

Our way to fall

The year 2010 was odd for both of us for different reasons. Emilio had been through a phase of depression crowned by a few weeks at the hospital and a diagnose of diverticulitis. He had to follow a very strict diet if he wanted to avoid a difficult intervention (that usually men in their 60's have to face). Me, I was debating with myself what would be the way to go in the future. I was working as helper in a dental office and I have left my studies (History and Art History). I dedicated that year to paint, write, and also started a small brand of embroided tote bags with Amparo, a friend that was in a very similar place.

The days went on oddly for both of us, we were good friends but we found ourselves closer together every day. Some days I got out of work and ride my bike to his house. We got together to listen to music and eat the “merienda” (usually tea of all sorts and toasts with all kinds of marmalades, the only thing safe for him to eat). Other days, when the “embroiderer duo” got together for a “food-wine-music-embroidery session”, Emilio was always invited and he fit perfectly on the scene; he was part of this small but very warm club.

2010 was also the rare occasion when three of our favorite bands (Pixies, Yo la Tengo and Pavement) played in our country only weeks apart one of other. All three shows we went together, but was yours the most transcendental for us. Even when we didn't go home together.

Some kind of connection between Emilio and I was evident for Amparo and my other friends, but I didn't (or couldn't) perceive it.

Summer came.

On January Emilio went to Mar de Las Pampas (a beautiful town on the Atlantic coast between the sea and a) with his family and a friend. He invited me so I went a few days. Something happened in that period of time. I don't think I realized at that very moment, but what was evident and palpable for everyone else became palpable for us. Somehow we end up being together most of the time, we were there by ourselves among everyone else. I've never fell in love before, so I didn't know exactly what was going on. One thing I knew: I felt something much like a natural correspondence between us.

Eventually I came back home and travel the next day with Amparo to Cordoba. Without planning it I found myself wondering about my feelings for Emilio: we were perfect together but...should we

be a couple? Love was there for sure...but where will we go from there? When I realized these things were on my mind I confessed this thoughts to Amparo. She was really happy that we were finally at this point, she thought we should be together for a long time. I figured those days apart from each other will help me make up my mind. I enjoyed the trip, but I thought it would be perfect if he were there with me. I missed him. One night, after a walk trough town Amparo and I went back to the camping. I set the mp3 player and the speakers and played "And Then Nothing Turned Itself Inside-Out" to sleep. "Everyday" mixed with the sounds of crickets near the tent and the voices from the people camping far away from us. But by the time "Our Way To Fall" started I felt something. I wanted to be next to Emilio more than anything. After a few seconds I wrote him an sms that said: "Our way to fall". He intermediately responded me: "escuchaste la letra?" ("did you hear the lyrics?"). No further words were necessary. "Our way to fall" was **our** way to fall in love.

Over the 23th January I came back home. My 24th birthday was on the 30th, and that date seemed to me as a turning point so I decided just wait till then. That week we were together all the time. The 30th, after a little birthday party Amparo, her boyfriend, a friend, Emilio and I went bowling (a very low.....). When we were over, our friend and Emilio walked with me to get a taxi. I said goodbye to Sebastian (our friend), but when I go kiss Emilio (in Argentina we kiss everyone familiar on the cheeks)...well...we kiss oddly on the lips, a very nervous kiss, but (esperado).

I am no fan of adrenaline, but this was the nicest form of nervous electricity I've ever felt.

The day after I texted him so we could talk about the whole thing. I decided some words had to be said straight forward. It was the best determination on my life. We're together from that day on and somehow Yo La Tengo was not only part of "our way to fall in love" but also is a part of our everyday life.

I want to thank you for coming to Argentina. I'm sorry this story has extended this much, but we wanted to share it with you. We wanted for you to know how important may be for others what you do. I hope Emilio and I will spend 30 and more years together as Georgia and Ira do. And we expect to be as half as cool as James is in that journey.

Thank you, I hope we will see you soon again. Happy 30 years of "having it"!!