

CAN SERRAT

RESIDENTS' PROJECTS
2015 - 2018

Can Serrat, a place for creative and research-based practices exists as both a physical space -- a house, and for many, a kind of home -- and as a ever-evolving dynamic. Each month, new people arrive and those who have already passed time here begin packing to leave. The combination of people, personalities, interests, needs, desires, and expectations reformulates itself and generates a new community of ideas and *dialogs* every month. The house which slowly ages and accumulates stories seemingly remains the same, while the content developed within its walls changes and shifts from day to day, month to month. Within the physical house, each group practices the values of *communal living*, which proposes its own unique and fulfilling moments, as well as its challenges. Each group also engages in a *cross-pollination* of ideas, research, and obsessions that yield unexpected turns. The original reasons for which one comes often transforms through these *connections*: relationship connections, connections to the space, connections to the village, connections to the Catalan context, connections to the beautiful natural surroundings. These experiences may send the resident *adrift*. One wanders through these new dialogs generated by this communal effort to share and to support, much as one wanders the trails of the nearby mountain. The images and fragments in this catalog are a trace of that wandering.



Entre agulles, pinyes i uns quants arbres oblidats sorgeixen quatre parets que han albergat a milers de visitants entre somriures, plors, alguns mal sons i bells records.

Si et pares a tafanejar algun dels seus racons, podràs revelar anys de vivències que t'endinsen entre passadissos i habitacions com si estiguessis en un laberint, i rebuscant entre capes d'històries de pagesos i masovers, descobrir que ara els seus habitants ja no fan vi sinó que com en una pol·linització creuada, els hostes de la casa intercanvien idees i vivències dins una deriva habitual. A través dels diàlegs generats rere eternes converses de sobretaula es relacionen creant lligams improvisats que els acompanyaran un mes o tota una vida.

El que amaguen aquestes pàgines és un recull de quatre anys de derives itinerants que hem tingut el plaer de descobrir, xafardejar i acollir.

Can Serrat er et sted hvor man treffer mennesker, kunstnere fra hele verden møtes. Det er berikende for sjela. Mange mennesker fra hele verden samles, utveksler ideer, samtaler og deler livserfaringer i den tid de oppholder seg der. Om kvelden, mens maten blir tilberedt , samles de på kjøkkenet, hvor matoppskrifter fra alle verdens hjørner blir diskutert, delt og noen ganger realisert. Når man er på Can Serrat kommer verden dit.

Billedkunstnere, musikere, skribenter og performanceartister samles og utveksler sine erfaringer. Noen liker å gå turer i området eller klatre i fjellet Montserrat. Fjellet er et syn i seg selv. Oppholdet på Can Serrat er en erfaring man tar med seg for resten av livet.

Entre 2015 et 2018, environ 1000 pierres ont été retrouvées dans les différents recoins de Can Serrat. Ces petites pierres voyagent comme les habitants de la maison vont et viennent de toutes parts. Elles dérivent dans l'intimité des mains du visiteur à son autel éphémère, aux mains qui les replacent au dehors, dans un va et vient sans fin. On croit que les pierres reviennent, mais on n'est jamais certaine de retrouver tout à fait les mêmes. Elles sont travailleuses et construisent sans cesse. Elles parlent, surtout dans la cuisine où elles racontent tout ce qu'elles voient, d'où elles viennent, et ce qu'elles imaginent aussi. Enfin, les pierres s'évadent dans une répétition de départs, desquels dérivent encore de nombreuses idées, après et ailleurs. A l'intérieur de ces pages on a voulu garder ces histoires de petites pierres qui voyagent, comme les habitants de la maison vont et viennent de toutes parts, et reviennent, mais on n'est jamais certaine de retrouver tout à fait les mêmes.

Can Serrat es un espacio en el que se tejen relaciones humanas, como una enorme red de conocimientos y expresiones artísticas. Al mismo tiempo se crean y fortalecen la amistad, la solidaridad y el cruce de visiones, filosofías y culturas muy distintas provenientes de los muchos países que se dan cita durante la convivencia. Para algunas personas es posible encontrar claridad y orden en el proceso creativo. Otras encuentran ese lugar donde separarse por un tiempo del bullicio y la velocidad que inundan las estructuras de ciudades y pueblos de donde provienen. Encontrándose consigo y confirmando que es posible existir en comunidad sin renunciar a sí mismas. Con absoluta libertad de pensamiento y emociones, sobre la base del respeto y el intercambio, que tanto favorecen el soñar y crear juntos.

CHING-IN CHEN

JUNE 2015

RECOMBINANT; WHICH SELVES BUILT UP FROM IMAGE

A HYBRID BOOK OF POETRY AND PROSE INSPIRED BY THE GLOBAL HISTORY OF ASIAN LABORERS WITHIN A SPECULATIVE FRAMEWORK, WHICH WAS PUBLISHED BY KELSEY STREET PRESS IN 2017.
IN PREPARATION FOR CAN SERRAT’S OPEN STUDIOS, CHEN COLLABORATED WITH CASSIE MIRA TO CREATE A PROJECTION OF «WHICH SELVES BUILT UP FROM IMAGE,» A SERIES OF PROJECTED POEMS AND PROSE IN CONVERSATION WITH MIGRATION, GENDER, IDENTITY AND LOSS.

A LIT GHOST

winter made me 18 shots a January city ghost
no trees become clear of immigrant
don't tell me who contracts the dawn
no fingerprint speaks to risk the sun
whistle-up boys with all their
don't tell me who shot the drought
thin voices with all their flash-
don't tell me who clears the coming
sold stories with all their pigskin
who smooths their cheeks
who turns out to break the news

MARTHA OTIS

JULY - AUGUST 2015

APOLLONIA IN ESTRUS

PICARESQUE NOVEL ABOUT A CHIMPANZEE WHO PLAYS VIOLIN. DID MUSICALIZED READING BASED ON THE BOOK FOR OPEN HOUSE NIGHT AT CAN SERRAT.

My fiction uses picaresque forms to explore forces that shape our consciousness and our reigning institutions. This literary tradition, of course, was born in Spain, and I am eternally grateful for the ways it has opened up my writing over the years.

The protagonist of my novel *Apollonia in Estrus* (for which I will soon start seeking an agent) is a chimpanzee who plays violin for the Cleveland Orchestra and falls out of favor with the musical establishment. While so much fiction and nonfiction focusing on the human/nature divide makes use of cautionary and tragic modes, I prefer irony, humor, and the slapstick made possible by thwarted ambition and contrasts in social and professional station.

Other in-progress projects include *Anthropoetica*, a volume of poetry based on twentieth century ethnography, and *The Book of Blasphemy*.

JENNIFER DOWN

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2015

OUR MAGIC HOUR

Audrey cut the camellia blooms from the garden and put them in empty jars around the house. She phoned her mother and listened for almost two hours, sitting cross-legged at the kitchen table. She felt her face grow slack and mild. Nick met her eyes from across the room, and he knew she'd tuned out. She left him funny notes. She went with him to trivia at the Dan O'Connell, made bright talk with his friends. Walking down Canning Street afterwards, he said *Thank you for coming* and *Was that okay?* and *You did good*. She wanted to weep at their emotional economy, but she kissed him instead. Dinner in their backyard, all their friends around the fire pit, faces aglow. Day-drunk in the Edinburgh Gardens, someone's birthday. Audrey stayed when she wanted to go. There was MD going around. It made things more bearable. She looked sideways at Nick as she rubbed the last grains on her gums, and he grinned as if some secret had passed between them. Her hair was tickling her face. *Maybe this is what Maman needs*, she said. *It's making me feel better*. Nick's eyes crinkled. *Pop a goog in her mouth next time you have dinner. Here, Sylv*—lithium's *not a party drug*. At home Audrey drew lipstick circles around her eyes. PBS was playing jumpy swing. She danced a Charleston for him and he smiled and said something about Marcel Marceau, but then he rubbed at the lipstick with his thumb and said *Can you take it off?*, and his voice was sad.

He talked about when they were first together. *Remember that year at Golden Plains, remember when we went to Cradle Mountain*. He'd taught her how to drive in the new estates in the western suburbs, way out past his parents' place. The houses were still being planned and built. The lots were empty. The streets were new. They had names like Belvedere Crescent and Lexington Drive. At night they drove with the high beams on. They peeled the learner plates on and off the windscreen and drank cans of Sprite. The city shone from the highway: a milky cloud of light hung above it. *Remember those made-up suburbs? They'd be real addresses now*.

Audrey knew he was trying, just like she was, to reconstitute it all. Warm weather, knocking off work at three to see a film, grass stains on knees, the glow-in-the-dark galaxies on the ceiling of his childhood room. But none of it fit any more. When Audrey's phone vibrated on the kitchen table, and her mother's name was on the screen, Nick would wiggle his eyebrows and hum the Wicked Witch tune, and Audrey would laugh, but it was all different. He'd made the joke before. They were bloodless.

DIETER BRUSSELAERS

APRIL 2016

MARIA ORNATA

A NEO-BAROQUE PLAY ABOUT THE CATASTROPHIC DEPARTURE OF THE HOLY VIRGIN FROM HEAVEN AND EARTH. IT IS ROOTED IN JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL'S CLASSICAL TEXT «FAËTON» (1663) AND TOUCHES UPON THEMES SUCH AS THE TEXTUALITY OF FAITH AND THE WORLD-SHAPING ABILITY OF THE HUMAN IMAGINATION.

(GABRIEL, the Messenger to the Gods, testifies about the Virgin Mary's departure from Heaven and Earth and its dramatic consequences.)

GABRIEL: Celestial Council, Taunted by Dei, the relentless inventor, the Divine Mother was met by an urge to leave the two worlds altogether. How she did it, I can only think in vain. But whichever way, it's the case that the Sceptre that first graced our spheres has departed from the crown estate. Moreover, where a queen has vanished, a fitting dowry's gone with her—Mary, Mother of God, Regent of the Court on High, did not fail to fittingly ornament herself before taking flight: churches, cathedrals, shrines and chapels, yes even loose statuettes and chiselled rosaries she hauled in her drift, violently breaching a hole between the two realities.[...] In the mean time I had flown up to the Heavens, and there I saw you and the other blessed ones hiding in your houses to avoid the torrent of stone, which was striding upwards like inverse rain. Just a single foolhardy creature came climbing recklessly to the edge of a cloud, assuming that position to rage at the fled goddess. 'Twas the old hermit, dressed in his foul habit, and his ire has not served him well. He stood there defiantly, relieving himself of his bile in the vile tongue of a heretic, when all of a sudden—oh unblest accident!— underneath him appeared the pointed steeple of a Flemish cathedral. The unfortunate then surely had plenty of reasons to curse, but he didn't have much of a chance to do so—a blink of an eye after noticing the colossal approach, his throat was brutally severed from the further production of sound, his inner pipings pierced by an impressive rod of stone and iron. He didn't stay put there, the greybeard, slapped on a skewer like a cannibal's sacrifice, but the heavy friction of the tower tore the one side of his body, and made it rain with a quite unappetizing downpour of blood and intestines splotching unto the sacred roof tiles of the many climbing churches. I saw the fall of his mangled stature, and ever again, on his way down, he was hit by the full weight of a statue of Saint Mary or by the crude iron bar from a chapel gate; ever again his remains shambled in between the scraping drainpipes and grating walls of first this and then another brick monstrosity. When eventually his body—or the little that was left of it!—had reached the lowest point of its descent, nothing rose towards the Heavens, naught was sucked down into Hell: it was as if with his astral husk, his sacred soul was wasted, and save some fibres of raggedy flesh, there were no recluse-remnants left to be weighed on Judgment Day. I did not know such fate could befall divinity, and I have never heard of something saintly perishing by other causes than by oblivion. There must have been a change in the core of our being when the Divine Virgin left the Earth so rashly with her riches—and that comes as no surprise to me. For this godless mixture of high and earth has spilled over more fates than just [...] the hermit's: as soon as stone, wood and other matter were brutally inflicted upon the Heavens, not by assumption, but by violence, the tangible ripped through our world's limits. This is, Celestial Council, what we're facing: our Divine Queen has abandoned us, showing no intent of returning, and a horrid damage has been done to our world and the one below. An inferior truth has burst upon our world's canvas like a mouldy plum; reality itself is, from this moment on and—as far as I can see—irredeemably, torn.

MATT RIMBAUD

JULY - AUGUST 2016

FINAL CONFERENCE ABOUT YOURSELF

WRITING EXPERIMENT WITH PREDICTIONS OF THE FUTURE AND RESEARCH ON ORACULARITY. OPEN CALL: PASTED POSTERS ON PUBLIC ROADS.



MARGO DAVIS

AUGUST 2016

ROUNDELAY 3 OF 11

I INITIATED 11 ARTISTS TO CONTRIBUTE TO A ROUNDELAY, INVOLVING SEPARATE EXPRESSIONS IN VARIOUS MEDIUMS, EACH CREATION BASED ON ONLY THE PRIOR ARTIST'S WORK.

Read from top-to-bottom, starting with the top right-hand column, number 1, followed by columns 2, 3, through 6:

4.	3.	2.	1.
Change	A	Relax,	Repetition
what	dam	repetition	Is
of	bursts.	key.	Key.
change?	Cracks.	Oh, yes.	Variety.
Unrest.	Oh, yes	key.	Novelty.
Change.	burst	Repetition.	Key
Unrest	dam.	Relax.	is
from	Yes!	repetition.	what?
Repeat:	Change.		
6.	5.		
Be	I		
safe.	must		
Don't-	share!		
reach	No		
out-	despair.		
don't.	LISTEN.		
Repetition	Music		
key	everywhere.		
oh yes!	Listen		
Key	everywhere		
repetition.	music		
despair.	No.		
Share	Must		

TOMAS MONIZ

NOVEMBER 2016

BIG FAMILIA

QUEER SINGLE FATHER NAVIGATES HIS DAUGHTER LEAVING TO SCHOOL, HIS LOVER WANTING MORE COMMITMENT AND HIS NEIGHBORHOOD CHANGING.

DISPROPORTIONATE

As a single man in my late thirties, I'm aware that my belly should not protrude farther than my penis. At this point it's a tie.

So I'm on this health kick, trying to exercise more. I recently even bought a 24 - Hour Fitness membership and started going once a month. I know I need to go more often than that. I just can't seem to break the once - a - month habit. That's why I'm on this bike wearing sexy spandex, hurrying home to eat the salad waiting in my fridge and drink sparkly water and be ignored by my teenage daughter. But as I ride up King Street in south Berkeley, I see a fire truck and a white animal- services vehicle with lights flashing in front of Mr. Delbert's house, my seventy- something- year- old neighbor and fellow Tuesday / Thursday night drinking buddy. He's lived in his house up street from my apartment—with his always barking and running the fence- line Rottweiler, Mr. Dog— for over forty years. He's one of the few remaining black residents in a neighborhood that was historically predominantly black.

There's a small crowd of neighbors. Hey, I ask a lady in a uniform, where's Mr. Delbert? The person living at this house? They took him to the hospital, she says.

Is he alive? Not sure. One of the older neighbors shakes her head and says, It didn't look good.

I feel my sweat starting to dry on my body in the cool evening air. I watch the lights flash red and yellow on the houses and buildings. I hear a whimpering from the white truck. I say, What are you going to do with Mr. Dog?

Take him to the shelter because he's a risk. He wouldn't let the emergency workers get to the patient.

I met Mr. Delbert at Nicks, the bar up the street from my apart- ment. He'd been going there for twenty- plus years. Nicks is the most painful shade of blue. The whole building: the walls and the trim and the awning, even the bar's name, Nicks Lounge. No apostrophe. Not sure why. The owner had painted the glass front door and scratched a rectangular peephole in the paint to be able to look out. Of course, people scratched their initials in the paint, as well as along the doorframe: PEROS and GHOST and a bunch of other illegible names and words.

MAEVE O'SULLIVAN

APRIL 2017

ELSEWHERE

A COLLECTION OF LONG AND SHORT-FORM POETRY (HAIKU) AND HAIBUN, ALL TRAVEL-THEMED AND MOST OF THEM WRITTEN ON A WORLDWIDE TRIP IN 2016-17.

MAGNUS'S DIGIT

You've cast your finger aside
where the freesias are fading,
the wisteria is wilting,
and the roses are in full bloom.

It sits on the garden's stone table,
next to the candle in the jam jar,
but is this unfired phallus
of clay a thumb or a middle?

Either way, it's your gift to us,
left behind in this old farmhouse.
Our projects trundle on, while yours
hitches us on to each new breakfast.

It wasn't too ambitious but, in truth,
there's been a fair bit of partying,
with your crowd supplying the soap
bubbles, the glitter and the guitar strings.

We miss the trundle of your skateboards
on the tiles, and the handmade dream-
catchers, not so much the piano
practice or the overflowing ashtrays.

But, as well as being back in Oslo,
you're still here, in a way,
your legacy a daily message
of *Well done!* or even *Up yours!*

LAURIE KAHN
MAY 2017

THE MERCURY 13
FEATURE FILM SCREENPLAY ABOUT THE LITTLE-KNOWN, TRUE STORY OF 13 INTREPID FEMALE PILOTS WHO ACED THE GRUELING “RIGHT STUFF” ASTRONAUT TESTS AT THE DAWN OF AMERICA’S SPACE AGE. WHEN NASA PULLED THE PLUG ON THE WOMAN IN SPACE PROGRAM, THEY CHALLENGED THE VICE PRESIDENT, CONGRESS, AND THE NATION TO LET THEM FLY INTO SPACE – SPARKING A BATTLE OVER THE ROLE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY THAT WAS RIVETING - AND DECADES AHEAD OF ITS TIME.



The Mercury 13’s main character, Jerrie Cobb (see photo), was a pilot’s pilot (named Pilot of the Year in 1959). Fearless in the air, but painfully shy on the ground, she was thrust into the glare of the international spotlight when her high scores on the Mercury astronaut tests were announced at a medical conference in Stockholm. To prove women were capable of space flight, Jerrie helped recruit more women pilots to take the tests. And 12 more passed.

How is it we’ve never heard of these women? Why weren’t they allowed into space? In the film we follow Jerrie Cobb through the offices of America’s power-brokers and into the halls of Congress. We attend Congressional hearings in 1962 where our main characters, and several of the Mercury 7 (John Glenn and Scott Carpenter) testify on the viability of sending women into space. We witness Jerrie’s confrontations with Lyndon Johnson and NASA. And we follow Jerrie to the Amazon jungle, where she still lives, flying supplies to remote indigenous tribes.

While at Can Serrat, I wrote the first draft of Act I of the film, using the research I did on the story in numerous archives ten years ago. One afternoon at Can Serrat, the artists all did a table reading of Act I, which was invaluable. I’ve now got a complete draft of the screenplay and I was recently named a finalist for the Sundance Screenwriters Lab. *The Mercury 13* screenplay will go through further revisions, and I hope it will be made into a major motion picture in the next few years.

The cultural timing is right for this film. With the recent explosion of the me-too movement, there is an appetite for the stories of strong women who’ve been overlooked by history.

IVAN ANDRADE
MAY - JULY 2017

ELYSIUM
A THEATRE PLAY THAT DESCRIBES A FUTURE IN WHICH THE SEAS ARE RISING RAPIDLY, THE MOON IS CRACKED, AND THE LEADING TECHNOLOGY COMES FROM A PLANETARY TRAVEL COMPANY.

PREFACE

Woman: 14 billion years ago... the Universe took place.
Girl: Then, out of gas and subtle matter randomly wandering the empty space, the Sun formed.
Woman: Then, out of noble and heavy elements that had fused in the heart of the Sun, the Earth formed.
Girl: Then, out of a piece of Earth torn apart by the impact of a whimsy asteroid, the moon formed.
Woman: And the moon orbited around its mother for years and years, enabling the formation of seas and oceans.
Girl: And from the seas and the oceans... life emerged.
Woman: One day, though, life on Earth... will extinguish.
Girl: Not long after that, the Sun will quench.
Woman: Not long after that, planets and moons of the Solar System and all the other galaxies will be released from their orbits to randomly wander the empty space.
Girl: Not long after that, atoms, electrons and protons, quarks and muons will decay and all matter will vanish.
Woman: The whole Universe will disappear in 10 powered to a hundred years from now.
Girl: Then nothing will be left.
Woman: Only us.
Girl: Only we will still be here,
Woman: inhabiting...
Girl: a timeless future.
Woman: We will transcend matter.
Girl: We will transcend time.
Woman: We will outlive the future.
Girl: Us...
Woman: Only us...
Girl: Only here...
Woman: In Elysium.
Black out.

BARBARA VICTORIA

JULY 2017

ALMONDS AND BEER: PORTRAITS OF EMERGING ARTISTS
A COMPILATION OF SHORT STORIES AVAILABLE BOTH IN ENGLISH AND IN SPANISH. MIXING JOURNALISM, REALISMO MÁGICO AND HUMOR THE BOOK PORTRAYS ARTISTS FROM DIFFERENT DISCIPLINES AND NATIONALITIES. THE BOOK WAS SELECTED BY THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AND PRESENTED AT THE MOMA PS1 DURING THE PRINTED MATTER'S NY ART BOOK FAIR.

