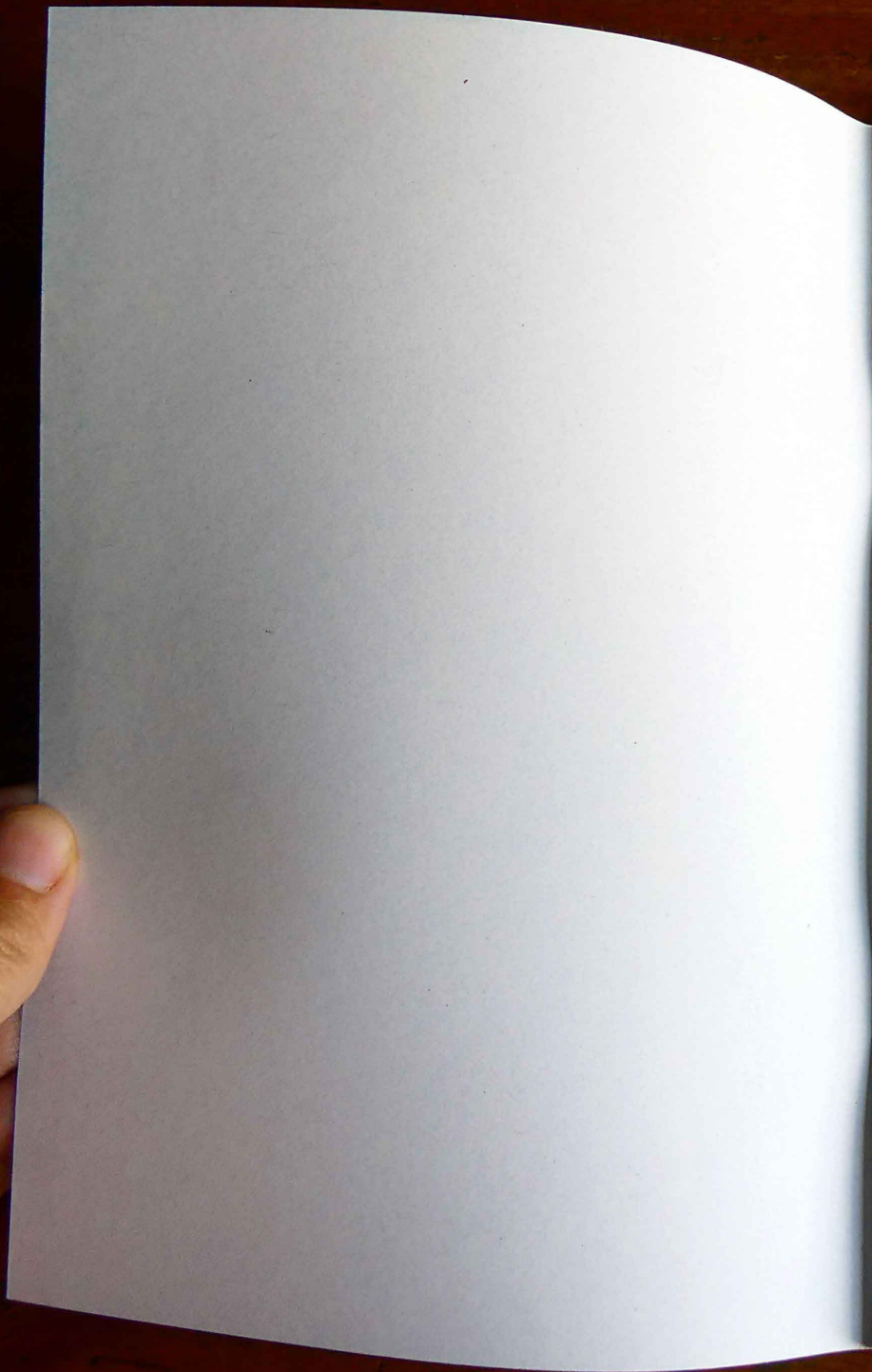


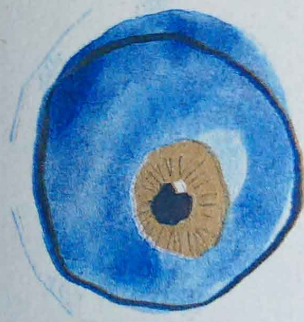


CORRESPONDENCIAS
COREOGRAFÍAS
CONVERSACIONES
COSMOLOGÍAS





CORRESPONDENCIA
/ CORRESPONDENCE
ORIGINALES



Este año los altares serán en casa y los rituales, hogareños, porque las cosas se amulan, pero al cosmos nadie lo para. La carta me está quedando muy zodiacal, voy a intentar saltar a lo concreto dejándome inspirar por la atemperabilidad del lenguaje de los Hopi. Huele a azahar ya, los narajos que invaden esta ciudad están explotando como fuegos artificiales, que abandonan mi cuerpo y lo lanzan al relax, a la excitación y a la contemplación deambulatoria.

