

ELENA
DEL RIVERO



THE ARCHIVE
OF DUST:
AN ONGOING PROJECT

Dates: 12.09.21 – 30.01.22

Opening: 11.09.21 / 7 pm

Artistic Direction: Mateo Feijóo

Location: Exhibition Hall A

PRESS KIT

1. INTRODUCTION

“The Archive of Dust: *An Ongoing Project*” is an exhaustive overview of the fundamental lines that characterize Elena del Rivero’s work gravitating around the attacks of the World Trade Center on September 11th, 2001, in New York. The project deals with loss, the collective memory and pain, as well as with the construction of the existential pillars that make up the beliefs and values of society to rethink the future.

The main axis of the exhibition is *A CHANT*, the memorial installation produced by Elena del Rivero with the over 3,000 pieces of paper collected from the floors of her destroyed studio home, and related works that she has been completing over the last 20 years, in particular the collages created with the salvaged pieces of paintings from her destroyed works during the attack. These collages will be seen in Palma for the very first time.

There will also be shown *Nine Broken Letters*, a work produced during nine consecutive sleepless nights while being displaced from her home at 125 Cedar Street and that were inspired by her reading Marina Tsvetáyeva’s *Florentine Nights*. The interests and methodologies that are part of her trajectory, such as the *Letters from Home*, will materialize as well in the Palma exhibition through the intervention on the Museum’s terraces where the artist will install *Trapos de cocina* (2021), a work made in collaboration with citizenry.

The show organically structures and crystallizes the different phases of the project that emerged from the trauma of the attacks. In this way, it includes the drifts and reflections initiated in her first two installations *[Swi:t] Home* (2000-2001), at The Drawing Center in 2001, and *[Swi:t] Home: A CHANT* (2001-2006), installed for the first time at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington in 2008 and, for the second time, at the New Museum in New York in 2011. On this occasion, the installation will mark the twentieth anniversary of 9/11.

The project takes shape thanks to a number of voices from Mateo Feijoo’s artistic direction to the concept of dust by Professor Warwick Anderson and also to Lawrence “D” Butch Morris (1947-2013) who composed *Bring Light* (2006), a sound piece that has accompanied the installation of *A CHANT* in each presentation. *Bring Light* was composed using Elena del Rivero’s sound recordings of noise at ground Zero with Butch’s own

compositions and is presented with permission from the Estate of Lawrence “D” Butch Morris.

The proposal at Es Baluard Museu forcefully presents Elena del Rivero’s artistic and personal work and gives visibility to two independent and complementary lines of work: the first, which began around 9/11, points to loss, collective memory and pain, and the second, addresses personal issues that have to do with how our existential pillars are built, such as in her ongoing series *Letters to the Mother* (1990-2022).

Finally, the exhibition ponders on the historical, the collective and the personal while addressing, at the same time, our most immediate present. Therefore, it proposes an urgent and necessary reflection about the socio-political strategies that shape our contemporaneity for future generations.

2. TEXTS

Más allá del polvo: acción y comunidad

Imma Prieto

Nada nos hace tan pobres y tan poco libres como este extrañamiento de la impotencia. [...] Y ser contemporáneos significa, en ese sentido, volver a un presente en el que nunca estuvimos.¹

Los años de la memoria podrían ser más tranquilos si no se quedaran atascados contra las orillas del dolor [...] La locura, esa gran chispa apocalíptica y sin duda chispa suprema, encuentra la palabra adecuada para expresar el todo.²

Estruendos y escombros, luces intermitentes, haces de luz sin visibilidad, obreros en movimiento día y noche, anónimos. Esas son algunas de las imágenes que añadimos al imaginario generado a raíz del 11-S. No importaba si al despertar o en medio de la noche te acercabas al ventanal de algunas de las viviendas que flanqueaban el perímetro del World Trade Center de NYC. Cada jornada parecía repetirse sin cese. En una especie de eterno retorno, la presunción del poder patriarcal intentaba ganar la batalla a la historia. Muchos años después del atentado, lo que acabó llamándose Zona Cero siguió inmersa en una actividad frenética. La codicia de la construcción, la magna voluntad de elevar fuerza y poder, allí donde lo único que puede alzarse es fragilidad y poesía. Esta es la clave para entrar en el trabajo que Elena del Rivero lleva realizando durante veinte años. Un proceso que conforma *El archivo del polvo* y que solo puede entenderse desde una historia personal y colectiva, desde una escritura en el tiempo que se desvela desde una biografía que exige nombre y esencia desde el anonimato. Una acción que se nutre de lo poético y ensalza la vulnerabilidad.

Elena del Rivero ha sabido hablar con la memoria, desde gestos tan simbólicos como el hecho de introducir sus manos en el polvo que encontró en su estudio tras los atentados. El hogar de Elena del Rivero estaba justo delante de las Torres Gemelas, pasaron meses hasta que pudo volver a él. No solo aquellos objetos que conforman el espacio doméstico estaban cubiertos de todo tipo de ripio, también su trabajo, sus obras, la mayoría de papel, estaban hechas

¹ Agamben, Giorgio. *Desnudez*. Barcelona: Anagrama, 2011, p. 61.

² Merini, Alda: *Delito de vida. Autobiografía y poesía*. Madrid: Vaso Roto Ediciones, 2018, p. 49.

pedazos. Capas de polvo y miles de cartas que habían volado desde las torres a su estudio tras la explosión.

Polvo, mucho polvo. No ruina, escombros: esa distinción es importante para entender cómo Elena del Rivero se ha acercado a una serie de materiales encontrados. Ella ha conseguido que los escombros, algo que hubiese sido abandonado en un desguace sin más, se conviertan en ruina, pudiendo envejecer y pudiendo ser memoria y escritura. Esto es lo que hoy forma parte del conjunto de materiales que Elena del Rivero ha dispuesto en el proyecto «El archivo del polvo: An Ongoing Project».

El resultado es la suma de distintos procesos que se han materializado a través de obras como *[Swi:t] Home: A CHANT* (2001-2006), una cascada de más de ocho metros construida con fragmentos de las cartas que volaron desde las torres a la casa-estudio de Elena del Rivero. Retazos cosidos a mano, hilvanados con la máxima delicadeza y cuidado a una gasa de tarlatana. Entre los distintos pedazos se desvelan perlas e hilos, apuntando a ese tiempo sin tiempo, vertical, el único que eleva, no hunde, y que se inscribe resiliente en contra del tiempo lineal y del progreso: «Casa. Agujero. Se desprenden hilos negros del núcleo de luz. Agujero celeste de tiempo roto en el lugar. Cantos y remiendos desde la necesidad de encontrar, de hollar en lo que fue. Un lugar. Oro es lo que nos ciega, lo que nos encierra. Su polvo es una máscara de agujas que nos da la posibilidad de herirnos al hacer. Sutura y olvido [...] El paso del tiempo en la luz. En la única luz. La luz que se rompe en el hogar».³

[Swi:t] Home: A CHANT se presentó por primera vez en 2008, en la Corcoran Gallery de Washington D.C. Dos años después, coincidiendo con el décimo aniversario del atentado, se presentó en el New Museum de NYC. Ahora, coincidiendo con el veinteavo aniversario, la obra viaja a Palma desplazándose en el tiempo i en el espacio. No solo interesa mover y deslocalizar, interesa señalar a otras latitudes dañadas. El archipiélago balear es, desde el mar Mediterráneo, lugar de cruce y encuentro de culturas, de distintas comunidades. Así ha sido a lo largo de la historia y así se erige hoy, entre África, Europa y Oriente Medio. Salir fuera del ámbito americano es pertinente y necesario, porque volver a mostrar este trabajo es reconocer que las heridas siguen abiertas, como ya lo estaban antes de 2001. La intensidad y la realidad

³ Balsach, Pepa. «Agujeros celestes». *El archivo del polvo. Elena del Rivero*. Madrid: Caniche Editorial, 2020, p. 17.

de la que nos habla no es la que circunda a los medios informativos, ni de entonces ni de ahora.

