

Fugue Dual. Handmade paper with watermarks, aluminium lightbox

Green or white, white or green
green or white, white or green

After so many accidents and people being killed on the road below the ravine,
they have painted the middle stripe to make it a continuous line, a no overtaking line.
The middle stripe has been repainted white, bright white, so that it can be seen in the dark,
and wrapped it with two red lines, repainted several times, chiming at the funeral.

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Green or white, white or green
green or white, white or green

Beside the river only poplar trees that move white or green
and remind that the leaf is side and perimeter.
Each group is one of the sides: flat, unicolored, without dorsum, without the blade of the
knife.
A group is on one side and exists because on the other side there is another group.
One side is green and the other white, like a poplar tree.
When it's windy the leaves move as if they were talking and they turn
white-green, green-white; green-white, white-green.
The bands fold back to a trunk,
hard things that beat or rings with marked years.
The beauty and tradition thing go hand in hand.
Charisma and power, and soldiers pruning the trunks.

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Green or white, white or green
green or white, white or green

On the road below: there is the right lane that goes forward (in direction)
and the left lane that goes towards you (counter direction).
This is what the road looks like: two sides.
And I know it's not like that, the road is one and the directions are one:
always ahead, and that the middle line falls on the left hand side.
The road is current on pure asphalt land.

I put my finger in the river
curves of transparent water
my fingernail is the line of the road.
I want the things that do what the river does to my finger.

Two. Detach.

I don't know what it is that it acts as a glue, but I notice a detachment.

When I attach two things, there can be a balance between one and the other,
that both are volatile things that come together.

But almost everything I attach is a small thing that gets attached to a bigger, steadier one.

I know that if there is detachment, I will be the small piece that will stay in the air,
and the other will stay on solid ground, still.

I will be the only part that will move away.

Two. Decoupling.

I dig my fingernail into the rock and pull out a thin sheet.

The rock that stands still has a piece that hasn't been touched,
that has never been blown by air.

The loosened sheet spins,

and each twist

makes it one,

a single stone.

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Two. Departure.

There are different waters and they are all cold.

I never find the right moment to go in.

In summer the time passes very quickly, in winter the water steams because it's colder
outside.

The floor is wet, but I don't get wet when I walk, my weight joins the humidity and leaves the
trace of my soles on the tiles.

The humidity is not permanent, the footsteps disappear at once, my soles are dry, the water
is gone.

Two. Disengaging

If I stay awake at night, in the morning I feel a curtain over me and I have to wash my face
as many times as I have opened my eyes.

There is very little water in the river, the stones on the sides appear polished and round,
have brown marks that the water has left on them.

The ones that have never had water over them are gray and white, clean from the sun.

Just kidding but
I've built a wall
The things you have painted on it
I've covered them with a sad gray,
no one stands in front of it anymore
runs home so as not to get soaked

It's not that I don't want to but
I have erected a wall
a new graffiti has been made:
We will repaint the wall until the re-re-re-revolu comes.
words that want to say things
like bags, infinite pockets, a chain that goes down down down down

No kidding, I'm joking
they've built up a wall
For every graffiti, more words
For every graffiti, more arms
They're in opposition,
so they're more stuck, closer, they're hooked

I didn't mean it,
but a wall is rising up
There is more extension of bodies,
but there is no more speed
I was expecting that in the face of the graffiti
would affect the velocity of the bodies and not the density.

I'm joking, I didn't mean it
I've built up a wall
It's made call effects
the victim has been put on one side
on the other, the oppressor
for each graffiti two parallel flag-language effects

Joking jokes

I have erected a big wall
The graffiti asks for things
and no one ever asks the wind,
it needs a wall to receive it,
or a wind with a specific direction

I was just kidding
my limits, my walls
The graffiti goes before the verb
anti, versus, the preposition
but I am the verb

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Every time I'm told / I'm something / new / I forget / what came before and I don't want to forget anything. Among the landscape of thick stone walls I want to retain everything. There is something in the stone houses, in the lime that falls like burnt skin, that makes me laugh. In the stone walls that are fixed when new ones are added, in the cement with which the cracks are repaired. In the facades that mix new brick and exposed cement with old stone, which is already looking damp, and in the middle, a plastic downspout perforated on the wall, on the stone and on the brick; I also laugh.

The finger that points and translates always fails in these vertical landscapes. I put my index finger on a written word, raise it and there is no way to drop it on concrete things. I keep it in the air and create an effect of confusion with universal things, and those others so specific that we use to describe ourselves. I don't know what those who put their finger on a word, raise it and point to the rooms around me intend. Or I do know, but I have no admiration left for the flashlight-fingers. I don't laugh because it's funny to me, it's the sad laughter of anguish, and that I know that these walls so deep, which carry only humidity, must be perforated for everything. Drilled to lay fiber, drilled for channeling systems. If they won't let themselves be drilled, you have to take it out to the yard.

Every intention around me wants a totality. A whole. In the totality there is nothing. There are guides to lead things, the drainpipes, the plastics on the half-meter humid walls, the fibers that go through them. The wall does not stay quiet, it is all perforated. All these holes are events for a disconnection. Every fiber can be disconnected, the drains can be too. The circuit goes from outside to inside or inside to outside. There is no parallelism, there is no both at the same time. It's just the current, the unplug and the hole. A single dual direction.

