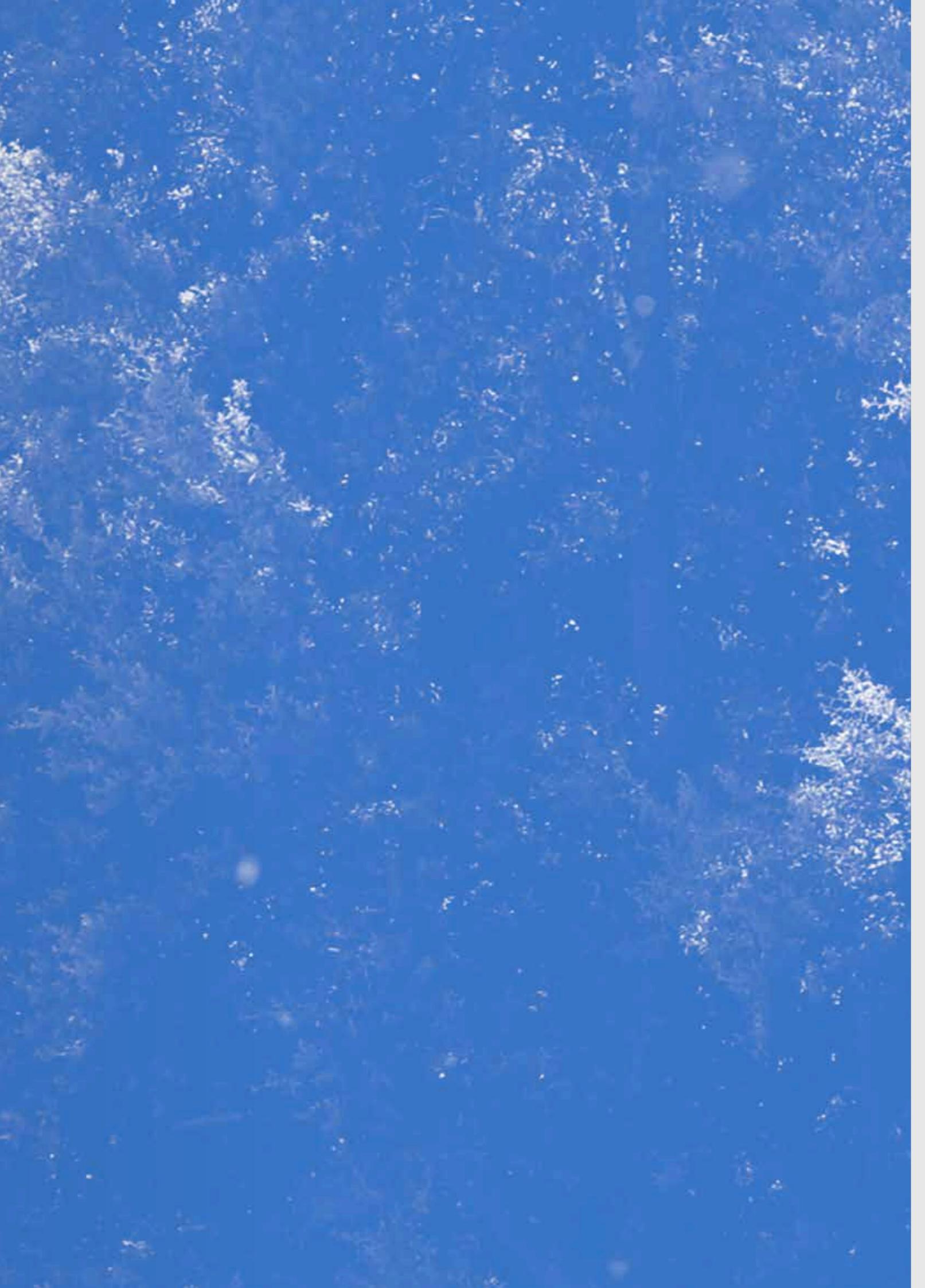


# CAN SERRAT

RESIDENTS' PROJECTS  
2019 - 2020

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There is a poplar tree near Can Serrat that shades the driveway leading to the residency and sheds its cotton-like seeds every year in the spring. The fluff floats on the air as it makes its journey to the ground and while the atmosphere takes on the appearance of a light snowfall, the air this year is unusually warm, leaving one with the impression that they are walking through an enchanted landscape. For the past weeks, during conversations with residents, small breaks between administrative tasks, or while eating meals in the garden, I have been pausing to look up to the sky, out into the air, taking in the simple beauty of these otherworldly seeds whose presence seem to freeze time.

Likewise, a residency can feel like a moment frozen outside of time, as one's daily routine and comfort are temporarily suspended. Suddenly confronted with so much time to devote to one's own practice can leave one feeling a wide range of sensations from excitement to ambivalence to fear at the prospect of "confronting oneself," as one resident recently put it. I have spoken to people about slowing down, taking in, gathering, listening as they inhabit this particular time zone that is Can Serrat. Every year the poplar tree illustrates this so clearly through its own natural cycle.

The artists and writers represented in this catalogue came to Can Serrat in 2019 and at the beginning of 2020, before everything changed. While in some cases, what they worked on was developed beyond the creator's residency period, the projects presented here are a snapshot in time and representative of the residents' on-site processes. Themes range from visitors from other planets, to sound and audio poetry, to mysticism, displacement, mortality, breaking one's perspective of the world into geometrical forms, measurement and its meanings, and capturing the surreal-ness of the world, among others. The origins of these installations, stories, drawings, performances, ideas, sounds, translations all predate the pandemic and, gathered here, leave a hint of another time. After several years, we are happy to finally be able to share them.

Davant de Can Serrat hi ha un àlber que dóna ombra al camí d'entrada a la casa i que tots els anys a la primavera desprèn unes llavors que semblen cotó. Els seus plomalls suren l'aire mentre fan el seu recorregut cap a terra, i encara que l'ambient adquireix l'aparença d'una lleugera nevada, l'aire, especialment en aquanys és inusualment càlid, fent l'afecte d'esta caminant per un paisatge encantat. Aquestes últimes setmanes, durant les converses amb els residents, els petits descansos entre les tasques administratives o mentre menjava al jardí, m'he parat a mirar el cel i l'aire, a contemplar la senzilla bellesa d'aquestes llavors d'un altre món, la presència de les quals sembla congelar el temps.

De la mateixa manera, una residència pot semblar un moment congelat, fora del temps, ja que la rutina diària i la comoditat es suspenen temporalment. Enfrontar-se, de sobte, a tant de temps per a dedicar a la pròpia pràctica, pot fer que un senti una àmplia gamma de sensacions, des de l'excitació fins a l'ambivalència i la por davant la perspectiva "d'enfrontar-se a un mateix", com va dir recentment un resident. He parlat amb la gent sobre com reduir la velocitat, assimilar, recollir i escoltar mentre habiten aquesta particular zona de temps que és Can Serrat. Com cada any, l'àlber ho il·lustra tan clarament a través del seu propi cicle natural.

Els artistes i escriptors representats en aquest catàleg van arribar a Can Serrat entre 2019 i principis de 2020, abans que tot canviés. Encara que en alguns casos, el que van treballar es va desenvolupar més enllà del període de residència, els projectes aquí presentats són una instantània en el temps, representatius dels processos *in situ* dels residents. Els temes van des dels visitants d'altres planetes fins a la poesia sonora i auditiva, passant pel misticisme, el desplaçament, la mortalitat, la ruptura de la perspectiva del món en formes geomètriques, el mesurament i els seus significats, i la captació del surrealista del món, entre altres. Els orígens d'aquestes instal·lacions, històries, dibuixos, performances, idees, sons i traduccions, són anteriors a la pandèmia i, reunits aquí, deixen entreveure un altre temps. Després de diversos anys, ens alegrem de poder compartir-los per fi.



# WRITING PROJECTS

2019 - 2020

**RODRIGO CASTILLO**

FEBRUARY - MARCH 2019

**FRAGMENTARIO**

DAR TÉRMINO A UN POEMARIO QUE INICIÉ EN CHILE  
EL 2018, COMPLEMENTÁNDOLO CON MIS EXPERIENCIAS  
DURANTE MI ESTADÍA EN BARCELONA Y EN CAN SERRAT.

Los poemas incluidos en esta muestra, corresponden al capítulo 3: Estancia; capítulo que se escribió durante mi residencia. Los poemas que escogí son el 2, el 4.

2

La quietud del pueblo vuelve a confirmarme  
que no soy para grandes ciudades

Lo mío son el árbol y el mar  
de ser posible

el trino de las aves sin el rugir de motores  
y bocinas iracundas

La serena compañía de la naturaleza  
me acomoda

Mi timidez se siente bienvenida  
a los pies o en la cima  
de una montaña

Me gusta la humildad de los pueblos  
lejos de la pretensión de grandes ciudades

4

Salí a ver la madrugada  
y a lavar mis zapatos  
en el rocío del campo

Con la luna aún entre los árboles  
escuché el canto de las aves:

pregonaban acerca del sol  
en la oscuridad de la mañana  
conscientes de la verdad  
que no hallamos en la filosofía

Agradecían la claridad  
alrededor de sus alas

**WARREN WARD**

MARCH 2019

**SALONNIÈRES**

AN EXCERPT WHICH EXPLORES THE LIVES OF SEVEN WOMAN WHO HOSTED EUROPE'S GREATEST SALONS.

On 31 Jan, 1609, Catherine de Vivonne spent one of her last nights in the depraved court of Henri IV. Henri had a terrible reputation for preying on young women, and on that night his brutish appetites were on full display. At the much-celebrated Ballet de la Reines, performed in St-Germain-en-Laye, Henri decided what the young women in his court would wear and what they would perform for him.

The 20-year-old Catherine and two of her friends were dressed as nymphs, pulling along the imprisoned Cupid in a chariot. Ahead of Catherine were 16-year-old Angelique Paulet, half-naked, riding a dolphin — and the 14-year-old Charlotte Marguerite de Montmercy. Henri planned to bed both of them and everyone in the court knew it.

Although the lyrics of the ballet were penned by France's most celebrated poet of that time, François Malherbe, the grand spectacle would later be most remembered for its scandal, as that day even the depraved Henri stooped to new lows. (Henri was notorious for his unquenchable lust, not just for court women but for commoners too. When he tired of his usual round of courtesans and brothels, he had a habit of disguising himself as a commoner and picking women up on the streets. After they undressed, he would surprise them by announcing they were about to sleep with the King.)

On the night of the ballet, as Tallemant recounts in his Historiettes, Henri 'went to bed with the beautiful singer [Angelique Paulet] that she might sing beneath him; and everyone agreed his wish was satisfied.'

A popular ditty hit the streets soon afterwards. It mistakenly identified the seducer as Henri's son, probably because it allowed for an irresistible pun on the fact that the King's son was known as the Dauphin:

Who was best in the ballet?

It was the little Paulet

It was the little Paulet

Riding on a Dauphin.'[Craveri]

The King then turned his attentions towards Catherine's 14-year-old friend Charlotte, but this seduction wouldn't be so easy on account of her extremely high rank. Henri knew he couldn't snatch her with impunity as he had the lower-borne Angelique, so he came up with a devious plan. He betrothed her to one of his more docile attendants, with the plan that on the wedding night he would insist the groom hand her over to the King for his enjoyment. He was sure his lesser-ranked attendant would obey.

But Charlotte's new husband surprised everyone by escaping with his young bride to Brussels where they were safe from the King's rapacious clutches.

It was at this juncture that Catherine de Vivonne took the unprecedented step of resigning from the court. Rather than waiting to see if she was next in line for the King's unwelcome attentions, she set up an alternative court a few blocks from the Louvre. Her new residence the Hôtel de Rambouillet was not only a place where women could feel safe and valued; it would become the site of Paris's first literary salon.

**NORA ROSENTHAL**

APRIL 2019

**FEAR OF CARS**

A DARK COMEDY THAT BEGINS IN THE WAITING ROOM OF A LARGE DOWNTOWN TORONTO HOSPITAL, WAITING TO DISCOVER IF MY MOTHER'S CANCER IS OPERABLE WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY RECEIVING NEWS OF THE TORONTO VAN ATTACK. THE DAY MY FATHER AND I TOOK AN UNEASY SOLACE IN THE DISTRACTING TRAGEDY OF STRANGERS.

*The brightest rooms are the secret domain of faeces. - Adorno.*

What is *with* these lemon-based cancer campaigns? Two-meter tall bus-stop ads featuring a heaping box of bright California Eureka lemons in which one has been coloured red, connoting blood, connoting bladder cancer, connoting the big reckoning with How Have I Wronged Ye Oh My God but really just evoking a succession of toilet bowls into which a series of bedraggled asses on a whole spectrum of hairiness hang dripping, poetically suggesting men the world over bonded in a collective act of dejected dick-shaking denial: staring at the wisp of blood clinging to the Vitamin B-enriched fluorescent puddle before them with that gut rotting humiliation of defeat and bodily betrayal, rapidly flushing and just shutting the door behind them. We cut from a Yuppie's sleek urban toilet, to a camping family whose post-menstrual Mom has just wiped away a red schmear in a dark outhouse filled somehow not with archetypical flies but with thousands of awaiting nests of bug eggs (what was the art director *thinking?*), to a wildly culturally essentialist collage of bloody pee discoverers: the Geisha, the Harlem Grocery Clerk, the British poacher sweatily returning from "The Hunt", The Extreme-Close-Up of the Michelin Star(2) Chef shakily keying un-fentanyl-tested cocaine into his awaiting nostrils, following his gaze to peer down into the dark awaiting bowl (the Chef alone seems perversely thrilled, as if not even a third Star could have so filled his basest need). The Triathlon Athlete, the weird winter Biathlon Athlete, the Hasidim, holding his bladder through black silk and panting after a particularly raucous men-only dance. The post-coital Stock-Broker, the Kindergarten Teacher, the Recently Laicized Roman Catholic Priest. And of course, the Ballerina. The sensual tilt upwards showing those immense calves pressed against her cool and unfeeling porcelain witness.