El atentado fue fruto, como el resto que prosiguieron y como los conflictos que precedieron, de los íferos del capitalismo, pero el proyecto asciende al colocar en el centro a la humanidad. Con cada zurcido, Elena del Rivero inscribe y sana el tiempo compartido. Sus rastros contienen tiempos dañados por un presente delirante e impenetrable, un presente que sigue siendo nuestro. Por ello, veinte años después, el trabajo sigue auspiciando comunidad, diálogo y hogar compartido. Una cascada de letras anónimas, espacios agujereados por el tiempo. Un tiempo que conoce la desmemoria. Un tiempo que no tiene ni principio ni fin, solo un proseguir latente, impregnado de desidia. La condena de la desaparición es contestada con fuerza mediante el hueco y el espacio que buscan ser recuerdo. Así desafía al olvido Elena del Rivero, desafía a la mirada y a la consciencia... La sala central es fuerza centrífuga, algo late, fuerte, muy fuerte, y a pesar de la mezcla de músicas y sonidos, el silencio se impone. Es como si el sonido nos mantuviese en pie para no ceder ante el peso del silencio. Tantas voces calladas cada día, hechas pedazos, consiguen decir, ser luz a través de sus agujeros. La cascada de cartas y el sonido se hermanan y devienen parábola no solo de NYC, ni de París o Barcelona, sino de todos los territorios que han sido ultrajados, de todos los lugares en los que la única destrucción buscada era la del hogar.

En los espacios del museo se instalarán algunas obras que forman parte del ecosistema personal que la artista ha ido creando a lo largo de estos años, desde *DUST* (2001-2009), que recoge parte del polvo que inundó su hogar, hasta algunos de los vídeos que realizó en torno al 11 de septiembre –*Nu descendant an escalier and returning, as well* (2002-2013) y *Ground Zero* (2011)–. En la última sala se presentan las *Nine Broken Letters* (2004), escritas durante nueve días consecutivos de insomnio, estado provocado por no poder volver a su hogar. Para su creación se inspiró en las *Florentine Nights* de Marina Tsvetáyeva, del mismo modo que, años después, mientras zurcía pedazos de papel en su nuevo estudio, la acompañaron melodías de voces negras como Billie Holiday o las potentes composiciones de Lawrence D. «Butch» Morris, músico que compuso *Bring Light* (2006), una pieza sonora que ha acompañado, en todas las ocasiones, la presentación de la instalación *CHANT. Bring Light*. *Bring Light* nos abre a un nuevo estadio relacional en el que el acompañamiento y la colaboración ejercen de motor creador, pues la pieza fue compuesta a partir de registros de la artista en la Zona Cero en diálogo con composiciones de «Butch».

Estas esferas concéntricas siguen abriéndose a partir de nuevas colaboraciones. Por un lado, la intervención que el graffitero OVAS ha realizado en uno de los muros del museo. En él se disponen algunos de sus *collages*, realizados a raíz de las manifestaciones del Black Lives Matter. Por otro lado, deviniendo estandarte del presente y reivindicando la necesidad de alzar la voz y ser revolución doméstica, se ha llevado a cabo una acción colectiva mediante la recolección de decenas de trapos de cocina que han llegado de todo el mundo. Trapos heredados de las abuelas, trapos usados, trapos, al fin y al cabo, que proceden de espacios privados y de cuidados, y que pasan a ser colectivos, públicos.

La última intervención tiene lugar en las garitas defensivas de las murallas. A través de ellas ondean grandes banderas blancas en las que se escribe la palabra MOTHER. Palabra que encierra de forma intrínseca cuidado, altruismo y atención.

La fuerza del proyecto radica en su atemporalidad, en su contemporaneidad y en su vigencia. Es, quizá, uniendo todos los fragmentos, no ya de cartas, sino de tiempos y espacios, un homenaje y una reivindicación para todas las mujeres que siguen estando en lugares oprimidos como Afganistán, Irán, Senegal o Nigeria, entre muchos otros.

«El archivo del polvo: An Ongoing Project», es el proyecto en el que Elena del Rivero lleva trabajando veinte años, pero las capas que lo componen forman parte de muchos de sus procesos pasados en los que la escritura, la correspondencia y lo doméstico establecían un tridente de fuerza natural. A pesar de todo, estos años son la suma de saberse parte de una comunidad a la que intentan borrar e invisibilizar. Por ello, presentar el archivo completo desde Palma es pensar en las consecuencias que a partir del atentado se han seguido prodigando. El atentado fue el primero de muchos en el siglo XXI, y esto cambió el rumbo de la historia y el pensamiento contemporáneo, siendo, también, el nacimiento de nuevas amenazas, pero no olvidemos que las semillas ya estaban plantadas. Estos trabajos proponen y proyectan otros modos de ver y pensar en común. Desde el gesto desnudo y radical se desafía a la normatividad, a la estructura patriarcal que ordena, cosifica, calla. Desde la poética del fragmento y la inmaterialidad del sonido se conjuga un nuevo universo en el que la palabra vuelve a ser. Nombrar sin individuo, construir en comunidad: MADRE.

The Archive of Dust: *An Ongoing Project*
Mateo Feijóo

For French philosopher Jean Baudrillard, “The collapse of the Twin Towers is the major symbolic event... Their collapse is an image of the fragility of the great global power and its internal fracture. The towers were a positive—triumphal—emblem of that power and embody it negatively even now in their dramatic end, which in some sense resembles a suicide.” This unique event in the recent era has continued to produce reverberations, like a sort of geological process. In *Principles of Geology*, published in three volumes between 1830 and 1833, Scottish geologist Charles Lyell argued that changes on the surface of the earth in the distant past are the result of geological processes still in operation. To a very real extent, the present is the key to the past.

We could say that Elena del Rivero’s work “The Archive of Dust: *An Ongoing Project*” gives us the key to interpret the marks created by humans on the surface of the earth on 9/11. A very public tragedy witnessed by the whole world became a private tragedy for many, including Elena del Rivero, whose studio and apartment at 125 Cedar Street lay directly across from the World Trade Center. Starting with this premise, she began to explore how to visualise this human drama by bringing personal experiences into the public realm. Her project speaks of shared suffering, of how the shock wave keeps propagating. “Humans leave their mark, and the earth carries it forward as an archive.”⁴ Elena del Rivero’s living archive is a collection of debris, so we could describe “The Archive of Dust: *An Ongoing Project*” as an ecological project that recycles remains, remnants, fragments and other detritus, while not ignoring the fact that is it also covered in earth, dirt, dust and death.