ALMONDS AND BEER

I have a bird in my pocket. I won't let it fly away because it wouldn't find almonds and coffee by itself. Nor beer or tea, nor sirens or lakes, nor backpacks full of blues. And he doesn't really like flying, he is not very good at it. He dances pretty well though. He says he likes his life inside a pocket because he doesn't need to do that much. He is there, "easy, Lissy", he says to me, he knows that I am very anxious, that I cry a lot and all that girly nonsense. He has a good friend, but it is busy being a bird, I mean, a regular one, that doesn't live in a pocket. I used to wonder how healthy this was for him. I just sum it up by thinking he is a special, lonely bird. My friends say I should let him go. I know I give him almonds and beer, but the pocket is open, it is not that I have a locked pocket, it doesn't even have a zipper. I don't know, perhaps I manipulate him. I am good at that, I learned it from my father, it is one of those things you can be lucky enough to inherit. Lucky me I didn't inherit pellucidness, or vulgarity, or eating popcorn like crazy. Un-be-lie-vable! This town is full of people that eat popcorn like crazy. They seem to be "deep", but once I opened up one of their heads, and, guess what?! There was only popcorn inside. The thing with the bird in my pocket is that I started wondering what if he ever wants to have a girlfriend or a boyfriend. Or both. What if he wants to have a boyfriend and a girlfriend and live with them in the pocket? I mean, it pisses me off! *Verdammt!* I know that people laugh at me because they see I have this huge ball on my right hip. I bet they think I am a misshapen freak, which I am, but in a different way, not because of having a large deformation on the right side of my body. He is a special bird, so he only comes out with my very young friends, like twenty-two or younger, or very old friends, like seventy-seven or older. Forty-eight? Sorry. He says that people twenty-three to seventy-six are just too much for him, he says "Lissy, this is just too much for me, I don't know how to be nice with those sorts of people, Lissy, just pretend you are fatter on one hip". He once insisted on living in my bra. I considered it but I think his feathers would be sticky during summer, and to be honest, I think it is a sick idea. Imagine, I am the girl that lives with a bird in her bra! Next time I will breastfeed him! Once I had a date, and the guy started touching my tits, kissing my nipples, saliva kisses keeping the warm- soft sensation. Imagine if I had the bird living there! With him in the pocket is easier, I just tell the guys that I need to put my pants in a safe spot because I am too classy to leave my clothes on the floor, or that they are the only pair of pants that I have so "I need to keep them clean", or anything else, it depends on the guy. I tell them something creepy and it always turns them on. After all, I don't think that being a girl is that bad. How may I portray it? I don't think it's too bad. It is salutary to be practical, play deaf if it's necessary (to regulate the energy), shout hard and loud (have an erection with the throat and ejaculate into the faces of numbness). Nevermind, I understand, it changes with the seasons and with the cycles of the moon. For me, the problem is not being a girl or a woman or lady. My problem is that I am a girl, and a woman, and a lady (sometimes also a boy, but never a dude, and never ever a *knirps*) who, also, has a bird in her pocket. Please be careful with those throat cramps and petty thieves on the streets. With the love from all the flowers of my garden, Lissy Sisi

ROSS PETER NELSON

OCTOBER 2017

LES CHIENS ERRANTS
A PLAY FOLLOWING THE FRIENDSHIP OF DALÍ, LORCA, AND BUÑUEL DURING THEIR GRAD SCHOOL YEARS IN MADRID.

LORCA
Luis, I'm dying.
BUÑUEL
Catch him!
DALÍ
Is he all right?
BUÑUEL
Federico. Do we have to do this now? *(Pause.)* Federico. Really?
DALÍ
What's wrong?
BUÑUEL
Nothing. He does this from time to time.
DALÍ
Faints?
BUÑUEL
Pretends to be dead. He won't be satisfied until we give him a burial.
DALÍ
Here?
(BUÑUEL puts a cassock. The lights dim. A Gregorian chant plays.)
BUÑUEL
Would you like to perform the ceremony?
DALÍ
I don't know the words. We never went to church; my father was a free-thinker.
BUÑUEL
So was mine, but he sent me to a Jesuit school, nonetheless.
DALÍ
Now what?
BUÑUEL
Let us pray. *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.* O Lord, establish the soul of our brother Federico del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús García Lorca, whom thou hast called out of this world, and cause him to be joined with the fellowship of thy saints. *Per omnia saecula saeculorum.* Amen.
(DALÍ and BUÑUEL bow their heads, eyes closed. LORCA silently rises and grabs DALÍ from behind. DALÍ screams and LORCA and BUÑUEL break up laughing.)
DALÍ
You sons of bitches!

CHRIS HUTCHINSON

JUNE - JULY 2017

IN THE VICINITY OF RICHES

TO FINISH A BOOK LENGTH MANUSCRIPT OF POETRY.

CHRIS HUTCHINSON BACK COVER COMMENT

Chris Hutchinson calls his new book *In the Vicinity of Riches*, and the yearning title, the sense of “so near and yet so far”, is richly developed by the poems. “I am the chipped, rain- / coloured eye that reflects / sun-freckled cheekbones, nuclear warheads...” says one of them, and that’s a fair summary of poetry that explores while it’s tortured by today’s cacophonous co-presence of so many things, technological, cultural, natural, philosophical, spiritual. Hutchinson’s thrilling, kaleidoscopic speed of associations mirrors the human present, while momentary but constantly recurring oases of loveliness signal a different possibility, perhaps beyond our grasp: renewed freshness, the seed of an answer to what “I fear most—to never stop / wondering whether there’s time left / to stop. To start over again.” A reader who meets superb poems such as “The Half-Lives of Painters and Poets”, “What the Bees Say”, “El Bruc, Spain (2018)”, or “Sentences , Sentences” will join in an adventure of keeping alive the hunger for transformation.

—A. F. Moritz

MOIRA MCCAVANA

JUNE - JULY 2017

86 WAYS OF BECOMING JOSÉ MANUEL ELOSEGI

A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES ABOUT THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

RECUERDOS: URDAIBAI

The river threaded all of Urdaibai together. From the eye of Guernica, it bled out, into the valley, sliding through the crease in the earth to the sea. It linked our towns too: the sprawling stunted apartment buildings of Forua on the western side, to the eastern Kortezubi, where the crumbling farmhouses seemed always on the verge of re-combining with the mountains.

It was where I learned to swim.

~

The way that the river curved sharply then opened at the mouth, had always reminded me of the crook of a seagull’s wing. In my earliest swimming days, when I stuck to the still, protected water on the backside of the sandbar beach, I first recognized the shape in the outline of the bay: I caught a flash of it through the rear window of my parent’s car at the end of the day, when we rose home into the hills. That afternoon, when I got tired of feeling like I was drowning, I had spent the remaining hours flinging myself over the sand, chasing after birds with wings of that same shape.

ERNESTINE LOUISE

JUNE - AUGUST 2017

POPULAR MECHANICS OF THE BODY

AN EXPLORATION OF WHEN AND HOW CERTAIN THINGS ABOUT YOURSELF BEGIN TO CONNECT THROUGHOUT THE “EXPERIENCE” THAT COMES WITH TIME.

Don't be afraid to touch yourself and see what it is that you like and don't like. If you don't understand your body how can you tell someone else what and how you want them to touch you. If at all possible do this in front of a mirror. Take your time and really look at yourself, see you there. Trace the shape of your breast, and feel the width of your hips, move your head from side to side. Feel your body move, feel your body and what it is doing. Relax and remember to breathe. Let the tension go and release it out.

The voice was non-threatening enough coming from the laptop speakers but it was weird to have someone walk you through a map of your body. For the most part all bodies are the same in form not how they are used or which parts work or are not fully developed or that just didn't bother to show up at all. But the form itself perfect in its purpose is the same, strangely efficient and extremely adaptable. Have you ever met an animal with three legs or two and notice how their body still performs? As tangible, the body is beautiful and as abstract it is magnificent. But this exploration of the body to know it, really know it, was very uncomfortable.

Look at your body, examine it, open your legs and explore what's in between them - vulva, labia, minor and major, clitoris. There are smooth jagged edges there. Get comfortable with your body so you can appreciate it by getting to know it and how it works and what it needs.

Interesting that something that I need in order to do the physical things that I enjoy can be foreign to me. Of course knowing how the arm, legs, lips and eyes move/work makes sense. But only for their utility of moving me from places to places, picking up the useless things that my fingers seem to be drawn to, mixed matched tea cups and saucers in antique shops, old books and strands of anything hanging from me or other people. Lips for speaking, eating, spitting, whistling, licking ice cream and salivating when I get close to something that I am desperate to eat. The body for pleasure, that I might enjoy something or someone else enmeshed or intertwined in me and the mystery of that lay in between my legs?

ALEX POPPE

JULY 2017

DUENDE

A COMING OF AGE STORY WHICH USES FLAMENCO AS AN EXTENDED METAPHOR, TOLD IN A SERIES OF BEGINNINGS.

TANGOS

His name was Daniel Munoz and only for that year in Seville did I know him. His family owned a *bodegita* near the language school where Lola, my mother's cousin, enrolled me after I'd been sent to live with her. Lola lived in a trinity house, all narrow halls and steep steps, close to the river, and in the bluish mornings, guitar music would lilt down from the windows to float through the callejones towards the gitano quarter of Triana, where flamenco was born. Sometimes, Lola would stop what she was doing to dance. Her twig-like fingers latticed the air, tiny drops of sweat running in rivulets down her wrists. Eyes closed, back spiraling, she'd sculpt mermaid shapes in the air, keeping time with the hinge of her jaw. When the music pulsed with the urgency of a *buleria*, Lola's feet stamped with chaos only to crash onto a wave of silence. Lola danced flamenco the way she lived. Every floor in the house was scarred with abandon.

I arrived in early summer when the air was fragrant with orange blossom and lilac, and the Andalusian sun made everything soft and gleaming and implausible. The *barrio* where Lola lived was a tangle of narrow cobbled streets anchored by *albacerias*, and in the early mornings a soft wave of voices murmured beneath the rustle of newspapers as locals enjoyed a second breakfast in the wood paneled cafes strung with cuts of pork, for in Seville, life was lived *en la calle* and any opportunity to socialize was seized with relish. To the chime of china, I'd unlock my rented bike and pedal to Plaza de la Alfalfa, outlined by family-run, neighborhood businesses competing with new venture start-ups, to spend my mornings conjugating verbs and wondering how the side roads of life had taken me from Detroit to here. It was 2015, the year my father returned and our boarder Cody left and everything changed. I was sixteen; quiet, desperate to be reckless, and impatient to enter adulthood.

GENEVIEVE DEGUZMAN

AUGUST 2017

THE EMPORIUM

A SPECULATIVE NOVEL SET IN A WORLD WHERE WAR AND VIOLENCE HAS LEFT PEOPLE WITH THE INABILITY TO DREAM. A SERIES OF MURDERS SPARKS AN INVESTIGATION THAT DELVES INTO THE EMPORIUM, A PLACE WHERE AN UNDERCLASS OF BUILDERS MANUFACTURE AND SELL DREAMS.

[CUE music against a picturesque sunrise. A singer croons the jingle, “Dream a better life.... at the Emporium!”]

“Hello and welcome. My name is Toral Alef, Governor of the Emporium, and your humble guide today. For two years we have worked to develop and refine our dream transfer technologies to help the citizens of our great city achieve normal lives again. We understand if you might be wary of our commitment. I have worked hand-in-hand with the Ministry on both sides of the political aisle to allay these fears. Rest-assured, our loyalty and dedication to you is unwavering and as solid as the shale rock the Emporium is built on.”

[CUT to an overhead shot of the Emporium grounds, with views of the cliffs. The building is solid and stalwart, a safe haven. CUE voiceover of the Governor.]

“In the past, sleep was not yet the domain of science but governed by the goddess of the night, Nyx. Nyx hovered across the night sky with her heavy-lidded son Hypnos, occupying the liminal zones between sleep and waking. Guardians of nature’s circadian rhythms, these gods roamed the world, scattering poppies, sending people into heightened states of grace and oblivion.

“Dream loss that afflicts our population today is certainly an epidemic of proportions that the ancients could not have predicted. They could not have fathomed the explosion of sleep research and sleep clinics, how this disorder is targeted for eradication and prescribed rounds of medication. The existence of the Emporium, however, is something those ancient gods would have understood. In some ways, we regard ourselves as their handmaidens, inheritors of that important work.

“That is why we are excited to offer memory extraction and dream neuropatching for our medical patients, and a range of rendering and experiential programs for our recreational clients. When you come here, you will be treated by the most skilled artisans working in the dream industry today. We employ the best of the best at the Emporium: Builders who have been recruited from independent talent pools and have undergone rigorous in-house training, certified personally by me and the Ministry.”

[CUT to a close-up of Toral Alef’s unblinking smiling face. Her eyes have been darkened for cosmetic effect to hide the afterflash damage.]

“There is absolutely no risk in visiting us. Here, at the Emporium, we want to promote the love of sleep again. We want you to love sleep, not out of desperation or necessity, but out of a desire for the intimate. Let us be that bridge to that rejuvenating slumber you crave and the peace of mind you deserve.”

[CUE dramatic music set against a sweeping overhead shot of the Emporium.]

“Human-driven technology is our passion. Come to the Emporium, your trusted partner for achieving the best you can be!”

ENKARYON ANG

SEPTEMBER 2017

IN THE AGE OF NEOLIBERALISM

DESCRIBE THE PHENOMENA OF PROTEST AGAINST THE NEOLIBERALISM.

三號線 LINE 3

尋找水源的鐵棒從抖動到靜止
大海跟河流都在固定的位址
地鐵停駛，公車休息
村莊的洞穴秘密地發亮

一分鐘間的酒正在滴落
進杯子，聽起來是雨
聽起來談笑聲織成一張夜晚的吊床
我們喝酒
我們跳舞
跟睡眠對抗

讓諸事萬物都獨立
斷絕彼此的關係，在瘋狂中
重新命名一個氣候區
語言中的雨林
酒精的民主主義

布魯克的旗

等著公車，這裡的天氣
與貪污無關
與赤字無關
與雲的離開無關

一面旗又一面
它們也讀Jacint Verdaguer
一個小鎮所有的窗，一條筆直道路所有的樹
果樹傾聽著果樹
迎接著新的時代
改寫過往的詩意

等待，晴朗天氣中的一台巴士
看著旗子
自己抓住了衣袖
在風中翻越
內心中的願望
抓住montserrat的夢
高處望著巴塞隆納

MAJU PLANAS

SEPTEMBER 2017

RESIDENCY DIARY

A DIARY WHERE I RECORDED THE EXPERIENCE OF BEING AT CAN SERRAT FOR NEARLY A MONTH.

DÍA 1 - LUNES 4 DE SEPTIEMBRE, ESCRITO EN EL CUADERNO.

Anoche postié una foto con la abuela y escribí “feliz cumpleaños”, estaba segura de que hoy era 5. La compu no me llega.

Hablo con Marce, mi compañera de cuarto Argen-Mex sobre el exilio, (me) dice que hay distintos exilios, como cuando uno se encierra en su corazón y se exilia. Pienso que en este mes conocí dos exiliadas de la dictadura, y en mi exilio. ¿Habrà sido el duelo? ¿Cuándo, a dónde, cómo unx se exilia? ¿De qué? ¿De quién?

Estoy en el “*writers studio*”, sin ganas de socializar mucho, sentada en un sillón de un cuerpo, del que moví una camisa blanca de tela finita que parece no ser de nadie, acerqué una mesa bajita de madera donde puse mis pies y apoyé un almohadón sobre mis piernas para escribir más cómoda. No es ninguna novedad para mí, que soy bastante ortiva a veces. Sé de la necesidad de la soledad para escribir, leer, pensar y estar conmigo.

Entra una comitiva de seis, guiadxs por Marce, están tratando de “limpiar” la casa de fantasmas, lleva un ramito prendido, que larga olor a incienzo y cantan, la chica india reza, parece que dos chicas anoche vieron algo.

Gente que ví hasta ahora, cuatro varones: un argentino, un tailandés, un inglés y uno que no sé de dónde es. El resto mujeres: tres yankis y dos australianas, una polaca, una india, una israelí (que además trabaja acá), 2 latinas (Marce y yo). Necesito hacer un relevamiento detallado de quienes estamos en la residencia y analizarlo, saber que representan esos datos.

(Quiero hacer una práctica de yoga antes de que baje el sol y también comprarme un chocolate, ¡y bañarme!)

El bus que me trajo hasta acá tardó en venir. El de 9:50 no pasó, recién el de 10:15, y yo había llegado a la parada 9:20. A último momento me hice de una T-10 zona 5. Tenía la esperanza de poder usar mi T-10 urbana, que cuesta treinta euros menos, pero un señor que esperaba el bus me dijo que no me servía. Dos minutos antes de que el bus llegara, bajé corriendo a la estación de metro, busqué en la máquina para sacar la tarjeta sin entender donde estaba la opción para la zona 5, una señora muy amable me ayudó, supongo que mi desesperación debió ser muy evidente. ¿Por qué esperar hasta último momento para asegurarme si la tarjeta me servía o no? ¿Por qué subir y bajar todas esas escaleras corriendo con la mochila con todo mi equipaje?

Cuando volví a la superficie el micro estaba ahí, corrí, pregunté si iba a El Bruc y usé el primer boleto de 10. El señor que me había aconsejado antes me dijo que le avisara al chofer dónde necesitaba bajar, que luego de que el bajara en Esparragueta ya estaba cerca.

A las 11, me había bajado del bus, estaba al costado de la ruta sin saber para dónde ir. Por suerte pasó una camioneta del Ayuntamient de El Bruc y le pude preguntar. Me dio un par de indicaciones y aunque no entendí que tenía que hacer, al llegar al cartel de Can Serrat me mandé camino abajo y estaba bien. Para ese entonces mis niveles de ansiedad estaban por las nubes. Pensé que el camino era larguísimo pero era una bajada de poco más de 200 metros y al llegar a la explanada, había un gran portón o portal abierto. Mientras entraba ví un chico muy rubio con una remera a rayas blancas y negras, parado en un balconcito y le dije hola. Crucé una galería y cuando entré a la casa, la que sería la recepción estaba a oscuras. Al lado, en la cocina había mucha gente, entré y dije hola, me dijeron sus nombres pero solo retuve el de Alberto que es Argentino también. Una chica de Israel, responsable de algo (que no comprendí) en la residencia me llevó hasta mi habitación, me pidió que le avisara cuando estuviera lista así me podía explicar algunas cosas. Dejé mi mochila, pasé por el baño, me cepillé los dientes y la fui a buscar. Hicimos un recorrido rápido de la casa. Me mostró cuál sería mi escritorio, una mesa, de espaldas a un ventanal, en una habitación donde están lxs artistas plásticxs.

SYLVIA IRIZARRY

SEPTEMBER 2017

ODE TO U

POETRY INSPIRED BY MY TIME AT CAN SERRAT.

ODE TO U

i can feel,
 the way your eyes scan the room
 only to focus on nothing.
 can i awaken what lies dormant in
 you, doomed to desire
 what you know you cannot have.
 i am tired of scaling mountains,
 of clinging to the past,
 of chipping away at the skin you have let calcify,
 bound by doubt.
 let me unravel what you have wound so tightly,
 what you have denied yourself,
 you,
 lost amongst the fir of your mind.
 you see,
 for a brief moment,
 our lives are intertwined in splendor.
 in beauty unknown,
 undiscovered.
 your laughter reverberating,
 colliding with the walls and into me,
 my body is open.
 your face
 your eyes
 you
 are ingrained in my being
 you are,
 and i will take you with me.
 this love it radiates
 it flows
 it fills caverns hollowed out by beasts before-
 it seeps through my pores, the scent of
 you,
 is intoxicating.
 and i am ravenous.

ODA A TI

puedo sentir,
 la forma en que tus ojos escanean el cuarto
 sólo para centrarse en nada.
 puedo despertar lo que está durmiendo en
 ti, condenado a desear
 aquello que sabes que no puedes tener.
 estoy cansada de escalar montañas,
 de aferrarme al pasado,
 de desprenderme de la piel que has dejado calcificar,
 obligado por la duda.
 déjame desentrañar lo que has arrollado tan
 fuertemente,
 lo que te has negado a ti mismo,
 tú,
 perdido entre los abetos de tu mente.
 lo ves,
 por un breve momento,
 nuestras vidas están entrelazadas en esplendor.
 en la belleza desconocida,
 inexplorada.
 tu risa resonando,
 chocando con las paredes y dentro de mí,
 mi cuerpo está abierto.
 tu cara
 tus ojos
 tú
 están arraigados en mi ser
 tú estás,
 y te llevaré conmigo
 este amor irradia
 fluye
 llena cavernas ahuecadas por bestias antes-
 se filtra a través de mis poros, la esencia
 tu,
 es toxico.
 y soy voraz.

SILVIA ROSE

OCTOBER 2017

BRUTAL MAGIC & POETRY COLLECTION

I ADAPTED MY TRAVEL JOURNALS FROM SOUTH AMERICA TO FORM A PIECE ENTITLED 'BRUTAL MAGIC: FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNEY', A MIXTURE OF PLACE AND PERSONAL ENCOUNTERS, AND WROTE A COLLECTION OF POEMS WHICH WERE VERY MUCH INSPIRED BY LIFE AT CAN SERRAT.

THE PELICAN LARRY, CALI: PASSING PLACE FOR LOST SOULS

The French owner, Jean-Pierre, is broad and balding, with a lumpy face that speaks of many beatings and even more victories. Glowing eyes and a small hoop earring. He wears a loose striped vest like Popeye. Always joking. He invites you to drink rum on the front porch as soon as it gets dark outside.

Your Belgian room-mate has curly fair hair and lets his belly hang proud over his board shorts. He is thuggish and speaks with a bravado which could be put-on or natural, it's hard to tell. His tone is hungry and entitled – years of claiming what's his. He speaks about his ex-girlfriend from Ecuador, how he lived in the jungle for three years catching fish. Now he has a Colombian girlfriend younger than me. 'I don't mix with Water or Earth – I am Fire.' Makes sense. You find his baggy of coke in the shower.

A girl from Medellin has her own room by the backyard. With her bony Bambi limbs, her head looks giant on her body, a face with swollen lips and a jutting jaw, big glassy eyes that seem deadened, or perhaps tired of seeing. She wears pink Crocs studded with crude decorations – Hello Kitty and sparkly butter flies. She's a prostitute, according to Jean-Pierre. And sure enough you see a wiry man leaving her room. You share a joint and nod along to her Spanish, slowly losing track but she doesn't seem to notice, or mind. It kills you for the day. You're paralysed in bed watching YouTube videos and inhaling crisps.

A French guest, as skinny and wily as a fox. He gets a motorbike delivered to the front door, steers it out the back of a lorry. There are gaps between his yellow-grey teeth. He speaks fluent Spanish with a gloopy smooth tone, spread confidently like butter.

MEDELLIN: A DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Arcadia Hostel – an ex-mafia house, cursed with bedbugs, leaks, rot, shut down by the authorities on a recent bureaucratic rampage, flexing their limited muscles, proving that there may in fact be rules in Medellin, and this is one of the unfortunate recipients.

The owner, Loukas, is a middling Greek man - neurotic, distrustful, a control freak yet hopelessly disorganized. He wears glasses, perched on his hawk nose, his hair in shy wisps, his posture apologetic and lurking. His girlfriend Selena is an illegal immigrant from Bolivia who started off as a volunteer. She's young, pretty, and erupts into frilly fits of giggles whenever she's in male company. They are bound together in a calculated exchange of sex and circumstance.

Each bedroom has its special mythological name – Pegasus, Zeus, Archimedes...

It turns out to be a Greek tragedy, an endless farce of mishaps and backtracking and maddening bad luck. A new reality show – 'The Hostel that

Never Opens', complete with sex scandals, betrayals, drug abuse, and a knife-wielding carpenter.

*

Pueblito Paisa: a reconstruction of a traditional Colombian village, built right at the top of the city.

