

COLLECTING...

I am in front of my computer, my fingers are ready, they have warmed up, I have cut my nails, I have already masturbated to release any possible and disturbing tension, my tee will keep me awake, the chair is comfortable today, light enough, silence enough, I shut up my internet connection, no skype "bips" entering in my focus, telephone is off, no more waiting for this call that does not arrive...I am ready to start...

I do believe there will be something I could talk about...maybe now is not my time to make any statement, so?... ..

Do Start!... choose an artist, choose a work, choose a theme and do analyze, do reflect and do conclude.

"the ERGONOMIC SHAPE of a text, THE PATTERN OF START, MIDDLE AND END THAT could PRODUCE A SATISFACTORY FEELING OF CLOSURE".

I don't want.  
I don't feel like it.  
I cannot.  
I will fail.  
It is fine.

IT  
IS  
FINE...

What is desire?

How is desire related with a process? Is desire a motor? How to discipline desire?

A text (this text) is a collection of pieces, a collection of other people's words, "a collection of quotations, strategic and accidental speaking", it is a collaborative process between my interest and how other people articulated them.

A collection of thoughts that have squatted my mind and a collection of sentences that have seduced me, touched me, confused me or inspired me in the last year, in the last period.

They will, hopefully, by themselves, achieve a point, a conclusion, and a sense, somewhere through the lines of my written speech.

"Discipline of inclusion"

As if I would not have my own voice but I was just "a space this other stuff is flowing through and lodged inside, a place where collisions take place".

How to write when you don't have anything to say?

I am thinking, feeling, I am here, active and receptive, connected with my environment, I affect it, hopefully...

and I wrote beautiful mails...I wrote beautiful mails...I wrote beautiful mails...

Have you ever feel LOVE?

This kind of LOVE that appear one day, after 7 years living with someone, in a sofa, when this person's face surrender into your lap, while deeply falling asleep, one evening around 11 p.m, while watching a too long Fasbinder film...and you feel, slowly, her thoughts melting, her resistances melting, she is totally yours...you, able to observe her, admire her, the owner of her breath....why you did not choose killing her before she would do it?

" A marathon naming of the parts in which language proliferates around a crisis"

I could write a text now..."A text to be whispered by the bedside of a sleeping child, a text to be left on the answering machine of strangers, a text to be spoken while fucking secretly the partner of a good friend, a text of lines from half remembered songs, a text for people to find in their wallets, days after, when you are forgotten, a text written at 3 a.m in the middle of a war, a text that raises questions of ownership"...

Then the audience of my words "will not be the audience of a written spectacle but the witness of an event".

I would like to touch you now.

Could I?

"Because touch is allowing myself to be touched by you". Touch and the history of separation, all my tryouts to get closer to you just remain me your borders.  
"Touch as a violation of critical distances, inviting at once intimacy, tension and conflict. A gesture that negotiate both transgression and understanding..."

How can I touch you?

"It is private, and they, the performers, are exposed (investment comes when we are beaten so complex and so personal that we move beyond rhetoric into events)"

Investment is breaking a bone in each performance with a naïve belief of being communicating through this.

IT  
IS  
FINE

What I miss in Spain from Amsterdam is this "takeaway" coffee cups and bars, I miss not understanding the voices in the public transports, I miss breathing something else than car excrements...

Have you ever lost LOVE?

I don't want.  
I don't feel like it.  
I cannot.  
I will fail.

What is an empty space but pure potentiality to be filled?

Several methods come to my mind now to stimulate a writing process...

Surrealism and the automatic writing. Starting from the unconscious, fighting the censure that use to work in our choices, a non-prepared creative act, without any immediate sense, something from us, that belong to us, but that escape our control.

I am thinking, also, in Georges Perec, and his wonderful writing experiments.

"*La disparition*" is a novel (around 245 pages) where he did not use the letter "e". The translation in Spanish, called "el secuestro" was translated without using at al the letter "a".

