

At Canserrat I had the surprising experience of giving time to my own writing for the first time, while engaging in collaborative activities regarding the potential of words and narratives.

I came to the residency with different plans, yet I have been pleasurably surprised by my dear fellow residents and writers, and by how we shaped each other in our makings.

In my writings in English I mainly explored the idea of language and its effects in its absence (omission, censorship). In my writings in Italian, my mother tongue, I discovered storytelling and short stories, while tasting again, after a very long time, my own language and its sounds and edges.

The space and place of Canserrat, El Bruc, the library and its inhabitants, too, gave me the starting point to write small stories about the experience in loco and the realities met along the way.

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Racons Kids in collaboration with the El Bruc Primary School.  
Activity planned and executed in collaboration with Mercedes Duque Espiau

*No hay nada de valor.*

Next to Canserrat there is a tile factory. It seems is abandoned; in reality, it isn't. Makers have this habit of grabbing things left behind by others, or that look like it. In the residency there is this saying: if it has no name on it, you can take it. The same can't be applied to the factory, yet tiles have been taken and tensions have been knitted.

One day, we went to visit the factory. Even Philo came along. Philo is around 13 years old, and she carries the enthusiasm of a village. She forgets the fact that she is, after all, a madam. In the factory, she drank all the dirty water she could find and rolled in dust from beginning to end. I believe she had the most fun. I wished I rolled in dust, too.

When we reached the factory, the owner greeted us and accompanied us around the building. The factory used to be big and busy, since they produced ceramic tiles for the whole country. Now it is still big, yet sleepy: concrete and wood have taken over the construction world and beautiful tiles are not a first demand. The factory doesn't produce them anymore, but still sells them, and I wonder what will happen when all of them are gone.

The place itself is big and still, with machines covered in red, thin dust and with the only sound of a constant radio playing in the background. The light that comes in is dusty, too: heavy and brown, filtered by muddy windows. Like a carcass of a huge beast, and us walking inside its stomach. In front of the building there were boxes and boxes of tiles, beautiful and bored, endlessly sunbathing. We spent long minutes admiring them, their complexities and different colours.

The sun was becoming harsh and it was time to return to Canserrat. We gave our shoulders to the building, while facing the mountains of Montserrat.

The owner slowly walked back to his office, carrying dust on his clothes.

He opened the transparent door and firmly closed it behind him. I noticed a sign on the door, even if I was sure there was nothing there when we entered the building.

The sign was white, a simple sheet of paper with a black, short text on it.

I squeezed my eyes from a distance, trying to read within its blurriness.

"No hay nada de valor".

The owner picked up his phone and rushed to his office; we went back to Canserrat slowly, with tiles in our hands and Philo carrying her dirty fur.

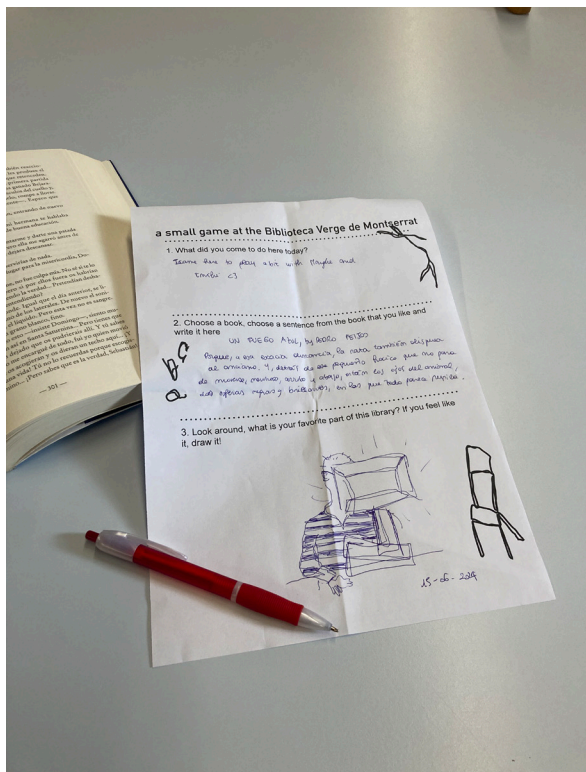
We left the sleepy carcass behind, with its metal bones.

Abandoned, but apparently not.



*How many are we?*

Fan zine produced in in collaboration with the residents of the month of May 2024 <3



### Small game at the Biblioteca Verge de Montserrat