The church, with its stained glass windows, each one depicting scenes of rural abundance, with keepsake phrases: *En el vino, la verdad; Trigo alimento de vida; La tierra en paz; El unico rebano camina a lo largo de la historia.*

Religious mannequins, faces dumb and open with earnest suffering. White lace shawl fidgeting in the breeze. Distant sound of a flute, nearby hammering. Birdsong like frosting. Blue beams with nautical gauze. Green velvet and cheap wood.

The square is traditional and quaint, concentrated, with lines of food stalls jumping for your custom – '*Nina! Nina!*'

White-green *guanaba* juice. *Obuelas*, thin wafer discs made out of rice, perfectly smooth like a record, filled with *mora* jam and grated cheese. Overly sweet iced coffee, melting into sleet.

All around, the guardian hills and their cushioned spines. At the viewpoint there's a black angular structure which frames the skyline, represents the scenery in motion. The buildings rolled out and scattered by that hand.

A guy dressed in flashy sportswear and shades is filming his music video, he mouths the words and does slow rapping gestures.

I walk down a steep woodland path. 'Amor y Paz' says a sign on a tree.

BUENOS AIRES: BACK TO WINTER

Spirals of smoke, sunlit plastic, flaneur in the sunshine, in the cold, in the greenhouse world where people pass wrapped up in coats. High walls and wide avenues, three apparitions in Plaza de Mayo – a palm tree, a gold pillar, a statue – the Argentinian flag waving lustroously, silky and luxurious, pale blue and white with the sun at its heart.

*

A romantic city even with the stark white sky – especially so. Music in Feria San Pedro – Latin strings and people lined up in puffer jackets – Bombas La Paz – wrapped in those silky flags – gold lamp posts – the fluttering of pigeons, perching on moss-covered balconies – little girls bouncing feet ahead of their parents, faces dark and similar – caps and scarves – pot-bellied men smoking, old world nobility, historic pride. Market stalls – leather bags and macrame – 'Have pride in your nobility!' - *Se puede! Se puede! Se puede!*

It darkens in that grey way. Plaza Dorrego Bar – a toothless grin tells

a world of hard graft – carpenters, opportunists (*papaya*, they’d say in Medellin).
Hanging copper pots, shining rose-gold.

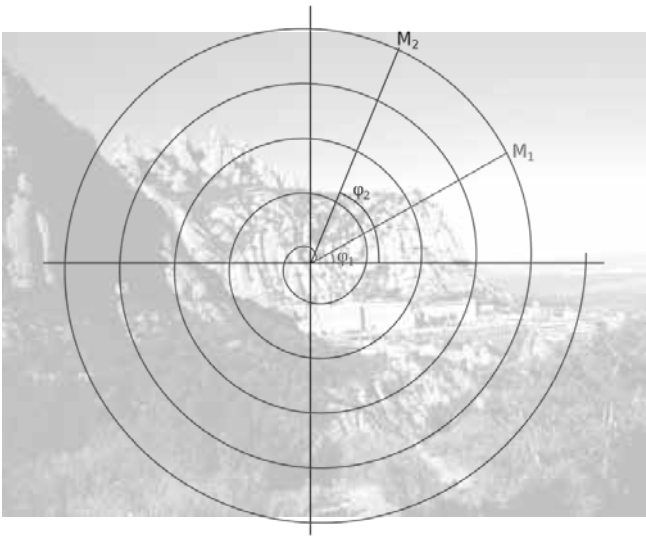
*

Death in beauty – beauty in death. Selfie in a cemetery – clinging to
immortality like a tombstone, a need to be seen, a need to *share life*.
Down the path of a thousand years, a hallway of mirrors, echo chamber,
wails fall into whispers. Turquoise stains on ancient stone. Torn lace in
mausoleums. Polished marble, geometric tiles, angels freeze-framed and
contorted with agony – their wings weighed down and sticky with prayers.

The perfect day to visit Recoleta Cemetery. The cherubs and turrets
flaunted against the grey sky so that they speak – *death* – the death of this stage.

JAMES RUDD
NOVEMBER 2017

HOLY HOLY ELECTRIC ROAD
A META-JOURNEY INTO THE EXPERIENCE OF TRAVEL AND
TRAVEL BLOGGING, EXPLORING THE ALIENATION OF AN
INCREASINGLY MOBILE YET PRECARIOUS GENERATION.



UPWARD SPIRAL

It’s all too easy to imagine lifelong learning as an upward trajectory,
neatly curving upwards to the upper-right of the grid, perhaps with a crooked
little dip or two along the way. This idea could represent a person’s journey
along their own Electric Holy Road, a path of understanding, personal growth
and fulfilment paved with writing and digitally-mediated self-expression.

The road is endless. We will never reach the ‘upper-right-hand corner
of the grid’. No one ever reaches the end of their Electric Holy Road, and they
shouldn’t, because that would lead to finality, stasis, death. Instead, we constantly
walk up and up a spiralling path to the tip of a holy mountain with each new
lesson learned and experience gained. We might see the peak of this holy moun-
tain at points, we might even be within touching distance, and in those moments
we feel absolute relief and bliss. But, without a doubt, the Universe will always
throw some new challenge in our way and expand the hypothetical mountain by
another few metres, another few rocks worth. This unravels the infinite trail that
winds its way up to the peak. At this point, we are still ahead of our previous posi-
tion — we have still grown, but we are a little further from the peak. We are always
hiking, always moving. Though it can be painful to face the challenges that add
stones to the mountain, it is worth it to, at times, look out from the edge where we
stand and see the magnificent view; a view only available to us through walking,
writing, suffering and climbing no matter what.

PAOLA CABALLERO DAZA

FEBRUARY - APRIL 2018

CAMAS GEMELAS

PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL ABOUT FRATERNAL LOVE, MENTAL DISEASE AND MOURNING.

¿Cuánto tiene de profundidad? Tranquila que esto es rapidito. ¿A cuántos metros de profundidad está el ataúd? A menos de un metro, mi amorcito. Quise insultar al exhumador que recién se había fumado un Mustang azul. Había oído que le preguntaba a los supervivientes anteriores, también desalojando la tierra por vencimiento del contrato de renta, que cómo les había parecido el servicio, mientras caminaban hacia mi y pasaban sin mirarme hasta desaparecer entre la bruma de la mañana. El exhumador estaba solo, tenía una pala vieja, un overol café manchado de un café más oscuro, un impermeable negro desabotonado, un bigote.

Primero bordeó toda la tierra, clavando la pala tan duro como podía. Se oía como crujía el pasto al ser destrozado como cuando se corta una bola de lechuga de un tajo. Al terminar de delimitar la zona de trabajo alrededor de la 345, inclinó hacia él la pala y empezó a levantar la grama, la tierra y a echar todo sobre la tumba de al lado y sobre el caminito inferior, angosto, recto, paralelo a un sinfín de lápidas erectas. Eso, como él había dicho, fue rápido.

Alcé al bebé sin esconder mi emoción y me puse a jugar con él. Juanchi apareció en la cocina. Saluda a tu tía Nena, le dijo la mamá a su primogénito. Era un niño de unos tres o cuatro años, risueño. ¿Tía Nena? Sí, saluda a tu tía Nena, Juanchi. Yo me arrodillé y recibí un beso en la mejilla.

La pala tocó el cemento y el hombre la dejó caer, se fue y regresó con dos estacas largas y, adherido a ellas con grapas oxidadas, una polisombra verde. Las clavó, haciendo una cortina de un metro y medio de alto, dos de largo, que ahora nos daba privacidad con respecto a nada ni a nadie pues yo estaba sola en el sector cuatro. Tomó unos guantes azules y sacó un billete de uno de ellos diciendo que era la propina. Fue un acto premeditado. Lo último en lo que se está pensando es en dar propina y él lo sabía. Era seguro que hacía años había descubierto ese buena treta. No se puso los guantes ahí mismo, sino que se metió en el hueco, se arrodilló y con ayuda de la pala levantó la placa de cemento. Juanchi me cogió de la mano y me llevó al cuarto. No se veía más que un charco oscuro. Muy parsimonioso y sabiéndose observado, por fin se puso los guantes y un tapabocas. Hágase pa'trás que sale un gas, dijo, con tono profesional. Como si se tratara de un gas de partículas que se alojan en la ropa y van consumiendo el algodón de los tejidos, las células de la epidermis, la grasa subcutánea, los órganos desnudos, un gas que desde el piso va subiendo hasta formar un arco iris letal, como si se tratara de una explosión que saliera desde el centro mismo de la tierra, una nube pesada de níquel y hierro que causa la agónica asfixia, di un salto atrás y me tapé la nariz con ambas manos. El cuarto estaba igual de desordenado que el resto de la casa y ahí estaban las camas gemelas que habían sido la mía y la de Negro.

SVEN POPOVIĆ

MARCH 2018

AND THE NIGHT WILL FALL ANYWAY

A HARDBOILED DETECTIVE NOVEL CROSSED WITH WEIRD FICTION.

Često ga je budila škripa tračnica. Vani su se vucarali vlakovi i tromo su trockali tramvaji i pjena maslačaka zapljuskivala je noć kroz koju je plovila flota nebodera. U sobi se čulo trčkanje žohara, a zidovi i stropovi bili su oslikani vlagom prikazujući stvaranje i kraj svijeta, pukotine su ispisivale apokrifna evanđelja, a njeno tijelo, tijelo pokraj njega nije se obaziralo ni na što. Na nožice žohara (eno jednog, misli on, kod kule neopranih šalica), na nevjerojatne murale, na apokrifne spise, na tračnice.

Ovo nije bila jedna od takvih noći. Nije imao dogovor za ispuniti, nijednog klijenta i nije lijegao u krevet zorom. Nije ni pušio na prozoru kako obično radi jer je načuo pijanu dreku i nije htio da se ona probudi. Dim joj nije smetao. Ni nožice žohara, ni fantastični murali, ni apokrifni spisi, ni tračnice, ni flote nebodera što plove kroz noć, ni nepopijena piva, ni kule šalica, ni neriješeni sudoku na WC-u.

Ustao je i krenuo prema zidu na kojem je visio kalendar koji je prekrivao dio murala. Blijeda mjesečina je isprepletена neonom i uličnim svjetlima tanano padala po garsonijeri. Plastični crveni okvir uramljivao je dvoznamenkastu brojku. Preostao je još samo jedan datum, pomislio je i uzeo čašu iz sudopera. Izlio je ostatak piva i zatim ju je nekoliko puta isprao prije nego li je natočio vodu koju je zatim popio. Natočio je još i stavio čašu na pod pokraj madraca na kojem su spavali. Čašu je stavio kod njezine polovice Otišao je pišati i trudio se da mlazom ne pogodi vodu u WC školjki. Nije ju htio probuditi.

JILLIAN MCMANEMIN

JUNE 2018

SCULPTURE KILLS

A IN-PROGRESS BOOK PROJECT & PERFORMANCE THAT SURVEYS FATAL WORKS OF CONTEMPORARY ART—SCULPTURES THAT SLAY AND PERFORMANCES THAT MURDER.

In the ancient world there were many art martyrs. Those who got strung up in the town square. Their art was a political threat, even commissioned work sometimes conflicted with new power structures. If we leave the contemporary and the modern, the numbers of atrocities hoavicked by sculpture grow wild. Consider the Pyramids, and the Brooklyn Bridge ... that's architecture, but I'll bet that there are bodies in the Sphinx, and don't forget the children painted golden, made to perform as cherubs for the Vatican, who often died of lead poisoning before the party was over; illustrating how sculpture and performance kill and merge. If one disagrees, claiming that performance is performance and sculpture is sculpture; they should be directed to a practice they can measure — something based on rules like the timing of track and field runners. Walking across Europe for peace, will not appeal to right-brained individuals, those that look for results, flow charts, grids, and temperatures, those who believe a wedding dress is just a wedding dress, or the wedding dress' place is in the chapel, the grand hall, dipped in sea during ceremony, happy family, Hawaiian leis and joy-exuding photoshoots.

In early spring 2008, Pippa Bacca and Silvia Moro set off on a performance art project, "Brides on Tour". They would walk and hitchhike from Europe, into the Balkans and the Middle East, wearing wedding dresses. The journey began in Milan, Italy. They took off on motorcycles. Friends waved good-bye and threw rice, blessing the artists for their intended feat. The departure was the only leg of the trip that included any planned mode of transportation. After that they engaged the mechanics of the piece: peace, the kindness of strangers, and love. Their intention was to physically embody the "marriage between different people and nations"—to heal war-torn landscapes. Elements of the piece included but were not limited to: stopping at cultural institutions on the journey route, asking women to embroider onto the wedding dresses, washing the feet of midwives and conversing with the locals. The tenor of the piece was healing and religious. Feminist with a slight hippie bent, but strenuous and ambitious. The project was to conclude in Tel Aviv. The final act: the two artists would wash the accumulated dirt off of the wedding dresses.

The result of "Brides on Tour", as said by the New York Times, was "mostly sad and raw". After the journey from Milan landed them in Istanbul, Pippa and Silvia decided to split off and reconvene in Beirut. They were only three weeks into the piece when the remains of Pippa's body were found. She never reached Beirut.

Pippa was picked up about 40 miles outside of Istanbul in a small town, Gebze, where she was brutally raped and murdered. According to the Turkish police, the details were difficult to verify, but in addition to the man who was convicted, Murat Karatas, there were said to be others that were involved, at least, in her sexual assault. Karatas claimed to have blacked out, to have not remembered anything about the incident, the artist, the rape, the murder.

Concerned with the potential of political anxiety, both the Turkish and Italian embassy, as well as the artist's family, immediately said that this crime could have happened anywhere. That it wasn't a question of religion or culture. They tried to keep the artists' message as intact as best they could. Moro made a statement about not abandoning the project, "This tragedy only highlights how difficult peaceful relations are and how much work there is still to do."

During this difficult time, Pippa Bacca's family continued to impart the initial intention of the performance: trust. Pippa believed in trust. To understand people you had to get to know them. She said, "Hitchhiking is choosing to have faith in other human beings, and man, like a small god, rewards those who have faith in him." You have to get to know people. Sometimes, however, getting to know someone can kill you. Like the murder of Ana Mendieta.

JANE FLETT

APRIL - MAY 2018

FOOL'S JOURNEY

A COLLECTION OF POEMS BASED ON THE MAJOR ARCANA OF TAROT.

NATURE/NURTURE, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

I am peeing in the garden again. A gush
in the face is another I love you.

A dandelion on second warnings. Hack
a shank of my thigh meat and feed it

to the foxgloves. This dirt is so crimson
and a dislocated jaw is a poem

to me. It takes two hands to crawl inside.
Without the glut we're all just bones

in the flower bed and nurture is another way
to say
swallow what I have to offer. I don't

have to but another I love you is
breakfast and by breakfast I mean

the heap and ooze of my body. Here is
my mothering: a gush, a love story.

When you place my flesh on your tongue
it is holy. And we are all one meat

blooming in technicolour. And we are all
one meat crawling back to the soil.

MALUY BENET

APRIL - NOVEMBER 2018

THE BROKEN SILENCE

NOVEL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS IN A VILLAGE IN THE VA-
LENCIAN REGION DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR AND
POST-WAR ERA.

MARIÀ I MIQUELA

La llar dels Fornés era modesta, encara que Aurora Rosell, la mare, havia nascut al si d'una família benestant, propietària d'una casa pairal important que tenia moltes terres que donaven treball a moltes famílies; i que Aurora, com a filla única, heretà un cop morts els seus pares, malaauradament relativament joves en una epidèmia de grip. Però, quan els fills del matrimoni Humbert Fornés i Aurora Rosell eren menuts les terres havien estat venudes. Els seus fills mai no van saber-ne el motiu perquè Aurora no havia volgut explicar-lo. Miquela Fornés havia sentit a dir a algunes persones del poble que el seu pare, Humbert Fornés, se les havia jugades i les havia perdut. Com que era un deute de joc, van haver de vendre-les per a pagar-lo. Sort que es va salvar la casa on vivia la família. La mare ho negava amb rotunditat, però alguna cosa certa devia haver-hi perquè s'enfurismava si algú en treia el tema. El pare va desaparèixer feia molts anys i ningú tampoc no en parlava. Hom no sabia si era viu o mort. Però d'això feia tants anys que als fills no semblava afectar-los. Estaven acostumats a viure modestament.

Miquela tenia setze anys quan va conèixer Marià Estruch, que era quatre anys major que ella, i ho van fer com quasi totes les parelles l'any 1898, durant les festes del poble. Llavors el xic no li va fer el pes. Era molt alt i corpulent i pensà que no farien bona parella. Ell alt i ella baixeta. Però no li va passar el mateix a Marià. Des del primer moment li va agradar aquella dona prima, de cara rodoneta i uns ulls negres que brillaven juganers a vegades i fusteguers, d'altres. Preguntà a dret i a tort per ella, esbrinà on vivia, ja que no eren del mateix poble, i quan ho va saber, es dedicà a rondar-la els diumenges abillat amb les millors robes, és a dir, amb l'únic vestit que tenia net i presentable, perquè ell era llaurador i el sou era minso. Això sí, tenia un cor net i moltes ganes de treballar i tirar en avant en la vida. Quan Aurora, la mare de Miquela, se n'assabentà de l'interès del jove, la cridà i li va deixar ben palès que aquell xic no li feia el pes i ni pensar a sortirhi. Fet que mai no se li havia passat pel cap a Miquela.

-No té on caure's mort -afirmà.

-Ni que nosaltres fórem rics -respongué la xica.

-Rics, rics, no som, però tenim casa pròpia i...

-Sí, ja ho sé, i abans la majoria de les terres de la rodalia eren nostres. Però mare, vostè sap que amb aquesta casa no hi ha prou per a tots els germans que som, i de les terres... Vostè sabrà perquè, jo encara no sé com se'n van esfumar.

-Ja saps el que jo opine.

-Sí, que vol que ens quedem fadrines les xiques amb vostè perquè quan siga gran la cuidem. Però de què viurem? De què viurà vostè?

-Ets molt mal educada Miquela. No es parla així a una mare! Sempre has tingut molt mal caràcter. T'havia d'haver renyat més el teu pare.

-Quan volia vostè que em renyés si quan se'n va anar, o el que siga que va passar, jo era molt menuda!

-Miquela! -cridà la mare que començava a alenar nerviosament.

La seua germana Eulàlia, que estava escoltant la conversa, en sabia el final i les repercussions per a la resta de la família. S'apropà i s'emportà Miquela d'un braç, mentre aquesta continuava responent la mare, perquè tothom coneixia que quan mare i filla discutien i la conversa anava per un camí que no li convenia a la progenitora, patia un esglai i havien de gitar-la fins que li passés. Però Miquela havia tret el geni de la mare, així és que no era una dona fàcil de dominar.

Fins que Aurora no va prohibir a la filla veure el seu pretendent, Miquela no li havia fet cas; però a partir d'aquell dia, deixà caure a les amigues un velat interès pel xic. Interès que de seguida li arribà a Marià a través del xicot d'una de les amigues de Miquela, que justament era del poble de Marià, raó per la qual aquest havia anat a les festes del poble el dia que la va conèixer. Si abans la cortejava sense masses esperances, a partir d'aquell moment intensificà la seua acció, fins que va aconseguir apropar-s'hi de manera extraoficial. La mare de Miquela, un cop comprovat que no anava a canviar l'opinió de la cabuda de la filla, l'obligà a acabar l'aixovar que estaven fent totes les seues filles, perquè una Fornés havia de dur un bon aixovar. Llençols i roba interior brodats amb tela de lli i fil bo de cotó. Tot de molta qualitat. Més en davant, Marià i Miquela van fer oficial el nuviatge i passat el temps que marca el costum, es van casar. La boda fou senzilla amb un dinar per a la família més pròxima. Això li suposà a Aurora vendre algunes coses de valor, però la dignitat era la dignitat, i a aquell poble inculte i tinyós que s'havia alegrat de la seua desgràcia quan li ocorregué el que li va ocórrer, havia de demostrar que, amb terres o sense, no havia deixat mai de ser la senyora que sempre havia estat. I la parella encetà estat civil alhora que començava un nou segle i malgrat els auguris que preconitzaven la fi del món, aquest continuà rodant indiferent a les prediccions catastrofistes.

Després de la boda Miquela, les seues pertinences i el tot just estrenat marit, se n'anaren en un carro camí de la nova llar. Viurien a la casa del pare, Salustià Estruch, -la mare es va morir feia anys quan va nàixer l'últim fill del matrimoni, que també morí pocs dies després. Tot anà bé mentre a Miquela li durà l'alegria d'haver-se anat de casa i haver guanyat l'enfrontament amb sa mare, però aviat comprovà que a la nova llar les dones pintaven poc i la casa no tenia moltes condicions per a viure. La cambra dels novençans era a l'andana la qual cosa suposava pols i fred a l'hivern i pols i calor a l'estiu, a dojo. On havia de posar els llençols de fil brodats? En una màrfega dura com si estigués farcida de pedres? A més, hi era aquella dona vella i lletja com un pecat, que arrossegava els peus en caminar i la mirava de reüll, sense dir-li mai res. Després d'haver-se enfrontat diverses vegades, tant amb el sogre com amb aquella estranya dona que vivia a la casa i, que a més de fer la feina, s'hi quedava a dormir, i ella

l'havia sentida ficar-se al llit amb el sogre, quan ells ja feia estona que eren al seu, plantejà a Marià anar-se'n a viure a una casa els dos sols.

-Però, per què, dona? No estàs bé ací?

-Tu sí?

-Sí. És la casa on sempre he viscut.

-I això és una raó per a continuar vivint en una porquera?

-Però què dius ara, Miquela? Aquesta casa et sembla una porquera?

-A mi i a qualsevol que tinga dos ulls a la cara!

-Però si Gaspara la neteja tots els dies!

-Una altra! I qui és aquesta Gaspara que neteja la casa d'aquella manera i fa altres «treballs».

-És la cosina de ma mare. Quan ella va morir, vingué a encarregar-se de nosaltres i de la casa.

-I del teu pare!

-Quines coses que dius, Miquela!

-Em prens el pèl o ets idiota? Després que ens gitem, cada nit sent la màrfega del teu pare, i, a vegades, fins i tot, els seus gemecs.

GINA ROITMAN

APRIL 2018

DON'T ASK

NOVEL ABOUT HOW WE ARE IGNORANT
OF ALL THE STORIES THAT SHAPE OUR LIVES.

Hannah waited 24-hours before calling the police, knowing Rochel would have been mortified: *O mein Gott! The police!* To bring yourself to the notice of the authorities was something to be avoided at all costs. It was one of Rochel's many unspoken rules. If she was in the car with Hannah and a siren wailed, no matter how far away, no matter what kind of siren it was - ambulance, fire truck or police - Hannah had to immediately pull over to the side of the road and stop the car. And no one was allowed to move until the sound had died away.