Ah, una cosa que quería decirte, según Rudolf Steiner, las plantas no duermen en invierno, lo hacen en primavera y verano. En invierno están despiertas contrariamente a lo que parece. Las flores, los frutos, hojas, ramas, flirteos con polinizadores, etc, son expresiones del subconsciente de las plantas, sueños. En invierno, dejan de soñar para vivir su vida, como nosotros

al despertar cada mañana. Así que, observa las plantas de tu alrededor, que están quedándose dormidas para soñar el mejor de los veranos posibles.

Lo voy a dejar aquí, con ansia de recibir tu próxima carta. Voy a darme un paseo hasta mi amigo "I", el piro para que me ayude a despedirme de ti.

"Dibuja un árbol en el aire... en el mismo espacio que ocupa el árbol en el aire, dibuja una "I"... y superpuesto a estos dos elementos dibújate a ti."

Con devoción, recíprocamente tuyo.

Roberto Martínez, Sevilla

8th letter: Annika Boholm

Always becoming, never arriving. Life is at a standstill - only ideas flash past.
In such confusion I find myself running after them: Hey! Stop! Stop! Stop!
But they escape, leaving me staring at a grey English spring.

Derek Jarman *Modern Nature*

dear comrades,

do you remember the eighties?
or were you too young? it's all right.
but listen: *her voice equaled a body being thrown out of a window* -
who would say something like that!

also, I wonder what kind of poetry you fancy?

Oh! I love to love, which we hummed through the decade,
the happy eighties as we - in Sweden - call it.
or the long nineties? what is most beautiful?

let me tell you, my desk is cluttered - piles of notes and books, such a relief when
writing conquered apple-pie order! no more dreams of neither a clear day, nor a clear desk.
suppose I can go on one more day without cleaning the windows.

flickering lights outside in the dark. today - & tonight - is March equinox. (balancing the increases of the
common years against the losses of the leap years keeps the date from drifting more than one day from the 20th.)
the unobservant could walk by without noticing.

leaves and flowers create an almost perfect camouflage, the elusive purple vanishing in the green.
this is 8th floor. a considerable number of hours have been spent thinking about what

happens in a body if it would fall. it's not the fall though that injures, it's the landing.
kids still played - hide and seek, red & white rose, jumped the rope, hop-scotch.

the floor is lava is not a game - the floors *are* hot -

what is worst? to be thrown to the lions or choked by a monster's leaf?
the obviously brutal or the veiled? to know or to not know the answer?

potato potato. Amandine! fantastic, firm, long and waxy. potato potato.

beautiful days grey by frost. potato potato. life's essential limits. potato potato.

last week the theories around Oumuamua took a swing: a Harvard professor suggested
it was an extraterrestrial spacecraft. a spotter from another civilization. just like that.

(i)'m very slow, write at a snail's pace, (i)'ve been sitting, for hours on end, with these sentences
in my head; understanding them crystal clear, without seeing how to render them into English.
letters expressing experiences to tell others what (i) see in the world around me.
speaking about my experiences, suppose (i) will reveal what (i) enjoy - and read.

perhaps reveal myself. maybe that is why it feels scary. (like stage fright.)

something strange took place this morning; out of the blue, I started to watch a documentary

Two heads, One body: The remarkable story of conjoined twins

even if all roads head there, I've never been to Rome. in Swedish Rome backwards is mother.

