

En Amores Inflamada

Nothing more than dust and some pieces of furniture. That's how we found the space the first time we raised the metallic shutter. Once inside, the only living presence inhabiting the place, was moisture-laden warm air locked in there for a long time. What we found was something similar to a cave with pipes hanging from the ceiling. When it rained, leaks appeared, revealing that we were within a breathing structure, permeable to its surroundings. Ricardo explained to us that under the steps, on the lower level, that there was a ramp. (A ramp giving access to a hidden space that would not be revealed to us.)

A few years ago, this place was a sportswear workshop. Parka, Bermuda, Chandal... we never got to see what it looked like, we could only read the few traces left on its walls. The history of the space has been gradually erased until it became just a rumor, turned into dusty matter with a tendency to abstraction, emerging as fiction.

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