All this is cut together with accelerating speed until the screen goes black for just a moment and our pee-ers return, this time rapidly pinging into view as many tiny screens that fill the whole 1080p backdrop in one flickering mass, cross-fading into an excretion-like yellow over which the sans serif enunciation appears: See Red? See your Doctor.

Remember that book *Everyone Poos?* Well, everyone pees blood someday.

**JULIE REVERB**

MARCH - APRIL 2019

**BLUEPRINT FOR A FACE**

A COMING OF AGE NOVEL EXPLORING A GIRL'S TURBULENT RELATIONSHIP WITH HER MOTHER AND CONTEMPORARY BEAUTY STANDARDS.

On my first holiday abroad, my parents laughed at a joke that would take me years to understand. "She's got to pass the middle class test!" mum said, overfilling my bowl of olives. Each slick one rolled in my mouth and made me squint at its saltiness. On the paper tablecloth, a skeletal fly drowned in the damp force field surrounding mum's plastic wine glass. It kicked its legs in a can-can that slowed down to a stop.

More salt seeped into my body on that holiday: it came from the sea that dad said didn't go on forever. I didn't believe him. I thought the sea was like the sky - everywhere and indivisible. Blue on Blue - *me* - and kissing my burnt shoulders. But the truth was there was a wall of land on the other side and that's where the sea finished. Went splat then dry in front of another row of cracked heels on a beach. I felt sad that even on holiday there were limits, ends to things. Names of people and food and places you would forget. But I was determined to float, to learn something new and bring it back home with me - something that wouldn't collect dust or discolour on a window sill. Mum said she'd teach me. I looked at the sea but didn't respond. I kept my mouth shut because I knew if I drank the saltwater, it might send me mad.

She kept talking about *sculling*, how I needed to *scull*. I didn't know what she meant but I bobbed my head. She said *scull* again and moved her arms like a conductor's in slow motion, bringing an invisible orchestra to a crescendo. Her bracelets jangled and slid down her forearms. Mum wasn't like other women: she weighed herself down for the beach.

I waded out and did as she said: held my neck back, turned my wrists in firm circles. A ragged cloud ruined the flawless blue above; watched me fold and take on water. I spluttered and coughed at its scrappy mutt shape, then saw how its edges glowed with sun. I arched my back towards it.

Mum stayed on dry land, shouted instructions I couldn't hear. It took an hour's practice for me to relax; for my body to forget the weight of its bones. The cloud and sun perched elsewhere in the sky. Mum shouted again - she was off to buy ice cream. Dad - snoring on the sun lounger next to her - would watch me. I turned my back, focussed on the smudged horizon. It was nowhere, not a place at all.

I got bored of weighing nothing. It wasn't as fun without mum watching; without the chance that she might be impressed. For her to notice me I had to be the most beautiful at things. I wasn't double-jointed but I would try my hardest to bend into impossible positions on the carpet, folding myself into elegant origami, pouting past pain.

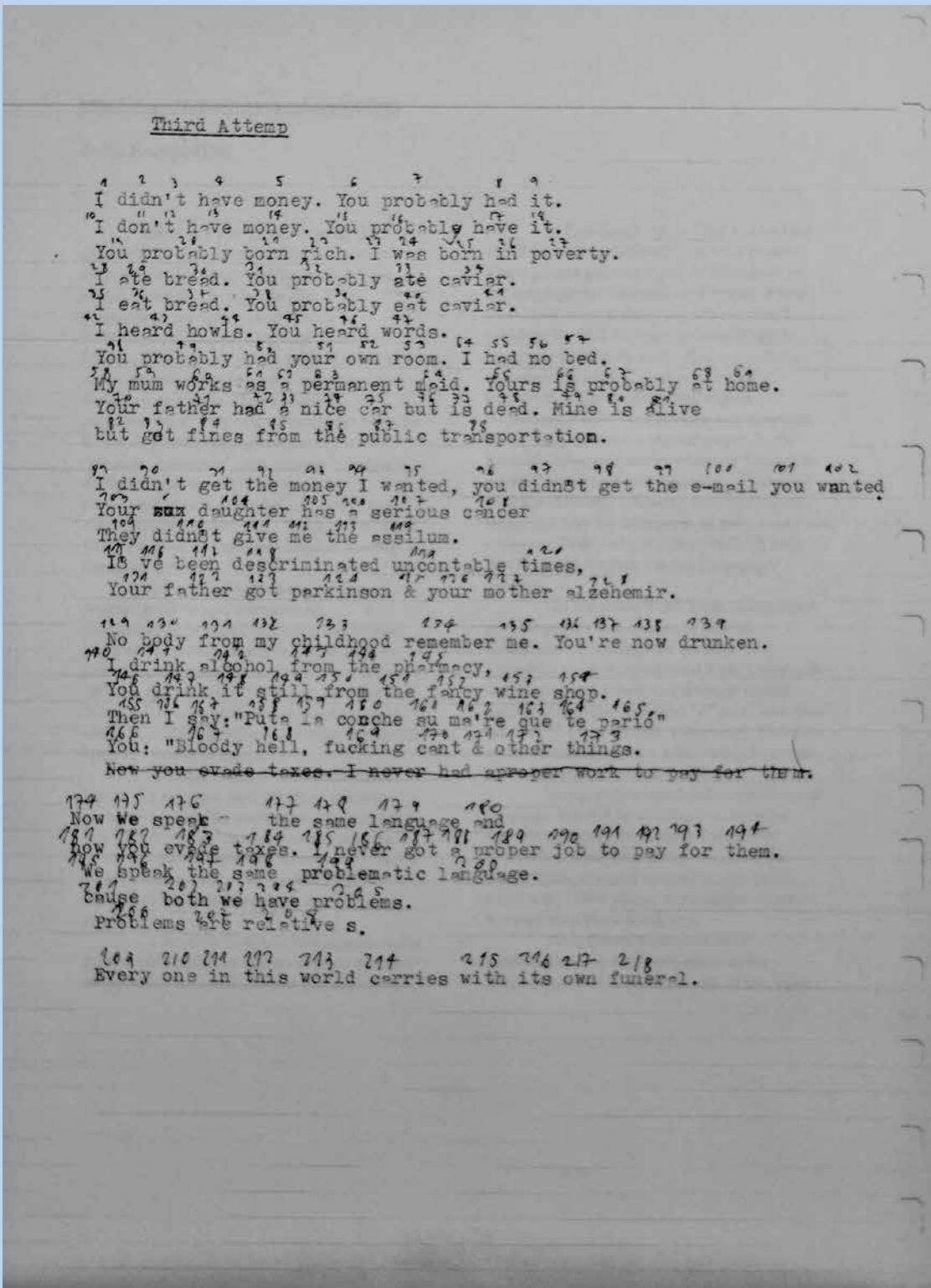
I tired of the watery shapelessness around me. The weird tiny fish circling around me whose heads and tails I couldn't see. I turned my back on the horizon and faced the beach; the rows of bodies desperately relaxing. Mum was crouched, shimmying her way out of a one-piece swimsuit with a towel wrapped around her. She moved her body like she was defusing a bomb. She hadn't been in the sea, hadn't swum for years, wasn't a strong swimmer according to dad. "Not even doggie paddle?" I'd said, and wondered if she really knew how to scull, if she'd lied. Was *scull* even a real word? Was she saying it wrong?

Mum didn't respond. She always wore her suit but stayed covered in a sarong and baggy t-shirt. Her skin that peeked out was ghostly, the sun cream thick, impenetrable. Her sunglasses were two bug eyes that took up most of her face. I didn't like not knowing where she was looking, and what she was thinking, which was most of the time.

**TOMÁS BROWNE**  
MAY 2019

**UNTITLED**

I DID A SERIES OF GRAPHIC POEMS THAT CONSIST OF POETIC FORMALIZATION. THIS WAS AN INVESTIGATION IN THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE VISUAL AND THE VERBAL WORLD.



**MIQUEL DURAN**  
JUNE 2019

**LA VIDA MATEIXA**

AQUESTA NOVEL·LA EXPLORA LA RELACIÓ ENTRE LES MALALTIES I AQUELLS QUE LES ESTUDIEN PER MITJÀ D'UNS PERSONATGES SOBREPASSATS PER LA CIÈNCIA I OFUSCATS PEL DEURE.

El solar de l'Institut disposa del seu propi clima i a vegades del seu propi fus horari: pot formar-s'hi una caixa de pluja, o una torre de nit. Un corral de vent, una angulada clariana. Aquest matí l'Institut té un núvol i les gavines en voregen les arrestes. Per fer els quatre girs d'una volta, inclinen totalment les ales i és bonic de veure. Al mapa de Barcelona, l'Institut és un quadrat semblant però obliqu a les mançanes de l'Eixample. Xucla l'asfalt d'un rizoma de carrers que surt de la Diagonal. Funciona així, un càncer: xucla glucosa, baveja àcids i s'ennuega. Només la geometria salva l'Institut de la immediata idea d'un tumor.

Fas tard a la xerrada d'Ytn Rpp. A les xemeneies, ascens de bacteris, reactius i èters, pinso, pèl de ratoli, ales de mosca. Empenys la porta giratòria, valides la targeta (Miquel Duran-Frigola) i vas primer al lavabo. Pixes al costat d'un home d'aspecte simiesc, que no porta però sembla que porti un camaleó, un cormorà, un illenc mamífer a l'espatlla.

La mà d'Ytn Rpp busca la llum del projector, com un animat vegetal. És tosca, no dóna la sensació d'haver estat jove. Més aviat sembla atorgada, l'emblema d'un llinatge o d'una societat secreta. Cedida de braç en braç, desgastada a rituals. Et palpes la mà dreta amb l'esquerra i en dedueixes tot el cos, mal fet però prim. Tanta superada anorèxia, Miquel, el teu calci i aquesta pell. L'estrucció mínima per sostenir-hi un cap.

A les diapositives, píxels, animacions, cossos de lletra: com deu ser la casa d'Ytn Rpp? El seu armari, la seva nevera, el seu pati al desert. T'agrada l'Hebreu del seu Anglès. L'obliga a parlar lent, com des d'una esplanada a la Bíblia. Les erres són ges i resisteixen la traducció.

—Gars egors guibonucleics —per exemple.

Intentes recordar si els Pares van parlar-te'n mai, d'Israel. Et preguntes, de fet, si ho sabrien situar al mapa. Estàs circumcidat, tens el nas que tens i t'inquieten els dissabtes. T'encanten les magranes, t'ofenia la matança del porc. El socarrim, l'olor de llardons, la pedra volcànica que en raspava la pell. D'on series, de no ser de la Província de Girona? Avança la xerrada com un dictat de revelacions, penses que ets un jueu frenat.

Prens notes, malgrat la desidia i malgrat que, des de fa temps, res del que fas no t'importa gaire. La mà atorgada d'Ytn Rpp llisca pels gràfics, encerclant-te les xifres i subratllant-te les paraules clau. Quan s'acaba la conferència aplaudeixen, s'alcen braços, es tanquen llibretes. Brillen els àcars a la cúpula dels caps. Balbucejant i des d'un enorme panell de control, un individu temperat i caritatiu, frugal i virtuós, demana un segon aplaudiment. Després s'obren o s'inventen els llums: veus que et mira, tenaç, la Clr Fosr. Ytn Rpp baixa de la tarima, sostenint-se la mà tosca amb la pròpia. Tu diries que és un vell, jo diria que és un nen.

**SCOTT MASHLAN**

JUNE 2019

**WINTER**

A SHORT STORY INSPIRED BY OVERHEARD DIALOGUE  
DURING MY TIME AT CAN SERRAT

I had taken a bit of a vacation from work. I had no plans to go anywhere, but had the days and needed to use them. I thought I might sleep in, journal in the morning and eat large decadent breakfasts. But the sky was a foggy gray for the six hours the sun was out and the trees were dead and the ground frozen; covered by old, unmelted snow. Selma would leave in the morning while I was still in bed. I would wake briefly to kiss her goodbye, then sleep until I gained the motivation to bring my computer to bed, find a perfect clip of pornography and masturbate. I couldn't drink enough coffee to get out of the daze that all put me in. The gray. The cumming into a dirty t-shirt. The silent time when the heater wasn't blowing or wind wasn't rattling the windows.

I wanted to wander away somewhere, but it's dangerous to wander in winter. And besides, I knew everywhere I could go. Still I thought, wouldn't it be nice to go down to the lake and look at the ice? I put on a thick cap that was my father's when he was alive, a scarf I rarely wore, and a pair of boots whose ruggedness had seduced me into buying, but gotten little use. I had a pair of gloves I hated since spilling gasoline on, but they were the only pair I had. It was cold, but not bad really, with all that shit covering my body. The walk is mostly downhill, and I liked looking in the windows of the homes I passed; at who still had Christmas trees up or wreaths on their doors, but by the time I was to the main road I was starting to feel like I'd made a terrible mistake. The cold was really getting to me by then and I'd slipped on a few patches of ice. My scarf was musty with dew from my breath and starting to smell like my unbrushed teeth. Luckily a cafe had opened on the street there a year before. I had never been to it, even though it was so close, and seeing it there felt like finding a refuge in the wilderness. I decided, fuck the lake, and went inside.

