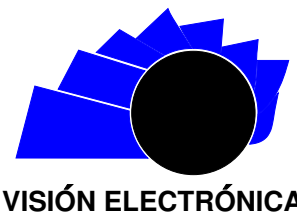




Visión Electrónica *Más que un estado sólido*

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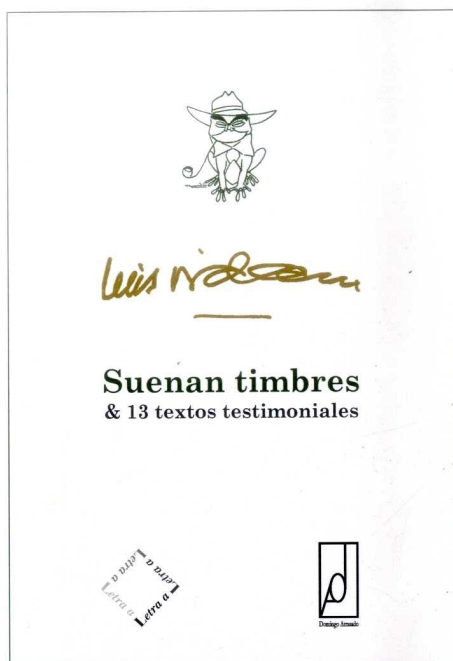


A BIBLIOGRAPHY VISION

Luis Vidales Suenan Timbres & 13 testimonial texts Bogotá: Editorial Letter a Letter L . 2017, 298 pages.

*Luis Vidales Suenan Timbres & 13 testimonial texts Bogotá: Editorial
Letter a Letter L . 2017, 298 pages.*

Rosendo López González.¹



Suenan Timbres... are liberating verses that called to leave behind the knockers- bronze pieces that were put on the doors to knock knocking with them and placing timbres; that is, a cultural cry to see the modern in the capital of the Republic and in Colombia. This new edition of Suenan Timbres, an unforgettable poetic work, is made up of four sections, namely: The inopportune, Poems of Yolatria, Curve and Stamps. The publication also contains 13 testimonial texts and a gallery of images.

The testimonies are about the work of the poet Vidales, written mostly by poets; add, a reflection Luis Vidales entitled: *Confessions of an apprentice of the century*.

A century has passed- the poetic work was written in the first decades of the last century-and today, the words of the poet Vidales have the same color and sonority:

The woman has passed
but his steps
they remain ringing forever in me (page 80).

When these verses were written, even women in Colombia did not have political rights; the invocation of the poet, in addition to the infinitely beautiful, for the time and for the Colombian political class the verses were subversive.

Consequently, as Luis Vidales affirms after 50 years of writing Suenan Timbres:

It is a demolition book. Everything had to be destroyed: respectable or commonly accepted, morality and good manners, without discarding bad poetry... Suenan Timbre is a deep protest against hypocrisy that does not understand the hierarchy but transferred to the statism of divine origin (page 217).

Let's read and listen, a bit of the poem Music; the poet Vidales was not wrong to title it, it's music. The verses do not rhyme, but they have cadence:

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In the corner
 dark cafe bar
 the orchestra
 It is a strange fountain.
 The music expands
 on the hair (p.82).

According to Eduardo Carranza, consecrated poet, and who wrote one of the 13 testimonies that are part of this publication, he affirmed: "His poems altered the gentle literary environment, scandalized, outraged. The fanatical traditionalists and all literary conservatism proclaimed the death of poetry "(p.193).

Vidales was an integral revolutionary in his political practice and in his aesthetic project of poetry. Suenan Timbres deflowers the traditional and filters through the cavity of modernity; time, and especially the lack of publication of his works, has not been able to destroy his humorous sense. His revolutionary struggle was always against stagnation, in life, in society and in the search for the perfect word that connects in the verse.

His work, in general, has been very little known; Editorial Minerva published the first publication of Suenan Timbres in 1926; and the second published in 1976 printed by the Colombian Institute of Culture-fifty years of advertising solitude-. Vidales died at 90 in Bogotá, in this long life in 1979 he was imprisoned and taken to the Stables of Usaquén, a famous place because many political prisoners in Colombia were tortured there. The poet Vidales, in 1982, wins the National Poetry Prize and in 1985 the Lenin Peace Prize.

Someone said that the best tribute that an author can have is that his works are read: my most fervent

wish is that this new edition of Suenan Timbres, be read massively. I recommend it.

Almighty god.
 We are tired of your days
 and your nights.
 Your light is too cheap
 and it's to turn off with regrettable frequency.

The night worlds
 they produce a dim lighting
 and in our villages
 we have been forced, at night, to plant
 a cosmos of electric globitas.

Almighty god
 We are bored by your auroras
 and they have us annoyed
 your scandalous twilights.
 Why one same show every day
 since you started to spin the world?

Almighty god
 Let now
 that the world is moves different
 so that the afternoons are in the morning
 and the mornings are in the afternoon.
 or at least
 - Almighty god-
 if you can not please us
 then - Almighty God-
 we beg all the bostezadores
 that you transfer your twilights for 12 o'clock

Source: Suenan Timbres, Luis Vidales (2017).