Once Elena del Rivero had obtained special permission to enter the area around the Twin Towers cordoned off by the police in the wake of 9/11, she spent every day for six months in her apartment gathering materials, taking photographs, shooting videos and carrying out performative actions on her own, until the New York City Department of Health sealed off the building for renovation and decontamination work in August 2002. By then, her relationship with the materials she had gathered—these fragments/traces of a very recent past—had begun to spark a series of questions: What does “transmission” mean? What are the implications of using a material context to store fragments of a deliberate disaster? The catastrophe had shaken the ground beneath her

feet and transformed history. Now it was time to study, to analyse the different layers, to relate and interconnect, to devise systems of relations.

Over the following twenty years, Elena del Rivero has kept coming back to these materials, these processes still in operation as the result of a past action. The result is this work spanning a breadth of time with critical insights from two angles: the artist as an observer of events who records facts and ascertains situations; and a private, interpretive gaze that creates pieces such as *Nine Broken Letters* and many of the videos she sets herself up in. *Desnudo bajando la escalera* [Nude Descending the Staircase]—a clear nod to Duchamp’s piece—is a symbolic relationship in a contemporary key.

A sense of fragility runs through the pieces hinting at the possibility of catastrophe.

“my prophetic words burn like fire in the sky”¹ every searing blow of yours is a felled body
I am trampled by prophets I offer snakes my heel my crook as
Tiresias’ stick the blind shall quench their thirst with my light

[*Swi:t*] *Home: A Chant*, the centrepiece of this installation, is made out of the 3,150 bits of paper that inundated Elena del Rivero’s studio and apartment. In an archaeological endeavour, she set about piecing them together and cleaning, cataloguing and photographing them without any clear idea of what to do with them, other than giving meaning and value to ostensibly useless scraps of paper. Once she had recast these splinters thrown out by a colossal movement, the material nature of each salvaged scrap of paper ceased to be an abstract concept and, when catalogued, they regained a value within the structure of things that make up the world we know.

Our first reaction to the installation of “*The Archive of Dust: An Ongoing Project*” is a strange feeling, a kind of shock, an unnerving sense of surprise; but at the same time there is also movement, a circulatory effect emanating fluidity, weight, lightness. This may be the result of exposure to so many hours of private, solitary work, to the intense emotions invested in each piece. Running right the way through Es Baluard Museum, this installation eschews the traditional analysis of a context imposed by the exhibition space: there is no agreed convention. Each piece forms a whole that spreads out before us in different planes, from vertical to horizontal. As our gaze wanders through

different angles, our bodies have to adapt to these forms and volumes. The work on show here is neither shifty nor polished and evades the aesthetic banality that contaminates everything around us—hence the appearance of the crack, the infinite folds, and the onus on spectators to halt and face the deep emptiness.

in the crack in each hand in the memory of each body in the cry of every orphan in
every mouth craving bread . . . the harvest laid waste hunger as insatiable as
ever

In Western culture, the archive forms part of our habits, it shows our understanding of ourselves and is linked to the debris we accumulate. In contrast to a fleeting performance, the archive takes on the role of “guardian of origins”, “sentinel of order”. But this particular archive is somewhat different: it isn’t finished, it has continued to create new works and reinterpret items excavated from the tragedy. Elena del Rivero restores the past with every new piece. The “archive of dust” in the title is borrowed from Australian intellectual and scientist Warwick Anderson, whom Elena del Rivero met at a Rockefeller Foundation residency in Bellagio, Italy, in 2005. Elena was thinking about how to create an archive of all this material and sensed that dust had to be at the heart of the discourse. Warwick grasped this immediately and came up with the definition of an “archive of dust” in a constant relationship with an “archive of death”.ⁱⁱ “Our mourning is always caught in the attempt to ontologise remains, to make them present.”ⁱⁱⁱ

immensity as ephemeral as the shadow cast on petals at the edge of the lake
the wind carries off every gesture written in the silence of dust
suspended desires silent over the ocean like ecstasy
no body no memory only the enduring abstraction of the infinite

As a public space for contemporary art, Es Baluard Museum forges close ties with the artistic community and the spectators attracted by each exhibition. This necessary imaginary creates symbolic capital within the ephemeral, temporary regime that underpins each exhibition or installation, as in the case of “The Archive of Dust: *An Ongoing Project*”. The white cube is a present historical

reality, full of a complicit salubrioness we ought to challenge, after having accepted it without too much questioning. In this installation, we don't let the context impose itself: each and every piece is a necessary construction for approaching the work as a whole, brimming with possible readings and subjectivities. I curated this project as an exercise in writing in motion, with each piece striking up its own spatial and temporal relationship with visitors, requiring them to listen and pay attention, and therefore make decisions and take on a degree of commitment to the piece in question. As Lawrence Weiner might say, "Once you understand a work, you possess it." The encounter between visitors and the installation should be thought of as a practice of the impossible, experiencing that unique moment as a construction of each individual's performative body. A body eager to perceive, to experience life beyond the automatic existence imposed on us by the "moral progress akin to discarding all values systems other than our own".^{iv}

Activating a space, a territory, creates a connection between bodies and emotions, in this case, by strengthening collective imaginaries and memory. "This process leads to a new place, which then superposes itself on what we remember and imagine. This new place will be inhabited by everyone and belong to everyone because it will have been built by a community."^v

it's the cobalt time of day
facedown in the vertical hour
fear
the whims of the deaf

walkers burnt by the desert light
there aren't enough pins to tack together so much
why does no-one feel good?

"The Archive of Dust: *An Ongoing Project*" forms part of an ecosystem: order and care are key to the construction of this installation. Memory as knowledge of relevant facts interpreted from Elena del Rivero's experience and wisdom. "The Archive of Dust" proves to be a fecund pollinator that integrates other organisms, which is why it is constantly sprouting new pieces open to dialogue from other gazes, other emotions. Interdependencies in a complex system of relationships. Pushing aside a creaking moral framework, Elena del Rivero's work breaks free of institutional inertia and bursts through the museum's orifices out to Pepa Balsach's "celestial holes": poles bearing, thrown-away, donated, picked-up tea towels. Flags by the Mediterranean decrying abandonment, pillaging, orphanhood.

Inside and out are united in this installation, just as public space becomes private in the eyes of each spectator, who opens up a previously unexplored territory home to danger and innocence. The body as a category of social and political action directly related to the artist's work. Listening was what let Elena del Rivero realise that she had the necessary material to give an unofficial account of history. In this installation, she reveals her own and everyone else's personal, subjective story, thus integrating new "carriers of meaning" into existing perceptual schemata.