I think the place used to be a gas station or mechanic's shop. It was small like that with retractable doors in the front they opened when the weather was warm. I had driven past in the warmer months and looked inside many times at the people eating. I ordered an egg sandwich and sat in a corner where I could watch the girl cook using the small hot surface behind the bakery case. If only I brought my computer, I could've stayed there all day, watching her. It seemed like such a pleasant thing to be doing inside, surrounded by cold. I was mesmerized by her. So caught up in the action, I never noticed my former employer, Grandsen until he was standing right in front of me, saying, "Hey, you." I hadn't seen him in almost fifteen years. His hair and mustache was brown then, but now it was gray. I said, "I'm good." Even though he hadn't asked me how I was. When we shook hands I remembered the slender feel of his hand with the missing finger.

"You?"

"Oh, you know."

I knew some of what his response implied. We had never kept in touch, but I had heard the story about the fight with his wife. How he had been high and stole her car. The police were standing with her in the front yard when he walked up. He left the car a block over, so they couldn't arrest him for anything because they couldn't prove he was driving. They were divorced a short while later.

"Amazing timing. What are you doing right now?" he said. "How'd you like to make a couple bucks?"

"I just ordered breakfast."

"Take it to go. I could really use a hand."

The opportunity made me consider what I'd be leaving. The diners and people on their computers, the girl cooking my breakfast. None of them cared what was happening in my corner of the restaurant.

"Alright," I said. "What's the job?"

"I'll explain in the truck. See you out there." He turned, flipped down a pair of wraparound sunglasses from the top of his head and walked outside.

"Matthew," the girl behind the counter said. My sandwich was ready.

**VAUGHN WATSON**

JUNE 2019

**THE RAVINE**

A FICTION PIECE THAT IMAGINES LIFE IN THE CATALANIAN COUNTRYSIDE FOR TWO CLOSETED BISEXUAL MEN.

After passing through the ancient arch, I saw the first trace of the town: the bridge's pedestrian pathway with its wooden planks immaculate and agleam in the sun. It was still early and the town was serene. It was always serene, but that day it was vacant as if abandoned. Below the bridge, there was a dried up ravine. I stood by the railing, looking down into the chasm as far as I could without making myself dizzy. I took my sunglasses off to better observe the overgrowth and the holds installed by climbers who never came. All I could think about was falling and that many had contemplated falling though few had followed through. A cyclist in Spandex and neon goggles came down the hill separating the bridge from the town. He slowed down when I greeted him and then dismounted his royal blue bike to join me by the railing. He said the ravine was beautiful and dangerous and I didn't have to ask him why. He asked me who I was and I told him I was a painter. Aleix asked me about my painting and I told him I was captivated by not only ravine, but the mountains in the distance. He considered this for some time, then asked me if it they'd ever been painted before. I told him they'd never been painted by me. I pointed to his bike and asked him how long he'd been cycling. He said ever since his divorce and I could tell he didn't want to discuss it further.

I ran into Aleix a few times while drawing at the ravine. One day, I asked him if he wanted to get coffee. He walked his bike up the hill and into the town and then leaned it against a tree across from the cafe. I asked him if we could go cycling sometime so I could get some different views of the mountain and he said sure. The next day, he lent me his blue bike and rode a neon green one with monstrous wheels.

On our first trip, we rode the level path into his hometown, about five miles away. On the way, we passed enduring olive groves and took in landscape views of the mountains. He didn't mind that I needed frequent stops to take pictures or make quick sketches.

We made this same trip several times, each time stopping and starting at the ravine. A few weeks later, he suggested making the trip to the abbey carved into the face of the mountain, a trip I'd been procrastinating since I arrived. We followed a similar route to his hometown, then he led us up one of the winding paths I'd seen but never imagined taking. I needed frequent breaks, but again, he was patient. My second wind was just starting to wear off, but the abbey came into view and he congratulated me in between soft panting. We walked our bikes across the road and locked them to each other.

There was a line extending outside the door to the abbey's main attraction. When we approached the statue, he told me to follow his lead. He reached his hand out while bowing to kiss the statue's. I did the same, coming up from my kiss to look into her eyes, which were protected by thick glass. A black Madonna. That close to the glass, I could see my own reflection in it and in the background I thought I saw Aleix with his head in his hands.

We rode back down the hills in our usual silence. All I could think about is what I'd seen in the black Madonna's reflection. We only stopped once before the bridge. We sat down on the bench and I asked him what was the matter. He looked at me and asked if I'd ever considered what it would be like to fall. I told him of course I hadn't. He said it was in our nature to think of the ways we could destroy our bodies, prematurely end our lifespans. I reflected his own question back at him.

**RITA ANDERSON**

JULY 2019

**BONDED PAIR**

I WORKED ON A NEW POETRY MANUSCRIPT, THE ORRERY, AS WELL AS SOME NON-FICTION ESSAYS AND/OR TRAVELOGUES.

**BONDED PAIR**  
[after a sculpture]

Two turtles swim  
In the air on wooden sticks

One is quite large  
The other paddles  
In the opposite direction

They travel paths  
That do not touch

But, without a doubt, there is  
A magnetism about the pair

[How did the artist  
Impart the mystery of relationship  
On objects?] who have explored

Oceans or maybe creek beds, mere ponds  
And who knows how they met  
Or where? But you *do* know,

Just by looking at them  
[Is it the way that they seem to orbit  
The same reef, never wandering

So far that you might lose track?], that  
They have mated  
For life.

**ANA BAYAT**

JULY 2019

**MY MOTHER'S FATHER'S SONG**

MY MOTHER'S FATHER'S SONG CENTERS ON THE LIFE AND MEMORIES OF ALICE DAVIS AND ALL SHE LEFT BEHIND IN POLAND WHEN SHE EMIGRATED TO CANADA. REACHING THE END OF HER LIFE, ALICE LOOKS BACK AT THE MEMORIES IMMORTALIZED IN THE BALLAD, "PARTY AT FAT JOE'S" WHICH CELEBRATES HER FATHER'S UNDERWORLD SPEAKEASY ON GNONJEJ STREET IN OLD WARSAW BEFORE WWII.

A sketchy, dingy underground speakeasy in Warsaw's Jewish quarter. A piano on the side, small round and square tables scattered throughout the scene, some sections clearly reserved for the elite. Food and drink is being served after-hours to common laborers and high-powered government officials in an overall jovial atmosphere. There's a homesy feeling about the joint, yet it feels as ceremonious and grandiose as Moulin Rouge or Lido.

JOE is at the center of the attraction, greeting patrons and letting them in, one by one, by first peeking through a small window above the big wooden entrance door, and directing the elite to the tiny cloakroom adjacent to the entrance. A dark bridge visible through the small section not covered by a curtain on the left window. RONNIE is at the piano.

RONNIE  
(over his rendition of the ballad)

The hideout was known as U Grubego Joska, "at Fat Joe's". So notorious that it was the backbone of Bal u Grubego Joska, "Party at Fat Joe's"; a song written in 1934 about it. To this day, it remains one of the most popular Polish underground ballads often sung in the specific dialect of Warsaw's Praga district.  
(Images of pre-World War II Poland, old super 8 childhood footage, times that are long lost.)

ALICE (VO)  
When you are a child, you have no way of knowing how your life will unfold. It is only when you look back, at the end of it all, when you know the journey is complete, that you realize life is as colorful as a bouquet of buttercups no matter what cards you were dealt along the way. Once the light is about to go out, it's the final after-taste you'll savor even beyond the here and now, like music that never dies.  
(A locomotive train. Chaos of masses arriving at a border. A winter's day.)

ALICE  
As far as I was concerned, life began and ended with my surname on Gnojnej street. Ladowsky. That's right, because, as a child, I had it all and no one could have made me believe otherwise. Ladowsky was my surname from the time I was born until I became a Davidovitz when I married Alex but then, when we arrived to Canada straight from refugee camp, it changed again.  
(A large, stuffy immigration room with people from all walks of life lined up, unsure of their future. Sounds of stamps, coughing, masses. The CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICER signals for ALICE to approach.)

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
Name?

ALICE  
Davidovitz. Alicja Davidovitz.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
David-what?

ALICE  
Da-vi-do-vitz!

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
Da-vi-do-vitz?

ALICE  
Alicja Davidovitz.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
(jots down)

Alicja Davidovitz? Let's just say Alice Davis. That's what you'll be called from now on. Welcome to Canada, Alice Davis! (hands her a stamped paper and points to a line). Next!

**LAYLA BENITEZ-JAMES**  
JULY 2019

**THE LUSH ALPHABET**

AN EXAMINATION OF TRANSLATIONS OF LORCA, BACHELARD, WOOLF, KAFKA, ALONG WITH MORE CONTEMPORARY WRITERS, IS WOVEN WITH PERSONAL ESSAYS TO UNCOVER SIDE DOORS OF CREATIVITY WITHIN ERROR.

La aurora de Nueva York gime  
por las inmensas escaleras  
buscando entre las aristas<sup>1</sup>  
nardos<sup>2</sup> de angustia dibujada

<sup>1</sup> I see artists, pairs, lovers, in these stairwells and that the dawn is pushing its light in between these lovers, illuminating them but also showing that there is only so close you can get to someone and that light will find a way to squeeze in and reveal in the morning what new lovers could not comprehend in the passion of a night. I think about the big city and how one hooks up in a big city, going home with someone you perhaps don't yet know so well (and kissing in strange places on the way to the destination, kissing in the stairwells on the way up to an apartment). I remember kisses like this on the way up to a flat in Prague when I was nineteen. I remember kisses like this on the way up to an attic apartment in Alicante before we are married and we begin to ascend the stairs like partners sure of our comfortable bed being available whenever we want to be in it together.

<sup>2</sup> Nardos has charmed me because I can't find a good word for it, spikenard....or nard.... but the flower is so beautiful, despite its status as weed, and I can imagine it growing up between two people and touching them both; I can imagine it as points of light, as the slowest burst of firework searching out its space between these people. And sketched anguish! I imagine a kind of desperate hooking up of artists, trying to put on their most attractive selves now that romance is in the works but not able to avoid what the morning is bringing to light. All this sprung up in my mind, explaining these ideas to myself and pleased that at least artist and artista were similar enough to translate simply. I was still not quite sure about the image but understood it enough to leave it this way for a good while before I realized my error.

**MING WEI LIEN**  
JULY - SEPTEMBER 2019

**FRIVOLOUSNESS IN THE SUMMER FLAME**  
A NOVEL ABOUT CHINESE IMMIGRATION

## 《浮花浪蕊夏焰中》

這不是一本預言之書，卻可能成為一本預言之書。  
第一部

## 〈婚禮〉

海風徐徐吹盪，穿越矮林，隱約揚起浪花洄洑之音。

島嶼滯黏一股豔陽的肆意躁氣，灼灼日光替滿地的原生玉米飽滿灌漿，一陣一陣海之彼端吹來的風細密細密以鹽味沾黏，醃製迢迢悠緩時光。老江媽滿身汗水，恍惚提拿一袋褪冰鮮蝦從狹仄餐館走回，原是十分鐘腳程，不自覺走了將近二十分鐘。潔白陽光刺痛雙眼，彷彿蜂針細螯，想要拔除卻找不到傷口，回程的路盡是碎石。餐館忙碌，陸續湧進一批一批來自世界各地的遊客。她請假提早離去，繞至木屋後門，從草掩樹傾單人容身的野草徑道走至大型冷凍庫，右側是廢棄養蝦場，斑駁短矮水泥磚牆橫躺慵懶睏雙眼微瞇野貓，左側房子的屋簷結滿蜘蛛網，空氣瀰漫烈陽曝曬海水的淡薄腥臊，木瓜樹搖晃褐枝綠葉。

適合沉睡的下午，遠處有雲，鴿灰羽翅張斂，淅瀝淅瀝臨時落下一陣磅礴大雨，葉潮了，泥土也濕了，躲進屋內，聽見慌張失措的心跳聲。去年剛油漆的木板因為頻繁雨水沖洗而褪色，每個禮拜清洗一次的歪斜地板仍然髒污，油膩得很，老江媽將蝦子放進廚房共用冷凍庫，穿過公用廚房，右轉狹道，左右兩側都是木製隔板間隔的小房。右側一間公用廁所，廁所左方是老江媽房間。門是必須鎖的。無法信賴同鄉，其實也不必信賴。一張床墊擺放木質地板房間左側，右側至隔板距離不到半尺，早習慣了，能夠擁有獨立房間是幸運的，多數員工都是兩人一房，人數多，必須三到四人窩擠一房，上下舖，夜裡還得聽人打呼說夢話。房間唯一缺點，便是不時聽見其他員工沐浴或是排泄聲音。

褪去衣褲，圍一條浴巾鑽進廁所，拉好簾幕，沖洗身體，這時腦袋才清醒了過來。老江媽在溫水撫摸中凝視略微發福的熟透身軀，女人的身體比木芙蓉還要嬌嫩，禁不起折騰，說老就老，瘦了易現皺紋，胖了又嫌豐腴，原先玉質的光潤漸次黯淡，何況長年勞動根本顧不上細緻保養。老衰，像是詛咒。芙蓉姊大她好幾歲，還能找到歸依組成家庭，她多多少少是不必擔憂的。

**BEN SIMMONS**

AUGUST 2019

**INFANT-ESSE**

IN CAN SERRAT I COMPLETED A CHAPBOOK OF POETRY  
AND DEVELOPED A SOUNDSCAPE PROJECT.