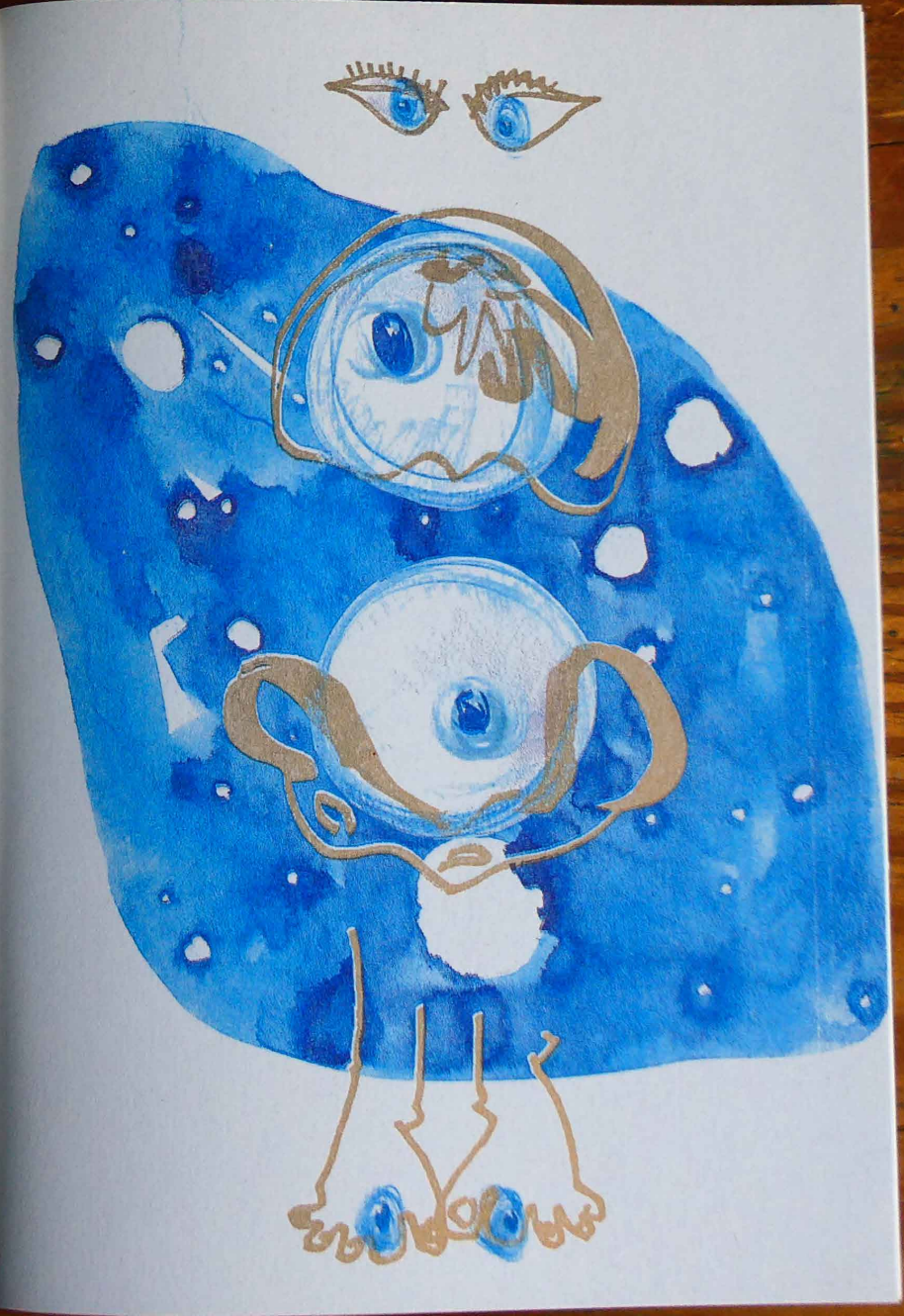
(please, figure it out by yourself) our practices, the practice of mothering, is wicked work.

suddenly thinking amore... à Rome as they would answer in Finestère, when asked: où mène la route?



