

## FROM BRICK TO SHANTIES... (and back again)

"It wanted to happen"  
*Marco Aurelio*

Polke, Salinger, Zappa, the Japanese, the Indians, La Mancha, the Chinese, El Bosco, the illiterate, fortuity, whether we like it or not, everything is connected with everything. We are simply a block of flats and a can of beer. How much traffic just to get here. Over there is a closed door. I heard you singing. All sorts of things happen during the day. The fresh air makes me feel like singing. So what am I supposed to do... No, but surely there must be a party around town... No way, in the morning I stop at the café by the roadside, have a coffee and I'm on my way. Flowers are everywhere (from water lilies to the damn pattern on the coach) flowered capitalism (...) and C's videos... She sleeps at night in front of the coach with C., and C spits tobacco out while the kids eat popcorn, just like Tisen's paintings. Like the baroness that married C. on a mountain, until everything was left sparkling clean, just like in modern art. Maybe that's why the bars are so full of critics. Like flies in sour milk. Art as an underground tunnel, a machine that defines moments. Machines that paralyse instants in time. Machines for everything. The fingertips are yolks that have to be beaten until they form stiff peaks, that is, ice cold, until they almost freeze you. In the last year and a half, a sort of shanty style has been defined: "Pasen y vean" (CCCB), "Proyecto cha-cha-cha" (Cao), "Viaje andando Cuenca-Castellón" (Losilla), performances and various fiestas (Legazpi). Non-rhythmic music. Build a shanty on your terrace roof. Aerostatic shanties, hammers, nails and titiritione. "One eye, one finger and two legs" does not specify whether they're going forward or backwards. Maybe it's a space rocket. Legs always go to the right place at the right time. Because every time and place is the right one. According to Ortega, "paintings have to be boring at the top, boring at the bottom and with plenty of space at the sides." The cities are full of ships that sink their keel in the asphalt. It's good that it's bad and it's bad that it's good. Blocks of flats should be put in strategic places like monuments to human rights, or to the union of towns... everything is political, everything is social, everything is mental. Like the fluorescent tube when it begins to make a buzzing noise and you can't stand it. It's enough to drive you crazy. Art-forum, flash art, Hello and the rest of the gossip magazines, berets, tractors, the countryside machinery wandering around town (dressed in their Sunday best) with their girdles and the scarves that they wrap around their head, the local bar, a hundred flies are buzzing in my ear. Sometimes I see myself in a film with a whole bunch of bald guys on the inside barking out instructions. The swan is the cat of the mermaids. Glug glug.

Juan Ugalde