White tipped wings lap against me,  
gulls cry 'mother' from my lips,  
a trailing skirt held below the knee,  
dips into the cold steel water  
from the slope of the shore to the sea

A left hand red and ready, grips  
some unknown life she had before me  
smoothed by water, sand forgets her  
steps through shores of drifting memory,  
the tide reverberates against the quay

I am chased into it by the ships  
balanced on the curve of the earth.

**MATTEO CIAMBELLA**

AUGUST 2019

**TRAVELLING (CABO DE GATA)**

THE WORK IS PART OF AN ONGOING POETIC AND  
PHOTOGRAPHIC DIARY CONTAINING REFLECTIONS ON  
TRAVELLING, LANDSCAPE, AND HISTORY.

The dream undoes itself, down that river,  
past that cliff— push ahead— sail by—  
set foot on one's nowhere, turn it into place  
by means of path, map, name:

the commercial dream of men like Raleigh

*click*

the shore becomes a beach, the hilltops  
panoramic spots, the local man  
with sunburnt skin and salt-thick hair,  
dozing roadside on a chair, a sphynx  
in flip-flops, wife-beater shirt and shorts.

We demand he be custodian of a truth  
at which we try to chip away with smiles  
as we drive by, hungry for impressions  
of the place, click, faces to cast in the quick  
myth we're out to make, *click, click, click*



## FEDERICA FANTINI

AUGUST 2019

### MEMORIA FAKE

THE FAKE MEMOIR OF MY GRANDMOTHER, AN ITALIAN WOMAN GROWING UP BETWEEN WW II AND THE LIBERATION. A NARRATIVE ESSAY ON THE FEMALE CONDITION IN ITALY DURING THAT ERA.

Cuando de niña tomaba el tren para ir a visitarte a Cuneo, los ceniceros habían perdido su función propia. En la ventana había aparecido un escrito que decía "prohibido fumar", con un dibujo de un cigarrillo normal encima del cual había ahora una gran X roja. No había la niebla que había en tus trenes

Tu primer cigarrillo fumado en los jardines, una tarde, con Mariella

Tus amigas y tu comprando papelitos para armar cigarrillos para guardarlos en su bolso.

Las pocas veces que iban a Cuneo, abrían los ceniceros del tren, recuperaban colillas de cigarrillos fumados por desconocidas, los deshacían mezclando los restos de tabaco medio quemado, formaban nuevos cigarrillos armados en los papelitos que tenían, se pasaban estos cigarrillos resucitados, pidiendo fósforos a los chicos de al lado para que ellos tengan una excusa para hablarles.

\*

Esta historia ya la conoces, iporque te la contamos tantas veces cuando eras niña!

- Sí, pero me gusta escucharla cuando la cuentas tú.
- ¡Pero yo ni siquiera estaba allí!
- Y por eso me gusta: porque con el paso de los años el recuerdo de un momento que no viviste ha crecido dentro de ti, sobreponiéndose al recuerdo de la historia original, y ahora los dos recuerdos se han fusionado, creando uno nuevo.
- De acuerdo. Entonces, antes de empezar a cantar con la Orquesta Daina, Mario se dirige a sus colegas y le dice.... ¿Entiendes si te lo cuento en piemontés?
- Mmmh, mejor en italiano
- De acuerdo. Les dice «chicos, a partir de mañana Mariuccia empieza a cantar con nosotros. Es una chica joven, los que ya la conocen saben que es muy guapa, pero sus padres me la recomendaron, así que no quiero ver a nadie actuando como un idiota con ella, comportarse como unos profesionales». Y les dio este discurso porque era el director de la orquesta.
- ¿Y luego qué?-
- Y luego recuerdas lo que decía tu abuelo: «cuando Mariuccia empezó a jugar con nosotros, en contra a la regla que yo mismo había impuesto, el primero que actuó como un idiota y se enamoró de ella fui yo».

Pasaje traducido desde el italiano con Catalina Landivar

## CATALINA LANIVAR

AUGUST 2019

### MUDAR

"MI ESTANCIA EN CAN SERRAT FUE SORPRESA Y POSIBILIDAD. FUE UN ESPACIO SENSIBLE PERSONAL QUE ME PERMITIÓ PRODUCIR MATERIAL TEXTUAL VARIADO Y AMPLIO. LOGRÉ CONECTAR CON MIS PROPIOS -Y NUEVOS TIEMPOS CREATIVOS- Y SUMERGIRME EN AQUELLO TAN INTIMO QUE NECESITA EXPRESARSE.

La primera vez que escuché esa palabra estaba al lado de mi hermana melliza, como casi siempre en todos mis tiempos. Papá se había arrodillado para que los seis ojos estén a la misma altura y sonreía cariñoso, pero había una tensión en su pedido de que lo escuchemos, por favor, y dejemos de pensar en esos juguetitos rojos tirados en el piso. Mamá, ya embarazada de Juli, no estaba en ese círculo que dibujaban nuestros cuerpos. Tal vez trabajaba o esperaba que el maíz se haga pochoclo o compraba lechugas o pensaba en crear. Vaya a saber por qué habían decidido que fuera papá el que diera la noticia.

-Nos vamos a mudar, dijo.

Vivíamos en Ayacucho y a nuestra vecina Tita, le decíamos Rhodesia. El departamento tenía nombre: Lo de Crovo, por el dueño que venía cada mes a cobrar y a traer pastelitos de batata. Lo de Crovo tenía pisos de madera que recorríamos patinando en medias. Recuerdo el goce contagioso de mamá por ese living sin astillas. Por esa expansión. Mamá siempre volviendo escénicos sus espacios personales, logrando, cada vez, que las paredes fantaseen con expresar.

Las imágenes de nuestro tiempo ahí son vagas pero de una contundencia feroz: la cucharacha gigante en la espalda de mamá, su canción de las buenas noches que nos hacía reír del susto, el disfraz de payaso de papá con bigotes y transpiración, nuestro abrazo al recibir las bicicletas pintadas, la música fuerte, el balcón prohibido. Fue a contraluz del ventanal de lo de Crovo que envolví mi dedo índice en hilo de coser hasta dejarlo violeta y comprendí lo fácil que puede ser herirse. Aprendí también que las bolsas de plástico no se ponen en las cabezas y que la sangre que no circula, mata.

No sé si papá lo dijo una, dos o tres veces pero en mi cabeza se armó lo simultáneo del eco y el silencio. Un miedo sonoro. Un retumbe dentro de la piel. Nos vamos a quedar mudos, entendí y grité ¿Por qué? para mí adentro. No era un por qué ligero, era un grito de auxilio. Una pregunta amplificada por los glóbulos de mi sangre de cinco años. Un pensamiento que carcomía todo para volverse mi primera sensación de pánico por lo que vendría.

Nos vamos a mudar, dijo. Me dolía imaginar el silencio de la familia por la eternidad. Las cenas mudas para siempre. ¿Por qué sonreía papá? Esto era mi primera tragedia. Mi muerte. Dejenme ciega, pero no me quiten las palabras. Tan horrible ser cómplice, tan injusto condonar a nuestra hermana por nacer a una vida sin voz. Pasaron segundos. Ninguna habló. Los ojos de papá alternaban entre los míos y los de Meme, queriendo respuestas. Yo no iba a usar mis últimas palabras sin pensarlas detenidamente antes.

-¿Saben lo que es mudarse?, dijo después.

No respondimos. Miré para abajo. Me detuve. Debo haber hecho la cara de mi sobrina, debo haber arrugado la cara como cuando ella pregunta en donde están los zombies.

Nos vamos a cambiar de casa. Vamos a volver a Tandil.

Respiré. En ese momento supe que una confusión puede matar, como el hilo que ajusta el dedo. Que dar por hecho es peligroso. Si mudar no era enmudecer podía volver a pensar en los juguetes rojos que aplastaban mis pies.

Volveríamos a Tandil, la ciudad de mamá y mudarse era cambiar, nomás. Cambiar. Empezar de nuevo.

**CLARE HARMON**  
AUGUST 2019

**THE DAY I QUIT WESTERN ART MUSIC**

A CHAPBOOK THAT SEEKS TO EXPOSE THE IDEOLOGY OF WESTERN ART MUSIC AS ONE TIED TO THE DAMNING FORCE OF MASTERY. TAKING ITS POINT OF DEPARTURE FROM CLASSIC POST- AND ANTI-COLONIAL TEXTS OF FRANZ FANON AND EDWARD SAID ALONGSIDE MORE RECENT WORK FROM THE MUSICOLOGIST MATTHEW HEAD AND JULIETTA SINGH.

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto, never asking its violinist, "What do you think of this?" The violinist is tired and forgetful; wears a beautiful dress and acquiesces.

"Look at my beautiful dress," the violinist says.

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto. The orchestra, the entity, is too, there; is the collective thing negating its moving pieces: bodies that author texts to ultimately erase their makers.

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto but not in singularity. A violin plays a concerto subjugating its bow, its violinist, its orchestra, all in service of itself.

The bow is made of ivory attached to gold attached to ebony attached to Pernambuco binding hair harvested from a horse. The bow is bloody and loaded: Pernambuco mourns for its roots, ivory for its elephant. Two images collapse to serve a single idea.

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto, never asking its violinist, "What do you think of this?"

The violinist is tired and forgetful; remarks to the violin, "It is hurtful when you treat me this way."

The violin replies, "I might prefer to treat you like a person, but it is easier to treat you like this, like a container or something worthless I choose not to name."

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto. The violin is made of maple attached to spruce bound in fittings made of ebony; the fittings keep taught four sheep-gut strings. A violin made of maple commands its bow—mourning bow—to shove its sheep gut strings into sound, never asking the guts, "What do you think of this?" The guts beg cessation. The guts beg to gorge themselves on clover.

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto, negating its violinist. On a stage in a hall, sequins glitter on the body of a violinist in service of a dress that is beautiful.

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto, subjugating the orchestra, subjugating those moving pieces acting in tandem, those pieces moving in service of instruments.

The orchestra, the entity, is dressed in black.

This is a physical process, observed and real: the black garments absorb the light from the stage lamps; the black garments reflect nothing.

On a stage in a hall, a violin plays a concerto. A stage in a hall is lit by truss-hanged lamps. Here, it is important to remember, we say "hanged" because everything is alive.

Witness to the violin; its mourning, loaded bow; its violinist; its orchestra, the entity and its pieces; the sequins glittering in service of the dress that is beautiful, one stage lamp speaks to its other:

"Light is full of information."

**JULIANA BORRERO ECHEVERRY**  
AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2019

**LAS EXTRATERRESTRES**

A MUTANT BOOK/PERFORMANCE ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD AND THE ARRIVAL OF THE FEMALE ALIENS, THAT ARE THE ONLY REMAINING HOPE. A DEEPLY SERIOUS VERY ANGRY MUSICAL FEMINIST SCIENCE FICTION ODISSEY. A HEX ON PATRIARCHY AND ITS MULTIPLE INCARNATIONS.

Cada tres páginas ella se pregunta: ¿qué hubiera hecho Ulises?  
Entonces hace lo contrario.

\*

Hunde tu boca en este balde de manzanas, dijo la ssserpiente y busca una que no esté podrida. Muérdela. Digiérela. Esta manzana no es un arma nuclear. Esta manzana no es una máquina de guerra. Su semilla no ha sido patentada por compañías multinacionales. Su fondo es aromático y ácido por partes iguales. Reminiscente a las salsas de las abuelas, con un ligero efecto narcótico y un toque de chile ahumado. Su carne no ha sido modificada por la ansiedad, la angustia o la depresión crónica. Esta manzana no es una mujer asesinada en México cada 150 minutos. Esta manzana no es otro líder social, indígena o estudiante masacrado en mi país. Esta manzana no es el lenguaje en su capacidad de decir mentiras. Esta manzana no es un negocio redondo. Esta manzana no es una amenaza anónima. Esta manzana no te salvará.

Pruébala... digiérela. Esta manzana ha cruzado la cordillera de los Andes en chancletas con un colchón en la espalda. Esta manzana nunca pensó que tendría que hacer esto. Esta manzana te lo mama detrás del supermercado por diez mil. Esta manzana no tiene documentos. Esta manzana no está mintiendo. Esta manzana tiene hambre. Esta manzana no tiene a donde ir. Esta manzana es un grito. Esta manzana está ardiendo. Esta manzana es muy antigua. Esta manzana recuerda la antigua receta china para hacer pólvora.

\*

Ven, dijo Uliza a la ssserpiente. Vierte tu veneno en mi oreja. Yo soy tú, tú eres yo. Estamos trenzadasssss.

Ven, viperina, enróscate en mi columna vertebral. Hunde tus dientes en mi manzana. Sumerge tus caninos en esta carne al punto, jugosa, sangrante.

Voltéame, desdóblame, introduce tus sssiete casscabeless adentro de mí. No me defraudesss, icelébrame! Llámame Mapaná de los Ramales.

Ven, dijo la ssssserpiente, ponte este enterizo de cuero amarillo, gafassss, pañuela italiana, y sssssúbete a mi moto. Agárrate fuerte que me gusta quemar caucho.

Tengo planesss para nosotrasssss. No desperdicesss tu desssseo en rezosss ni banalidadesss. No nossss desperdiiciemossss.