COSMOLOGÍAS
CONVERSACIONES
COREOGRAFÍAS
CORRESPONDENCIAS

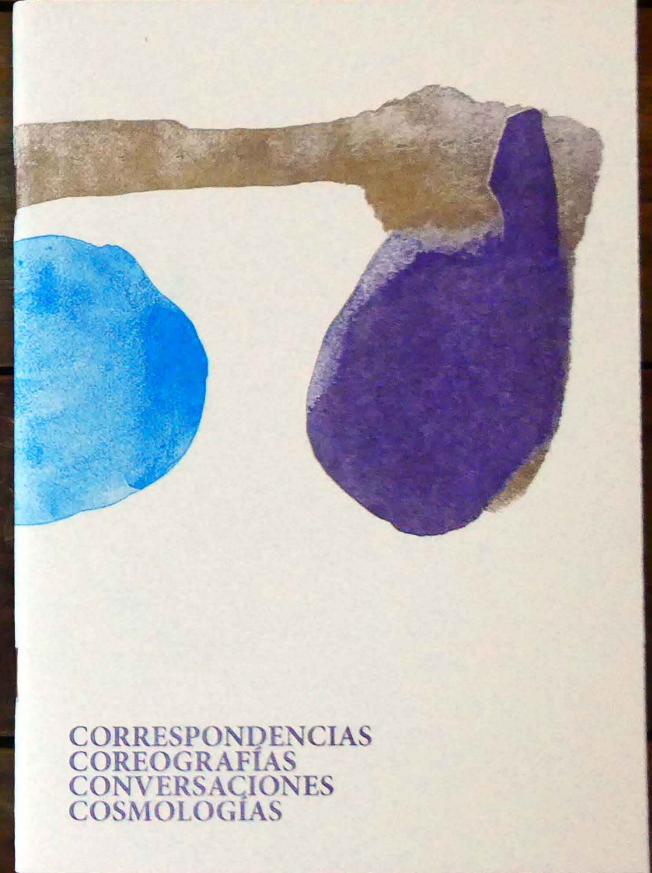
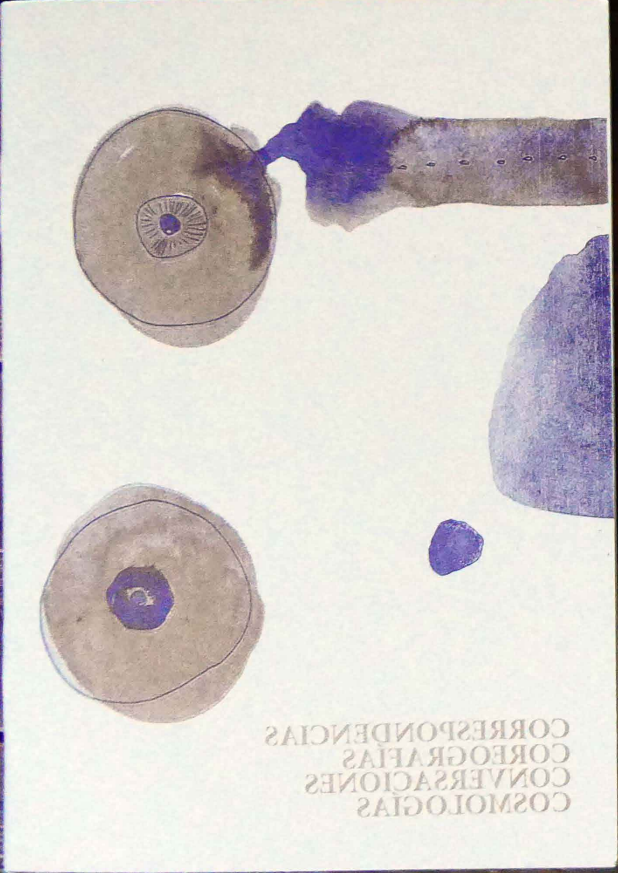
CORRESPONDENCIAS
COREOGRAFÍAS
CONVERSACIONES
COSMOLOGÍAS



I cook with a pan.
Yo como pan.
For gold we will pan.
¿Es de oro el pan?
The cameras pan.
Man City will pan...
¿Qué haces para ganarte el pan?
Look at the bruise on that pan.
No sé sí...
Two boys drowned in the sea.
¡Sí!
I cannot see.
Hace calor y tiene sed.
I didn't hear what you said.
No sé.
What did you say?
¿Cuándo va a ir?
I feel like a voice is tickling my ear.
El martes, pero los dos se van.
There's going to be a ban.
Volverán al final del mes.
Clean up this mess!
¿Quieres más?

The universe has a finite mass.
The Eucharist was too dry at mass.
Está buscando novia en la red.
She's incredibly well read.
Los barcos pescan con red.
I'm afraid we don't have it in red.
Sé lo que ví.
Last summer I didn't see one bee.
Let me be!
No puedes ver.
Do not regret the child you bear.
Which way shall we bear?
Such a cute little bear.
Any more of this I cannot bear.
S.
She has to write an essay.
I.
E.

Extensamente tuyo,
Sam





Solo pienso en lo agradable, misterioso e inquietante que puede ser estar contigo, compartir contigo un mismo espacio durante un tiempo con la idea de "hacer algo juntas".

Celeste a Regina en *Regina & Celeste. Una correspondencia.*
Editorial La uña rota.

El prefijo **co-** significa reunión, unión, compañía, cooperación. Me di cuenta en la "soledad" de quien estudia y escribe que todas las tareas en las que me veía envuelta empezaban por co-. Estas palabras unidas por un co- compartido me parecen la misma cosa, de una forma muy esencial diría que todas apelan a encuentros espacio-tiempo.