"You never know..." was all the explanation Hannah ever got and for Rochel, that was saying a lot.

I am not her.

On the day Rochel disappeared, in the gloom of the beige hallway, on the edge of the wrought iron seat next to a phone that rarely rang, Hannah had sat folding and unfolding the note, as if by some magic its meaning would be revealed. What did Rochel mean by *'her'*? Was it a mistake? Didn't Rochel mean 'I am not here'? Not that it made any more sense. And if she could decipher it, what could it tell her except what was obvious? Rochel had left home without her purse, no wallet so no means of identification and with no known destination in mind.

Deep in Hannah's belly a larva of worry was growing.

Hannah slid into the sweltering car. Almost instantly, sweat filmed her face and trickled down the curve of her clenched jaw. She stared out of the windshield at the front door of the duplex as if half expecting that by some miracle her mother would suddenly appear. For almost all of her 45 years, Hannah could predict Rochel's every move, although never her motives, never the why. Now this. Nothing had prepared her for this. Not even the shocking exchange she and Rochel had had the night before.

MARTIN JACKSON

APRIL - MAY 2018

A HALF-HEARTED KICK

AN EXCERPT FROM A SHORT STORY PLANNED AND
WRITTEN WHILE AT CAN SERRAT.

It was a simple but brutal crime that made me think of Ally for the first time in a while. One floor up, my flat's big window looks straight out across Hertabrücke, a twin-arched iron bridge that crosses the Ringbahn's two looping lines, another four lines that carry freight trains and, occasionally, a refurbished stream train, for which there's always a small crowd waiting to cheer and photograph.

The bridge changes through the seasons. Looks beautiful when its arches are covered in snow, in the setting sun of summer, misty spring dawns. It's busy every day except Sundays and holidays. The unending roadworks on Karl-Marx Straße and Grenzalle make it one of the main crossings over the tracks here in Neukölln. There are three schools nearby. The new sports centre. The Feuerwehr station on Emser Straße sending out those too-loud sirens. I've seen teenage boys fighting, drunk lovers near enough fucking, pale faces ghosting back from the clubs Sunday and Monday mornings. One time I saw - I guess you'd call it assault. The cyclist back-stepped with his bike between his legs, yelled something at the driver who'd done I don't know what, then raised his forearm as if he was about to smash it into her face - her window was down and I could hear her scream as I watched. I ran out on to the balcony, pointed my phone at him as if I was recording, he yelled something at me then cycled off. I gave my story to the police, fetched her a mug of tea. She could barely stand, couldn't stop crying.

But that wasn't it. I get nervous seeing small kids going up to the railings that run along the walkways either side, peering through the gaps between each metal stanchion, poking their noses through spaces that each local parent - and I guess the engineers before them - would have worked out were too thin for even the scrawniest kid to fit through. It's a long way down though, nothing but gravel and broken bottles down where I see the homeless roaming sometimes. And I'd see dogs sometimes, off their leash and easily small enough to go through, sniffing into the open block of air. Maybe I worry too much. Just about every ex- told me that.

It was a Saturday morning when I saw the kid, a little girl of two or so, riding her tall dad's shoulders. Her little arms up and flopping left and right with each of his exaggerated strides, a one- man rollercoaster. Her mum there too, a few metres behind, with a small black dog safely on its leash, two older kids trailing behind who might or might not have been part of the group. All of them on the other side of the bridge, walking away from me, nearing the end of the second of the two arches. The dad keeping a few meters in front of his family, stepping long and fast, his kid moving about enough that he must have been feeling it in his shoulders and legs, must have been about ready to put her down.

Then I saw the man. Who knows why we notice things before they happen, why we spot patterns in all this unfolding mess that mostly flattens out to nothing. Or if we even do, if it's not some after-the-fact sorting, selective sense-making from the mass of raw material that's funnelled in. ...

KLARA DU PLESSIS

MAY 2018

SKIN AND MEAT SKY

EXCERPT FROM LONG POEM ON THE LINGUISTIC INTENSITY
OF MOUNTAINS, HERE TRANSLATED FROM AFRIKAANS TO
ENGLISH.

Ek verdink myself so met die kamera
heeltyd elmboog uit om dit uitsig
weg te druk. Liewers bedagsaam wees
tot die kursiewe mense wat soos naalde staan
nie heuwels nie, maar genade.
Om so te staan, arms gesak langs my sye
my oë in duidelike versoening
met die berg.
Dergelike liggaam.
Wit rots wat pienk klits met die lig.
Heupe knyp my romp vas om my lyf
sodat ek deel word van die hemel
bloute, blou sonsondergang van die dag.
Snaaks hoe ek ritmies verander tot Afrikaans
in my gedagtes, my self-praat
in rustigheid. Ondersteun my taal
my asemhaling dan.
Tentatiewe omhelsing huistoe.
Die moeilikheid van omdraai, die ompad
kortknip terug na die bedompige kamer
om hierdie gedig te skryf,
te skep met my hande
wat ook my kop is.

The camera lies on my conscience
constant elbow arched to push away the sky.
Rather be aware
of the cursive persons erect like needles
less hills, than clemency.
To stand with arms lank along my sides
my eyes obviously making peace
with the peaks.
Same physique.
White quartz mixing pink with light.
Hips pinch my skirt tightly around my form
so I coalesce celestially
the blue, sky-blue sunset of daylight.
Strange how I switch tongues rhythmically
when thinking, my self-speak
in tranquility. Language
supports my breathing.
Tentative embrace homewards.
The difficulty of turning back, the longer route
cut short to return to the airless room
to write this poem,
to make it with my hands
that are likewise my mind.

AUDREY NEWTON

JUNE 2018

THE GODDESS TRILOGY - MOTHER TERESA, KALI AND THE BLACK MADONNA

A TRILOGY OF POETIC PROSE BASED ON MY LIVED EXPERIENCES.

PART III- ASCENSION / THE BLACK MADONNA

I lay there long night after night among rows of empty beds and then came a moment of dutiful fear. I was woken up, shook by your violence, the only thing I knew.

'I don't want to be here, I don't want to be here' but this silence was needed because your silence was deafening.

And then, a few platitudes were spoken but I finally heard them loud and clear.

So, I ascended to the top of the mountain, slipping and tripping with false starts and then a faint, delicate whisper said to me, "let me carry you." I gave in, to slowness and my breath but still felt a fear that weighed down my breath.

I thought of you with each step and felt agony. Your pain hurt and weighed more than the sun that was singeing my skin from brown to red. I couldn't tell if it was your pain or mine I was carrying up the mountain.

I began to purge each serrating word, each slap, each cut, each burn and vengeful glance and the black tar began oozing from my feet and spilled onto the rock.

She knew I was coming.

She knew I hadn't had rest. She knew you hadn't had rest.

With slow magnetic force the tar penetrated the rock, seeped into the mountains pores and disappeared without a trace.

I felt light but burnt and I felt unwelcome.

I was pushed and prodded by the famished crowds and tried to forcefully keep my breath nourished but I couldn't look her in the eye.

I had failed. I was suspended like a fool.

But after another weighty slumber,

I went back with romance, love and repose.

This time I was light, the sun was light and provided me only with warmth and then, a breeze of salvation.

I loved the tale. The happy family, the simple family, the loving family and the slight exhilaration that moved through my body and my thoughts.

I saw the crowds and although they were bursting, they did not seem as voracious as they once had been. I spoke to my mother and she had slackened her grip. She held pride in what I had done and knew I needed the golden and piercing rays of the sun.

I came prepared by tying the loose ends without control or trite groundwork. I was here to see the clear sky, the fire, the water, the earth and the air embedded in the gold. The abundance of gold.

I flowed like water with the snap of my camera at tow, I touched the apple and looked at her omniscient gaze. A gaze that swallowed me whole.

I thanked her. For the father, the son and the ghost. I thanked her for the sweet, familiar smell of roses adorned by thorns. I thanked for the lies I had been fed since the innocence of my birth. I thanked her for each blow that is still withstood. I thanked her for the violence, the sharp and deep cuts against the earth. I thanked her for her science and her art. I thanked her for the poison in the air. I thanked for the fearful depths of the sea. I thanked her for the fire and acid that manipulates forms to unrecognisable states. I thanked her for my inability to step outside my room. I thanked her for the weight of the solar system on my chest.

She is the cave and the womb.

She is the high priestess. She is Persephone. She is the source. She is the universe.

She is the universe in her hand.

She is the growth that led Eve to her death.

She is the universe I consumed after she touched me.

She is as black as the tar in the mountain.

ROISIN DUNNETT

JULY 2018

THE WHOLE ANIMAL, NOVEL

WORKING ON REDRAFT OF AND READING SUPPORTING MATERIALS FOR QUEER FANTASIA NOVEL *THE WHOLE ANIMAL*.

‘Hey.’ The whisper smelled like cooking meat. ‘Hey Ira.’ Ruth was crouched by the sofa, her blue dress tented over her knees, stretched between them. ‘Where do people like us land? In heaven or in hell?’

‘Oh god,’ I said, just as I would have in the old days. ‘Fuck off’.

‘You should go then.’ Now the smell was like raw animal. ‘If you’re going to go.’

I was tired, but I knew she was right. Some doors are only open for so long. Certain ideas soften and lose their shape if you leave them to stew. I felt a bit sick from pulling myself so sharply out of the dream world, but I could feel my body livening up to the story of the night, the skin on my arms and chest flexing like wings from the cocoon, fresh and sticky. She was helping me on with my shoes, pulling my jumper over my head, dragging my hair into a knot on top. As she worked she made little grunts of satisfaction. She was like me, she liked action. ‘Remember the old house?’ I said, thinking of my father’s. ‘Hmm’ she said, and I knew that on her mind was her own old house, where she had lived as a child.

‘Ready?’

‘Ready.’

‘Come on then, time to go.’

I brushed my teeth in the kitchen sink and saw dawn out of the window. I wiped my mouth off on a ratty tea towel and took a long drink of water out of one of the mugs. I refilled it several times, staring at the pale line widening outside as I drank. Then I put my bag on my back and walked into the chilly night. Summer had not arrived yet, but you could just about smell it, on the edge of the mizzle. I turned around and looked at Ned’s house, the ramshackle garden. There didn’t seem like much chance I was ever going to see it again.

‘You should burn it down’ she said, after a long, cold silence. ‘His part in this is over now.’

‘Hmm’ I said. From a narrative perspective I could see her point, but morally it seemed like the wrong thing to do.

ERICA X EISEN

JULY 2018

THAT WHICH DOES NOT BEND SHALL BREAK, NOVEL
NEW GENIZAH, ESSAY
DESIRE VESSEL, ESSAY

FROM “NEW GENIZAH”

PUBLISHED AS “ODE TO THE LIBRARY MUSEUM.” *THE PARIS REVIEW*

In the Chester Beatty Library, there are books made entirely of jade. There are picture scrolls featuring calligraphy by the brother of the Japanese emperor. There are papyrus codices that constitute some of the few surviving texts of Manichaeism, a religion of darkness and light that rivaled Christianity in scale until its last believers died out in fourteenth-century China. There are Armenian hymnals, Renaissance catalogues of war machines, and monographs on native Australian fauna. There is all of this and more—thousands and thousands of other works diverse in period and place of origin, waiting for human eyes. And yet as I walk through the galleries, as I survey the cases of books safe behind their glass, it occurs to me that if a book is a thing meant to be read, then in a certain sense, these objects have lost their function to all but the scholarly epigraphists, backs bent in the private study room. And yet far from becoming something less because of this, the books on display have become something more.

Can we recover a physical literature? Can we recover a literature that is not merely read but felt? The library museum gestures at just such a possibility. By immobilizing pages, by securing spines, by presenting material that is illegible or unintelligible to the average modern reader, the library museum ruptures our habitual schema for what to do when confronted with a text. We cannot comprehend the sentences, the words, the script itself even. And furthermore. we are not meant to, are meant instead to attune ourselves to their textures, their heft, their thingness. When we cease to read, we begin to see. At the point of losing sense, we regain sensation.

The early semiotician Charles Sanders Peirce divided signs into a taxonomy of three categories, each distinguished by the tightness of the bond between signifier and signified. This relationship is at its most direct in what Peirce calls the icon, which possesses a similarity or resemblance to its referent—a drawing, for example. A rung below this in Peirce’s system is the index, which is like a trace or a footprint. A puddle bears an indexical relationship to a raincloud; smoke is an index of its fire. At the apex of abstraction is the symbol, in which no link of likeness exists to bind a thing to its meaning. This is where Peirce puts writing systems—the letter a has no more or less natural claim to the sound it makes than any other letter.

In the Chester Beatty Library’s biblical gallery—which contains the oldest surviving book of the Bible outside of the Dead Sea Scrolls—a slip between the first category and the second, between symbol and index, is made manifest. Lacking any knowledge of ancient Greek, I cannot understand the fragment of a papyrus that reads, “Here is wisdom.” I cannot understand when it says,

“Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast,” for I have no understanding; I am looking and not reading. Where I should find the form-defying awe of apocalyptic holy verse, instead I see a scribe: his afterimage, his trace, the shadow of his movements where his ink ran dry and where he must have dipped his reed afresh. This slippage provides the basis for a deeply empathetic relationship with a text—not in terms of identifying with its meaning but in terms of identifying with its copyist. Without legible content to impart, words yield to a contemplation of the surface—papyrus weathered to the color and texture of a dirtied bandage—and the hand that must have written upon it with concentration and care. Free from reading, the eye is permitted to observe in fine-grain detail the strange beauty of the page itself: how it is thick in the center but increasingly ragged near its edge, where the warp and weft of papyrus fibers reveal themselves, sparser and sparser until the fragment ends, like sand giving over to the black waters of the sea.

MADHULIKA MOHAN

JULY - AUGUST 2018

WORK IN PROGRESS

DURING MY TIME IN CAN SERRAT, I EXPLORED MANY DIFFERENT GENRES AND STYLES OF POETRY, INCLUDING DECIMAS WHILE I LEARNT TO FIND MYSELF IN TRANSLATION, HEAR MY WORKS IN DIFFERENT TONGUES AND COLLABORATE TO PRODUCE A FILM.

AN INCOMPLETE BALLAD OF LOVE

How far is the land,” said the sea
Atop the lighthouse, he seeing-
When the sea crashed from its breathing
Reaching the shore as an ash-ed sea-
Would you agree to disagree
if the blue turned to smoky grey?
And the blue skies, reflect at day
Clouds white- spread a little oddly
No grimness, a grey- not godly
just ashes not ugly decay

So, this burning sea once more said
“How much far is the land from me?
Where’s the end, what’s my destiny?”
Roaring, rumbling- it turned blood red
There he watched, and thought as it bled
Atop the lighthouse, he- sighing
Crying, “Its dying, Its dying”
As from blue to red, red to grey
He stood to see a death portray
What could’ve been a star flying

And the sea, red, rose once again
“How far am I, tell me, I pray”
Sighing, he said, “Ah, not today,
I pray you count from one to ten.”
“One... two... three... four...,” wreathing in pain
*“How can I tell the sea its death,
To whom do I owe this sad debt!”*
How beastly, left, were nine and ten
If the land and sea were to meet
the ballad of love, incomplete
The land, the sea, the women and men.

Rising, like flames of angry fire
“I pray I pray! Tell me!” cried the sea,
“How far yet is the land from me?”
Like singing, at church choir,
Like lighting, at temples, a pyre
A grieving he, a dying sea
The sea didn’t know, its destiny
As from blue to red, red to grey
He stood to see a death portray
it bleeding, burning into infinity.

KATIE HUGGINS

AUGUST 2018

THE SUNDAY TRAIN

A SHORT STORY I WROTE IN CAN SERRAT BASED ON A STORY I HEARD FROM AN AUSTRALIAN.

THE SUNDAY TRAIN

“What are you wearing?”

John pulled himself away from the comics. He had been so engrossed in *The Phantom*, holding it up and out of Adam’s reach, that he hadn’t finished his breakfast. His older sister Cassie was standing over him wearing a ratty old bathrobe that might have once been their mother’s, who would have snatched the paper out of John’s hand while flipping eggs. It hung off Cassie’s body like an uncomfortable second skin. She was also wearing the haggard downward turn of her mouth, that had become a fixture since she had moved home to raise her two younger brothers.

John looked at his blue shirt. It had smelt clean when he picked it up off the floor. “It’s clean.”

“You can’t wear that to church,” Cassie said. “I’m not having Mrs Myers telling me you turned up rumpled. Get a proper shirt.”

“I don’t have one.”

“Get one of Dad’s. I’ll roll the sleeves for you.”

John looked back down at the comics. He still hadn’t read *Archie*.

“Hurry up,” Cassie said. “You’re going to be late.”

John dragged his feet, and relinquished the Sunday paper to Adam who dove in, getting Vegemite fingerprints on the comics. John walked the long way around dad’s chair, who was sitting up today, his white head rested on the back with eyes half-closed eyes. The radio was on the races and he had tilted his head towards it to listen, a little drool at the side of his mouth. The twisted mess of his left arm and leg was hidden under the blanket, but John couldn’t not picture them.

John found the least wrinkled shirt and wriggled out of his own. He had grown a good foot taller over the year and he was feeling pinched, having developed a deep hunger that he couldn’t satisfy. It felt as if he spent most of his day eating or day dreaming about food. Even the Church wafers looked appetising.

When he took too long, Cassie came into the room, her feet muffled by the soft carpet. “You’ll have to bike hard if you’re going to get there. Give me your arm.” Even with the sleeves rolled up the shirt engulfed him and ballooned out at his waist. Cassie appraised John, who felt like a trained puppy, chin up. “It’ll have to do.”

Cassie made John kiss dad’s cheek before he left, too. It was warm but paper-thin under his lips. Dad murmured something, but John pretended he hadn’t heard.

On his front lawn, John swung onto his bike as he saw Olivia Hemsworth getting into her family’s car across the street. Olivia had her hair in a ponytail and was wearing a pretty dress that moved around her legs as she walked. John

paused at the end of his driveway and stared. Olivia had transferred to the all-girls school and John wouldn’t admit he missed sitting next to her in class under the worst torture. Not even being covered in bull ants and set on fire. There was just some things that weren’t worth the grief.

Olivia waved but John ducked his head and pushed off too hard, wobbling for the first pedal before he got his balance back. It was a dry heat kind of day and the sun beat down on the top of John’s head. When he should have taken a left at the top of the street, he went right heading for the creek. John leant over his handlebars to gain more momentum, letting his calves scream under his weight.

Cassie had stopped going to church after she had to drop out of her secretary course in the city, but she insisted John had to go. The nuns at his school kept a rollcall on their attendance, but John had learnt that if he skipped school on Monday, they forgot all about caning his palms on Tuesday. Not when they had to deal with the cheaters and liars like Matthew Fink, who told John that he was as good as homeless.

John peddled hard up the slight incline, so at the top he could lift his legs off the pedals and let gravity shove him down the hill. He flew down the path, feeling the air taking hold of his hair and rippling his shirt like Superman’s cape. He had once rode this hill with Cassie when he was younger, when Adam was a baby, and before Cassie had to come back to be their surrogate mother. The bike was still the same beat up one with the peeling white paint and the metal handlebars that felt moulded to John’s palms.

Towards the bottom, he put pressure on the breaks, enough for him to not go flying over the handlebars or crash into a gully. His expert moves kicked up some dirt like he was on a wild horse, bringing it to heel. At the bottom of the hill the train track snaked off towards the horizon, going past the out-of-sight station and towards the next town, so far it wasn’t even a speck. Out past the tracks John could just make out the shimmer-line of the creek, surrounded by a semi-circle of gum trees with waxen leaves.

John cycled to the dirt crossing over the railway line, slower now that the hill was behind him. He could hear the crack and grind of the coming train and John turned his front wheel to wait for the train to pass. John watched the lights, gaining speed, bringing with it the rumbling of the train that shook the soles of his shoes.

The kid was closer to Adam’s age, and John could see him coming up towards the tracks from where the farms were. The kid had a shaven head that looked pink from the sun, and his legs worked furiously to get up the speed to make it. John checked the train. It was gaining momentum and the kid was still pedalling, half rising to hop his wheel over the tracks.

The impact was visceral, John felt it in his teeth. The kid’s head looked up, red from exertion, before he was gone, swept up by the train and the long, single ringing of the horn.

John turned his bike and pedalled so hard that he had to pause at the top of the hill to cough up breakfast.

John rode out to the other side of town, avoiding the Church. There was nowhere interesting to go, but John couldn't risk going to the corner store or anywhere else Cassie may pop up at. The chances were unrealistic, Cassie didn't go out much except for her weekly shopping trip and out to the unemployment office to pick up dad's benefits. Still, John didn't believe in unnecessary risks, and he stopped off at the children's park with the wooden climbing frame, leaving his bike under a tree to stop the handlebars from overheating.

John took a seat on the swing set. His heart was making a ruckus in his chest, and he said, "Holy shit," out loud, just to hear it.

He didn't have a watch but he could hear the Church service bell from here, so he sat and pushed his feet idly, letting the ache come into his limbs, feeling the tightening muscles in his shoulders and calves until they were like coiled springs.

John lacked athleticism. When he was younger, dad's efforts to make him a track runner were thwarted by John's inability to stand the exhaustion pains in his legs. Dad had bellowed until his the veins in his neck had throbbled, but John wouldn't be able to get up from the hard packed earth. His mum had said it was OK, that he was more brains than brawn and made him a cheese and tomato sandwich. John hadn't eaten one since she had died. He felt the old craving in the back of his mouth.

On the last note of the Church bells John forced himself to bike back home. He got home at the same time as the Hemsworths' car pulled into their driveway. Olivia waved and John raised a hand back.

Olivia checked both ways and crossed the street. There was sweat patches under her armpits. "Hi John," She smiled. "Do you want to come over for lunch?"

The Hemsworths' had bought a roast chicken and potato salad and the smell undid John's nervous stomach.

"Hey, matey," Mr Hemsworth said. He had a huge stomach and had one volume: loud. "You've grown like a weed!"

"Have some extra chicken," Mrs Hemsworth said. "You must be putting it all away."

John didn't complain and started to shovel in potato salad as Olivia cut her chicken up with the side of her fork.

"How's everything, John?" Mrs Hemsworth said in the voice that adults used when they asked John that question.

"Good."

"I've seen your sister around," she said. "What a saint she is. So good of her to come home."

Last night Cassie had lost her patience and kicked Adam so hard she had

left a purple bruise on his leg. He had howled and howled until John had given him his toy car to play with.

"Yeah."

Olivia told him about the thick dresses for her school uniform they wore in summer, and how a girl had fainted and crushed her nose on the step.

"There was blood everywhere!"

Mrs Hemsworth winced. "That's enough, Ollie."