"The Archive of Dust: *An Ongoing Project*" gathers together the echoes of all the calls that crisscross us. How much more will the skin have to bear? "As yet has my word not removed mountains, and what I have spoken has not reached man. I went, indeed, to men, but not yet have I attained to them."^{vi}

seasonal birds migrate oblivious to people's cries
the wind pushes their light bodies through the heart of the desert
dust shrouds the great battle between Cain and Abel
the deepest abysses sleep like fossils
one day the cockerels will fall silent just as stars go out

Elena del Rivero has been constantly making pieces out of the materials gathered from her studio and apartment in the aftermath of the destruction of 9/11, mainly her paintings and postcards hanging on the walls. You could say that right now Elena del Rivero is still making new pieces in the *Memory I* series, presented here for the first time as part of "The Archive of Dust" ecosystem. The artist's firsthand experience of the SoHo riots during the Black Lives Matter protests were a fresh source of inspiration for her: every morning she would pack her latest collages into her backpack and install them on the graffitied plywood used to board up storefronts. She then photographed her work in this new context, thus linking the 9/11 terrorist attacks with the latest civil rights movement in the United States. Actions like this turn "The Archive of Dust" into a constantly evolving living project.

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9/11: The Shift of Our Time

Carmen C. Santesmases and Jorge García García

In the final quarter of the 20th century, Islamic fundamentalism and American aspirations to dominate the resources of the Middle East grew side by side. The culmination of this circumstance came with the attacks that took place on September 11, 2001. This strategic shift in international terrorism was a true reflection of the logic of our time.

The 20th century confronted its closing years with a horizon split in two, consequence of the interventions of the Soviet Union and the United States in Greece, Korea, Egypt, Cuba, Vietnam and the Middle East. The end of the Cold War left Europe polarised, as its walls began to crumble and capitalism declared itself the victor. Yet American interventions did not stop with the end of the Cold War. Backed by the legitimacy attained by whomever wins the war, the US persisted in the conflict for control of the Middle East.

In the Iran-Iraq War (1980–1989), as contemplated from within the framework of the Cold War, the United States supported Saddam Hussein in the Iraqi occupation of Iran, where a revolution had taken place against the Shah. However, over the course of the conflict the United States shifted from one side to the other, leading to a weakening of both nations. The conflict ended with no clear victor. The year following its end, in the Gulf War (1990–1991), which was authorised by the United Nations (UN), a group of thirty-four countries led by the United States took on Iraq in response to Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait.

Since the 1980s the United States had contributed to the ideological and strategic rearming of Al Qaeda with training camps in Afghan territory, along with weapons investment in Taliban organisations, ongoing disinformation campaigns and the rejection of international treaties.⁵ All of this led to a massive turn, which the terrorist attack on the Twin Towers in 2001 would be part and parcel of, with Osama bin Laden at the head of Al Qaeda. This attack was a historic inflection point.

From this point forwards the United States prepared the invasion of Iraq (2003–2011), basing its action on the accusations (which were false and later denied

⁵ Stone, Oliver; Kuznick, Peter. *The Untold History of the United States*. London: Ebury Press, 2013.

by the government) that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction. They claimed to seek to overthrow Saddam Hussein, free the Iraqi people and set up a democratic system. However, the invasion was soon revealed to be a strategy to activate the American weapons machinery and demonstrate that the world order could be re-established in the United States' favour through a military deployment. For the American administration, war had become the instrument whereby states of exception could be established, allowing it to raise public defence spending to the detriment of social expenditure. In this way, national wealth was directed towards weapons manufacturers and the petroleum industry, with Iraq eventually converted into a client dependent on American production.⁶

Surely one of the most significant legacies of the Cold War in marking the political discourse of the United States, with the fall of the USSR and September 11th attack, is the conceptualisation of the enemy as physical, whether a person (Bin Laden), a state (Iraq or Afghanistan) or a flag.

Beginning in 2001 and on the basis of the successive interventions of the United States in Iraq and Afghanistan, it became clear that the logic of the attacks had changed, along with the strategy of terrorism and its reaction. Examples such as the Madrid bombings on March 11, 2004, the London attack in 2005, Nantes (2014), *Charlie Hebdo* and Bataclan (2015), and London, Barcelona and Jakarta in 2017, point quite precisely to a terrorism that has gone about altering the manner it appears before the world.

Nevertheless, the delocalisation of terrorists throughout the globe is part of the turn that occurs both in terrorist organisations and in policies that respond to it. Terrorists are no longer external subjects; they have been educated and trained in the countries where they carry out their attacks. This fact lies behind the slogans of the sort “we are surrounded”, or “they are amongst us”. Terrorism makes itself felt as a phantom spirit, haunting us day and night. This apparition, this ghostly presence, is used to justify not only the most heinous of wars in geographic extremes well beyond European borders—causing a flood of refugees going to Europe—but also is wielded to normalise and garner acceptance for the most technologically advanced security devices, which put a price on individual privacy, and, above all, on our coexistence.

⁶ Lakoff, George. *Thinking Points: A Progressive's Handbook*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2008.

The scenario in the wake of this tragic opening of the century is double-sided. First, Islamic fundamentalist terrorism is a confirmed reality, despite a diversity of organisational metamorphoses and important losses in concrete geographic enclaves such as Al Raqa: the danger exists and persists. Second, it is a consummated fact that the United States' policies of international interference, with its direct accomplices and tacit allies, have left a horrific web of lifeless bodies in the Mediterranean Sea.

The historical encounter between the upsurge in terrorism and its dispersion takes on a worldwide dimension. It is impossible to geolocalise a supposed enemy who is no longer external, but rather is present within affected nations, so that upon occasion those carrying out an attack have never even been near a *holy land*, or has only done so in some moment of their training. This circumstance exists alongside the logic of fluidity and hyper consumerism offered by the ultimate scenario of globalisation and the technological revolution.

While it may be true that these two factors need not be provoked by each other, their respective strategies could be mutually aggravated. Both logics reduce historical sites of social harmony to spaces beyond any possible human relation or occupation. They are impoverished through policies that sacrifice freedom in favour of a form of security that is demanded not only by the most monstrous terrorist attacks but by despicable foreign interventions.

This terror, which is hard to locate, is what self-legitimises the permanent militarisation of spaces in all parts of the globe, making it impossible to identify with a given territory in its permanent state of tension. Meanwhile, nowadays we have gone from occupying sites where we might hope to construct a referent we can identify with, to already be occupying these *non-places*⁷ as simple users or consumers.⁸ Both factors converge in the disintegration of the network of harmonious coexistence in the spaces we inhabit on a daily basis.

The tension between security and freedom is understood by Western governments as a relationship where, to the degree the former necessarily emerges, the latter is inertially submerged. It is understood that they cannot coexist. While wars in the Middle East are constant, the West suffers from

⁷ Augé, Marc. *Non-places: Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity*. John Howe (trans.). London: Verso Books, 1995.

⁸ Nates Cruz, Beatriz. "Lugar, no-lugar", in Ascensión Barañano (coord.), *Diccionario de relaciones interculturales, diversidad y globalización*. Madrid: Editorial Complutense, 2007.

terrorism intermittently. Regardless, our maximum warning devices immerse us in a sensation of ongoing peril.

It is fundamental to understand that war and terrorism, regardless of what comes first, have economic, technical and fundamentalist motives, and thus ideological motives as well. However, once events have been consummated, the result is a dismemberment of spaces that are common and shared. This is a situation where those who proclaim themselves leaders in management and in the architecture of the so-called civilised world, standing against terror and disaster, are likewise its resultant products, as well as being co-responsible for this very dismemberment.