Eres carne para nuestro ejércissito.

iVamosss  
a dessstruir  
el  
Mundo!

**NATALYA GIMSON**  
SEPTEMBER 2019

**GRIEF TRICK**

DURING MY TIME AT CAN SERRAT I WAS DEDICATED TO FINISHING A NUMBER OF POEMS AND SHORT STORIES THAT DEALT WITH THEMES OF SEXUALITY, THE LIMINAL SPACE & MULTICULTURAL IDENTITY.

## LIKE DESIRE

holding space in the heart  
until one-hundred-fold  
like flowers in books  
petals, ten years ago

holding space in the mouth  
until midnight knocks  
secret quenching patterns  
sliver of light  
catches the tongue

holding space in the bed  
a tiny frame  
one pillow, two heads  
breasts squished  
arms wrapped, without choice  
like desire  
the formless

**GILLIAN BARLOW**  
OCTOBER 2019

**BIRDS OF CAN SERRAT**

THIS POEM IS FROM SOME BIRDS TALKING ABOUT THEIR EXPERIENCE ON ARRIVING IN AUSTRALIA. THE TRANSLATION IS AT THE BOTTOM - UPSIDE DOWN SINCE THAT IS WHERE THEY NOW ARE.

tsch tsch tsch tsch tsch tsch  
tiddle-wit tiddle-wit tiddle-wit  
tsch tsch tsch



Can we aver get back up?  
I guess she brought us with her  
What are we doing in Sydney?

This poem is from some birds talking about their experience on arriving in Australia. The translation is at the bottom - upside down since that is where they now are.

I spent my time at Can Serrat finishing a manuscript I had been writing called *The Hojoki Re-membered*. It is a translation of a thirteenth century text from Japanese via its kanji into poetry and my memoir of designing Aboriginal housing throughout Australia.

I spent many hours listening and taping local birds so write poems about.

I walked around Le Bruc, photographed cats, made small zines of cats of the town and absorbed the town and its life. It was a strange time- with general strikes in Catalan and much of everyday life stilled and agitated.

I have returned to Sydney and am writing a poetry book about a local plant, pigface or karkalla, birds and cats.

**GINN ARIAS BELLO**  
JANUARY 2020

**ASÍ SE VE DESDE AQUÍ**

POEMARIO QUE COMENZÓ A TEJERSE A PRINCIPIOS DE 2020 COMO RESULTADO DE LOS TRÁNSITOS ENTRE MÉXICO-BARCELONA-MÉXICO, DE LA BÚSQUEDA, LOS COLORES DE LA PÉRDIDA, DE PUNTOS ABIERTOS EN UNA CARTOGRAFÍA DE LA MEMORIA Y LA NO PERTENENCIA. AÚN NO SE HA PUBLICADO.

[blancoscuro]

El color de los huesos se aproxima a un blanco poco común en la naturaleza.

En climas templados, su presencia es siempre positiva: los cuerpos blancos simbolizan la modestia.

Es el color que se une a la luz,  
es el absoluto y la unidad.

Aquí

ese color mancha la tierra  
sus propiedades revelan la presencia de animales descompuestos.

Cuando se inhala  
atraviesa nuestras tráqueas.

Es el color de la fiebre en las encías  
en la primera infancia.

El color de mi casa envuelta en polvo y niebla  
de la respiración nocturna.

Casa pintada de blancohueso mutilado  
mientras escupía los dientes de leche.

El blanco hueso duele en el cuerpo entero.

III: SOBRE LA IMPOSIBILIDAD DE HABITAR UN LUGAR PROPIO

[Llevo una ciudad a cuestas y no tengo casa]

Casa. Una casa a las afueras,  
accidente rojo,  
especie de óxido vivo compartido con parchados de cartón  
goteando sobre la calle asfaltada.

Los efectos de la lluvia:  
casa áspera,  
vacía de carcajadas  
que retumban entre el paladar y las fosas nasales.

Aquí no hay olor a nuevo.

**NICOLE MIYASHIRO**  
JANUARY 2020

**SWING**

I DEVELOPED MY ONLINE WORDS OF ART PROJECT OF AUDIO POEMS IN RESPONSE TO ARTWORK, DRAFTING COLLABORATIVE PIECES AND NOTING NEW CONCEPTS ON SOUND & OTHER APPROACHES TO INCORPORATE.

**SWING**

The past returns, but  
does she? She says so  
with the empty... The swing  
remembers her whipping it  
alive—sweaty fists 'round its cords—but doesn't move  
much now. But moves  
with ghost moves. Gone  
moves. As the wind  
does its gray sweeping. The rain  
is a murmuring in the leaves, a memory, absent, is  
someone  
on her way back

**COLUMPIO**

El pasado vuelve, pero  
¿ella? Ella lo dice  
con el vacío... El columpio  
la recuerda azotandolo  
viva—puños sudorosos—alrededor de sus cuerdas, pero no se mueve  
mucho ahora. Pero se mueve  
con movimientos de fantasmas. Ido  
movimientos. Como el viento  
hace su barrido gris. La lluvia  
es un murmullo en las hojas, un recuerdo, ausente, es  
alguien  
en su camino de regreso

Translated by Ginn Bello

**GUY RUSSELL**

JANUARY 2020

**THE EAST REHAM QUARTET**

I WROTE THE START OF A NEW NOVEL AND A SHORT STORY

**ONE**

My friend James is a novelist. He's married to my friend Eleanor, who's also a novelist. Eleanor's best friend Stella - also one of my best friends - is a novelist too, and married to Larry, who's a very good friend of mine and... a novelist. They are, in sum, my four closest friends. I introduced James to Eleanor at university, and Stella to Larry while in my first publishing job. I was best man to James and job-share best man, with James, to Larry. James and Eleanor's son Daniel is named after me, and I'm atheist-godfather to their daughter Juniper and proper C-of-E godfather to Stella and Larry's daughter Annabel.

These four were the companions of my young adulthood, those friends you're supposed to get drunk and take drugs with, and have late-night discussions with, and find your way through the world with, celebrate and commiserate rites of passage with, and even perhaps have the odd fling with - though not in my case. We all shared a similar background: the educationally-aspirational upper-working or lower-lower-mid. We shared, too, that pre loans, pre-fees, pre-results-obsessive university experience, an extraordinary gift we didn't appreciate, alongside an idealism that was already in the late Eighties under threat. And we had the books thing in common. When we were younger, we - I'm pretty sure I can speak for all of us here - we all thought books were magical windows. We marvelled at the wonderful things they could do, how they could change your heart and maybe the world. Then in time books became, in one way or another, the way we all earned a living, and the magic started to have a price-tag. Nowadays James runs a second-hand bookshop which survives mainly through internet orders; Stella is a librarian, one of the new hi-tech kind who understand databases and search engines; Larry is Head of English at an East London school - or, I should say, academy; Eleanor teaches Creative Writing (and the more lucrative 'Writing for Business') at City East Uni; and I'm an editor at Durrant & Lowe. Over the years, I've been there in the background while they had their courtships and house-buying and children, their parental ill-health and their promotions. And while they published their first novels, like their subsidiary lives, all within a couple of years of each other, and which all had the briefest flare and a long tail down to a line on the CV.

**AMANDA HOHENBERG MONTI**

JANUARY 2020

**SPORE-RADICAL**

A MULTI-MEDIA MANUSCRIPT FEATURING WRITING, PERFORMANCE AND SOUND.

dear M.,

We elevated a flower. Or maybe it lowered us.  
this was CAConrad.

I could not explain this ritual to you just yet.  
But I could explain to you in five minutes how corn has taken over the world because I watched a video this morning (warfare technology).

I could repeat some of the things I read on uni-cellular farming (maybe a good idea after all)  
Things I currently contain in my body:  
fish oil, tahini, dust, banana, joghurt.

Each morning I wake up, light a candle and meditate on my little stone floor. Then i do some stretches, inhale, exhale. It's still dark and the moving dustballs are invisible in candlelight. Dust in human environments contains: small amounts of plant pollen, human and animal hairs, textile fibers, paper fibers, minerals from outdoor soil, human skin cells, burnt meteorite particles, and many other materials which may be found in the local environment.

As I stretch I inhale the ghosts and I inhale the sky. I sneeze & leave my own contribution. At around 4.50 the mountains are as pink as the sidewalk. I had been here a long time ago and only once. Still my feet led me to the little hill by the disused pool from which you can see the moon. It made me think of all the other maps, all this other information that the body just HOLDS. Maybe this is the reason why I cannot remember names. How would you walk to a name? It seems like a shortcut to get to a person.

I didn't know your name for the longest time. In my phone I had you saved as Walt Whitman, because we had stood under a quote of his, when we met. We were mouthing his poem, here, I researched the words: Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and answers! Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!

I didn't understand a word, but I liked the way we were reading in synchronicity. The pink mountains are covered in fog now. Almost every day I re-learn what a poem is. The sidewalk is a coral reef and I don't dare doing my ritual just yet. Three men seem to be discussing the problem of a Tree. I am a visitor here and want to make a mark only in accordance with the streets. Cracks mean different things here than they do back in New York. I wanted to become a poet because I thought that poems caused cracks, the good ones, that let you see through. But cracks are polysemous spaces, like the inside of a palm, like a bedroom. The city is full of memory, dreams and broken psycho-geographies, the concrete is alive with ghosts and eros, and we are part of it, and we are moved by it, and we move it while lungs are cleaning themselves to allow for the flow of mucus & cats are rubbing their foreheads onto shins.

You asked me what we were doing. Back in the house there is no internet. Someone is writing a novel about a woman and her printer (in dutch, unfortunately!) and I have no excuse but to work on my poems and think of you.

I've also come across a disused tile factory a ten minute walk away from the house. At first glance it looks like it's still in use but it is rusty upon closer inspection. You know that it's been deserted because of the weeds. Beautiful greens and yellows taking over holes and tiles like there was no tomorrow. There IS no tomorrow. I began drawing around the weeds with some of the tile colourings I found across the site.

There was something about marking the pavement that sensitised me to my own body in relation to all the other bodies. There is no such thing as an empty act. Yes, the self is always already disrupted by that Other. "The disruption of the Other at the heart of the self is the very condition of that self's possibility." This is Guy Debord.

I place my hope into each drawing, the hope for beauty. I know that the next rain will wash the streets yet I feel that when time is filled in an intentional manner, something beyond the visible is being produced.

Angela Davis: "You have to act as if it were possible to transform the world. And you have to do it all the time." And so I stay with each weed and act as if I could colour in the whole world, weed by weed. Each time I catch a stare, I entangle. Each pause, each breath is already filled in tender lilacs.

It's probably about the seeing, M.  
y, contra todo, nasce una  
amapola  
love,  
A

**TERESA SATTA**

JANUARY 2020

**AMORE AMORE AMORE**

THE ACT OF WRITING A LOVE LETTER IS A TOOL TO RAISE AND DISCOVER THE DEEP RELATIONSHIP WITH THE "OTHER". THIS COLLECTION OF FRAGMENTS OR - LET'S CALL THEM - POEMS PLAYS WITH LOVE THROUGH LOVE, BY WRITING IT TO SOMEONE BELOVED.

da : Tere Satta <teresa\*\*\*@gmail.com>  
 a : Francesca Della Seta <francesca\*\*\*@gmail.com>  
 data : 11 gen 2020, 19:41  
 oggetto : ehi guapa

Cosa succede a tutte le parole che non abbiamo mai detto?  
 È veramente necessaria l'arte?  
 A volte penso di no.  
 La mia vita è cambiata così tanto, eppure è sempre uguale. Continuiamo a crescere, eppure abbiamo sempre gli stessi problemi: e ci fa male la pancia se non riusciamo ad andare in bagno per un paio di giorni e ci stressiamo se dormiamo troppo o troppo poco. A volte vorrei solo smettere di crederci e ritirarmi. Credere che devo fare qualcosa voglio dire, credere di dover leggere quel libro e fare l'artista, credere che devo fare uno sforzo o devo avere un motivo preciso per svegliarmi la mattina o per scriverti questa lettera-mail.  
 In ogni caso ti sto pensando, penso alla Grecia e a quanto mi piaceva andare al mercato e il tuo modo di scegliere i vestiti da indossare, i cibi da mangiare, e abituarmi alle tue abitudini.  
 É da talmente tanto tempo che non scrivo che non so nemmeno più a che cosa serva scrivere; perché secondo te leggiamo quello che scrivono gli altri?  
 Non sarebbe meglio stare un attimo in silenzio e provare a capire cosa ci sta succedendo, anziché cercare di assomigliare sempre a delle parole dette fuori da noi?  
 Oppure usare le mani, per pulire i carciofi dalle foglie dure e cucinarli al forno ad esempio.  
 A me prima non mi piacevano mica i carciofi, ora sì.  
 Praticamente ora tu stai scrivendo la tua tesi e io mi trovo in Spagna in questa casa bellissima, con boschi e montagne intorno, e dovrai scrivere qualcosa sull'amore. Tema facile. E mentre penso a come io abbia fatto ad infilarmi in una situazione simile, faccio delle lunghe camminate o vado fino in paese a cercare del cioccolato fondente.  
 Come vedi anche i miei pensieri vagano in cerca di una scusa per essere scritti, forse sono solo il tentativo per creare una vicinanza e arrivare lì dove ora non sono, tra le cose che stai facendo tu per farti compagnia o per sentirmi meno persa.  
 Se ti succede qualcosa di bello fammelo sapere, io intanto ho veramente finito le parole, magari chissà ti arriveranno anche quelle che non ho scritto che sono sempre le più belle.

