Teeth tighter still
And the death of our people

Fist tight
Motives tighter
Voice tighter still
And the racket of our people

Eremiten zortziko hautsia/

The broken Zortziko of the eremites

Erreka Gazia/ Salted River

Gusts of sighs, chains swaying,
zigzagging in the gallows,
seagulls mute torn mooring line,
scratchy throat, hooks dangling

The glistening in the rain paused on the glass
The glistening in the rain in the lungs
A salty river poured in the dock
The salty river down the cliff

A limp echo
A see-through rainbow
Reflected in the black bitter river

Behinola/ A long time ago

Land was moist, salty
Words were a luxury, heavy
Keys were alert, hot
Noise was miserable, cheap
Veins were rotten, short
Food was scarce, stone
Pain was foreign, alive

Gogoaren durunda/ The mind's roar

Despite trying to quiet the mind's roar,
it remains loud

The white cabin round the bend
it winks at you
The robust maple trees from the red valley
they're proud
You smell the slugs' tracks
from the nearby vegetable garden
The shiver of the cold night owl
it frightens you. You sing the sound
emanating from the whetstones

Duintasunaren zama/ The weight of dignity

While the little dignity of yours
is under the doormat
It hasn't hidden there by itself,
but rather by you pushing it there

Oh, the weight of dignity
The weight of dignity covered in dust
The weight of dignity, that which troubles you

Unable to buy any Aprils
Unable to steal honour
Unable to shake off the guilt
Unable to lighten the shadows

Zure elea/ Your language

To hear your language
Bring the complaints to your mouth
Cover the slogans in spit
Chew the verbs

To hear your language
Break down the comments
Swallow the reproaches
Digest the insults

To hear your language
Pass the put-downs through your intestines
The names through your stomach
The goodbyes through your anus

Egunean/ Up-to-date

Walked roads
Eroded doors
Old remnants
Obstructed sounds
Dried up taps
Shriveled brambles
Awoken thirst
Iron bones

The past is broken
Dreams have been updated
The threads, the negotiations
Thoughts have stopped

Memory is lost
Homesickness is renewed
Voices, rain
All of them have been torn down

Silent listeners
Rusty fence
Proud grass
Clear window
Surrendered hunger
Rough milestones
Empty salutes
Clear walls
Wet hill
Worn out corners
Cold rest
Battered heights

Baldintza subjektiboak/ Subjective conditions

Wide is mouth of the big sea
When far out from the port
There's no new world
And it seems better to be moored
However those with heart have
A place to load up their boat with words

I often go off-track
Having misdirected the rudder
Because weak is the lantern
that kindles the lighthouse of life
However I learned just in time
Where to load up my boat with words

Having lost the compass who can
find the right port
My so-called friend
Has often sounded the alarm against me
However I usually always find
A place to load up my boat with words

The seven salty wells of the world
Never hold the same water
Red is the wake
Of the boat that carries us now
However I kindly offer you
The boat I've loaded up with words

The main-mast will break
The sail will tear
Fear will render
Our mouths the bedroom of words
However I won't lose
The boat I've loaded up with words

The rock may tame
The wave from the depths of the sea
I cannot really ensure
That they will never silence me
However I will always bring
The boat I've loaded up with words

© *Koldo Izagirre*

Aizun, toles/ Fake, dishonest

Owls appear with warm chests
With pride disguised as humbleness
Fake, calm, docile, dishonest

The birch tree with cold maturity
Wrinkles moments, turns them pale
Fake, calm, docile, dishonest

The snow escapes the shade
Whitens the light of the masters
Fake, calm, docile, dishonest

The severe neck of resigned heights
Beam of tired leg thigh
Fake, calm, docile, dishonest

Dudaren domina/ Medal of doubt

In trimming questions
Rust appears there

Put on the medal of doubt
By undressing the pain of doubt
By grabbing my forgotten yearning
It is not a light task

By digging around in the trash
You can get a whiff of the answer

In plowing the land
The roots breathe

Ito da errota/ The watermill has drowned

The watermill has drowned
No movement of the paddles,
no grain milled

The watermill has drowned
The weather-vane a cross,
nurturing it's failure
out of breath, tired

The watermill has drowned
The still spinning wheels,
the roulettes motionless
Mold has covered them, heavy,
worn out, lazy, lead

Hil zara II/ You've died

A hundred worms will feed from your skins

Your soul has wrinkled
Your sleep has sullied
Your resentment has withered
Your smile has straighten

You are nothing but a name
You are nothing but dung
You are nothing but a cry
You are nothing but mold
You are nothing but a nail
You are nothing but dead leaves
You are nothing but a cliff
You are nothing but a flap
You are nothing but a farce
You are nothing but a needle
You are nothing but a veil
You are nothing but a well
You are nothing but fog
You are nothing but a trace
You are nothing but mud
You are nothing but a mistake
You are nothing but ice
You are nothing but a protrusion
You are nothing but a stem
You are nothing but this song

What you were is being forgotten,
waning, being lost, ceaselessly