"I think she got stitches."

"Olivia."

Olivia exchanged a conspiratorial look with John and he shoved a forkful of chicken into his mouth to stop from grinning.

After lunch, he and Olivia sat on her veranda steps with icy-poles and talked about people they knew and their holiday plans. John was going to try and get a job, Olivia and her parents were going to the city.

"How come you don't come to church?" Olivia said.

John shrugged. "Don't feel like it."

"Is it because of your mum?"

John licked sticky droplets off his thumb. "No, yeah. I only went 'cause she wanted me to."

"I don't really believe in it," Olivia said. "Who really thinks some bloke is going to care if I lie or steal extra biscuits?"

John thought of the train and the shine on the boy's head. "Yeah. I guess not."

When John got home, dad had fallen asleep. Drool pooled on his chest from his partially opened mouth. John left him there and went into his room.

Adam was laying on his belly, playing with toy cars. He made car noises with his mouth and John sat down to push a truck.

"Cassie wants you."

John's stomach tightened. "Yeah?"

John played cars with Adam until Cassie knocked on the door. She was wearing a yellow dress and looked more like herself than she had in a while. John had to grind his teeth to stop himself confessing outright. His mind turned over how he could spin it that the train had scared him, that he hadn't gone straight to Church because he had heard it from the hill. Maybe he had gotten lost, confused by the hot sun?

"John?" Cassie said.

John felt the burn in his throat. The words were clawing out of him.

She sighed. "I have to ask you a favour. Will you watch Adam tonight?"

The burn faded, like he had eaten another icy-pole. "Oh."

"Can you just not fight me? I'm going out. I *need* to go out."

"It's fine."

Cassie brightened. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

She smiled. It made her look younger. "There's tinned spaghetti in the cupboard. Sorry it's not glamorous."

"We can make do," John said.

"Don't stay up late. I'll be back, anyway."

Cassie checked on dad and then she was gone, taking the truck and leaving them alone.

Adam didn't want spaghetti so John made him a cheese and tomato sandwich and turned the radio off to put on the TV. They watched *The Brady Bunch* and Adam's eyes went glassy and he didn't look away until the episode was over. They were all a little caught up in it, even dad woke up for a few minutes as the family ate breakfast together.

John managed to wrangle Adam into bed at nine with some Milo, at which point Cassie came home.

Her mouth was red and the skirt of her dress was rumpled. John just watched.

Cassie sighed as she took her shoes off. "Adam asleep?"

"Yeah."

Cassie nodded to the green tin of Milo. "Much left?"

John scraped a glass together for Cassie. He made sure there was a thick crust of Milo on top, and popped both mugs in the microwave.

Cassie sat down, kicking her shoes towards the misshapen pile by the backdoor. "Do you remember the Finches?"

John licked at his top lip. "No."

"They have that cattle property over the tracks."

John shrugged.

"Their kid got hit by a train today." John said nothing. "You don't bike out that way anymore, do you?"

John said, "no" too quick and sucked in his breath. The microwave hummed.

Cassie wasn't looking at him. She was rubbing the back of her neck. "I hope not, I don't want to have to scrape you off the tracks."

The microwave beeped and John hurried to get the mugs out with the tea towel. Tomorrow, John would get up and pretend to go to school, but to avoid getting caned by the nuns, he would bike back to that creek. Maybe there would be some other boys who skipped Church or just skipped out on life, and they would play cricket and go for a swim, drying out on the flat earth like lizards.

"Am I doing an alright job?" Cassie said.

"Huh?"

"With this." Cassie waved a hand around their kitchen. There was peeling paint on the walls and a pile of dirty clothes, kicked towards the laundry door but not quiet having made it. The calendar on the wall was two years old and on

December, Christmas circled.

John thought so, and said as much.

Cassie placed her fingernails against the mug to check the temperature. "I want to go back to secretary college, but I have to find the right moment."

John drank too much Milo and burnt his tongue. "You want to leave?"

"Not yet. I want to wait for you to finish school, and then I'll send Adam to boarding school and Dad." She stopped and took a small sip. "I got to get things in order first."

John hadn't ever thought of anything beyond a day. He hadn't thought about mum dying, or dad being in the accident. He certainly hadn't thought of Cassie leaving again. It reminded him of being older and days without his bike. "Are you mad at us?"

Cassie picked at the hem of her dress. Up close John could see the fraying seams. "No. Just a bit sad for myself."

John helped her move dad into bed. He couldn't look at the twisted limbs so Cassie took the left side. They waited to check that he was asleep before they shut off the lights for bed.

John got into his bed and closed his eyes. His stomach was still warm from the Milo and his legs had the ache that reminded him he was there. They would cramp up tomorrow and it would be hard to bike, and he would have to be careful across the road. John closed his eyes and fell into a dreamless sleep.

TEODORA NIKOLOVA

SEPTEMBER 2018

AN INHERITANCE OF GRIEF (POETRY COLLECTION)

I WORKED ON A CHAPBOOK OF POETRY EXPLORING THE RELATIONSHIP ACROSS SEVERAL GENERATIONS OF WOMEN LOOSELY BASED ON THE WOMEN IN MY OWN FAMILY, AND FEATURING SOME BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS, AS WELL AS DIPPING HEAVILY INTO THE MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE OF EASTERN EUROPE.

PRAY FOR RAIN

i dance across the cracked cobblestone
wildly, and without restraint, summoning clouds.

i am so big in my love, and hungry too,
i pray spring rain washes the prints of my grubby hands off your skin

i don't know how to keep my hands to myself,
i come to you, heart in hand, jumping in puddles

i hope spring rain drowns these noises out
i hope i stop screaming, brakes screeching as

i skid to sudden halts on my knees before you let me walk out of this love alive,

i pray spring rain will heal me, please i had tried to cast my eyes away

i had hoped to yearn more quietly, to be more worthy the sun peeks above those
sprawling cotton candy clouds

i pray the spring rain is quiet as am i, i pray you let the aftermath be swift

i pray to be less hungry, i pray you kinder
i am struck blind by your teeth flashing in a smile

i had not known my own desperation, until you quieted it i didn't even know i
was in love

i write us into happy mornings, street lamps breaking into glittering lovelights
and i walk alone in the drizzle

i leave my marks on you, impermanent, purple lipstick in your bleached hair

i dance across the cracked cobblestone wildly, and without restraint

i pray you out of my heart and i pray for rain.

MR. PETS

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2018

UNFORGIVABLE: THE EYE OF SIN

A MURDER CASE STORY WHICH HAS THE SAME BACKGROUND SETTING AND CHARACTERS WITH A MOBILE GAME *UNFORGIVABLE: ELIZA*.

前方書冊堆成一座小山，有別於現今常用的活頁紙，大多是牛皮紙封面膠裝，甚至線裝的設計，可以看出有些年代。最上頭的記事本封面以數字寫著 1984，正是外祖父音訊不明的那一年。

丹尼隨意抽出一本翻了翻，裡頭全以中文寫成。雖然無法看懂內容，每篇開頭均題有像是年份與日期的數字，很明顯是日記、手札一類文章。

某種情緒被觸發，那是去年得知外祖父祕密時，一直鬱積內心的情感。這疊冊子有著他近十年來的心路歷程，他到底懷著什麼樣的心情，在自我認同與國家之間拉扯、對抗，或許讀了便知。

原以為自己不想碰觸外祖父更多的過去，此時又懊悔沒有好好學習中文。潘朵拉的盒子近在眼前，但即使想打開也沒辦法。

在丹尼任意翻閱時，一頁內容攔住他的目光。

那是一首英文寫成的詩，在滿是中文的記事裡特別醒目。

生命是無數的眼，

我凝視獵物，亦被其餘掠食者凝視。

願有力量賜予我，撕裂幼犬而全身而退，

願有力量賜予我，逃離鷹喙的電光火石，

即便我將失去雙眼，

這雙本不屬於我，

從大哥那兒借來的眼。

或許有那麼一天，

我會傾聽記憶的龍吟虎嘯，內心默禱，

主啊！失去雙眼，

我是否能看得更遠？

丹尼在心中默念一遍。像是詠嘆生命、尋求人生方向的内容，行與行之間沒有押韻，作者似乎是隨興而寫。然而，丹尼總覺得這首詩想傳達什麼訊息。

會是外祖父的創作嗎？若是如此，為何改用英文？或許不願給人理解內容，藉由他國語言掩飾，也或許內含只有英文才能表達的暗語。若不是他寫的，又為何而引用？

丹尼將詩來回檢視幾次，還是看不出來，索性闔上記事本，開始思考遺物的處理方式。

KWOK WAI WALTER, KWONG

NOVEMBER 2018

SPEECHES INSIDE THE WALL

WRITING AND PAINTING, A COMBINATION OF TEXT AND VISUAL MEDIUM TO APPROACH THE NOTION OF 'HISTORIES'.

一個月-1

設有金色扶手的樓梯，彰顯著典雅、尊嚴與智慧。每次從這通道走過，到一樓會議室或者二樓，阿貞都感應到這份對生命尊貴的領悟，並暗暗在心裡生起悸動。

「十點，可以嗎？」

「1015？」

「下午兩點有約了？」

她本想回應一句遲一點點，但實在太多聲音在找她，在耳邊，在腦裡，在電話裡。

唯有甚麼都不說。大人物實在不意做，她心裡疼惜……睡不到四小時，又要趕開會了。

金色的欄杆，金色的把手，配百年老木巨門。在每一扇厚重的門後，都有一項政策在議訂中，都有一幫人為棘手社會難題尋找答案。阿貞清一清腦袋，九點半的會議在一樓，但到會議室之前，要先將草擬好的動議議案交秘書長，因為死線在午飯前。免生枝節，要快快交給秘書長；要趕去秘書長辦公室的截徑是，從地下保安室橫越秘書二組的工作間，這樣就直接來到秘書長秘書小姐的案頭了。

不過阿貞並非在樓梯上往地下大堂走，而是一手攬著重重文件，一手抓著金閃閃的扶手，往上走去。

0927。

要趕在會議開始之前，先將文件交給阿恆。預計在會議上使用的段落，阿貞都替阿恆貼上了標籤，紅色標示貧困人口數據，藍色是物價。這些細磨細眼的東西他怎會有時間兼顧，多睡一小時好。會議室B，會議室C。阿恆剛好坐在近門位置，阿貞重重的將文件拍在他膝上。

這是多年默契，力量大小顯示文件有多重要。

「記得食lunch呀！Professor Equality呀！」阿恆攪拌著奶茶，轉過頭來說。

阿貞下意識的瞟了手機上的時間一眼，做一個沒時間的表情。隨行前，她從阿恆的碟上拎了一塊小曲奇，送進嘴裡。

早上會議奉上甜餅及茶，承繼自殖民時代，她以為，這傳統在沒吃早餐的日子最派得上用場。

又往金色的梯道走去。也許是那裡的光線太炫目，也許是工作太忙亂了，她感到自己跑進空氣中。在光線迷茫、忽高忽低的國度裡，她想起剛才在手機屏幕上瞥見的日期是「1日」，但今天不是「8日」了嗎？她記得這個月已踏入第二個星期。或者是早上懵懂？又或機件失靈也說不定？

一日，一個月的開始。沿著樓梯轉一彎，這邊更是光燦燦，眼都睜不開，前方迷一樣。但她繼續往前走，要替阿恆完成他的工作。一日，就是完完整整的一個月後，要嫁給阿恆了。

一個月-2

九記火腩飯。或者不會常來吃火腩飯了，總會多點麻煩事，身邊多了一個人。阿菲習慣點凍奶茶，兌火腩重鹽肉香，她覺得很爽。

下飯的還有手機即時新聞。一指在屏幕上滑滑滑，一遇到看不過眼的政言穢語，政壇光怪百相，她都即時轉貼到面書上，當然少不了加兩個「蟹蟹豬」！她不會放過心目中的狼狽之徒，留言不求長，最緊重一矢中的，不留情面。

她不以為這出於習慣，而是人之為人最起碼的責任：斥責世道淪落！

不過阿明就是不喜歡她食飯時看手機，還為轉貼新聞而忙得手腳並用，有時連筷子的丟到椅上凳上。

於是，阿菲把握這僅餘的一個月，自個兒到九記用手機下飯。這樣吃一口肉嘅一口茶，看一會停一會，一餐飯會消磨大半個晚上。多年來單身，時間愛怎樣打發便怎樣打發，她認為這樣最好，與時代脈搏同起同落。不過今晚她在手機上左點右點，找尋了大半碟火腩飯的時間，最後終於找到她想要的。

這是一張舊相片，校園花園錦簇。她看著相中人，看得恍恍惚惚竟就失了神。阿明說著說著想着她的舊模樣，就是不給他看。相終歸找出來了，兩個人都會嚇一跳。她擱下了飯沒吃下去，看著相，把檸茶嘅乾了再嘅冰塊溶下來的雪水。那個時候也是這樣坐茶餐廳，同學話多捨不得走，嘅乾了檸茶檸樂就去嘅雪水。她沒把相發給阿明，而是貼到面書上去，附上六個字：談理想的時候。

一個月-3

檔案資料館內，細菌CA326在美洲區已好一段時間，最近移去歐洲區，沒想到竟會碰到有關香港的檔案。

CA326是一顆博學的細菌。三年前在資料館遇上了一位榮休教授的手指，剛巧又是一個隆冬天，皮膚乾燥，指頭就在新張旗的影印紙紙邊割破了。恰恰就是這一秒，CA326與學者的血細胞沾上了，觸發基因突變。於是這所

94%已完成了，是要成功了！

只不過是116元；雖然事先一早說好不要花一分一毫，但少食兩餐，食兩餐便宜一點，那百多元就能省回來。在這個時代，誰會在乎一百一十六元？！

阿菲心想，上一次人依足規矩，不走捷徑，就是這樣失敗了，而且差很遠，只做到一半左右。今次不能敗！不好告訴阿明，他無論如何都會罵。

走了這麼遠了，只差一步……誰說百分之六是「一步」呢？還有甚麼要刁難我？還有小人從中作梗？或者一切只是遊戲也說不定？

無人知道當中秘密……或者在這個荒唐世界，個個也會耍一點手段，適者生存。

6%。她知道，就憑她的議會手經驗，只不過6%，這麼一個小數字，是甚麼文件分析、顧問報告都說不盡這6%！

在先前那兩個步驟做了手腳，而今依足規矩，都應該不成問題了吧！？一切都是儀式吧。他們都這麼說，說事人都說這時日無多。

也許是最後機會？

我依足指示，鄭重道了歉，對方也欣然接受。哈！一切都似預早設定，就像一個劇本，一個寫好了的程式。

是的，今次不會出錯！

SCOTT MASHLAN

NOVEMBER 2018

ZERO ZERO

A LINKED COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES.

One night we saw a UFO—I wouldn’t even talk about it if no one else saw it. Driving in the middle of nowhere, along a hill, slowly curving up. The lights appeared far off in the sky. Then shimmered closer. And closer. And closer. We talked about the lights. We all saw them. I turned the car around. Took us off the hill. An hour later a cop pulled me over for driving too slow and searched me. I had a reason. It was snowing and we saw a family of deer by the road. I hit a deer before and knew the damage they could do. I was also stoned, yes, and the pipe and the rest of my stash is what they arrested me for having. I was very kind about the whole thing. Showed politeness to the officers. I thanked them when they opened the squad car door. I hoped if I acted nice enough they’d let me go. You always hear those stories from people about how police let them go. But they didn’t let me go.

Hock paid my bail on his credit card. The whole process took a few hours. I sat in a room with a Reader’s Digest and a picnic table. By the time we were on our way home the sun was rising. Rising on Y2K because the day was New Years Eve. Hock was throwing a party that night. I dropped him, Denny and Haven off, then went home. My parents wouldn’t find out about the arrest until months later when the lawyer mail showed up. I had lived in both of their homes and they both received the mail. But that wouldn’t happen for months.

When I woke in the afternoon I felt my arrest story raising like the skin of a new tattoo. I went to Hock’s. We used his fake ID and filled his fridge with beer. He panfried chicken breasts and boiled a can of green beans. Our New Years dinner. We hadn’t been perfect children, but we always got away until the night before.

ELISHA NAIN

DECEMBER 2018

MI BOCA

A MULTI-CULTURAL FAMILY MOVES TO WHITE SUBURBIA TO FIND OUT WHO THEY TRULY ARE.

SCENE 1
HOME

FEBRUARY 11, 2000 – AFTERNOON
COLUMBIA, MARYLAND

[600 sq.ft. apartment. Open layout with kitchen stage right and living room stage left. Elena [6] dances in front of the television to “God Help the Outcasts” in her pajamas. She mimics Esmerelda’s sweeping operatic number. Melanie [28] washes a pot of rice in a metal pot. It sounds like a cabasa. Their backs are to the audience until VRRREEEP - ... “God Help the Outcast” VEARS out as the VHS tape fades into white & black lines. Elena freezes. She turns to Melanie with a pout. They talk/rap to the rhythm of the cabasa. Elena stutters—]

ELENA: Ma! The-th-the tape es bbrooken- c- c- c- c- can you fix it?

MELANIE: *[hiding sadness]* slow down, hija, forget about the tape -

ELENA: B-b-but -

MELANIE: I’ll get your father to fix it, go get dressed or you’ll be late.

ELENA: B-b-but -

MELANIE: *[speaking]* slow down, hija.

ELENA: *[inhala, exhala melodies]* I want to sing my song for Grandma Susan today.

[Melanie shakes slow. Then slowssss then stops. She turns to Elena.]

MELANIE: Even if you mess up, I know she would like it anyway... Now hurry, get dressed before Dad gets home for your birthday.

[Melanie turns on the stove. She cooks the rice. Elena pulls out the VHS tape... the film is stuck... she keeps pulling it out... the film keeps coming out. Oops. Melanie doesn’t see... Elena wraps herself in the film like a “dress.” She sings about her dreams as she gets ready for the party.]

ELENA:
I can be a singer on the televicion
I’ll help Mom and Dad so they won’t work to the bone

LA is far away, but for now, there’s nowhere else I’d rather beeee....
Then in myyyyyy
Home
En mi casa, comida, familia

Home
Where the music plays
Home
With my leggoos and the playstation
Where mi gente stay

[CUATRO LOS HERMANOS 4] BURST out of a bathroom door in their pajamas. They dance around her.]

MIS HERMANOS: HEY!

ELENA: [*speaking*] Hola, m-mis hermanos!

ELENA:
[singing] Just know, te amo,
I might be on the TV
but I'd rather be home
in my home
with my home.

MELANIE: ELENA! [*Elena and Los Hermanos all freeze dance*] I will not ask you all again. Go get dressed.

ELENA: Y-y-y-ess, Ma.

[Elena untangles herself and rushes into the bathroom with her 4 hermanos: faucet on. Shower runs. Chicken sizzles. Rice boils. All of these elements are the instruments for Elena's song. Elena changes her clothes. She continues singing as she brushes her teeth.]

ELENA:
Home
Where el baño esta armario – but it's okay.

MELANIE:
[*Speaking*] Stop running my water!

ELENA:
[*She gargles, spits, turns off the faucet*]
Home
Estamos juntoooo, en mi corazon,
Don't want it any other way.

MELANIE:
BOYS! Take your medicine!

[Elena and Los Hermanos jump out of the bathroom, all dressed all clean. Elena sings the solo. Los Hermanos sing the chorus -]

ELENA:
All we need is Abuela,
Then my birthday will be great
She will always be
Home
In my home
With my home -

LOS HERMANOS:

En mi casa, comida, familia

Where mi gente staaaaay

[Simon [27] enters with Elena's birthday cake! And oh baby, it's cold outside. The sound of the afro-latino salsa band LOS BESOS DE MIS TIOS Y PRIMOS can be heard in the distance. Simon shuts the door. He shakes off the snow.]

ELENA AND LOS HERMANOS:
Daddy!

SIMON: [*speaking*] Rugrats! Happy Birthday, princess [He kisses Elena on the forehead]. Go find the candles. And fast!

[He kneels to their height. He looks to the door with "fear." He looks back at his kids -]

SIMON Cont'd: Go! The stampede is coming!

[The kids get giggly, excited! They run around the house frantically looking for candles. Simon places the cake on the dining room table, center upstage. Melanie is peeved... Simon notices]

SIMON Cont'd: What!? It's a party!

[Elena finds birthday candles in the kitchen junk drawer. Los Hermanos follow her to the dining room table. She places 6 on her cake. She looks at the cake face.]

ELENA: [*speaking*] Iiitt's Esmmamamarelda!

[Melanie “completes” the arroz con pollo... there is one already made for the stage. LOS BESOS get closer-]

MELANIE:
[*to Simon, whisper singing with the same Elena beat*]
I thought you said that
We'd keep this between us -

SIMON:
[sing/rap response]
Thought you'd like the quiet
Like the peace,
And overall you need the sleep -

MELANIE:

I didn't get more plates
Cook more food
Or get more drinks, though -

[Melanie rushes to find more paper plates and cups. Simon gets his camcorder ready to film. LOS BESOS GET LOUDER. Elena and Los Hermanos wait by the door to greet them, giggling giddy.]

SIMON:

Tio Malo says he's got it
Trust me, babe, I'm working on it.
Elena will never know,
We've always had a happy home
Remember what she always told us
Fill their souls with celebration -

[Melanie and Simon lock trusting eyes. KNOCK KNOCK KOCK. LOS BESOS go quiet. The Booker kids look at their parents]

MELANIE: *[speaking, comforting]* go ahead, open it.

[Elena opens the door and BLAM! LOS BESOS DE LOS TIOS Y PRIMOS ram-page through the door with Latin food (platanos y charizo, cold cow foot, collard greens, ox-tail) and salsa instruments (guitars, bongos, macarenas, etc.) They greet the family with hugs and besos! Los Primos run toward the TV to play video games. The leader of the band, TIO MALO comes in last with his guitar. He hoists Elena on his shoulders, playing as they sing the home song.]

EVERYONE:

En mi casa, comida, familia
Home
Where the music plays
Home
With my leggoos and the playstation
Where mi gente stay

EVERONE:

HEY!

ELENA:

[solo.] Just know, te amo,
I might be on the TV
but I'd rather be home
in my home
with my home -

[Elena sits in the middle of the table in front of her cake. Los Besos place the food on the table and surround her. Los hermanos stand in front of Los Besos]

LOS BESOS:

Con tus tias tus tios tus primos
Tu estas salva
Tenemos tapas - de Panama
y Ruben Blades
Sabe, te amo,
No importa que paso
Estas casa a mi
Estoy casa a ti
Casa aqui

[Melanie holds the arroz con pollo in one hand and a cabasa in the other. She places the pot stage right of Elena. Simon videotapes the festivities and stands stage left of Elena. They all sing the final chorus together. Elena y Los Hermanos in Spanglish, Melanie y Los Besos in Spanish]

ELENA Y LOS HERMANOS:

Just know, te amo
I might be on the TV
But I'd rather be
Home
In my home
With my home -

MELANIE Y LOS BESOS:

Sabe, te amo,
No importa que paso
Estas casa a
mi
Estoy casa a ti
Casa aqui -

[KEY CHANGE]

ELENA: *[Stutter.]* GR-GRANDMA SUSAN, ARE YOU WITH ME?