Un bacio

**ALEX PRADA**

JANUARY 2020

**SALÓN LLANTO-CORRESPONDENCIA**

GREAT TIME, GREAT SPACE FOR A DEFINITIVE CHANGE IN MY PROJECT (AND IN MY LIFE!!)

Más allá del bosque de abedules, esos dioses de pecho blanco y heridas de guerra que se reúnen en un ejército invencible de sombras, vadearon el río por un recodo donde fluye a ras de suelo como una lámina pintada de verdes y pizarras entre un puente de rocas, siguiendo un estrecho sendero que a veces es invadido por las zarzamoras, allí por fin uno llega a un salón en cuyo centro se eleva una bola de piedra, un canto casi perfecto en su esfericidad que unas manos que ya no están trajeron desde alguna parte elevada del río, elegida por su milagrosa singularidad. La hierba nunca abandona el suelo y es pulcramente recortada alrededor de la piedra por los que van y vienen, altar cuya presencia eleva el sitio y lo distingue del resto de lo que lo rodea, lo marca con la presencia humana, con una inconfundible intención. Las paredes del salón son robles y hayas que ahí justo quisieron dejar vacíos el suelo y el cielo para que los hombres se sentaran en la esférica roca a llorar.

Hombre desemboca justo ahora en el apartamiento de los llantos, ya estaba allí cuando él nació, ya fue ubicado por aquellos que ya no están en un tiempo del que nada queda, solo la oralidad con la que los padres lo muestran a sus hijos cuando ocurre su primera crisis. Hombre ha querido saborear el camino, apenas media hora a pie del poblado, ha recogido nieve de las zarzas y la ha libado, ha dejado arrastrarse a sus manos en las rugosidades de los abedules, ha admirado la transparencia del río entre el puente de rocas. A las copas de los árboles, desde su pequeñez, le pregunta qué debieron sentir aquellos primeros visionarios que crearon de la nada aquel rincón tan necesario, qué motivación les hizo sacar del desorden un trozo de bosque, de su salvaje continuidad, y consagrarlo a tal artificio. Y ahora se sienta en la esfera de piedra como su padre le enseñó hace tanto, hace casi nada, ahora se apoya donde tantos se han apoyado antes, la piedra ya lo cuenta en su desgaste, y frente al bosque se detiene a permitirse el lujo de la soledad, del desconsuelo, del dolor.

El viento, hoy alto y denso, lento en su elegancia, el aparato incansante de las chicharras, la luz que baila en el suelo la danza de las copas, a través de sus ojos y de sus oídos Hombre absorbe el bosque en su totalidad y abre su pecho. Primero son los ojos, los ojos de Dira, hechos con la misma materia que el fondo del río allí donde más se hunde, en las pozas donde la piedra arrojada canta más grave. Hombre recrea el juego de la correspondencia de las cosas y encuentra la elegancia del costado de Dira en la de las yeguas que a veces aparecen a la carrera en manada, la palma de sus manos recorriendo su espalda con el mismo frío y la misma suave firmeza que los cantos rodados de la orilla del río allí donde casi nunca recibe el sol. La proximidad de su sexo a algunas pulpas y a ciertas flores es sencilla y a su vez dolorosa, la sustancia de sus lunares será la misma de la que están hechas las pipas del interior de algunos frutos, Hombre vaticina que igual todo está hecho con unos ingredientes finitos con infinitas combinaciones, que la misma materia con la que se compone el fondo de los ojos de Dira ahora forma espaldas de escarabajos o inexplicables vetas oscuras de algunas cuevas. Y que Dira está en todo ahora y que el todo estaba inmerso en Dira. Hombre, después de todo esto, de tanto, necesita casi involuntariamente ponerse de pie, implorar sin saber aún cómo se hace eso y tampoco a quién o qué, acuclillarse de dolor, dar una vuelta a la piedra, volver sobre ella, rescatar el pelo de Dira como esas hierbas submarinas que se mecen casi congeladas con la corriente allí donde el río no llega más de la rodilla. Y entonces sí, entonces algo se rompe en su interior y empieza a llorar. Que para eso ha venido hasta aquí. Y llora creyendo que igual no va a parar hasta el fin de sus días, llora hasta que sus ojos están cansados, suda de tanto llorar, los pómulos blandos y sus brazos vencidos y su pecho vaciéndose y llenándose de volviéndose a vaciar. Llora y siente la mastodóntica ayuda del bosque para que llore, su impulso, su comprensión. Llora hasta acercarse a la alegría.

Y cuando todo pasa, cuando el cauce de sus lágrimas vuelve a serenarse y la tormenta deja paso al suave goteo de la calma, un golpe de viento inesperado, una ráfaga que cimbrea los árboles más débiles, responde a todo lo que Hombre acaba de darle al bosque, a todo su llanto, a todo su vacío. Y Hombre lo entiende, sabe que una vez más los que ya no están vienen al salón de los llantos a traer su intento de consuelo. Y, cómo no, Dira también ha venido a decirle adiós. A cantarle que adelante.

**ANNA KUSHNER**  
 FEBRUARY 2020
**THE VIVARIUM**

THIS NOVEL REVOLVES AROUND THREE CHARACTERS WHO ARE STRUGGLING WITH THEIR OWN SENSES OF MORALITY AND DISPLACEMENT. THE NON-LINEAR NARRATIVE HIGHLIGHTS PIVOTAL MOMENTS IN THEIR LIVES ACROSS DECADES AND CONTINENTS AND REVEALS THE PROFOUND WAYS IN WHICH EACH CHARACTER CONTINUES TO BE AFFECTED BY LARGER EVENTS.

**HABLA HUMBERTO FORTUNY**

“Carlos del Castillo” decía al lado de la pequeña foto cuadrada. La altura, el color de los ojos, cabellos y cutis (trigueño) eran todos iguales, pero este era un hombre que nació un día de diciembre en Güines en vez de en agosto en Guanabacoa.

Yo no quería salir del país con un nombre impuesto. Yo quería salir con mi nombre, con el que había nacido, el nombre que decíamos significaba que ninguno de nosotros era realmente de La Habana, pero eso no se nos preguntaba ni se sabía en aquel entonces. Fortuny era un campo de suaves colinas en Cataluña, era un paisaje rural que no habría tenido ningún motivo por qué cambiar si no fuera por los cadáveres republicanos que iban apareciendo justo antes de que el Viejo Fortuny se fuera para Cuba.

Pasaron los años 1936 y 1937, y el Viejo Fortuny se radicalizaba cada vez más, formaba parte de redadas y pequeñas batallas, había descubierto el encanto de las pistolas y de bombas que les arrancaban las puertas a los edificios. Se había pasado días agazapado, con el fusil a su lado, en un puesto de avanzada remoto hasta que lo mandaron a su casa al encuentro de una madre que se había vuelto ciega del espanto. Le dijeron que los anarquistas habían colgado a un joven del árbol que quedaba fuera de la casa de la viuda Fortuny, justo al lado de la ventana de la habitación. Pero lo habían golpeado tan salvajemente que ya no se le reconocían las facciones. Todos en el pueblo decían que era el joven Fortuny. La madre decía que no, que sabría en su alma si fuera realmente su hijo. No pot pas ser, jo no sento que el meu fill s'hagi mort. Dormía al lado de la puerta de entrada, esperando el regreso de su hijo.

El párroco llegó antes que el juez hubiera mandado a un oficial a bajar el cuerpo. Quería darle sepulto cristiano al cadáver, y la madre le gritó que su Iglesia estaba apoyando al lado equivocado, estaba con el diablo, decía. Señora, señora, le rogó, venga conmigo y la ayudo, Dios le dará consuelo por esta pérdida terrible. Se fue corriendo a la habitación para escaparse de la voz del cura, de sus lamentos y del miedo horroroso de que su hijo jamás entraría a la casa de nuevo. Y entonces fue que vio el cuerpo a través de la ventana, allí justo al otro lado de su propia cara, tanto que su reflejo en el vidrio se sobrepuso al de la cara del muerto. Vio sus propias facciones en la máscara hundida del muerto y fue la última cosa que jamás vio. Dicen que se volvió ciega en el momento.

El Viejo Fortuny se montó con ella en una nave poco después que paraba en Santiago de Cuba. La historia de cómo llegaron al barco se ha perdido con estas generaciones que me preceden. ¿Habrán salido del Puerto de Barcelona o llegaron hasta los Pirineos para después seguir a San Juan de Luz, Biarritz o alguna otra ciudad litoral? Los mismos paisajes que yo mismo tendría que cruzar para llegar a París desde Hendaya en 1968, desde un país que era y no era el mismo que mi propio padre había dejado atrás tres décadas antes.

Durante toda mi niñez, solo conocí a mi abuela Mercè como la mujer con los ojos nublados que vivía en Oriente. Podía hacer todo por sí misma desde degollar a un cerdo hasta atizar un fuego, con la excepción de leer. Yo le leía cuando la visitaba desde La Habana, de cualquier libro que estuviera leyendo, y a veces ella, en cambio, me recitaba poesía, versos que había memorizado de niña y aún recordaba tantos años después. Eran en catalán, idioma del cual yo entendía bastante, aunque mi padre rara vez lo hablaba delante de mí.

Fortuny también era ella y sus versos y esos campos de colinas suaves en Oriente, los paisajes rurales que fueron tomados después por los rebeldes revolucionarios. Los que me mandaban de regreso a Europa, al otro lado del mar. El mar, las formas en las cuales viajamos para llegar a otro hemisferio, todos nosotros migrantes. Fortuny era todo eso, además de ser yo mismo.

**DARINA SIKMASHVILI**  
 FEBRUARY 2020
**SHE WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME LIGHT**

A NOVELLA IN FRAGMENTS DEALING WITH INSOMNIA, MADNESS, AND PLEASURE.

**BUT MY MOTHER TOLD ME**

You have to know you want it. When I was four we would visit a friend of my mother's, a woman who looked like Stevie Nicks. Blonde, curly hair and coal over her lids like a queen, like Cleopatra. I remember a turquoise shimmering blouse. She was always laughing smoking crying.

Her name was Xenia and she had a husband and they had a cat name Taisa, after a repentant courtesan from Alexandria who became a saint. Yefremov wrote a book where the Whore Taisa of Egypt becomes Ptolemy's Egyptian queen.

Xenia and her husband could not conceive. They fucked and fucked and pills and money but nothing grew. How does it matter how I knew? There were nights my mother visited without me. These nights Xenia cried in the kitchen and my mother cooed and cried with.

Taisa was a Siberian cat, a gift for Xenia after another wouldn't carry. Puffy and regal with a round face, stretched long across the couch, in waiting. Xenia chopped raw beef shock-red and cold, pooling with blood into Taisa's bowl and Taisa ate it quick and lapped up the blood. Red blotted her soft white throat.

I marveled. I was a frustrating child, I leapt at dogs, draped my arms over their tired necks. I chased cats I wanted to pet. Taisa did not allow for this. There was no touching her except for Xenia, who fed her meat and fresh milk. Taisa was the only living thing I have known who did what she wanted. Taisa loved to fuck. Spring she'd sneak out of the living room window and disappear for a week, two. Xenia went looking for her at first, then she stopped because Taisa would always return. Then she'd sleep and eat for three whole days.

Nothing but sleeping and eating. Sleeping and eating. She'd wander into the kitchen and lay across the floor and scream. Six in the morning.

Xenia said often, I'd kill her if I didn't admire her so much.

Taisa would come home and summer she'd screech, heavy as a rock, around the apartment, and kittens would come. Xenia would line the bottom dresser drawer with blankets and Taisa would climb in. Paws the size of my palms. Claw and screech and screech, blood on her chin.

Xenia delivered Taisa's babies. Tiny, bloody things she wiped a little and handed quickly back to mother. Anybody else came near the kittens and the mother hissed and puffed her tail and frothed heavy from her mouth. Xenia was allowed. To carry meat to the mother, to carry milk.

A purebred. A princess. The house needed vacuuming constantly, fur accumulated everywhere. A diet of raw meat and fresh milk. The neighbors ate worse was a common remark. My mother and I did.

**MAURICIO RUIZ**  
FEBRUARY - MARCH 2020**SIGO LLORANDO LA NIEVE**

THE NOVEL IS LOOSELY BASED ON THE LIFE OF A MEXICAN EX-PRESIDENT AND THE RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS OLDEST DAUGHTER. SOME OF THE THEMES EXPLORED ARE: COGNITIVE DISSONANCE, CORRUPTION, IMPUNITY, GREED, CLIMATE CHANGE, PORNOGRAPHY.

En el aeropuerto bajó del autobús y miró el reloj: siete cincuenta y cinco. Tenía suficiente tiempo. Varias personas arrastraban sus maletines, el traqueteo de ruedas un sonido taladrante que en un instante ya se disolvía en lo profundo del inconsciente. Subió por la escalera eléctrica y como en otras ocasiones estudió a la gente delante de él. Le gustaba inventarles historias, crearles mezclas de profesiones y temperamentos, también el destino al que volaban y por qué. Dos hombres rubios espigados conversaban en voz alta y casi de inmediato reconoció que hablaban en holandés con acento de Amsterdam. Iban trajeados y con corbata, y los imaginó yendo de viaje a Ibiza a jugar volleyball en la playa, sus pieles al rojo vivo lastimadas por el sol. Una mujer delgada empujando dos maletas que parecían armarios llevaba un sombrero verde olivo con una banda negra. De qué país sería, se preguntó al llegar al nivel de salidas.