The delocalisation of terrorism and the transformation of urban space brought on by public security policies in the wake of 9/11 have shaken those sites where society organises its values, enabling these very sites to be socially inscribed by those inhabiting them. The weave of our experience is reset as its various localisations become disengaged from the cultural context that made them possible. War just leaves us with dust: it infects civilisations, puts a price on land and its resources, spits human beings into fatal escape routes and disintegrates the hope of transforming local spaces into the ideal and material contexts of cultural and social identification.

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Nine Broken Letters
Elena del Rivero

LETTER #1. NOVEMBER 7th, AT NIGHT

"SWEET EVENING COMES, FRIEND OF THE CRIMINAL,
LIKE AN ACCOMPLICE WITH A LIGHT OF FOOTFALL;
THE SKY SHUTS ON ITSELF AS THOUGH A TOMB,
AND MAN TURNS BEAST WITHIN HIS RESTLESS ROOM."
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, *THE FLOWERS OF EVIL*, DUSK

I AM IN AN EMPTY ROOM. LIGHT IS DYING AND I CRY FOR WHAT KEEPS US APART. I AM HERE WITH YOU WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT IS TO COME NEXT. I FORGET MYSELF, EMPTY MYSELF OUT, SO I CAN PAY FULL ATTENTION TO THIS EMPTY SPACE WHERE THINGS REALLY HAPPEN. I HAVE NOT HEARD FROM YOU IN A LONG TIME, IT SEEMS. PERHAPS, I HAVE. PERHAPS I AM CONFUSED. I HEAR ANIMALS CRYING; THEY MUST BE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THEY CANNOT FIND, JUST LIKE MYSELF LOOKING FOR SOMETHING I CANNOT FIND.

A BELL IS TOLLING NOT VERY FAR AWAY. A PHONE IS RINGING. NOW THERE IS SILENCE.

I REMEMBER MEETING YOU. NOW YOU ARE SO FAR. LIGHTNESS IS THE IMAGE I KEEP OF YOU SURROUNDED BY, WAS IT ART? IT WAS OF NO IMPORTANCE BUT YOU WERE THERE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE AND I FELT A KIND OF AWE. IT WAS COLD OUTSIDE, AS IF WINTER, I DON'T REMEMBER WELL, BUT I FELT WARM.

NIGHT IS FALLING AS EVERY NIGHT. NEWS OF YOU IS RARE AND COMES IN UNDECIPHERABLE WAYS, LIKE THE WOLVES AT NIGHT WHO CRY AND I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THEIR CRYING IS ABOUT, OR THE SONG OF BIRDS OVERHEAD, MELODIES AND CALLS I CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

I AM GOING RIGHT INTO THE NIGHT WITHOUT YOU. I FEEL YOU CLOSE. YOU ARE ABSENT BUT ETERNALLY PRESENT, PART OF ME WITHOUT YOUR KNOWING YOU ARE PART OF ME. ARE YOU REALLY IN MY LIFE?

WE COME TOGETHER IN A CONSTANT "DUERMEVELA;" THAT SPACE AND TIME BETWEEN CONSCIOUSNESS AND SLEEP. YOU, WHOSE SKIN IS SENTIMENT AND FEELING, BUT WHO NEVER COME CLOSE TO ME. I HAVE BARELY TOUCHED YOUR HANDS, BUT THEY ARE ALWAYS IN MY DREAMS. AT NIGHT, IN DARKNESS, YOU ARE WITH ME EVEN WHEN I DO NOT KNOW YOU ARE.

NOW THAT I AM NOT WHAT I WAS, AND HAVE NO PLACE IN WHICH TO FIND MYSELF, YOU ARE STILL THERE, SECRET AND HIDDEN, ONLY YOU, BUT NOT ALONE BECAUSE I AM IN YOU, MY SOLITARY OTHER WHO DOES NOT KNOW WHERE I AM. AT DAWN WITH THE CREATION OF DAY AND THE COMING OF LIGHT YOU ARE GONE BEFORE YOU RECOGNIZE ME; LIKE THE WOLF LEAVING AT DAYBREAK, YOU LEAVE ME ALONE.

YOUR DESIRING IS LIKE MY DESIRING YOU, BUT WE BELONG ELSEWHERE AND THAT IS WHY WE MEET WHEN NIGHT FALLS AND NOTHING IS CLEAR, AND FEELINGS ARE LIKE ANIMALS SNIFFING WHAT INSTANTLY APPEALS TO THEM AND I AM ENGULFED BY A WAVE OF LONGING, AN IMPLACABLE URGE TO BE POSSESSED.

THE CHEMISTRY OF MY PILLS REACTS TO MY DESIRES AND UNABLE TO CONTROL MY URGES, I FALL ASLEEP INTO YOUR ARMS.

AND YOU ARE GONE.

THE NIGHT, THE STARS, THE SKIN, YOU AND OVER THERE SPACE WHERE I FIND YOU IN MY DREAMS, YOUR TENDER EMBRACE AND YOUR UNQUENCHABLE WARMTH. SKIN, SCENT, AND THE CONVULSION OF DESIRES THAT KEEPS US ALIVE, LIKE ANIMALS SEARCHING AND PREYING AT NIGHT IN SILENCE, SILENTLY MARAUDING.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

LETTER #2

"WILD NIGHTS-WILD NIGHTS!
WHERE I WITH THEE
WILD NIGHTS SHOULD BE
OUR LUXURY!"
EMILY DICKINSON

THIS DAY IS FINALLY OVER. I AM GETTING MY ROOM READY SO I CAN WRITE TO YOU, MOVING SLOWLY INTO THE EMPTY SPACE I INHABIT EVERY NIGHT WHEN WE COME TOGETHER.

A SLIVER OF MOON SLIPS BEHIND A TALL BUILDING. I LIGHT A CIGARETTE AND WATCH IT DISAPPEAR, FEELING THE EARTH SPINS UNDER MY FEET, WHILE WOLVES AND OTHER ANIMALS ARE BAYING AT THE MOON. LA BICHE BRAME AU CLAIR DE LUNE ET PLEURE A SE FONDRE LES YEUX; I DO NOT CRY BUT LONG AGAIN FOR YOU. YOU, WHO ARE SO SPARTAN AND SO STOIC, WHO THINKS ONE THING BUT WANTS ITS OPPOSITE. WHY? I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU; I KNOW NOTHING. I AM PARALYZED BY YOUR FEROCITY AND HUNGER, VULNERABLE YET EAGER FOR YOUR GAZE, YOUR EYES WIDE OPEN, SEEKING MINE.

I WANT TO REMAIN WHAT I AM AND BE DESIRED AS SUCH. IN A CHESS GAME, I CHOOSE WHITE PIECES BUT I MUCH PREFER THE BLACKS; THEY RESPOND TO MY GAME WITHOUT SHOWING THEIR STRATEGY.