"*La vie, mode d'emploi*", that explain, in a naturalistic and descriptive tone, the life of the people that life in a building, is written following the movements of a horse figure of a chest game. So all the movements in the book are taken in L.

Here are 26 letters  
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w y z  
Now write a text

“Species of spaces...”

Agreements of communication:

“ I think that one look at the paintings with the hope to discover a secret. Non a secret about art but about life. And if this secret is discovered it will remain as a secret, because, after all, it is not translatable into words. With the words you just can draw a rough map to arrive to the secret”

A kiss would be for me the more intimate thing to share...other fluids say less about my self that the state of my saliva...when I kiss for the first time my saliva get thicker...do you think it is normal?

Things I would never do in a first date:  
eating a falafel  
going to the swimming pool  
making a porno solo - monologue with an horrible Spanish accent and in tu tu...  
I would never say “I love you” in a first date  
...neither sauna  
I would not invite my grandmother

“He and his dance created a kind of sensorial substance that eluded the abstract, that eluded the non physical and the closeness of the images. The real achievement of the dance is to keep open these differences; it never should cross fade with an image. Contemporary dance, far from disappear and become ethereal, should affirm the body and its materiality”.

“He question spectatorship by emphasizing the gaze’s tactility, his audience must ask: where can we rest our eyes, what can we touch with our optical scrutiny?”

Strategies to forget...

Swimming in public fountain  
Looking for a substitute that will not ask for morning’s plans but with some master degrees in how to touch  
Invent a mono-seduction with a too straight, too blonde, too tall and too beautiful women, and be reciprocated-corresponded when you did not expect it...  
Soft lies about your state of mind when kind strangers ask you “how are you?”  
Alcohol  
Porno  
Workholisms  
Fuck with the best friend of the one who has left you  
Trying to explain to your 4 years old cousin why are you sad and then listen her empiric logic and her much more funny alternatives to the suicide  
Apple tart at “Latei” ( with cream)

“ An invisible text, a broken text, a discredited text”

“My gaze does not finish with-in myself, it starts with-in the other, my gaze is that thing which make disappear the invisible space between the bodies, my gaze is that element that generates spaces. It is as observing to yourself through what is existing, it is not a meditative observation but an observation of the externalization of yourself”

but I want to touch you now...

In the moment that something begins it is starting to finish...how to hold the safe and eternal undefinition?

...“The masses tendency and need to own an object, overcoming the unrepeatability nature of them by accepting reproductions...”

.....for the publicity the desirable is always in the future.

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. .  
.

“they want us to believe that pain is an accident, something that we can avoid by having an insurance”

a text of promises, a text of accusations...

"...Gesture is that dimension of language that is not exhausted in any communication of meaning and that in this way marks the point at which language appears in its more capacity to communicate. (...) Without identity, defined by nothing other than its existence in language as irreducible, absolute, POTENTIALITY"...

Touching is for me an event, a political gesture that negotiates transgression and understanding.

The skin as a meeting point, the realization of the impenetrable, touching is an experience of the encounter and to perceive a limit. Touching is both sharing and separation. Actual and potentiality.

Touching proposes a violation of critical distances inviting at one intimacy, tension and conflict.

As J.L. Nancy said, “ touching one another, with their mutual weights, this is what make them bodies”.

And as Erin Mannin wrote: "BECAUSE TOUCH IS ALLOWING MYSELF TO BE TOUCHED BY TOUCH"

How would I be able to touch deeply the audience, to cross this “skin” that resists, through a Need of understanding and recognizing? How could I propose a space where to provoke the encounter, where I could negotiate my “need of penetration”, my ability to enter and passing through, to remain in their skins with their role based on resistances and on forgetfulness.

Did you know that to make a better tomato sauce you have to add a bit of sugar?

I will cook for you...