La primera explosión lo arrojó al piso. Cuando abrió los ojos una nube de humo gris se elevaba a la distancia. Volteó a la derecha, a la izquierda, pero no encontró sus gafas. Siluetas pasaban a su lado, tropezaban y caían, el ruido de los cuerpos chocando contra el suelo como una lamento sordo. Mujeres corrían con niños en brazos. Los gritos rasgaban el aire. Se estaba levantando cuando el segundo estallido lo aplastó. Sembrado boca abajo y con el oído izquierdo zumbándole, apenas podía respirar. Aun antes de abrir los ojos el olor a plástico quemado le llenó la nariz, químicos que se mezclaban en el aire y le hacían arder los pulmones. Cuando finalmente abrió los ojos se dio cuenta que una capa de polvo le cubría las pestañas, la nariz. Tosió. A su alrededor los quejidos y lamentos se elevaban del suelo como humores de la tierra. Se rodó sobre el costado y se sentó. Quiso limpiarse el polvo y cuando se llevó una mano al rostro sintió como si su brazo fuera demasiado corto. A lo mejor sus músculos no le funcionaban porque no percibió que sus dedos tocaran su frente. Lo que sí sintió fue un líquido tibio en el ceño, en la nariz y en las mejillas. Se pasó la otra mano por la cara y en borroso vio la sangre. Se asustó. Pensó que a lo mejor se había cortado el rostro, alguna herida en la cabeza. Cuando vio su mano derecha pensó que era la mano de alguien más. Parecía que la había sumergido en un bote de pintura rojo carmín. Su cerebro entró en shock. Con la boca abierta seguía mirando su mano, como si tratara de encontrar una respuesta al porqué de esa forma irregular. Su cuerpo empezó a temblar y sintió que su espalda, su torso entero estaba helado. Volteó a un lado y vio trozos de vidrio grueso por todas partes. A su alrededor los alaridos crecían pero su cerebro no los registraba. Vio sus dedos debajo de un cristal, partes de su cuerpo que en el suelo parecían fuera de lugar, dos dedos juntos y al mismo tiempo separados del resto. Su cuerpo temblaba sin control. Empezó a llorar.



# CONTEMPORARY ART

2019 - 2020



3

**PAUL CUPIDO**

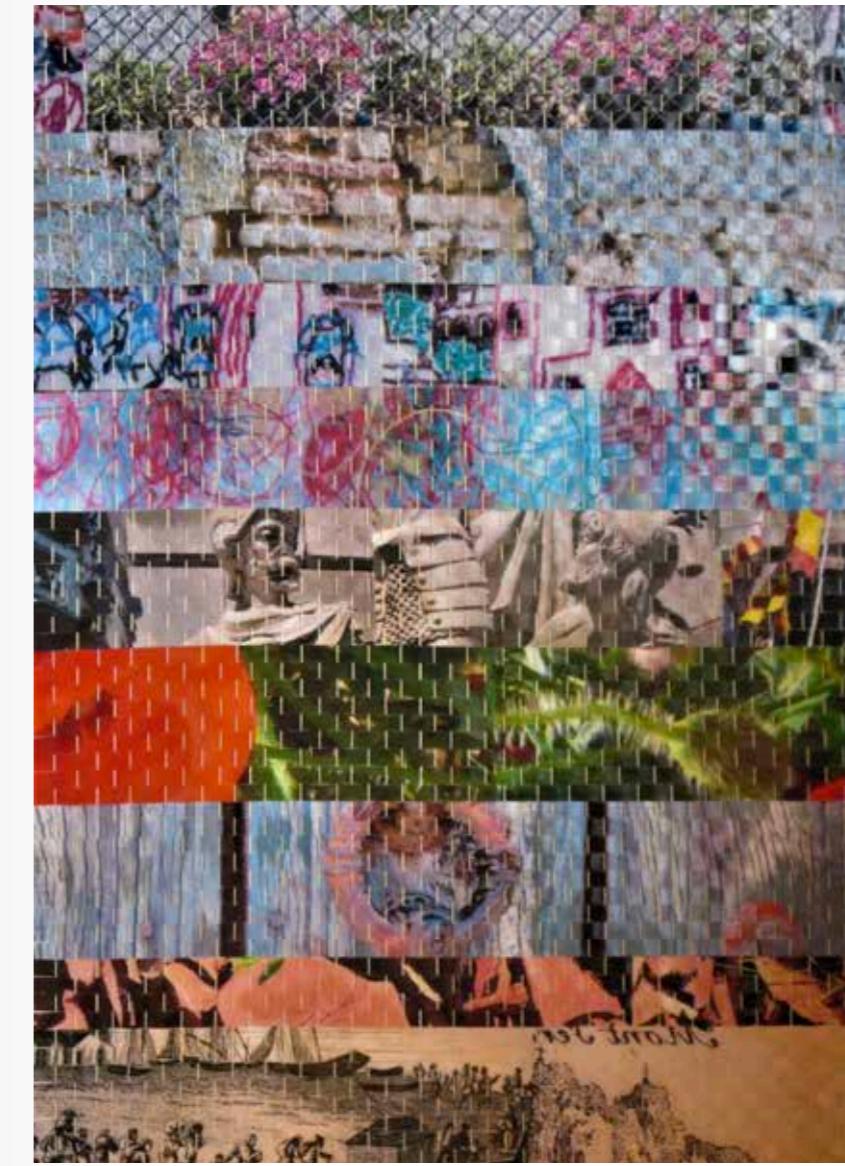
MARCH 2019

- 1. MIRAGES**
- 2. MONTSERRAT**
- 3. ESTUDI AZURIET**

PHOTOGRAPH ON JAPANESE PAPER

The project I worked on at Can Serrat is based on two themes drawn from the classic 'Ephémère project' by Char Davies:

1. The fleetingness of existence (genesis, passage and disappearance)
2. The symbolical correspondence between body and earth – earth as regenerative source, organic destination, mythic ground.

**MARJOLAINE BOURGEOIS**

APRIL - MAY 2019

**CATALOGUE 1**

WOVEN IMAGE TRANSFERS ON COTTON, 92 X 65 CM

My grandmother, my aunts and my mother, were weaving what they called a "catalogne", (carpets woven from fabrics remnants). Curiously, history demonstrates that similar blankets have been seen in the Lyon and Catalan region. During my residence in CanSerrat, I was not able to confirm if and how these "catalognes" would be of catalan origin. However, I was immediately taken by the environment I was in and decided to document it as much as I could. I took photos of my environment, I created small studies of "catalognes" and embroidered a catalan historical illustration, which, at my return, resulted in final larger works.

**TEGAN L. SMITH**

APRIL - MAY 2019

**LOCATE SEA**

MIXED MEDIA ON PAPER, COVER 20 X 20 CM

At Can Serrat I began drawings and collapsible sculptures for my project The Coordinates of Home: Earth Measuring and Navigating Normal about the International System of measures, which are now part of bookwork/folder series. I photographed Montserrat, one stop on the 18th C Paris meridian survey that established the metre, while I prepared for a trip on the between Barcelona and Dunkirk to document points for a measurement web projects in progress.

**LINE BERGET**

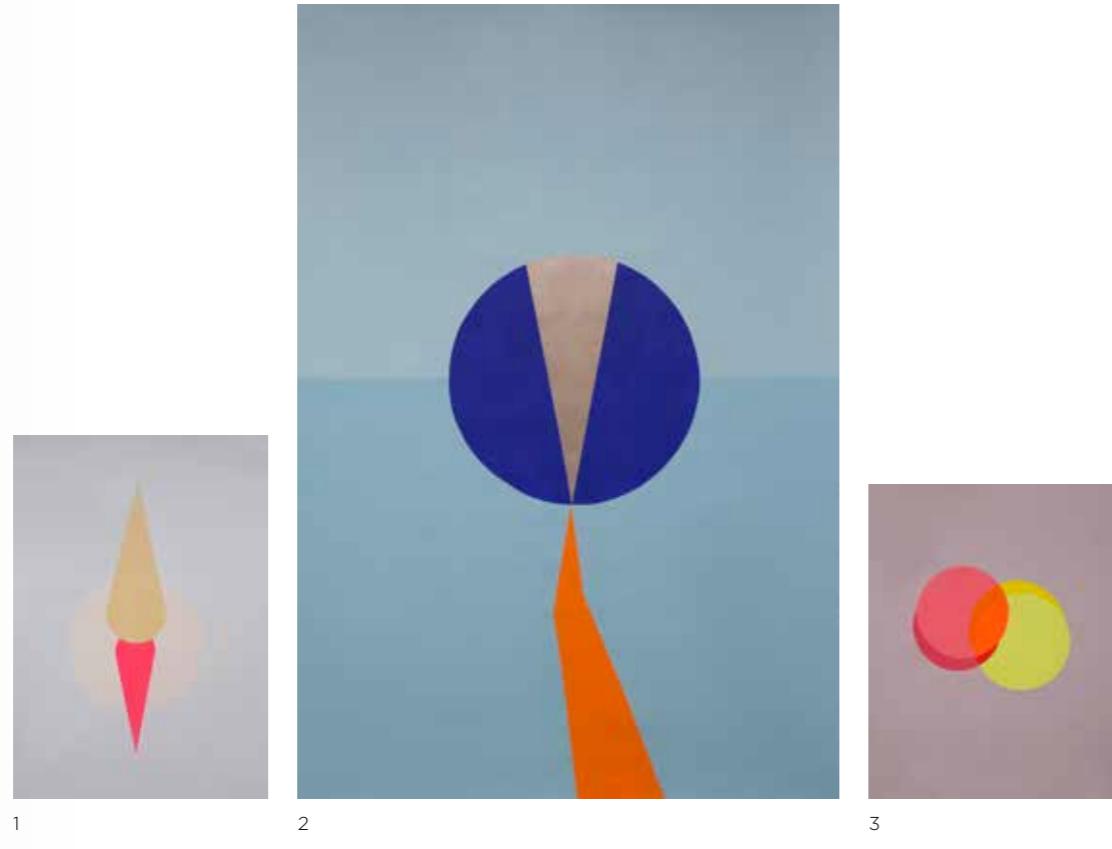
APRIL - JUNE 2019

**A TROLLS JEWELLERY**

HEMP, ROCK, STEEL

1. 70 X 20 X 10 CM
2. 70 X 25 X 15 CM
3. 70 X 35 X 8 CM

With the knowledge of a sculptural binding technique I searched the area for natural materials to use. All in the spirit of nature creatures and at the edge of chaos. I've had a fascination for rocks and chaos as long as I remember and always carried stones with me on my moves in life.



### YEZICA TUTIC

MAY 2019

- 1. EL ABRAZO**
- 2. LA MANO DE DIOS**
- 3. ENCUENTRO**

ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 53 X 40 IN

Finally having the time to fully commit to my practice gave me the opportunity to create my 12 painting series, Diario. Not only is each painting an investigation towards mastery of shape and color, attempting to highlight, push, challenge and rediscover their relationships, but each tells a very personal story. They reflect me in the moment and represent growth, both in my art and my life.



### CLARA STEINHARDT

MAY - JUNE 2019

- ESTA DISTANCIA PODRIA INTERESARTE**  
VARIOS, 100 X 160 X 130 CM

¿Qué define el lugar del que venís? ¿Qué representa para vos?

Que la distancia exista en cualquiera de sus formas, manifiesta vida, aunque no haya conciencia de esto. La distancia que recorremos no puede desaparecer, podemos volver a recorrerla para acercarnos de dónde venimos, pero lo recorrido no desaparece, podemos volver sobre nuestros pasos, pero siempre generando nuevos. Todo lo que conocemos es entonces distancia, rastros de flujo en el tiempo, rastros de tiempo recorrido, los árboles, las personas, las ciudades, distancia. Realizada piezas de cerámica de distintas regiones, cubos de cartón con collage de grabados, yeso, telas resinas y polvos de arcillas y ladrillos, acrílico y polvo de cerámica sobre tela.



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**RUTH KOELEWYN**  
MAY - JUNE 2019

**CAN SERRAT SKYSHAPES**

1. INK AND ACRYLIC ON POLYPROPYLENE, 23X15X2.5 CM
2. INK ON MULBERRY PAPER, 76X63.5 CM

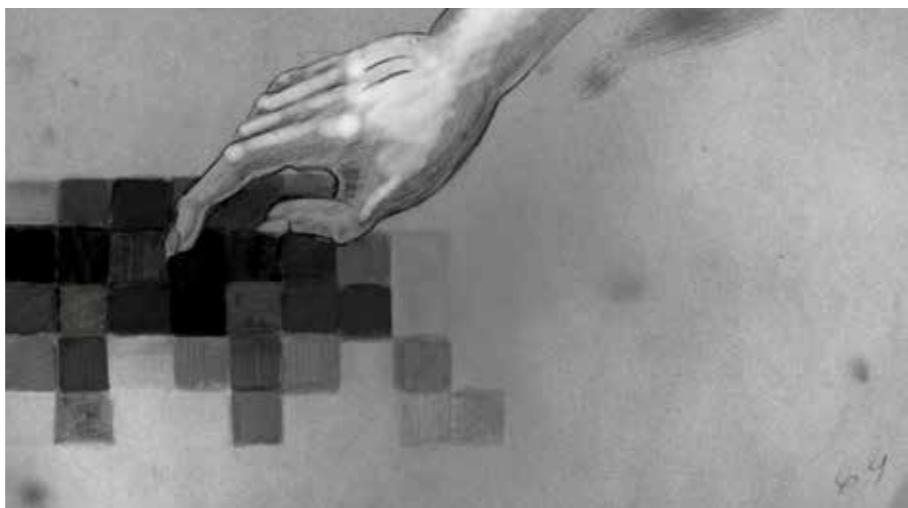
I spent my two-month residency at Can Serrat finding and recording the skyshapes I found at the masia and around El Bruc. Rather than being a solid, iconic blue shape representing the sky, I started to explore the varying colors and intensity of light, thinking more about the atmosphere that builds our experience of the sky.