YOU ARE SO SOFT IN YOUR APPROACH; YOUR GENTLENESS, YOUR SHYNESS, YOUR REMOTENESS IS SO DEAR TO ME, THE SUDDEN PULLING BACK WHEN THE PREY IS COMING CLOSE. YOU KEEP MOVING IN THE NIGHT WITH ME, MINDLESSLY. TOO WORRIED, TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM YOUR OWN SELF, YOU CANNOT SEE WHAT IS IN FRONT OF YOU. I AM HERE LOOKING AT YOU, BECAUSE IT IS THE NIGHT THAT BRINGS YOU TO ME. DAWN BREAKS AND YOU DISAPPEAR, RETURNING THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, HERE BY NIGHT, GONE BY DAY, AGAIN AND AGAIN, SO WE ARE TOGETHER NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, EFFORTLESSLY, WITHOUT COMMITMENT OR FORMAL ARRANGEMENT, IN FREEDOM WITHOUT A QUESTION BEING ASKED.

THE ANIMALS OF THE FOREST ARE ALREADY MOVING THROUGH THE TREES. I LOVE THEM BECAUSE THEY MEAN YOU ARE COMING CLOSER

AND I AM READY FOR YOU. YOU BELONG TO MY DREAMS. AND AS IT IS IN DREAMS, WE SHALL FOREVER BE TOGETHER.

PERHAPS PAST AND PRESENT, NEITHER IS REAL. THERE IS JUST ONE INSTANT AMONG INFINITE POSSIBILITIES AND I WOULD RATHER BE A LOVER TO ANYONE, MAN, WOMAN, OLD OR YOUNG, THAN PRETEND TO BE OTHER THAN I AM. AND YOU ARE ALWAYS THERE, REMINDING ME THAT I BELONG ONLY TO YOU AT NIGHT.

DAYS GO BY AND YOU ARE NOT TO BE FOUND. LIKE A RIVER, YOU ARE FLOWING AWAY, BOUND FOR SOMEWHERE ELSE, TRAVELING TO PLACES I DARE NOT GO BECAUSE I AM AFRAID TO SEE YOU. I TRUST ONLY MY EMPTY ROOM, I FEAR GOING OUTSIDE IN THE NIGHT FILLED WITH LIGHTS AS IT MIGHT DESTROY THE IMAGE I ENJOY OF YOU.

AND YOU ARE WITH ME EVERY NIGHT, IN DARKNESS, WITH THE WOLVES HOWLING, THE SKIN ON EDGE, TREMBLING AND MY BODY ERECT, READY TO BE TAKEN. I AM RIDING ON A HORSE THAT DISAPPEARS IN THE MIST, KNOWING THAT YOU WILL RETURN WHEN LIGHT IS GONE AND MY DUEMEVELA SHIMMERS WITH WILD DREAMS BEFORE THE CHEMISTRY TAKES ME AWAY FROM YOU INTO THE REGION OF THE UNKNOWN.

LETTER #3

"BECAUSE OF CONCENTRATION (TENSION)
I SUDDENLY AND IN A VIOLENT MANNER
BECAME SLEEPY."
MARINA TSVIETAIEVA, *FLORENTINE NIGHTS*.
LETTER IX. JULY 9TH, MIDNIGHT.

THIS MOMENT WHEN EVERYTHING IS ABOUT TO START IS SILENT. THINGS AROUND ME SEEM TO MOVE AND SHIFT AND, SLOWLY DISAPPEAR. SUDDENLY, NOTHING IS TO BE FOUND; EVERYTHING IS GONE FROM MY SIGHT. I CLOSE MY EYES AND DRIFT, WEIGHTLESS, AS IF I WERE INSIDE A CLOUD, READY TO GATHER AND HOLD ALL THAT IS TO COME.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE.

THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE MOON EMERGED TONIGHT, BUT I COULD NOT SEE IT. WHEN I LOOKED OUT AT THE SKY, THE MOON HAD VANISHED. IT WAS A WARM NIGHT, THE STREETS WERE BUSY, AND COUPLES WERE HOLDING HANDS AND KISSING. PEOPLE ARE STILL GETTING MARRIED, I SUPPOSE.

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT MY FEELINGS SWING BACK AND FORTH ALL THE TIME; WEAK AND EMOTIONAL, ALWAYS IN FLUX AND IN SEARCH OF MYSELF. WE JUMP HERE AND THERE, AS IF WE WERE MOVING FROM ONE BOAT TO ANOTHER, NEVER ENDING UP TOGETHER IN THE SAME ONE. THE SEA IS CHOPPY AND OUR TASK PRECARIOUS, BUT WE DO NOT HOLD HANDS TO STEADY EACH OTHER. AS I WAS REACHING FOR YOU, YOU WERE ALREADY GONE, BACK BY YOURSELF, TO YOUR OWN BOAT.

WAITING HAS BECOME MY VOCATION. I FEEL MYSELF ALIVE IN THAT WAITING AND IN THAT WAITING I HAVE FOUND A PURPOSE, A PURPOSE WHICH I CAN REALIZE DURING MY NIGHTS OF SILENT DREAMING AS I WAIT TO BE TAKEN TO THE WORLDS WHICH DISAPPEAR WHEN I WAKE UP DURING THE NIGHT.

MY SOLITUDE IS CROWDED BY YOUR ABSENT PRESENCE. YOU WILL JUST NEVER KNOW IF I SUFFER. I DON'T, NOT REALLY. MY TURMOIL HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH TIME. I BECOME CONSCIOUS OF MY SKIN,

AND THEN MY LOVE FOR YOU BECOMES A REALITY THAT CARRIES ME INTO YOUR ARMS. IT IS NOT IN THE SAYING OR IN THE NAMING, NOT IN THE MEETING OR IN THE PARTING; THAT IS FOR LOVERS WHO DON'T LOVE. MINE IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

I LOVE YOU; WITH YOUR SMILE AND THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME, YOUR BRIGHTNESS AND YOUR DISTANCE, YOUR COMPASSION AND YOUR YEARNINGS. MINE, YOUR'S, I AM.

THE NIGHT BLOOMS. MY ANIMAL SELF EMERGES AND I ACHE IN BETWEEN MY LEGS, LONGING TO BE POSSESSED IN MY WORLD OF DREAMS. I CAN'T SEE YOU ANYMORE; IT HAS BECOME TOO DARK. MY HEAD STARTS TO SPIN WHILE I AM THINKING OF YOU.

I WAS AWAKENED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. NOW THE PALE LIGHT LEAKS THROUGH THE VENETIAN BLINDS. IT IS DAWN ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN NEW YORK, COLD AND DAMP WITH FLIMSY CLOUDS SHOWING UP IN THE SKY.

THERE ARE FEW PEOPLE ON THE STREETS, ONE HERE, ONE THERE. SOME ARE COMING HOME FROM PARTIES, BUT THERE ARE THOSE, LIKE US, WONDERING THE STREETS WITH NOTHING BUT THEMSELVES, LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO REST, KNOWING THAT SUCH A PLACE DOES NOT EXIST.

WHITE NOISE. AND SUDDENLY THE DAILY SOUNDS START UP, TICKING AWAY. I AM GOING BACK TO BED.

LETTER #4

"AND-YOU WON'T THINK ME BASE-IT WASN'T BECAUSE OF THE PAIN I
WAS SILENT,
IT WAS BECAUSE OF THE UGLINESS OF THE PAIN!
NOW IT'S OVER. NOW I'M WRITING TO YOU?"
LETTERS: SUMMER 1926. MARINA TSVIETAIEVA TO RILKE

I WISH TWO THINGS AT THE SAME TIME: TO STAY AND TO DISAPPEAR.

