

EXTRACT: JORGE SATORRE

I feel much freer. I feel I can breathe more easily:

I agree. Things are no longer so confined and my head is clearing, or beginning to clear.

When all these collisions and jolts and useless ramifications of images that are exiting my head are finally gone, where is it they go to? Where do you think? Perhaps they all end up in the same place, blown by the wind or carried by the tides to a gyre where all the oceans meet.

Perhaps they could be found. Perhaps we could find a way to have them recycled?

I had two friends in London who worked as invigilators on big show of a famous male sculptor. The scale of the works caused wind tunnels and vortexes at their bases and these would circulate all the hair and skin and dust that accumulated from the visitors. My friends worked there for many months and collected it all, all the hair and 'dust bunnies' from the passing thousands, and as they were artists, they saved it in bin bags and slowly sat and weaved it all into two huge beards...

I like that sort of repurposing. I was thinking of a house I used to know, and its garden. You are too young to remember. The garden was always very special. A water diviner had said that the energy level emanating from the place were such that he had only ever felt twice in his life: once in an early Renaissance cathedral in Siena and once in some parking lot where a dolmen had been destroyed. He concluded that a prehistoric megalith used to stand in the garden, perhaps a menhir. He recommended the owners place a new one to 'potentiate' the energy of the house, to erect a great stone in a specific area. If they did that, the man had said, that would be 'enough'.

Those were his words...

Years later a blacksmith built an ornate barbecue for the same garden. He copied a two meters high effigy of Saint Joan that was sculpted into the façade of the Mediaeval church next to the house. The lines that defined the saint were very simple, the image itself, almost abstract. The blacksmith used forged rebar to figure the replica and then he fragmented the image in several parts: the four sides of the base. The shape was irregular, erratic, at first sight it looked like just a bunch of twisted iron. It had a lot of angles, weird volumes and empty areas. It looked fragile but actually it was very stable and the more one looked at it, the deeper the connection to the original. Because of the rebar it was oddly like a line drawing, you know?