

## HOWLS AT THE SUPERMOON OF SEPTEMBER 27, 2015

### *"A prayer to the Moon and Cosmos"*

On the night of September 27, 2015, there was a Moon eclipse with a Supermoon. We wondered how wolves would react to this event, so we decided to check and record it for a later analysis.

This is a description of what happened the night of the eclipse with Lazaro Martinez's pack of huskies, "Lazaro's Team", in catalonian Cerdanya.

5 pm

I started to set up the microphones by the little houses of the huskies about 5 pm, remembering a comment Lazaro made after introducing me to his pack: *"When howling, they sing songs, all different, and when I explain this nobody believes me! But they do sing!"*.

I knew Lazaro speaks the truth because he loves and knows his dogs like himself, as if they were his children.

It was not clear to me what would happen that night. After setting up the microphones, I just had to check the sound, so I thought I could howl and dance in front of the pack to encourage them to do the same, and...well, yes, they howled a little, nothing important, just games and laughing at my antics.

I headed to the Alpha male and asked him for permission to record and spend the night with them, his answer was a super lick on my face. And without knowing what would happen I calmly waited for the arrival of the night.

7:25pm

The wait was much shorter than expected, because at 7:25 pm in the very moment the moon rose in the horizon, the voices of the eldest Husky and the Alpha male introduced a solemn song of long and soft howls that was gradually accompanied by a lively participation of the entire pack howling in unison. A minute of great intensity that left the valley plunged into respectful silence. The arrival of the Moon energy was being announced!.

Given that surprising fact my first question was:

How did they do it?, But they couldn't even see it!, Did they feel it? Have they felt the appearance of the Moon without seeing it? All in unison?

It was totally impossible that any member of the pack had seen the Moon appear, because the camp is much lower than the horizon line, fully protected by a strip of tall willows behind it. Yes, it was obvious, they were perceiving the moon energy without seeing it!.

*This was a howling on a tonal basis of F 4, with a logarithmic average of 702 Hz.*

9pm

The moon kept gradually rising behind the forest and at 9 pm, just when when the moonlight started to show over the camp, revealing the shadows of the night, a new ritual started without prior notice:

It was like a slow and calmed wail -or yawn. The eldest started the chant, and he was listened in silence by the rest of the pack. Little by little the rest started to join one by one, with a soft and slow howling over the wail. It was a slow and calm song, of self listening, of listening to the other, respectfully, that merged them in a deep relaxation.

I couldn't help it, I also started to howl with them, they pulled me to howl from the pleasure of feeling myself, feeling the moment, feeling the night.

All remained silent again, and night seemed to crystallize after each howling session.

*This was a 10 minutes howling, on a tonal basis of E 4, with a logarithmic average of 666 Hz.*

Midnight

We all felt asleep, my dreams were intense and as if the pack was part of my dreams, they started to howl energetically in my dream, waking me up in the most opportune moment with a short but intense call. It was midnight and the Moon showed splendid in the center of the firmament. They all participated actively, even the females with their peculiar howling, they seemed to get empty, empty, empty, and I was getting empty with them, because, unintentionally, my body was howling in unison with them, getting empty, empty.

*This was an 1:40 minute intense howl, over a tonal basis of E4 + 45 chromas, with a logarithmic average of 675,02 Hz.*

I was feeling the harshness of cold and humidity and I saw the reflection of the Moon shining in their eyes.

My body was in tension because of the cold, but staying with them I discovered the existence of another tension, a deeper, residual and permanent one that subjugates us, depriving us from perceiving the world from the primary sense.

What happens to us? Why can't we let go and relax like them? There is residual tension in our body, in our mind, in our heart.

What happened to us so we lost this ability? This amazing capacity to perceive all that happens around you, to feel part of the whole, to praise the Universe, to let our fears innocently emerge and give them naked to the whole, accepting its care, accepting being loved...

3:10 am

I felt asleep again among reflections when the insistent alarm call of an owl just perched on the fence of the camp woke us all. I looked at the sky and couldn't believe it! It was announcing the beginning of the eclipse! It was 3:10 am.

The answers of the pack were respectful, just deep breathing while the alarm song of this little being accompanied us throughout the whole process.

The sky started to cover with clouds, while the eclipse deleted the silhouette of the moon over the deep silence of the valley, only decorated by the insistent call of the owl.

*This cry of alarm lasted almost until the zenith of the Red Moon, over a tonal base of A# 4 + 39 chromas, with a logarithmic average of 911 Hz.*

4:52 am

At 4:52 am, with the zenith of the Red Moon over our heads, the pack suddenly got up, as owners of an inner stopwatch, and howled a heartrending sequence that plunged us all into a deep sleep until dawn arrived.

*This howl lasted 2:54", over a tonal base of D4 +46 chromas, with a logarithmic average of 675.02 Hz.*

6:24 am

They howled again at 6:24 am, saying goodbye to the night and receiving the arrival of the first ray of light with a respectful and solemn greeting.

*Duration of this howl 4:50" over a tonal base of A# 3+ 23 chromas, with a logarithmic average of 472 Hz*

8:30 am

When day came I went near to cuddle them and show them my gratefulness, with laughter I howled the learnt melodies to exchange games, and they answered to my gratefulness with funny barks, short and low howls, nothing to do in shape, strength or intention with the ones emitted during the night. Showing the howls emitted to the Moon in the night were a chant, a prayer to the moon, to the cosmos, to life, a sacred act.

“Grandfather Wolf, guide me in my way back home”

Eva Julián

[www.soundandlife.com](http://www.soundandlife.com)

To download all the howls of this night click on the following link:

<http://www.soundandlife.com/sonidos/catalog/aullidos-a-la-luna-roja-de-septiembre-de-2015.html>