YOU ARE LIKE A STONE THAT'S NOT QUITE IMPERVIOUS TO WATER,
LIKE THE GIANT SQUEEZING A PIECE OF CHEESE IN THE SPANISH
FAIRY TALE MY MOTHER READ TO ME. IT IS MY MOVE: NF3.

A DREAM TAKES SHAPE BEFORE ME, CARRYING ME FAR FROM YOUR
REALITY. IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE GOING AWAY, BUT WHERE ARE YOU
GOING WHEN EVERYTHING YOU MIGHT NEED IS HERE, NEXT TO YOU?
AS NOT ALL THAT LOOKS LIKE ART IS ART, THE SAME GOES FOR LOVE.

PERHAPS YOU WILL DECIPHER THE PUZZLE ONE DAY. LIKE THE
WATER THAT RUNS AROUND AND THROUGH A ROMAN FOUNTAIN,
SOME OF IT WILL HAVE EVAPORATED, WILL HAVE BEEN LOST.
PERHAPS YOU LOVE ME BUT CAN'T LIVE WITH ME; WE LIVE LIKE
CHARACTERS IN A NOVEL, MARINA AND BORIS. IS IT TRUE THAT SOME
PEOPLE ARE STILL GETTING MARRIED?

I WAS ABOUT TO DIAL YOUR NUMBER, BUT STOPPED SHORT AND LIT A
CIGARETTE INSTEAD. WHAT SORT OF METAPHYSICAL MOVE WAS I
ABOUT TO MAKE? THE CONTRADICTION AND AMBIVALENCE OF SUCH
AN ACTION SHOOK MY PERCEPTION OF WHO I WAS AT THAT
PARTICULAR MOMENT. MY MOVE: KGB.

HE ASKED ME FOR A DRINK BUT I SAID, LET'S WAIT FOR NEXT WEEK,
AND YOU WERE MEANWHILE, BLOOMING IN MY HEAD AND BEATING IN
MY BLOOD. MY THOUGHTS OF YOU GET TANGLED UP WITH BILLS, THE
PHONE, MY CIGARETTES AND WINE. ARE YOU THINKING OF ME?

WAR. WHY NOT PEACE?

AND READING? NO, THAT IS NOT A PROBLEM, SINCE YOU ARE NEVER
GOING TO READ THESE LETTERS. YOU WILL HEAR AN ECHO OF A

VOICE READING THE LINES THAT YOU WERE NEVER MEANT TO READ,
LINES I HAD TO WAIT TO WRITE, UNTIL THE TIME WAS RIPE, THE
WAITING DEEP AND NIGHTS LONG.

NEGLECT AND TEDIUM; YOUR MOVE: NFXH7.
BUT WHY DO I HAVE TO BLOSSOM NOW, AT THIS LATE STAGE,
THROUGH YOU, MY UNKNOWN RECEIVER OF UNSENT LETTERS
RIDDLED WITH MISTAKES?

HERE COMES THE ANIMAL AGAIN, IN BETWEEN MY LEGS, LIKE A NEED
TO CREATE, WHICH WILL SUBSIDE ONCE THE NEED IS FULFILLED. I
WILL GO ON TO OTHER LANDS TO DREAM THE DREAMS THAT WERE
FAR GONE-AND THE CHEMISTRY WILL TAKE ME AWAY, FARTHER AND
FARTHER THAN I CAN IMAGINE.AND WHEN I WAKE UP, I WILL HAVE
FORGOTTEN WHERE THOSE DREAMS WENT. YOU ARE ALL WATER
NOW.

THERE WILL BE TIME AND PEARLS WILL FALL AGAIN FROM WALLS, AS
TEARS FROM BROKEN HEARTS THAT NO ONE KNEW OF. AND YOU WILL
BE THERE TO SEE THEM AND YOU WILL TALK AND TALK WHILE THE
TEARS KEEP FALLING ON YOU.

EVERYTHING IS RUSHING INSIDE ME, I AM IN A HURRY TO GET TO YOU,
BUT EVERYTHING SEEMS TO DISSOLVE INTO SAND. I SCOOP THE SAND
FROM THE FLOOR AND SUDDENLY MY HANDS ARE EMPTY, EXCEPT
FOR A PEARL HIDDEN IN THE CORNER OF MY FINGERS, A PEARL THAT
COULD NOT FIND ITS WAY BACK TO THE SEA. YOU
I REACH OUT TO YOU AGAIN, ALONE.

LETTER #5

"THE VOLATILITY OF DREAMS
ALLOWS MEMORY TO SHAKE THEM OFF.
REALITY NEEDN'T FEAR BEING FORGOTTEN.
IT'S A TOUGH NUT.
IT SITS ON OUR SHOULDERS,
LIES HEAVILY ON OUR HEARTS,
BARS THE WAY.
THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM HER,
SHE ACCOMPANIES EACH FLIGHT.
THERE IS NO STOP
ON THE ROUTE OF OUR JOURNEY
WHERE SHE ISN'T WAITING."
WISLAWA SZYMBORSKA, *REALITY*

MY DEAR,

THE BIG ROOM HAS NOT CHANGED: NO DOORS, A LARGE BLANK WINDOW, AN EMPTY SPACE THAT WILL SOON BE FILLED WITH RECOLLECTIONS AND DREAMS. I AM LOOKING AT YOU BUT YOU ARE NOT HERE. THE MIST IS THICK. I HAVE NO WORDS. I CANNOT NAME YOUR NAME; MY HEAD STARTS SPINNING AND I AM TAKEN AWAY. AND YOU ARE GONE IN SILENCE. MY UNKNOWN RECEIVER, YOU ARE GONE LIKE THE SUMMER THAT VANISHED AND LEFT US, ALONE.

IT IS NOW DUSK, WHEN MY DAY STARTS TO TAKE SHAPE. THIS CONSCIOUS SOMNAMBULISM.

AND NIGHT IS FALLING AGAIN. THE BREEZE IS WARM, AS IT IS ON A LATE SEPTEMBER NIGHT. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, PEOPLE WALK QUICKLY, AS IF THEY WERE BUSY AGAIN. DRINKING TEA WHILE I READ MY PAPER, THE NEWS OF THE WORLD IS NOT GOOD. IGNORANCE IS EVERYWHERE; THEY WOULD RATHER ACT THAN THINK. TURMOIL EVERYWHERE, BUT I HAVE TO DO WHAT I NEED TO DO. TIME ABANDONS ME TO THIS ENDLESS TASK OF NOT DOING, BUT THEN COMES THE NIGHT WHEN THE ANIMAL RETURNS TO REMIND ME OF

WHO I AM, WHAT I COULD BE AND I AM NOT.