[Pause. Silence. Elena looks about. No Grandma Susan. The adults in the room look at Melanie to respond. She picks up a box from under the table. She opens it frantically. She opens the box to reveal a pen. Melanie sings -]

MELANIE:

Elena,
Here's a pen for your thoughts and your fears... *[speaking]* Aye Dios, no puedo hacer esto -

[Melanie exits to the kitchen. More silence. Simon puts the pen in Elena's hands. He rap/sings.]

SIMON:

Grandma Susan, uh
Wants you to have this.

She knows you have a way with words,
Now we can see it.
[Speaking] She's sorry she couldn't come.
[Elena is sad. Simon eyes the cake, then his sad daughter, he sings in her beat -]

SIMON:
Make a wish.

[He eggs on everyone to join him. Los Hermanos sing "home," climbing the scale. Los Besos sing the hook as Elena watches lovingly-]

LOS HERMANOS:	LOS BESOS:	SIMON:
Hooooooooooooome...	En mi casa, familia, comida	Make a wish
	Where the music plays	Make a wish
	With my legooooos and the	Make a wish
	playstation	Make a wish
	Where mi gente stay	

[Blackout. Spotlight on Elena with her cake. She clasps her pen like a microphone to her mouth. She whispers her wish -]

ELENA:
Just know, te amo,
I might be on the TV

[Elena blows out the candles. The blackout gradually fades, revealing her family as she sings the home lines. They sing the hook -]

ELENA:	BESOS, HERMANOS, Y SIMON:
But I'd rather be home	En mi casa, comida, familia
In my home	Where mi gente // stay -
With myyyyyyyyyyyyyy hooome.	

TIO MALO:
[speaking. Patwa] Okay, okay dis es sum gud sentimentalieeee en wat not but, we dun know, yeh?

[Uncle Malo turns on the television. He turns to a Reggae Dancehall channel.]

TIO MALO:
BRRRRRRRA-BRA-BRA! FELIZ CUMPLENOS ELENNNNNAAAAAA!

[Everyone breaks into the food and the dance moves - except Simon...]



CHRISTINE HEYSE
APRIL 2015
VILLAGERS AT WORK
WATERCOLORS ON PAPER

Creating slice-of-life paintings showing the people of the local village engaged in their daily work.



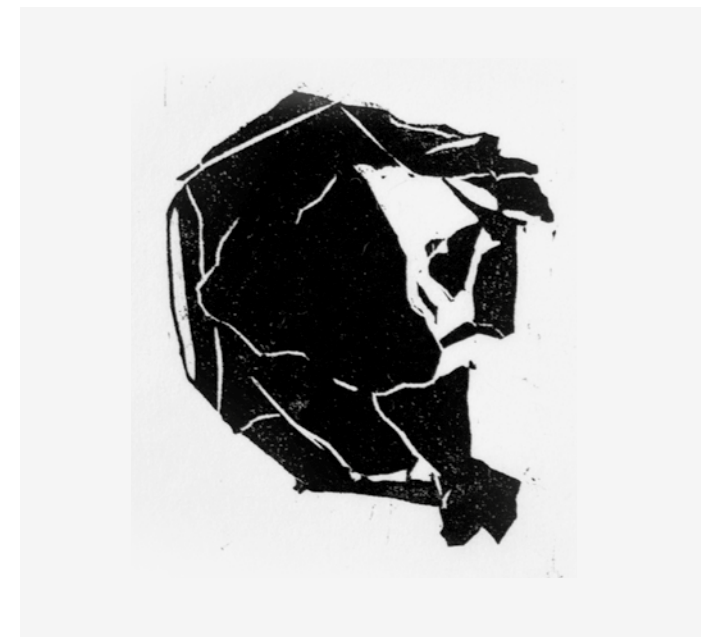
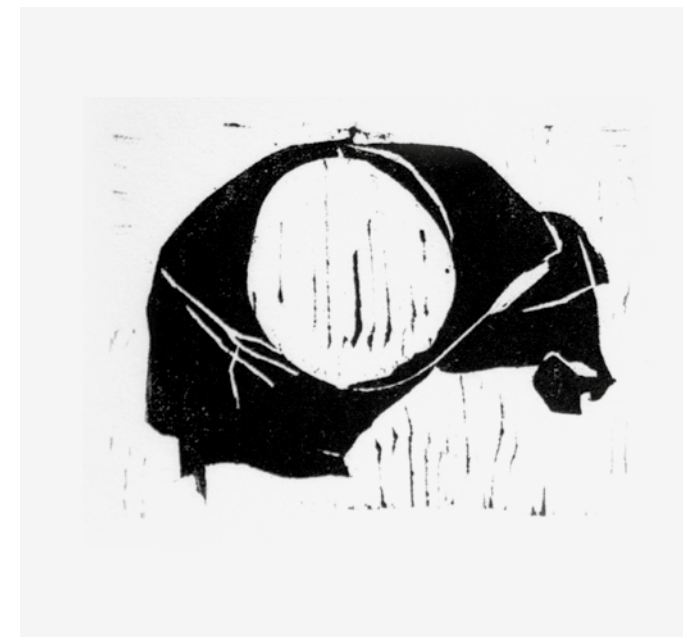
KAVITA SINGH KALE

JUNE 2015 - JUNE 2018

CAT SERRAT - WANDERINGS

GRAPHIC NOVEL, 21 X 29,7 CM

Cat Serrat - wanderings is a graphic novel depicting illustrated visual poems about a mysterious and magical black cat of the Montserrat mountains. The wordless comic book is a love letter to the Catalonia landscape.



TOBY MILLMAN

JUNE 2015

CAN SERRAT CANS

WOODCUTS, VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

One of the things I noticed in El Bruc was the smashed cans along the side of the streets. Worn, flattened cans are all over the streets in Detroit, except the city where I live has poor municipal services and a high rate of pollution, while El Bruc is a well-kept village within an idyllic landscape. So these cans reminded me of home. I began by drawing them, and later I carved my drawings into woodblocks and printed them. As I worked, they began to remind me of aerial views, alluding to both the natural landscape around Montserrat and built environment nestled alongside the mountain. It was during this time that I also learned a bit about Catalan history and starting thinking about the land as a contested space.



SARAH GOODCHILD ROBB

AUGUST 2015

MONTSERRAT I, MONSTERRAT II

MIXED MEDIA COLLAGES ON PAPER, 50 X 70 CM EACH

My process begins with walking-a repetitive and rhythmic action. Walking in the strange Montserrat landscape often shifts my perspective, and my drawings are a sort of translation from memory of natural and sensorial observations into meditative and abstract images.



ELIZABETH ASHE

AUGUST 2015

ALCOVE

BAMBOO, ZIP TIES, DONATED TILE, CASTER WHEELS, CEMENT, HARDWARE, WOOD PALLET, 178 X 100 X 76 CM

Alcove is an interactive, mobile sculpture, which the participant can move around until the portal frames a view they want to sit with and enjoy.



ILANA CRISPI

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2015

BALDOSAS TOT MANUAL

LOCALLY HARVESTED CLAYS

Locally harvested clays and industrial ceramic debris were used to construct murals and structures in the surrounding architecture and landscape



DANIEL MORENO ROLDÁN

AUGUST 2015 - NOVEMBER 2015

MUSIC FOR MONTSERRAT

PERFORMANCE (15')

INSTALLATION (VARIABLE DIMENSIONS)

A dialogue between two characters, Irina and Daniel, who, in turn, try to be other characters. In it Daniel proposes to read a couple of scripts in which he links an unexpected experience he lived during an artistic residency on the mountain of Montserrat with a distant event that, at first, was the starting point of his supposed project of residence. These two are events of completely different scales: "A girl breaks the floor of Daniel's sound studio" and "a volcano erupts on a Caribbean island."



KAMILLA SAJETZ MATHISEN

OCTOBER 2015

GHOST

FOUND ORGANIC MATERIALS, 400 X 400 X 150 CM

A whisper from the marine past of the local mountain and forest.



NASHWA MAATOUK

OCTOBER 2015

IT'S ALL ABOUT THOSE LITTLE THINGS

MIXED MEDIA, VIDEO

A work in progress experimenting to focus on the individual gestures , investigating the details of how we are subconsciously expressing our stories through tools other than words.



MARTA BISBAL TORRES

MARCH 2016

UNTITLED

Exploration of a map of the Montserrat mountain which forms the boundary of the end of the municipality of El Bruc. An immersive intervention into the cartography of the region.



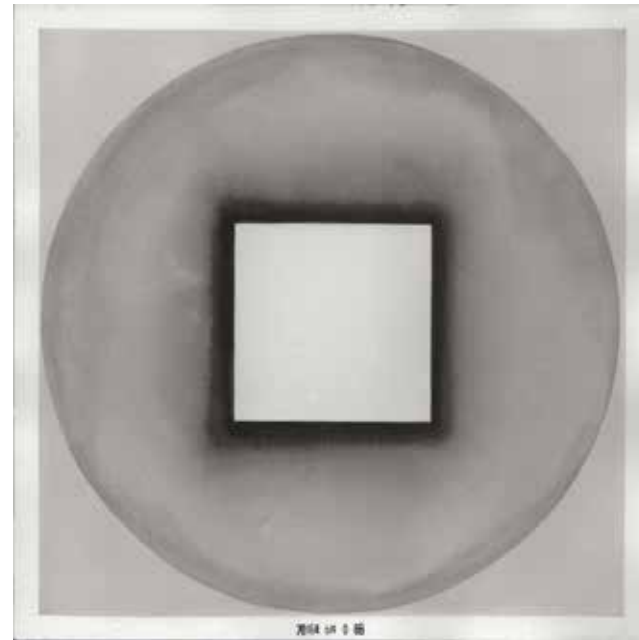
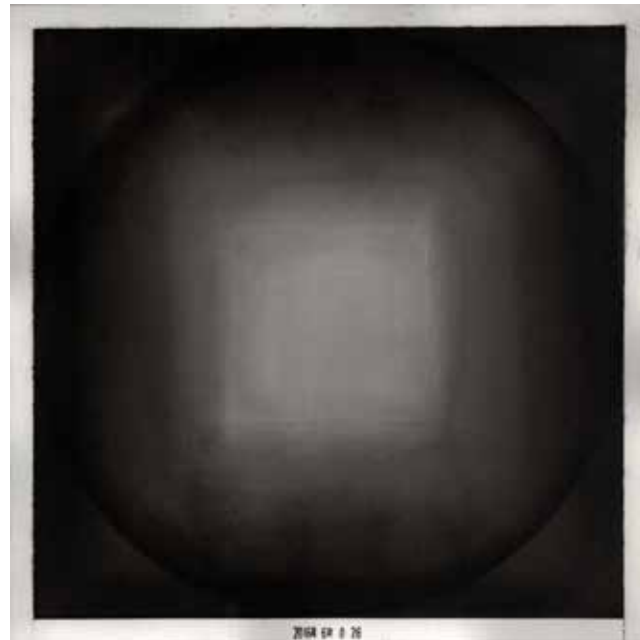
ANDREA GARCIA

MAY 2016 - APRIL 2017

HIKE TO THE PORTAL

89 X 103 CM

Hand-embroidered psychogeographic visualization of a hike to Montserrat Portal in 2017.



CHAI MI

MAY 2016

BETWEEN ROUND AND SQUARE

SERIES OF PAINTINGS

This series of paintings are completed in a unified form, due to a uncertainty and natural change of manual work caused by water-based mixed pigment, the serial visual art works displayed the changes in the rules and the changing rules.



ANA MARIA MICU

MAY 2016

NO TITLE

SELF-ADHESIVE VINYL CUTTINGS WALL DRAWING,
VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

I developed a large-scale wall drawing out of grey self-adhesive vinyl cuttings as a temporary visual context for an unfinished, smaller, graphite drawing on canvas, and by manipulating the documentary photographs I gathered, I produced a stop motion animation, which speculates on the fluctuations of addition and subtraction that I performed.



ANDREA MAGNANI

MAY - JULY 2016

IONISO (AND BROTHERS)

VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

How to unmask the process of making sense, focusing upon the tension between ordering and generating forces, and the overlapping of the two.



KELLY ECKEL

JULY 2016

POLLINATION SERIES

PHOTOPOLYMER ETCHINGS, 30 X 22 IN

One out of every three bites of food we eat comes from pollination; the work is a reflection of the time I spent looking at pollinators and their needs.



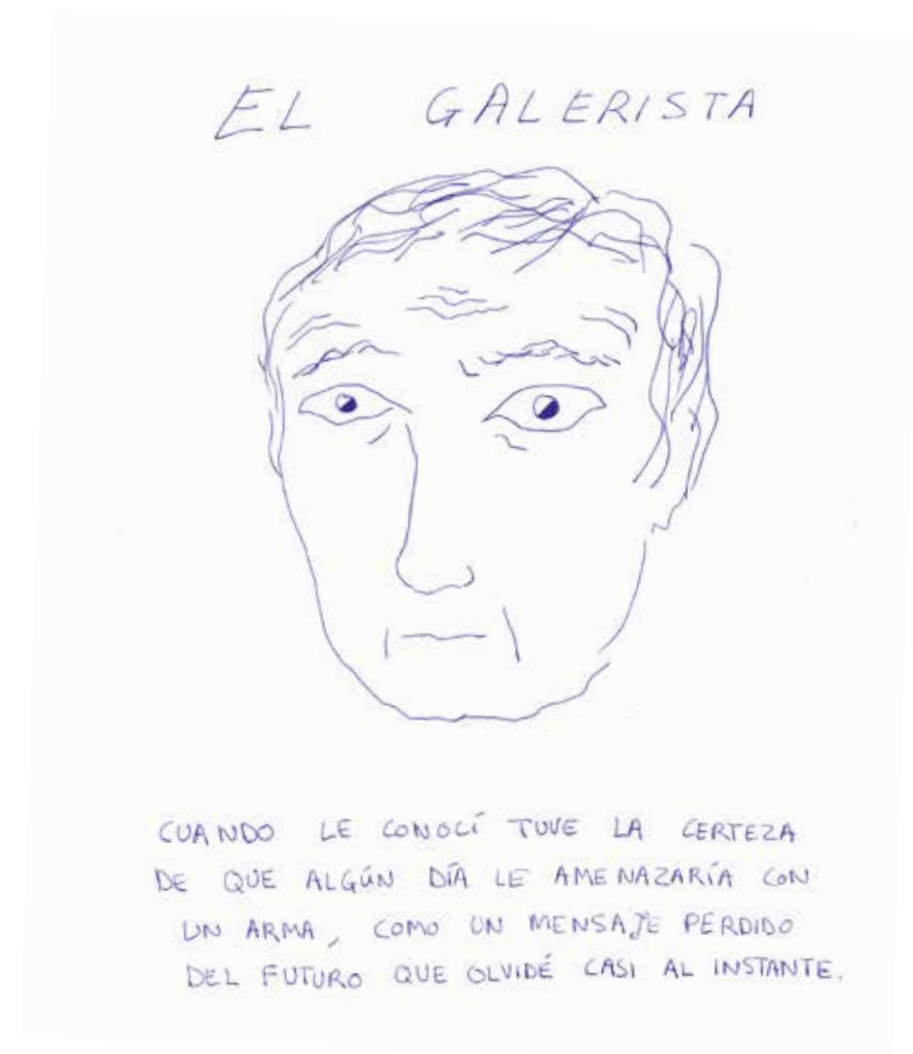
SHANNON FASELER

JULY 2016

WATER RESOURCES IN RURAL COMMUNITIES

CHARCOAL AND PENCIL ON PAPER, 12 X 14 IN

Thinking about geological climate change and water resources in isolated communities, turning statistics into visual language.



ALDO URBANO PEREZ

JULY - AUGUST 2016

A FOREST, WHOSE FIRE HAS BEEN EXTINGUISHED

COMIC BOOK PRODUCED BY LA SALA D'ART JOVE AND LA PANERA, WITH THE SUPPORT OF CAN SERRAT, 29.7 X 21 CM, 250 PAGES

A comic book in which a young artist (although he sometimes speaks like an old man) summarizes his dark adventures in the art world and his desperate attempts to grow. These include, on the one hand, some real facts and ephemera (for example, an image of the exhibition "Imitar el movimiento de un espejismo", a photograph of my gallerist, or an actual Tibetan painting) along with a sea of fictions and exaggerations. Through these pages, we are accompanied by an exalted, cynical, and visionary voice and his excessive epic constantly falls into humor and the absurd. What arises is the career of the emerging artist as an unstoppable deterioration and which descends into a pact with evil.



CONSUELO TUPPER

AUGUST 2016

PASSWORD
BOARD GAME

Password is a board game that seeks to investigate the structure, motivations and deviations of a daily conversation.



SYBILLE HOTZ

AUGUST 2016

LA CHUPA DE LA AMISTAD
SELF MADE JACKET
FABRICS, WOOL, YARN, HAND EMBROIDERY



ALLAN BECH

AUGUST 2016

THE PRESENCE OF DIVERSITY WITHIN THE MONOTONOUS MASS

DRAWING, PHOTOS AND TEXT

A project seeking to construct a hidden gap between two different contexts (Eixample and Montserrat).



MARIT TUNESTVEIT DYRE

AUGUST 2016

CARRYING A LIFE ON HIS BACK

OBSERVATION PHOTO, DIGITALLY PRINTED ON MATTE PAPER, 75 X 50 CM

At Can Serrat my attention was righted towards the expanded use of textile in various social, cultural, urban and political contexts, this being; textiles banners and a textile constructions used for street sale in Barcelona.



FELL

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2016

TRIMMEN DER ACHSELHAARE MIT STUMPFFEN SCHEREN

26 SQUARE C-PRINTS, VARIED DIMENSIONS

Oh this really reminds me on that artist who works with squares, what's his name?



MILI GENESTRETI & TINNA PIMENTEL

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2016

REDENZIONE

INSTALLATION, PHOTOGRAPHY AND VIDEOART

This project had as its starting point the reading and reflection of the Process of Individualization of Carl Gustav Jung, studies of specific issues and situations of daily life of contemporary man, aligned to the poetic, technological research and exploring the possibilities of artistic constructions using the images, transforming them those in visual narratives, such as paintings, objects, photographs, installations and videos.



BELINDA HANSON

OCTOBER 2016

NO TITLE

1/2 CHAIRS, SURGICAL TUBING, REEDS, PLASTIC BOTTLE,
4 X 6 X 2 IN

Two people in conversation/relation and attempting to understand, but so much is still hidden beneath the surface.



CAROLYN CARDINET

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2016

FOREST JEWELS

TRYPTICH, 2 OVER RIVER BED AND 1 TOTEM, PLASTIC &
BAMBOO

Forest Jewels creating awareness with 263 Single-Use Plastic bottles collected from the environment.



TIM MCLORAINE

OCTOBER 2016

LOS HUESOS

VIDEO LOOP

The video piece 'Los Huesos' was part of a solo exhibition at Dupont Underground in Washington DC in February 2018.



STIG MARLON WESTON

OCTOBER 2016

DIVINATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER, 60 X 90 CM

Searching for divine guidance in the landscape of a holy mountain I made photographic chemical fingerprints of the stone surface and sunset light on seven different mountain peaks.



MARC VILANOVA

JANUARY - FEBRUARY 2017

ARESTA

12 CHANNEL SOUND, SAXOPHONES, STEEL, WOOD, SPEAKER CONES, LEDS, DMX CONTROLLERS, CUSTOM SOFTWARE, CUSTOM ELECTRONICS, DIMMERS, 700 X 450 X 300 CM

During my stay I made the research and firsts prototypes of Aresta.



MAHLA RASHIDIAN

FEBRUARY 2017

CULTURE VS. NATURE

Facts can manipulate and create norms in social complexity



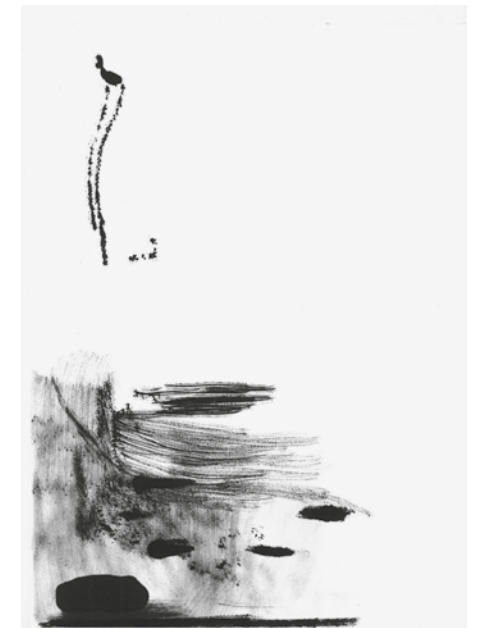
JOHANNE TEIGEN

MARCH 2017

UNTITLED

PHOTOPAPER, 100 X 60 CM

Daily ritual routs I took while at Can Serrat became my project where I placed my prints, to be able to improve my hanging and become more aware of the surroundings to where I was hanging.