“The romantic notion of the artist outshone the value of “receptiveness”. I believe as the Chinese used to believe, that creation is the art of give shape to what has been received”

Forever is never possible...  
Siempre nunca es posible

A list of love songs

A list of broken love songs

A list of the places where you could kill yourself as a significative revenge for the person that have left you

A list with the last words you would say before leaving a country you would never see again

A list with the words you would use to explain your little sister why papa is crying

A list of different ways to hold a right hand

A list of everybody you would have liked to kiss deeply

A list with the things you would never be able to do

A list of all those things that would avoid you to fall in love with someone

A list of all the statements you make about yourself that are not true

A list with the 3 worst things you have done in your life  
A list with the biggest lies you have said  
A list with all the things you cannot remember  
A list of the people you would like to see suffering  
A list with all the things you have steal from others and you use to call yours  
A list of the reasons why she should fall in love with you soon  
A list of all the tings you don't want to repeat from your mother  
A list of all the desires you have repressed  
A list of the questions you would do to someone you just have met...

“There is something in the desire that we don't use to recognize. There is a relation between the desire and the scarf: the desire used to give and also receive. It is a way to take distance, temporally, from the natural pain of living and being hurt. This is the secret goal of desire: place us, for a while, far from pain and sorrow”

How do you organize your bridge?  
Do you sleep in diagonal?  
When do you take the first shower of the day?  
How many times do you need to hear the alarm clock before leaving your bed?  
Are your books in alphabetical order, by gender or nationalities?  
Which is the color of you pijama?  
What do you take for breakfast?  
When do you use to go to the bad room?  
Do you have brothers or sisters?  
“The excessive bleeding of signification”

How many times per day do you check your mails looking for her presence?  
How long was your longest relation?  
did you ever feel you hated love?  
do you use to remove your clusters?  
do you eat your nails?  
which is the most intimate thing you did lately?  
do you pray?  
have you ever desire the partner of your best friend?  
did you fuck him or her?  
do you think you are a good person?  
do you think I am a good person?  
do you believe in bisexuality?  
do you prefer penetration or clitoral stimulation?  
do you know how many people will be in your funeral?  
do you imagine sex without kissing?

### **how do you finish an end?**

It will finish, soon, loosing the sense of it meaning, becoming obsolete and far...  
It will finish, soon...somewhere in these letters, in the middle of those bad spelled words, between some of these too long sentences, somewhere in this white piece of paper, in the last page of this 50 long speech, inside of a blue cover box with my name on it, inside of a green doors cupboard beside a water machine, in a brown doors office with four occupied tables, in the fourth floor of a windows glass building with visible stairs full of young desirable promises, in a centric street of a known romantic city with wet corners, old bikes and gouda cheese, in a neighborhood where I lived the best 4 years of my life till now, in a town where everybody is passing by and the grandmothers speaks perfect English, in a country where is easy to enter and difficult to leave and where the typical restaurants are of imported food, in the nord center of a e-community that share coins sides, in a continent where I can travel without visa, in an area where hurricanes do not use to appear and where white is the predominant color, in a planet with more telephones than trees, inside of a sphere filled with

rocks of water that will disappear soon, in a little circle watched daily by these green creatures that thinks that human are crazy because they write beautifully about the ugly and cold moon, in a system with sunny name, inside of a galaxy full of dark holes that are not sexual promises, in an infinite universe that grows forever in a constant expansion process of energy and material, of times and spaces.

A text where the voice is compromised, a text where the voice is under heavy pleasure, a text that no one will ever hear...

As silence...

The kind of silence you sometimes get in phone calls to a person you love,  
The kind of silence that follows a crash car,  
The kind of silence between waves at the ocean  
The kind of silence which follows an argument  
The kind of silence that only happens at night

The kind of silence that has everything in it .

### **References, stolen sentences and inspirations**

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"Politics of touch". Erin Mannin.

"Mirar", Jonh Berger

"Interview to Jonh berger" by Flavia Costa.

"Fragmentos de un discurso amoroso". Roland Barthes

"Cuerpos sobre blanco". Jose Antonio Sanchez y Jaime Conde Salazar

"Skin, body and presence in Contemporary European Choreography". Andre Lepecki.

"Sobre la fotografía" Walter Benjamin

"Especies de Espacios". Georges Perec.