**BRUNO CARACOL**  
MAY- JUNE 2019

**MONTANHA GELADA (CLIMATE MACHINE)**  
CARAVAN, FREEZER, DRYWALL, PAPER, 5X3 M

Montaña Gelada (Climate Machine) is an installation that takes thermal dynamics as a work material. It is an attempt to enact a mechanical understanding of natural dynamics, manipulating a freezing system in an abandoned caravan to create a cold room (accumulating ice) and a hot room, where archive images of the water systems around the hill of Montserrat were displayed.



**MIRANDA JAVID**  
JUNE 2019

**THE WIND**  
FILM STILL, ANIMATION

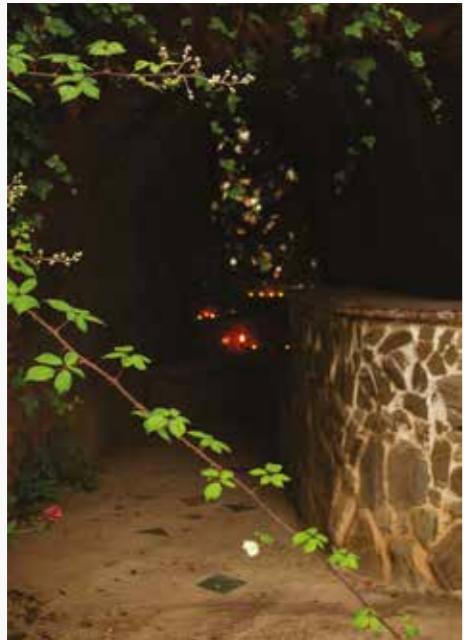
The rigidity of a historical fact rolls by like clouds, or maybe like cloud computing. Digital landscapes like desktops, trash cans, and cursors flatten the sensation of what tangibly remains: the invisible pleasure of wind on skin.



**MARIE MONS**  
JUNE 2019

**MONTserrat**  
PHOTOGRAPHY, 40 X 60 CM

The Abbey, the Black Madonna, and the mystical mountain are potential backdrops to distance myself from reality, to eliminate time in these new images and procure, through this fresh narrative, the eternal symbolism. In this place, I focus in particular on discerning and capturing what escapes the senses, I like to show a very different world.



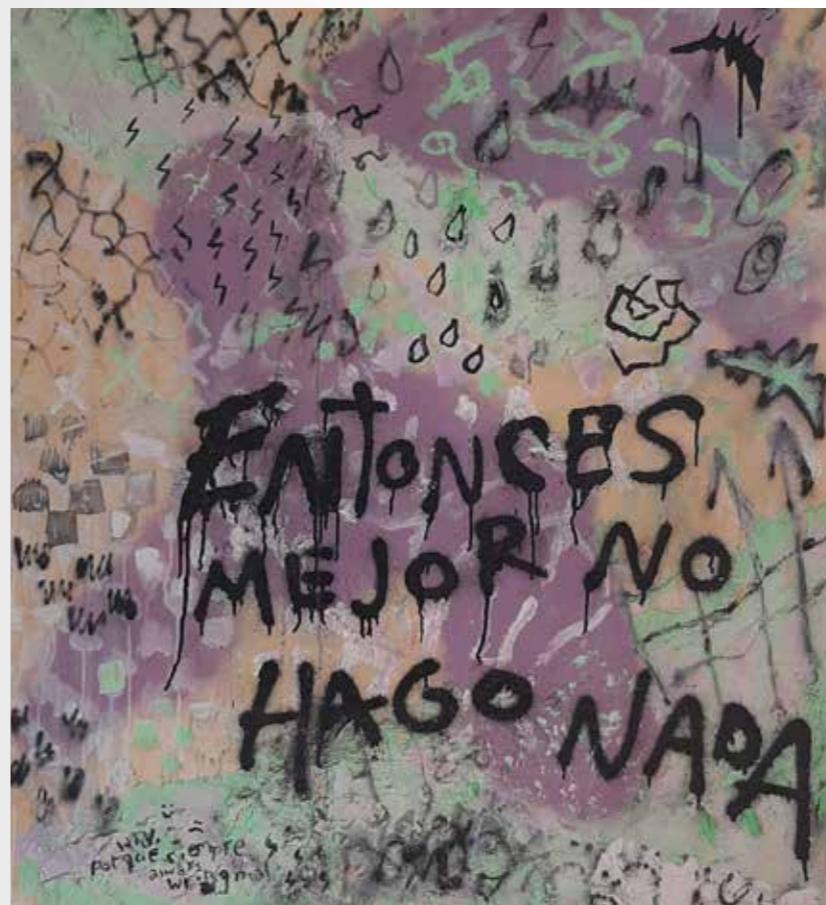
### LAUREN CARDENAS

JUNE 2019

#### **HOW ARE YOU FEELING? MUCH BETTER**

100 MILAGRO BOXES, VOTIVE CANDLES IN GARDEN GROTTO,  
SIZE VARIED

During my time at Can Serrat, I created a small installation an altar for my millennial self. This altar was culminating installation in the garden grotto on the property. Everyday I would construct 10 empty milagro boxes for 10 days. Each box symbolizes the 600 empty "thoughts and prayers," which is related to the number of times the term "thoughts and prayers" was tweeted between 2015-2019. The 100 milagro boxes thus represents 600,000 empty "thoughts and prayers."



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### MARIA LUJAN VIVAS

JUNE - JULY 2019

#### **1. ENTONCES MEJOR NO HAGO NADA**

ÓLEO Y AEROSOL SOBRE LIENZO, 100 X 97 CM

#### **2. YO NUNCA ME OLVIDO DE TODO LO QUE HICE MAL**

ÓLEO Y AEROSOL SOBRE LIENZO, 63 X 64 CM

My project consisted in making various paintings, starting from the following questions: What do I want to tell? How do I choose to tell it? Will the support modify the message's intention? What's the difference between the initial idea and the outcome? How much does the space where I work influence me? How much does the lack of different supports or working spaces influence me?



**VANESSA DONOSO LÓPEZ**  
JUNE - JULY 2019

**THE ONGOING CLAY PROJECT**

My residence in Can Serrat was to experiment, research and reflect on the concept of place, belonging and identity through the excavation of local soil. This was developed in an open and collaborative framework that included manual and dialogic processes. The goal was to use this clay as a source of communication; Soil retains geological, climatic, biological and cultural records of the earth, and we can consider it as the origin of civilization. In addition of being the uterus of our food, the first evidence of the written word appears on clay. My intention was to recover the language of this material and its primitive form of communication to generate dialogues and dialogical bridges between strangers. To unearth, evoke stories and anecdotes from Can Serrat's world and its inhabitants.



**ZAHAVA ROZMAN**  
AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2019

**MY MOTHER'S SISTERS, WE REMEMBER**  
PEN, INK, AND PHOTO, LITHOGRAPHY ON PAPER,  
11.75 X 14.29 CM

The project I did in Can Serrat was a continuation of a series I called Family Project. It involves photos of my family members whose lives were taken away during the Nazi regime in Poland, and pen and ink drawings.



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### DANICA OLDERS

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2019

#### 1. POSTERS

LA GARÇONNIÈRE, ACRYLIC AND OIL ON PAPER, 55X90CM  
EARTH BURGER, ACRYLIC AND OIL ON PAPER, 59X81CM

#### 2. INSATIABLE HUNGER

INSTALLATION, ACRYLIC AND OIL ON PAPER, FOUND  
WOOD, FOUND WHEELBARROW, VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

While at Can Serrat, September 2019, I focussed on exploring new imagery in illustrative painting, and developed a series called "An Insatiable Hunger."



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### CHAZ O'NEIL

SEPTEMBER 2019

#### 1. SANT SERRAT

CYANOTYPE AND MIXED MEDIA ON PAPER, 23X15IN

#### 2. UNTITLED

CYANOTYPE MIXED MEDIA ON PAPER, 30X22IN

Created prints and cyanotypes Inspired by region and collaboration with fellow residents. Awarded this residency through Can Serrat and Ohio Art League.



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### MARIANNE VIEULÈS

SEPTEMBER - NOVEMBER 2019

#### 1. WAW

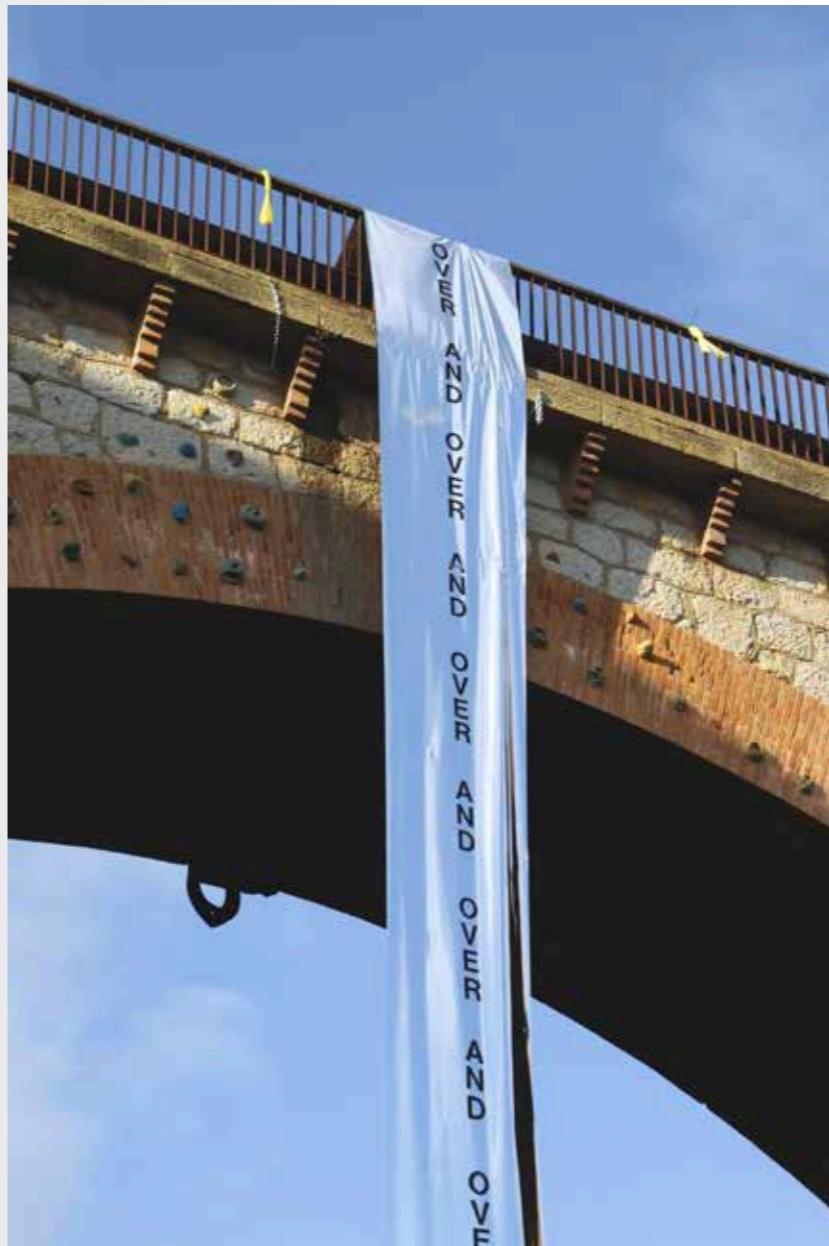
NATALYA GIMSON AS BRAD PITT, COSTUME

#### 2. UFO

PHOTOGRAPHY, VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

I came to Can Serrat to work on the first computer in Spain (1968) and the first artists who worked with, commissioned by the dictatorship to say "hello world, we are in the future too". So I studied the artists' productions, hoping for bright statements and politic commitment. They did a lot of different works, similar to what was done in the rest of the world at the same period with computers. They were in the future too. Some of their works are still influencing me in my installations ideas.

Because I was there 3 months, I took the liberty to change side and to begin to write something. All my friends encountered there encouraged me to do so and, inspired by the UFOs' stories on Montserrat, I wrote the beginning of WAW!, a collection of short stories about a kind of game looking alike baseball to summon UFOs.



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### ELLE DIOGUARDI

NOVEMBER 2019

#### 1. OVER AND OVER

PAINT MARKER ON REFLECTIVE MYLAR, 4 X 100 FEET

#### 2. IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN

PAINT MARKER ON REFLECTIVE MYLAR, 4 X 20 FEET

I used my time at Can Serrat to jump start a new body of work. I am a visual artist using text, and wanted to try to make larger installation pieces. The culmination of my time at Can Serrat was installing and documenting a large reflective mylar piece on a bridge in town with the help of other residents.

**Can Serrat is THANKFUL**

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through their presence and, later, their work samples to help create this  
archive of projects.

To our friends in El Bruc and local collaborators, whose involvement and  
support sustains and nurtures this creative community.

To the Can Serrat founders for establishing this space and for their  
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