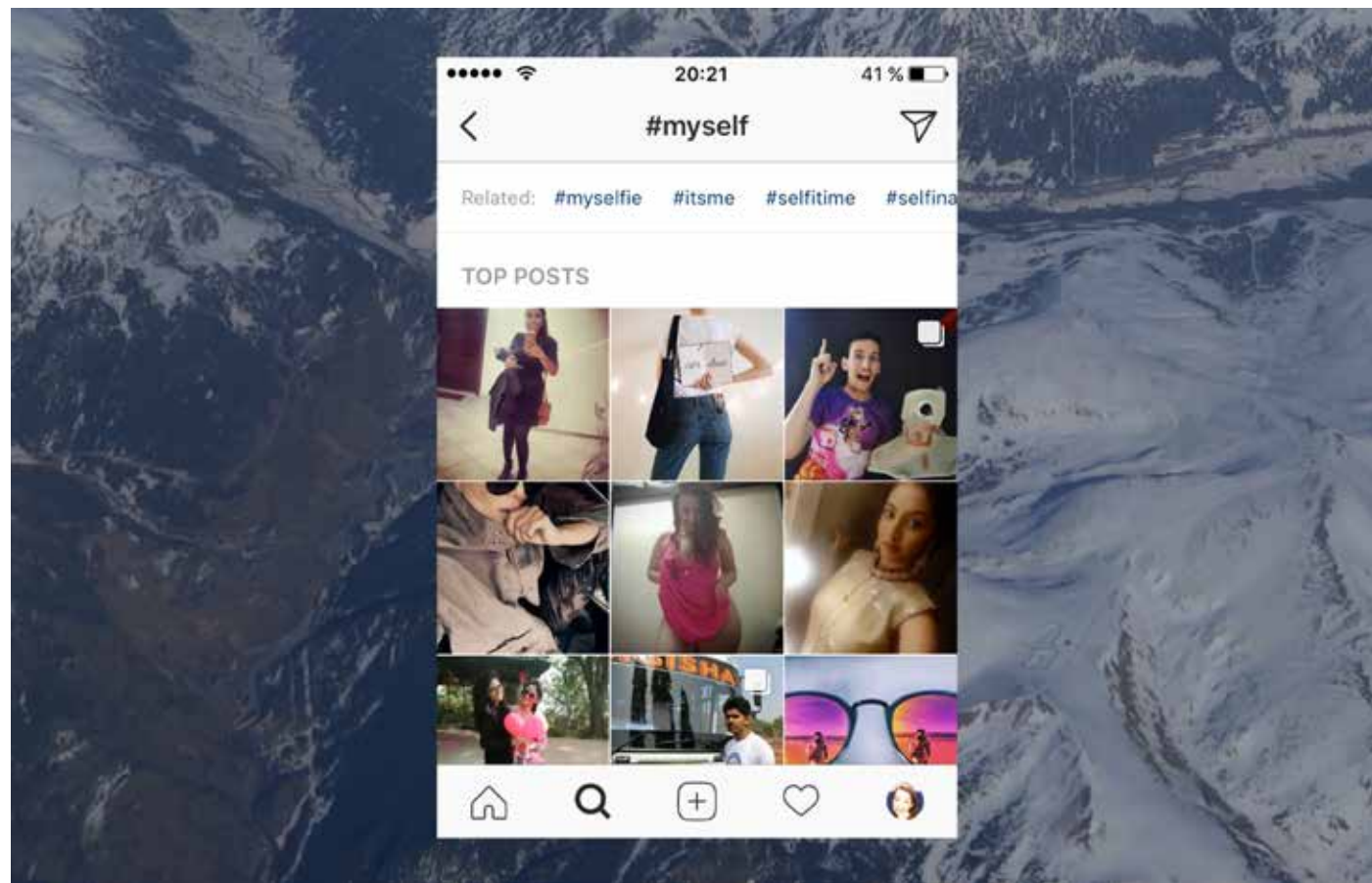
BENCE KALA

APRIL 2017

UNTITLED (CS), UNTITLED (CS), UNTITLED (CS)

INK ON PAPER, 25 X 35 CM EACH

Taking the first sound that comes along.



MARION BALAC

APRIL - MAY 2017

ALL BY MYSELF

VIDEO FULL HD, COLOUR, SOUND, 4 MIN 48 S, LOOP, VIDEO PROJECTION

All by myself is a melancholic karaoke where lyrics appear as screenshots: hashtags referenced on Instagram (and their related images) guide us through the famous song, and when the chorus «I do not want to be all by myself anymore» resonates, it seems to become the essential motto of every social network.



GEORGI ANN COQUEREAU

MAY 2017

COMMONGROUND

BOOK, PLEXI GLASS SCULPTURE, 22,86 X 33,02 X 10,16 CM

“Common Ground” is a plexiglass sculpture in the form of a book with plastic transparent pages that allow light to flow through, creating dimension, while one's facial reflection integrate with the images on the pages as one looks through, to invite the viewer to participate in one's own frame of reference.



MEGAN BROUGHTON

JUNE 2017

CELLO STUDIES, BOWING I, BOWING II
ART CRAYON, 20 X 25.5 IN

The series concerns the heritage of movement and culture, the physical manifestations of tradition and pedagogy, generations of community and their diasporas, and the role of the musician in politics and culture. These drawings track the movement of a cellist's bowing hand.»



CLAUDIA DEN BOER

JUNE - JULY 2017

WHEN IS A MOUNTAIN
DIVERSE

Fascinated by the silent, stable presence and yet constant changeability of the 'faces of the mountain' I look into questions of perception and perspective and how it relates to the photographic image.



VICTORIA MARIE BARQUIN

JULY 2017

TILE FACTORY

MONOTYPE AND TRACE DRAWING, 11.5 X 11.5 IN EACH

This series of prints, titled Tile Factory, contemplates the consideration of walls as an extension of self—as having an intimate connection to our thoughts and feelings.



CECILIA LUTUFYAN

JULY 2017

THE MUSIC OF MY LOVE FOR YOU

FIELD RECORDING OF CICADAS, TRACED SCORE ON 45 GRAM PAPER, 500 X 60 CM

This work is based in the search for a code that allows one to return to that from which one is separated. This project starts from the multiple connections that underlie the language of the cicadas, to Bach scores, to sacred painting and to alchemical hermeticism.



GOPAL MEHAN

AUGUST 2017

UNTITLED

OIL ON CANVAS, 36 X 48 IN.



CLAIRE DUCÈNE

AUGUST 2017 - JULY 2018 - JULY 2019

CRUISE TO POLAR CIRCLE. SUMMER 1929

IN SITU INSTALLATION WITH DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS, VIDEOS, SCULPTURES AND LITERATURE

Exploring the concept of travel and preparing the exhibition «Cruise to Polar Circle. Summer 1929» for the cultural centre La Maison Losseau, Mons (BE).



LENA PHALEN

AUGUST 2017

FIGURE

40 X 35 CM



ANNA WOLFE-PAULY

SEPTEMBER 2017

HAMMONK

PHOTOGRAPHY, INSTALLATION, SOUND RECORDING AND WRITING

I made a hammock and brought it to a monk in Montserrat where we had conversations about light.



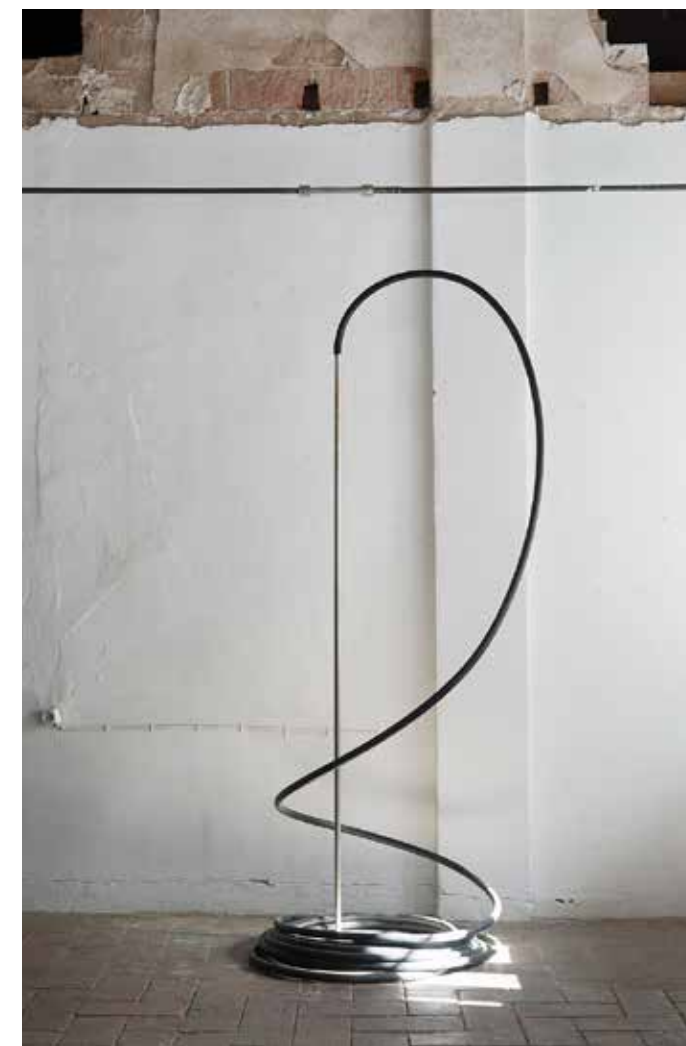
AMERY KESSLER

OCTOBER 2017

BALANCING LADDER

COURTYARD, LADDER

Balancing a ladder was a spontaneous act, a creative process that served or epitomized a state of being in the moment—thinking and not thinking, playing and not playing, working and not working.



SHIR LUSKY

OCTOBER 2017

THE SEVENTH YEAR

ARCHIVAL PIGMENT PRINTS, 120 X 80 CM.

The Seventh Year is a series of photographs that deals with sculpture and installation and evolve on the axis between possession (Heb. shlita) and concession (Heb. shmita, also denoting fallow year), between exerting control and letting go.



ELIA RITA
OCTOBER 2017

TRACES OF INTIMACY
N/A

A. and me had just met, and we wandered wordlessly with moist soil between our hands. We pursued personal discomfort by establishing a shared plane of intimacy: uninterrupted, silent hand-holding during 3 hours. Subtle, unspoken forms of dialogue emerged, allowing for new ways of (mis)communicating.



PARIS GIACHOUSTIDIS
NOVEMBER 2017

CULTURAL EXPERIMENTS
PENCIL ON PAPER AND PASTEL, 300 X 1600 CM



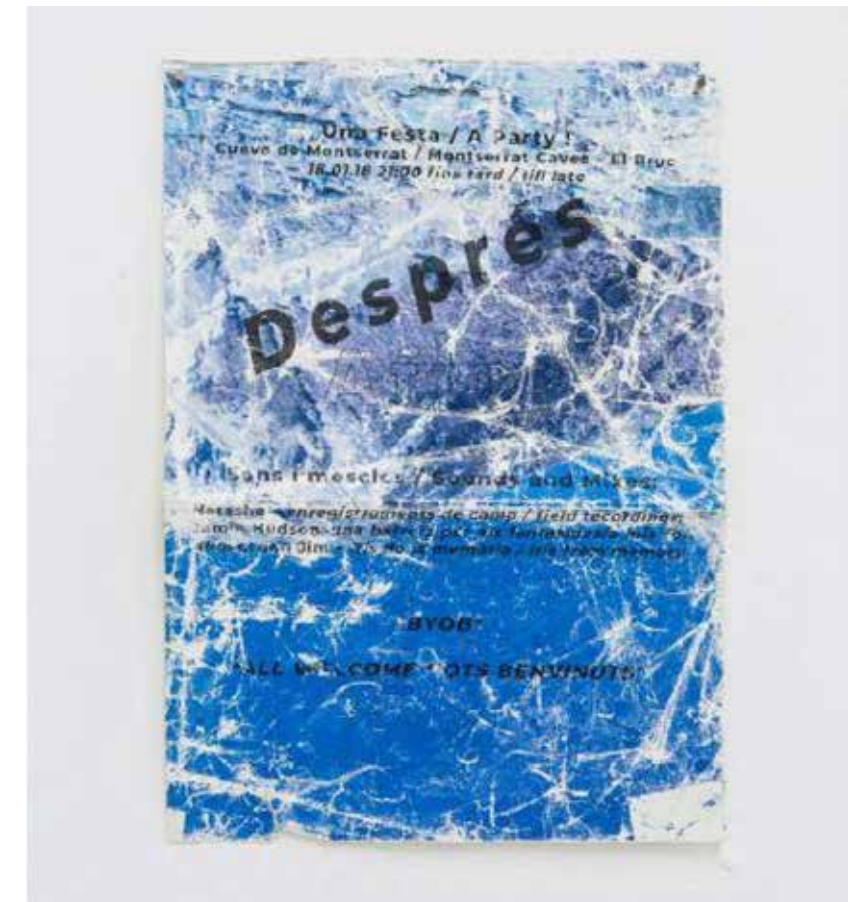
POTIRA MAIA

JANUARY 2018

EL PECADO ORIGINAL

POLYPTIC, ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

When societies turn a natural product, used from the original peoples, into illegal for economic and moral / religious reasons ... the best transgression will be to use it with the symbolic object of sin - original sin.



NATASHA COX

JANUARY 2018

DESPRÉS AFTER

ARCHIVAL POSTER, VIDEO AND SOUND INSTALLATION

Després (After) traces a gathering of bodies on a temporary cave dance floor at the foot of the Monserrat mountains in El Bruc, Catalonia, Spain. This pre-coastal range has historically been regarded as a sacred and spiritual place. Here slippages and apertures into other dimensions appear.

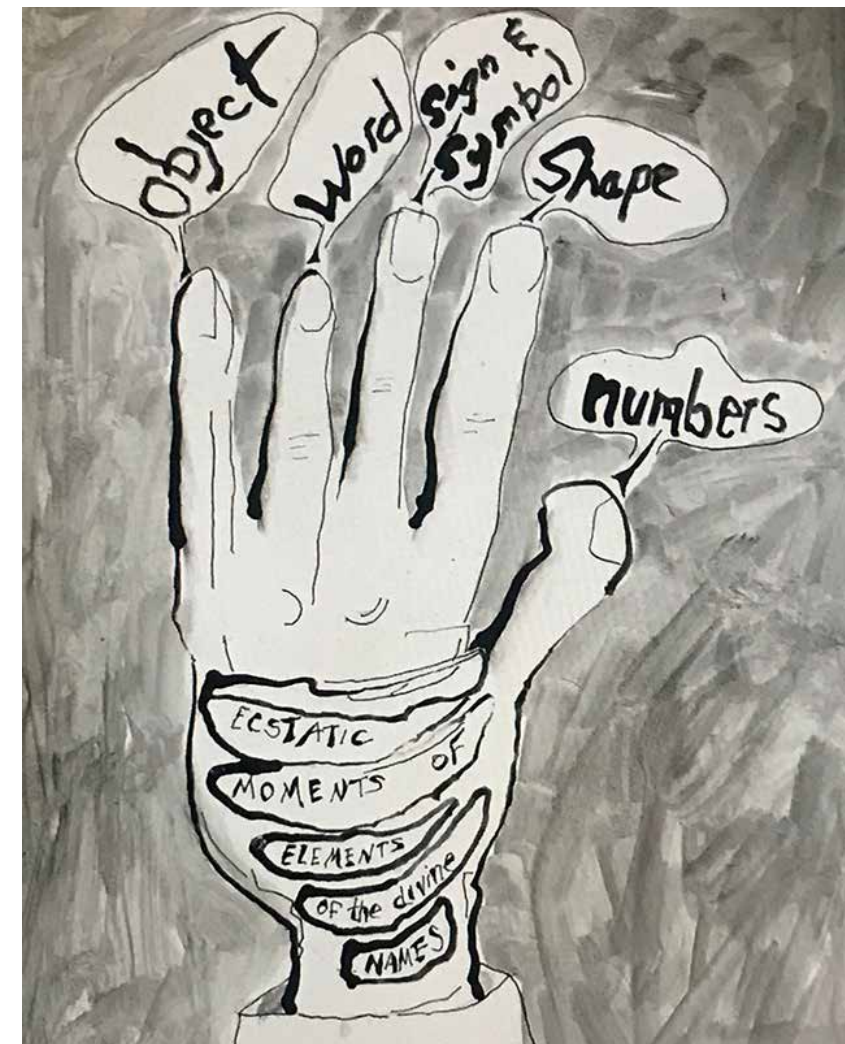


ERIC LEMMON

JANUARY 2018

I-35, TIME-BASED SOUND (MUSIC COMPOSITION)

Worked on completing score and parts to I-35, a symphonic work for Chelsea Symphony for premiere in January, 2018.



JERRY WELLMAN

JANUARY 2018

MANO DE TIEMPO, INK ON PAPER 18 X 24 IN

This project explores meaning and intention in language and conversation.

**ME BIANCHI**

JANUARY - FEBRUARY 2018

LOS PUEBLOS DETENIDOS EN EL TIEMPO

DIGITAL VIDEO, 6 MIN

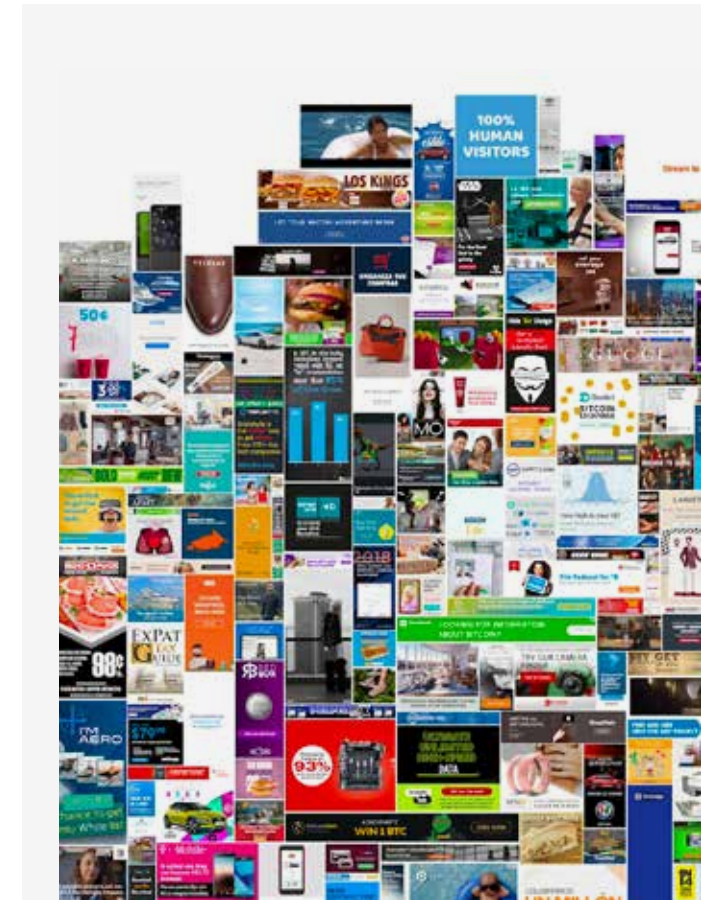
The visual representation of the diferentes cultures and life's style in towns in the North of Argentina, Bolivia and Perú.

ISM

Every cluster has one, a bad apple, an orange monster, the bad boy that wants to break away; every ism has had one.



digital photograph of locally sourced fruit singled out and dressed up by local artist, Aldo Urbano.
34 x 22 C-print, sintra, plexiglass; 2018, Catalunya, maybe Spain.

**C.FRANCO**

FEBRUARY 2018

MULTIPLE PROJECTS

MULTIPLE MATERIALS



RAFAEL CAÑETE FERNÁNDEZ

FEBRUARY 2018

EL BRUC FREE WALKING TOURS



MBNS

FEBRUARY 2018

UNLEARN THE CONDITION

VIDEO, SOUND, TILE, SOIL, WOOD, FABRIC, APPROXIMATELY 500 X 700 CM

'Unlearn the condition' is a temporary, site specific installation of sound, video, and movement encouraging play while exploring social and behavioral relationships, languages, and sensorial response.



JAMES CROSS

FEBRUARY 2018

DRINKING FOR TWO, A VESSEL FOR THE BLUES

CLAY, WOOD, JESMONITE, 20 X 28 X 6 CM

Two clay vessels, anatomically reminiscent of human hearts, hollowed out as if for drinking, sit alongside a whittled wooden bottle on a shelf that seems to have been loosely pressed into the wall.



ANNA-MARIA HÄLLGREN

MARCH 2018

THE MOUNTAIN

MIXED

The area of Montserrat is, amongst other things, about disappearances. Within the project, these disappearances – of memories, beliefs and people; of a huge, slowly eroding mountain, 40 billion years old, composed of pebbles and boulders, stories and myths – were being explored.



LERIN / HYSTAD

APRIL 2018

ELECTRONIC FLORA - MONTSERRAT
VIDEO & SOUNDART

We are using recordings of electrical biosignals from plants to create sound and video art. The electronic pulse of the plants controls the notes, rhythms and melodies in our music.

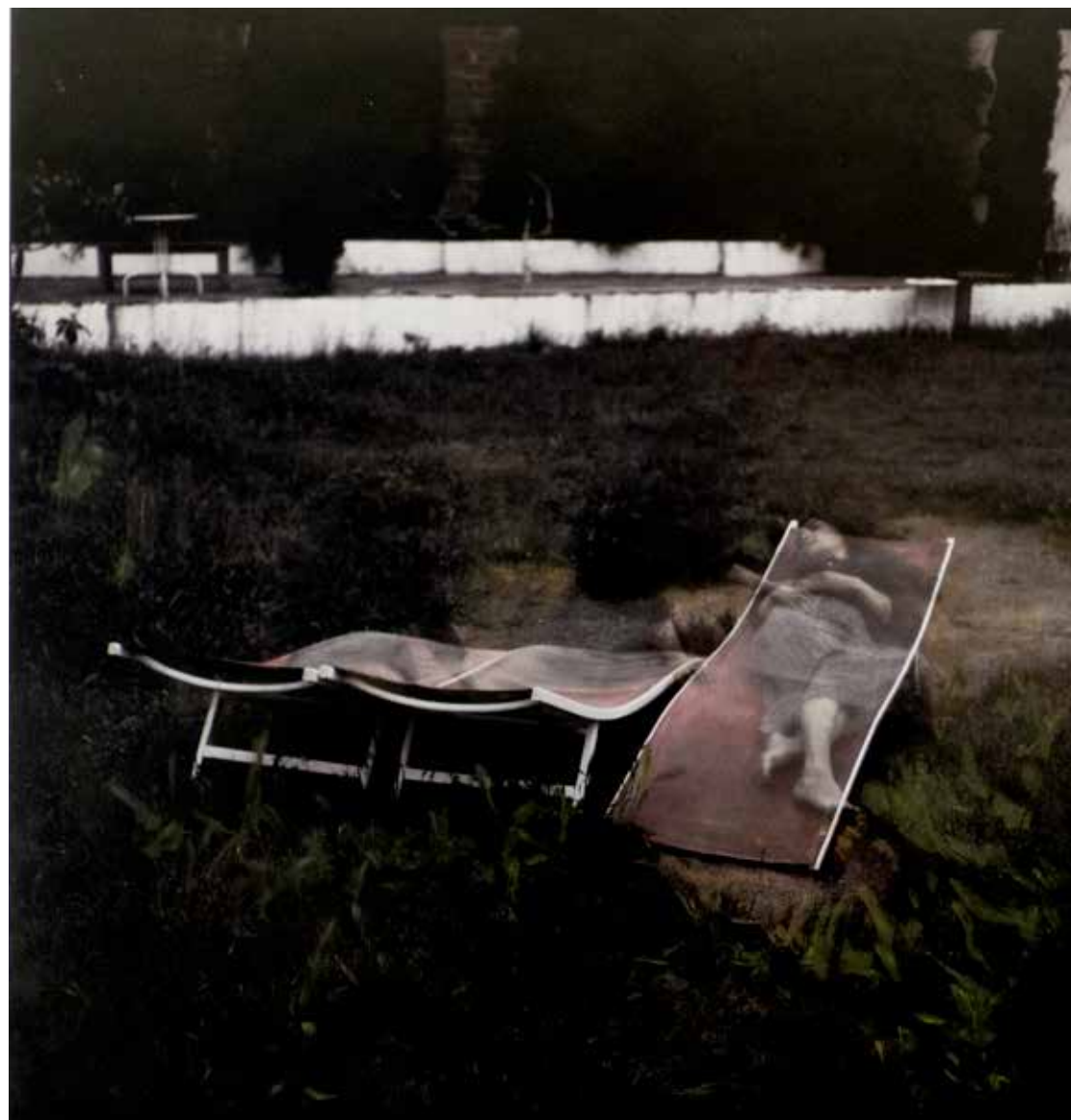


SOPHIE LINDSEY

APRIL - MAY 2018

**ART LOVERS LIFE DRAWING CLASS,
ART CRITICISM OF TRIPADVISOR**
ZINE, PERFORMANCE

Whilst at Can Serrat Sophie continued to develop a project surrounding museum culture and tourism in Barcelona, where she repurposed Trip Advisor comments from the Picasso museum and explored the potential of souvenirs and reproductions of artworks.