Fugue Gerund. Drawings and text on carbon paper, aluminium lightbox

Marta tells me that she loves going back to the places where she has been, gone, lived with her ex-partners, her ex-lovers. She always does it, she returns to all those locations to create new images and memories of the places and superimpose them. She makes spirals with a common tangent, and each time she goes through it, she adds a layer with a new image. With the accumulation of passes, the layers below appear increasingly blurred, forgotten, and those on the surface become the only ones in force. Spirals moving, accumulating so many lines that others end up disappearing.

I wanted to write a piece in a spiral, a narrative that was turning, in a spiral, omitting any tangent. Where time would go forward, and backwards, around, without linearity, where things returned but never to the same place. That time was like a spring, shrinking, lengthening and shortening again, jumping in different spirals. Cumulative, full of stories that are incorporated and released. Not something that moves forward, but in spirals.

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I've tried to write from the sea. Not from the sea, physically, but starting there, taking it as a starting point, as a starting territory. However, each time my heart has shrunk, nor have I been able to move.

I have tried inside ports, where there is no room for hearts. I have wandered, I have found fences. The colors of the charges are interesting from a distance, but not up close, where the iron oxide appears under the layer of paint. Ports are not articulated in the form of verbs in a spiral, of verbs in motion, they are maintenance and containment architectures, they are in the gerund. From the top of Montjuic mountain I record its sounds, which climb up the mountain and remain stuck there, between sea and mountain, between palm trees and cypresses, between death and imported things. A man walks up behind me and says, "hello beautiful", as he runs away. Seagulls fly over me. I turn off the Zoom in a rage. I run from maintenance.

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There can be sites of no return. The accumulated tangent, the point passed so much above it can be worn, erased, or a place of a lot of friction, and therefore, that radiates something. And a tangent overwritten by new and new passes can end up being buried. To accumulate layers and try to maintain the surface so that it does not fall, separate, and the layers below that have been tried to be buried appear. Burying a tangent, going over it so many times, is also a sign of effort. A gesture of low power, of little joy.

To bury is to move a lot of sand with the anguish that it will re-emerge one day. To bury well, one must be sure that it will not emerge again. One must dedicate oneself to the effort of burying, of burying in maintenance. Anything in maintenance requires a link. Whoever buries something that distresses them lives in fear that someone will dig it up, and the lump that waits under the ground has them in constant suffering. Burying is no longer in a spiral, burying is in a gerund, it must be done constantly, it must be in maintenance. Going through the same tangent, throwing sand so that it does not emerge.

Down to the sea. I can't make a start from there, but I can make a descent to it. I have always gone down to the sea. I choose straight streets to perceive with my eyes that the street is vertical, that behind it the asphalt rises and below it dissolves until it disappears. I walk towards where it ends so that a few more meters of asphalt emerge on the horizon. The more I go downhill, the more asphalt appears on my horizon. The tangent is not clear, it shifts. The tangent moves as I go down, even once I reach the sea. I enter, I enter and I move within the water. With each stroke the water moves, I move in it and I don't see any fixed point. I move the tangent as I move, and I wet it. The tangent is soaked. The architecture of return, no return, is too wet.

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Spiral with a whiff of smell is what happens to me in some architectures. Especially on the coast, when the oleanders smell at their best and the fuchsias, whites and pinks radiate as much as possible. Everything is the same in the European Mediterranean part. White houses, lime on the walls, which makes them whiter. Oleanders in the gardens, imported palm trees. The white lime walls are fences of the houses. Oleanders in roundabouts, to circulate cars, on walls to fence houses, on highways to separate lanes. Each oleander is a whiff of coastal scent. Each pine is a blow of smell to turn your back on the sea and climb where it dries up.

Each oleander is a spiral, a blow to a tangent that is not buried or accumulated in passes. Scents don't bury and don't quite build up well. Perfumes that are smelled on the street come to my mind, covering body odors, carelessness and fragility, fears, and they cover them with a perfume that masks everything else. Odors are covered, but not buried. Strong perfumes cover other odors for x time. You can't keep odors. They are covered up when you want to cover them up. The oleanders don't cover up, they don't bury. The oleanders are spiral blows of smell.

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There are things I try not to do because just thinking about them suddenly makes my head spin onto an unwanted tangent. These are thoughts with centripetal force. Thoughts that go off on tangents like magnets and bring the past into the present.

The need to give meaning, to be believed, makes one go in circular movements, to re-explain, remember, situate, and with that, bring the past into the present. This displacement is not a linear time effort, but a moored feeling. A port state with engines running and turbines turning, but not moving. Keeping me still.

A time that creates a movement towards the center, constant. You don't go into the past, back, and come back forward in the present. The past is right now in the present, with you. You can hear the cruisers parked in the distance, their engines, and a noise that seems electric, radiating a frequency that you can hear when you get close, when you're inside it.

There is a breakdown in this process of understanding and writing.

Going through the same path in a concentric circle, each time smaller, each time with greater detail.

Yes, it is true that a circle can become so concentric that it disappears inside it. It is the way to make it disappear. Shell until there is not a point left. I don't go off on a tangent in this process of shrinking, I don't stay in maintenance, I go back. Every time I make a circle I add something, every time I make another smaller shell. Not only in the editing process, but also in the repetition of text. Repeat to enter a little more, and there is only one point left.