La Migala (2007) for String Quartet

- Viola -

Mauricio Garcia de la Torre

La Migala by Juan Jose Arreola

Migala runs freely by the house, but my capacity of horror does not diminish.

The day which Beatriz and I entered that impure booth at the street fair, I realized that the repulsive, noxious animal, was the most atrocious thing that destiny could hold for me. Even worse than the scorn and pity that suddenly shines in those clear eyes.

Days later I returned to buy the migala, and the surprised saltimbanqui gave me some information about its habits and strange feeding ways. Then I understood that what I had in hands was, once and for all, the total threat, the ultimate dose of terror that my spirit could handle. I remember my vacillating steps, while returning home I felt the light and dense weight of the spider, that weight which I could certainly distinguish, the one of the wood box in which I carried it, as if they were two completely different weights: the one of the innocent wood and the one of the impure and poisonous animal that pulled me as a definitive load. Within that box, I carried the personal hell that I would settle at home to annul to the other one, the great hell of the men.

The memorable night in which I let loose the migala in my apartment, marks the beginning of an indescribable life, as I saw it run like a crab and hide under the sofa. Since then, each one of the moments that I possess, has been followed by the spider's steps, which fills the house with its invisible presence.

Every night I shiver waiting for the mortal bite. Often, I awake with the body frozen, tense, immovable, because the dream has created for me, precisely, the tickling steps of the spider on my skin, its indefinable weight, and its entrails-like consistency. Nevertheless, I always wake up. I am alive and my soul is uselessly prepared and perfected.

There are days in which I think migala has disappeared, that it is lost or have died. But I do not do anything to verify that. I always leave it to chance to put me in front of it again, while leaving the bath, or undressing before I throw myself in bed. Sometimes the silence at night brings me the echo of its steps, which I have learned to hear, although I know they are imperceptible.

Many days I find the food that I have left the previous night intact. When it disappears, I do not know if it has been devoured by migala or some other innocent guest in the house. I have also started to think that perhaps I am being a victim of a fraud and that I am at the mercy of a fake migala. Perhaps the saltimbanqui has deceived me, making me pay a high price for an inoffensive and repugnant bug.

But this is in fact irrelevant, because I have consecrated to migala with certainty my postponed death. In the sharpest hours of insomnia, when I lose myself in conjectures and nothing calms me, migala usually visits me. It moves awkwardly by the room trying to climb the walls with clumsiness. It stops, raises the head and moves the palps, seeming to smell, anxiously, an invisible companion.

Then, shaken in my loneliness, trapped by the small monster, I remember that in other time I used to dream with Beatriz and her impossible company.

THE END

Migala: Spanish term for a giant tarantula

Translation: The composer

## Notes

<b>+</b>	bowing over the bridge (pure white noise). In addition, this effect is notated with square noteheads:
Ф	Bartok pizz
<b>♦</b> ⊖	damp the sound w/fingernails (a "rattling" sound will be produced)
	normal pressure
	heavy pressure ("scratchy" sound with some pitch)
<b>↓</b>	extreme pressure ("scratchy"sound without any pitch)
<b>4</b>	Tap on the body of the instrument with both hands fingertips.  This tremolo should be played by bouncing swiftly between

the thumb and both medium and anular fingers, having the wrist



1/4 tone inflections

as free as possible.

## La Migala

for string quartet

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maliciously at the beginning



















































































