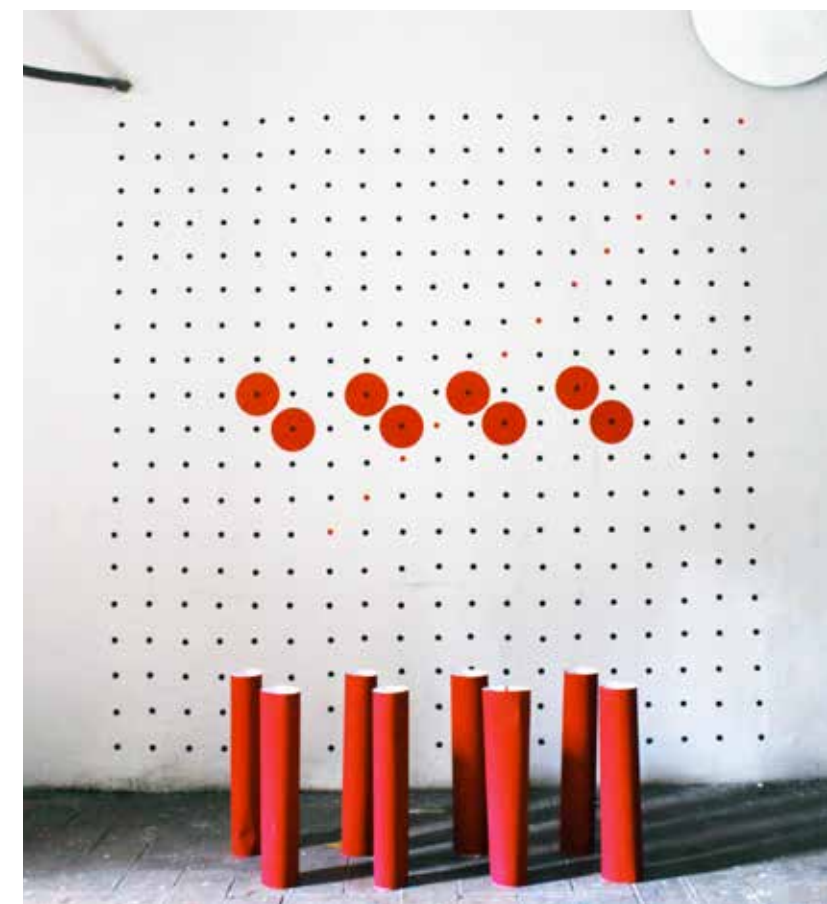
KADIE SALMON

MAY 2018

MOON BATHING

HAND COLOURED BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH,
SERIES OF 9, 30 X 30 CM

A series of 9 hand coloured long exposure photographs and 1 hand coloured moving image work- exploring the historic relationships between lunacy, female sexuality and landscape.



SOPHIE AUGER

JUNE 2018

ÉTANT DONNÉES (BIS)

INSTALLATION (VINYL, ACRYLIC AND PAPER), 6 X 6 X 3 FEET

Étant données (bis) is an installation and photography project that explores the notion of superstition and the aesthetics of science through abstract visualizations of data.



MARVAL A REX

JULY 2018

CYBER BODY SERIES

ANALOG FILM

Cyber Body Series is an investigation of the multiplicity of identity through experimental practices of self-portraiture.



FERNANDO GARRIDO ROJAS

JULY 2018

CYCLES 02

ENAMEL AND AEROSOL, 300 X 330 CM

My project consisted of abstract paintings on canvases or walls. I worked with multiple geometric forms influenced by urban art and my own observations made in the streets.



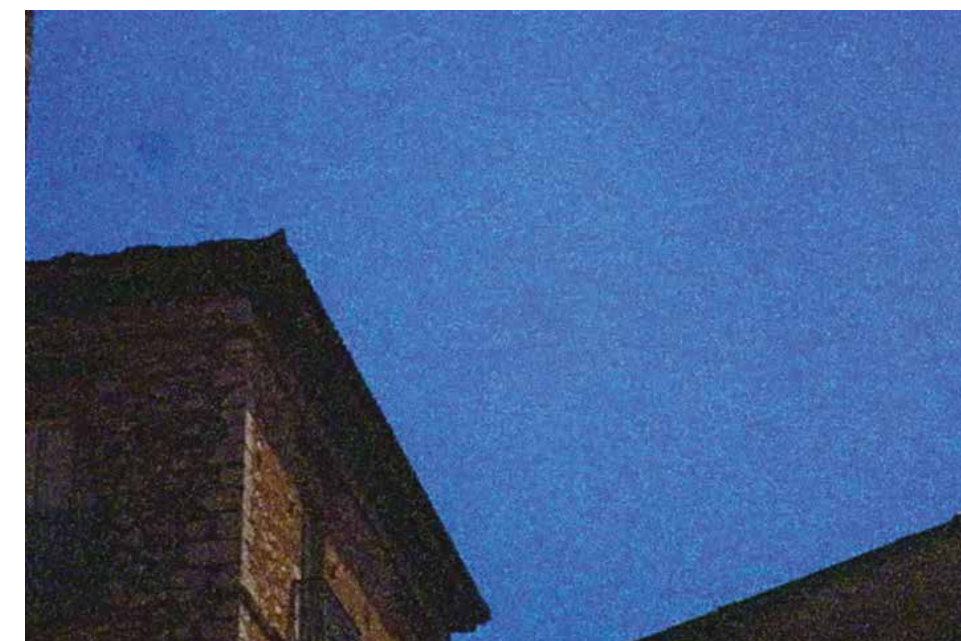
CULTURA PLASMIC INC

JULY 2018

LIVING IN AN INBOX

VIDEO ART PLUS INSTALLATION (SOFA WITH PROJECTION),
VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

Living in an Inbox is an immersive and interactive video installation exploring digital addiction through advertising, the search for comfort in familiar routines, infobesity and the digital architecture of our modern 'homes'.



ACADEMY RECORDS

JULY 2018

ETERNAL CIRCLE

FILM INSTALLATION WITH LIVE SCORE AND READING

Eternal Circle is a 45 minute performance piece confronting the relationship between fragmented landscape and memory.



FRIDAMARIA

AUGUST 2018

SOGIED «RELIGION»

MAKEUP, COSTUME, PHOTOGRAPHY, DIGITAL EDITION PRINTED ON POSTER PAPER, MOUNTED ON FOAM BOARD, 133 X 88 CM

Photography project that forms a part of the series “SOGIED” which narrates allegories about human relations through characters that make up a microbial community that live inside human beings. Through this, we are invited to reflect upon our behaviors and the distinct ways of existing beginning with our differences (idiosyncrasies, beliefs or spirituality and lifestyles.). This chapter of “SOGIED,” documents some of the ways in which human beings live a spiritual life through religion taking the community of the Benedictine Monks at the Montserrat Abbey as an example.



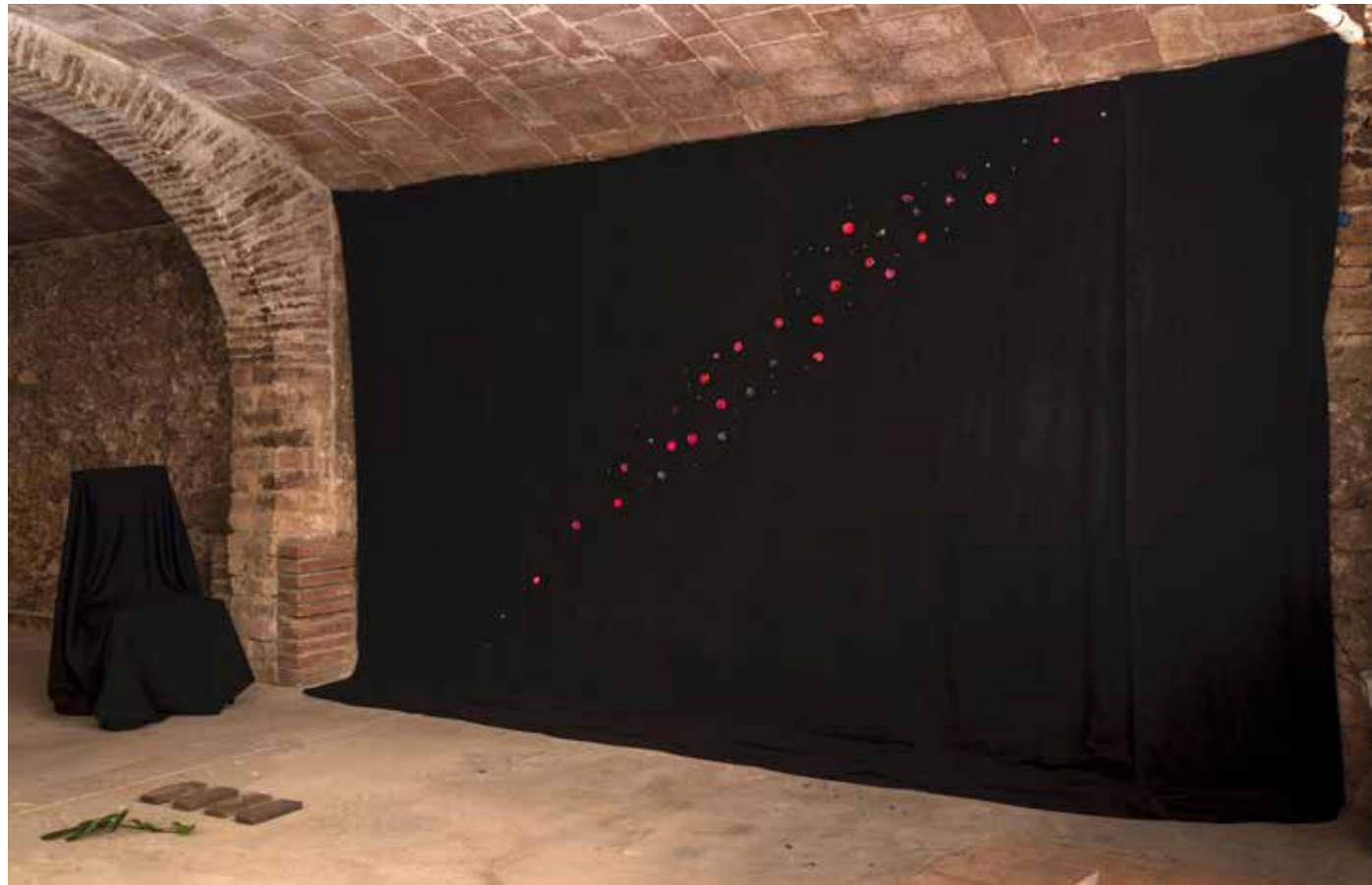
SUZANNE UNREIN

AUGUST 2018

LAST NIGHT'S INSOMNIA

16.75 X 14 IN

I created small pastel and ink drawings that were fragments for larger oil paintings to be created back in NYC.



JENN RENDALL

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2018

IN THE FIELD'

30+FLOWERS MADE AT RESIDENCY (DRIED PAINT RESIDUE), FOUND OBJECTS; FABRIC, ENGRAVED CERAMICS, PLANTS, 394 X 215 CM

Coming from New Zealand, I created two site-specific projects at Can Serrat art residency, about being present in the antipodal or opposite part of the world to my country of origin. 'In the Field' which was an installation about the loss of 4 members of my family during WW1, in response to visiting the grave of one great uncle, who died and was buried on the opposite side of the world to their place of birth in New Zealand, while also referencing the poppies that grow locally near El Bruc.



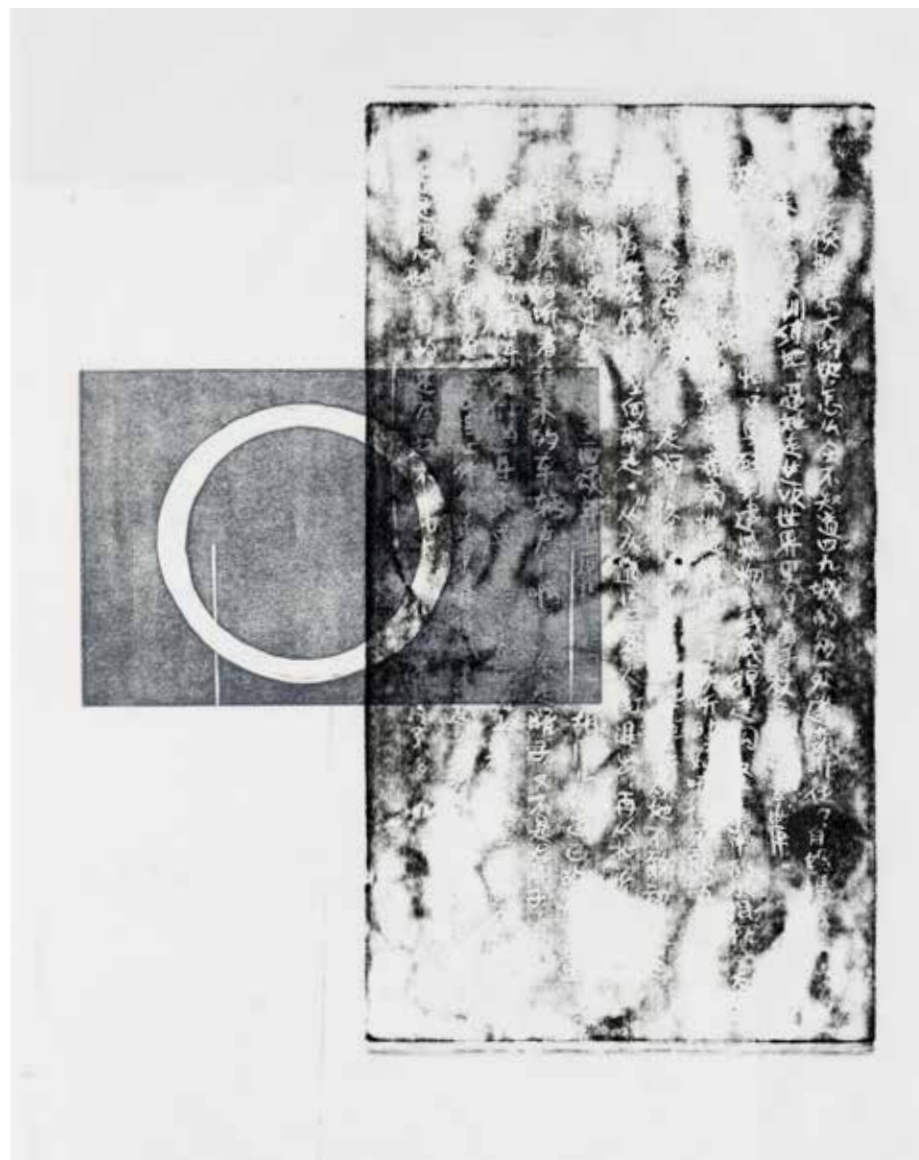
EFRAT KLIPSSTEIN

SEPTEMBER 2018

BETWEEN TWO POINTS THERE IS ONE STRAIGHT LINE

GLASS CASTINGS AND WOOD, VARIABLE SIZES

The project examines the tension between various shapes and forms, whether exist in reality or invented. In the center of the project are glass castings, placed on roughly worked wooden blocks.



CHLOÉ AZZOPARDI

SEPTEMBER - NOVEMBER 2018

GÉANTE

DRY POINT AND LINOCUTS ON VARIOUS SIZED FOUND PAPERS

The aim of the project was to create a book using experimental translation between a Chinese writer (Meng Wang) and me, a French artist/writer (Chloe Azzopardi) with the tools we had in the space and time of Can Serrat. All the book is based on/explores different levels of miscommunication.



TERESA ROMANO & MARCO TESTINI

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2018

THE MYTH

PRINTS ON BARYTA PAPER

Is it possible to create a collective memory of a thing that doesn't exist? This is what Teresa Romano and Marco Testini was trying to do in this art residency.



STEPHEN GUNNING

OCTOBER 2018

LAS ESPINAS

VIDEO, PHOTOGRAPHY AND SOUND ART

I am particularly concerned with the themes of placement and presence, what I express as 'the conventional metaphor of life as a journey' and in this respect I am fascinated by the relationship of the particular to the universal, the elevation of the ordinary into something filled with implied importance.



MARTINA KRAPP

OCTOBER 2018

MY SHADOW IS A HOLE IN THE EARTH,

ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 130 X 150 CM

The works represent the sensitive and subtle search for an imprint of an experience onto the material that holds an image.

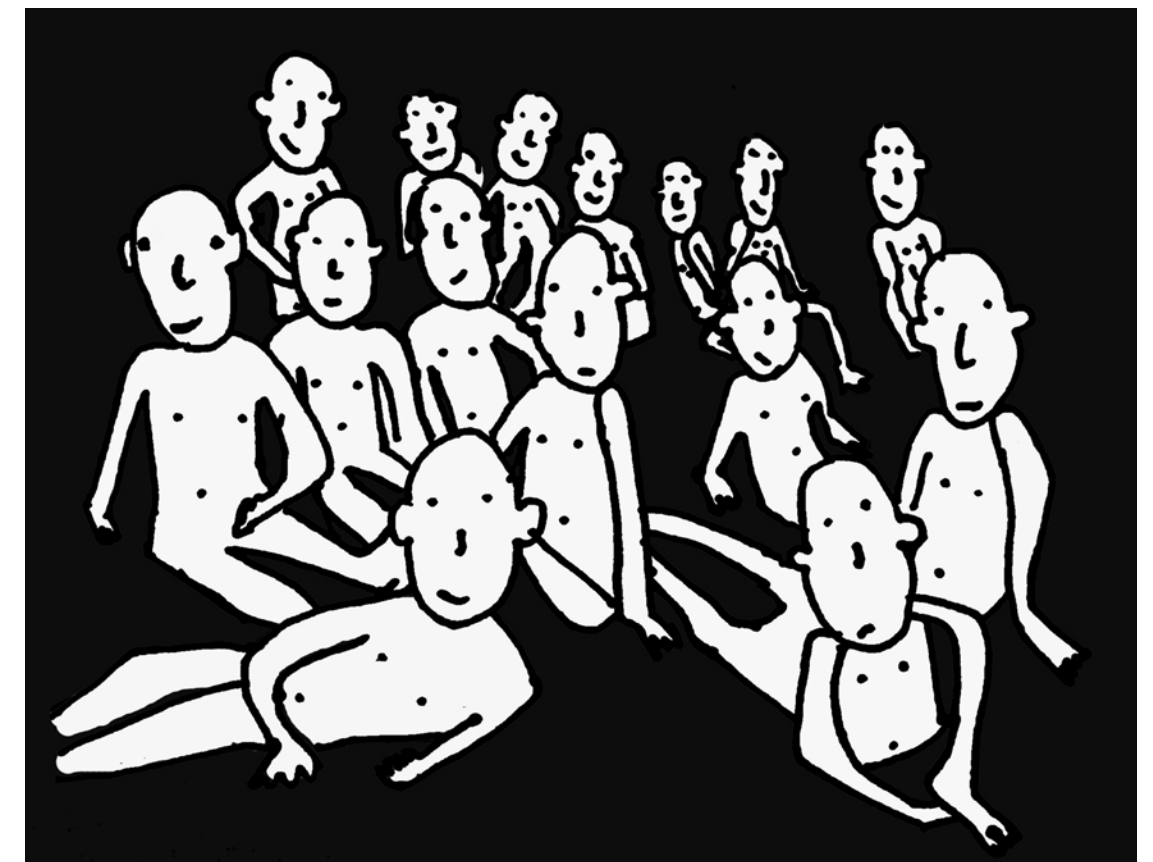

OLIVIA HERNÁIZ

OCTOBER 2018 - NOVEMBER 2019

THE WORKER, THE MIRROR AND THE PARROT

MIX MEDIA, 40 X 60 CM

Isolated in Can Serrat, I felt the need to tell the story of a man lost on an island. As a myth, a bedtime story or even a tale, one is free to believe in it, to get carried away, or to seek a morality out of it.


CLARA PUENTE

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 2018

VEINTIUNA (DISTORTED LOOKING GIRLS)

SMALL TALK PERFORMANCE: PROJECTION, AUDIO, AND ELEMENTS RELEVANT TO THE CONVERSATION, VARIABLE DURATIONS

Small talk about 20 photographed women for the cover album "Electric Ladyland" in which we try to, among other things, squeeze out all the meanings and interpretations in order to more deeply understand its significance and cultural messages.

Can Serrat is THANKFUL to

All the residents that came throughout those years, feed our thoughts and activated the community at Can Serrat.

All the users and friends of Can Serrat that come to the house on a regular bases, from El Bruc and its surroundings, activate and help the project to grow.

Special thanks to Eduard Alemany, all Brucgest office, Els amics de Can Serrat (Thais Buforn, Carla Jorba, Jordi Algarra), Rubén Leon Sanchez, Carles Estrada, Ramon Jorba, Marc Jorba, Bjørn Sola, Antonio Madrid, Anabelle Michon, Paola Caballero, Bernat Saus, Ignacio Llodrá, Karine Argile, Emanda Percival, Juan Felipe Mejia, Pere Subirana, Harri.

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Finally, a VERY big thanks to Can Serrat's founders for creating the community in the first place and for their ongoing energy and engagement throughout 30 years of project.

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