De una radical necesidad de proximidad y presencia surgió el deseo de escribir una primera "carta de amor". Esta correspondencia es una pero las artífices somos múltiples, es una conversación colectiva en forma de correspondencia que conforma un único cuerpo de pensamiento. Un *acto de amor* (palabras prestadas de Jaime Conde Salazar) ficcional y compartido. Porque durante el acto de escribir y recibir cartas es relativamente sencillo "enamorarse" de quien te escribe. La dedicación, el tiempo de la escritura dedicado a ti, emergen de la carta para tocarte.

I just think about how nice, mysterious and troubling being with you could be, sharing the same space for some time with the intention of "doing something together".

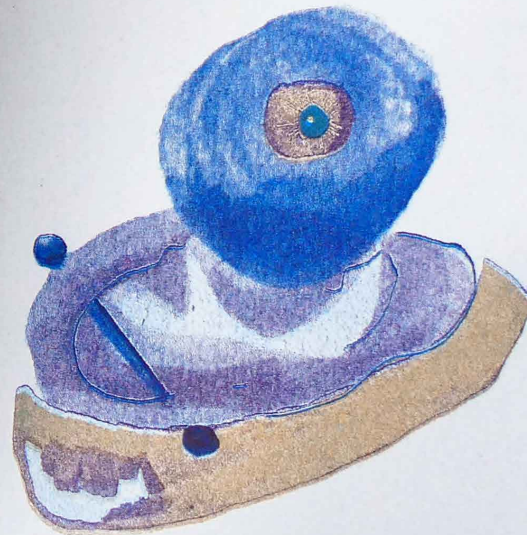
Celeste to Regina in *Regina & Celeste. Correspondence.*
Published by La uña rota.

The prefix '**co-**' means gathering, union, company, cooperation. While immersed in the "solitude" of the researcher and the writer, I realised all the activities around me start with the same /kɔ/ sound. These words are joined together by their starting /kɔ/ and, to me, they seem to become the same thing; in essence, they all relate to meeting in space or time.

From a radical need of proximity and presence, came forth the desire to write a "love letter". The correspondence here will be between different people, but the thread of the conversation will be just one. This is a collective dialogue to create one single body of knowledge. This is a fictional and shared *act of love* (a concept I'm borrowing from Jaime Conde Salazar) because the act of writing and receiving letters makes it easy to "fall in love" with the person at the other side of the paper. The dedication and time invested into writing come out of the letter to touch you.



CONVERSACIONES
/ CONVERSATIONS



MARTIN

the form of the letter is part of what it produces synchronicity

eroticism
seduction

pleasure

it's more what they do than what they mean "I mean"

trust the text

part of the pleasure sits not believe in it believe in this "not believe" at the same time

the question of sincerity is not here

it's not income it is what it is is it about not to be too connect?

Fractal objective language

Does the more "scientific" language disturb the tone

How not to anthropomorphise the stars?

DRAG

tone style

flow voice

Related to the authority of the writer

"Notice is not a quote"

a game inside

are they scores?

More than an anatomic scan or exploration

How to touch the border of a person with language?

MAGIC

Maybe A collective magical production of believe

SOMATICS

Magical mapping

Producing Fictions

Sometimes a set of Myths helps us to understand...

Using language spells

Does it promise something else?

Is it a quote? Do you mean the whole text?

ANACHRONISTIC

language is supernatural power

Hints of HORROR & the sublime

"Keats also fights against modernity"

Contents
Actions

Where are
the wishes?

the
leaking

the
pattern
will
emerge

transformation

the texture
of
the heaviness

...
depends on
each writer

where sparks
and how it
sparks

the ignition

a compass
in the body

the texture of the heaviness
...
depends on each writer
where sparks and how it sparks
the ignition
a compass in the body

ANNIKA

→ "oi oi oi"

it's
something very
stimulating

MOR
ROM

"I wrote about
Rome today"

"writing
letters is like
entering the stage"

performative

relay
translations

last spring

what they
bring into
the writing

Ottawa
environment & literature
references



LOCUCIONES
/ LOCUTIONS





Annika Boholm
Álvaro Cantero Sanz
Azahara Ubera
Irene Cantero Sanz
Jesús Barrera
Julio León Rocha
Martin Hargreaves
Mercedes Jaén Ruiz
Natalia Jiménez Gallardo
Roberto Martínez
Sam Savage
Último mono ediciones
Un gato en bicicleta



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