THE MOON IS GROWING AND SO ARE MY DESIRES. I CAN'T GO HOME BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT THERE. OUR ORDINARY LIFE IS DESTROYED

BY CIRCUMSTANCES OR BORNE BY THEM. MY DREAMS ARE SEALED;
NOT EVEN DREAMING IS ALLOWED. ONLY IN RESTLESS SILENCE WHEN
NIGHT COMES AM I ALLOWED TO BE. A VEIL OF WHITE GAUZE BLINDS
ME AND BRINGS ME SLOWLY BACK TO THE LAND BEYOND. THEN ALL
ARE GONE. THE VEIL GROWS THICKER WITH THE CHEMICALS. WHERE
HAVE YOU GONE? I TRY TO REACH YOU, BUT AHEAD IS ONLY THE
ABYSS, THE VOID WHERE MY DREAMS GO. I AM SEARCHING, UNAWARE
OF TIME UNTIL THE REIGN OF NIGHT BECOMES INESCAPABLE AND I
GIVE UP WITHOUT A STRUGGLE, ABANDONING MY USELESS LIMBS,
SURRENDERING.

HOW IMMENSE THIS NAMELESS PLACE. I SEE A FOUNTAIN, FLOWING
WATER. LIKE THE NYMPH, I ENTER THE SACRED SLEEP. I REMAIN
THERE ALONE, MY UNCONSCIOUS HOWEVER REMEMBERING YOU. BUT
IT IS SO LATE THAT MY BODY GIVES UP, AND WITHOUT FEAR BECOMES

ONE WITH YOU IN A SPACE THAT BELONGS TO NEITHER OF US.

A VOICE TELLS ME YOU HAVE ARRIVED. I WAKE UP AND LIGHT IS
FILTERING THROUGH THE WINDOW. YOU ARE GONE FROM MY
DREAMS. DAY IS WORK AND WORK IS DAY AND FAR-GONE MY
DESIRES. ONCE AGAIN I BEGIN MY ROUTINE.

I HAVE JUST UNDERSTOOD WHAT AFFLICTS ME SO DEEPLY, NEVER
SENDING MY LETTERS THEREFORE NEVER RECEIVING AN ANSWER.
HOWEVER, NEITHER DISTANCE NOR TIME CAN SILENCE MY VOICE. I
FEEL THE SAME WHETHER I AM HERE OR THERE. BUT I WAIT FOR THE
NIGHT THAT ONLY BELONGS TO US.

SOMEONE BROUGHT DAISIES TO ME TODAY.

YOU ARE SO GENTLE, AND SUFFER SO MUCH FOR ME. HOWEVER
ALWAYS IN DISTANCE, BUT NOW YOU ARE ASLEEP, UNPREPARED TO
FIGHT BACK. I LOVE YOU THEN.

LETTER #6

"THESE MANY LONG YEARS ONLY YOU HAVE FILLED MY
DREAMS, FOR NONE OTHER
COULD AWAKEN ME FROM MY SPELL..."
AURORA. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

FLY, FLY HIGH! THE SPACE IS SO VAST AND BRILLIANTLY LIT, SO DEEP
AND STILL THAT IT FEELS AS IF A PERFORMANCE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.
WHERE HAVE ALL THE PLAYERS GONE?

THE VERBS I AM AND I AM NOT STAND IN THE WAY, TAUNTING ME,
AMBIGUOUS, MYSTERIOUS.

I CANNOT SEE YOU THROUGH YOUR WORDS OR UNDERSTAND THEIR
MEANING; THEY

ARE AS EPHEMERAL AS SNOWFLAKES, FLOATING IN A SPACE OF NON-
EXISTENCE. THROWN INTO THE AIR LIKE A HANDFUL OF CONFETTI,
THEY TAKE ON A REALITY THAT IS NOT MINE.

DO NOT BE AFRAID TO TAKE ME. I HAVE BEEN TAKEN ALREADY AND I'D
RATHER STAY WHERE I AM. PLEASE, KEEP EMAILING ME. YOU CAN DO
IT WITHOUT FEAR, BECAUSE I DON'T QUITE BELONG, THESE LONELY
DAYS.

I WAS BORN WITH NO PLACE, AND THUS REMAIN. I CAN'T FIND MY
COUNTRY ANYWHERE, BUT I BEAR THE WEIGHT OF A WHOLE LAND
THAT GAVE ME BIRTH AND IS NOW GONE.

THE NIGHT HAS COME, THE TIME FOR THIS ON-GOING PERFORMANCE,
THE ACTORS AND THE AUDIENCE QUITE UNPREPARED; MOTIONLESS
AND WET AS I AM WHEN I THINK OF YOU. REMOVED FROM MY
FEELINGS, I SOFTEN WITH THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.

YOU ARE CLOSE TO ME IN THAT REMOTE PLACE WHERE YOU HAVE
GONE BEYOND THE SEA. THAT LAND DRENCHED IN THE FRAGRANCE
OF MY CHILDHOOD THAT ONCE DELIGHTED ME. THE AIR THERE IS
SWEET AND BALMY AS IT IS HERE TONIGHT, DAMP AS THE ANIMAL
THAT SPRINGS TO LIFE IN MY IN-BETWEENS. YOU CAN TAKE WALKS
THERE FULL OF SURPRISES THAT CONNECT YOU TO THE

UNDERWORLD, PROSERPINE IS AROUND; BE SURE TO GO AND SEE HER.

THE MORE YOU GIVE, THE MORE I FEEL YOUR DISTANCE; THE LESS I GIVE, THE CLOSER I BECOME TO YOU.

IT IS NOT THAT I DON'T MISS YOU.

NOT ANYMORE. YOUR RETURN WILL BRING BACK MEMORIES OF LONG AGO. I HAVE KEPT ALL THE CORNERS IN MY HEAD, LIKE POSTCARDS PRIZED BY TOURISTS HUNGRY TO REMEMBER WHERE THEY'VE BEEN.

EVERYTHING FLOWS; IN FLOWING WE BECOME OURSELVES, FLOWING BLOOD AND FLOWING RIVER, FLOWING LOVE AND DISAPPEARING LONG BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.

COME CLOSER, NOW THAT YOU CAN'T.

THE EXCUSES ARE ALWAYS THERE AND LIKE WALLS THEY SEPARATE US, BUT WERE THEY TO FALL WE WOULD NOT FIND EACH OTHER, ANYWAY. AND, OF COURSE, WE COULD NOT BEAR THE LACK OF THEM. HOWEVER, IT IS IN THAT SPACE OF NON EXISTENCE WHERE MY DREAMS START.

I LIE DOWN ON THE PILLOW. IT CUDDLES ME IN MY SLEEP. I MOVE TOWARDS A LOVING EMBRACE. I AM DRIFTING PAST YOUR ARMS, WONDERING IF PERHAPS THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE DYING. A FLEETING MOMENT OF WONDER, I WISH IT WENT ON FOREVER.

RUN TODAY; RUN TOMORROW; RUNNING ALL THE TIME FUELED BY AN ANTIC DRIVE TO BE LEFT ALONE. THE NEWS IS A BURDEN TO ME; THE PAPERWORK PILES ON MY DESK, AND TIME IS A PRECIOUS GIFT I DON'T HAVE THESE DREARY DAYS.

LETTER #7

"IF WE SHADOWS HAVE OFFENDED,
THINK BUT THIS, AND ALL IS MENDED,
THAT YOU HAVE BUT SLUMBERED HERE
WHILE THESE VISIONS DID APPEAR.
AND THIS WEAK AND IDLE THEME,
NO MORE YIELDING BUT A DREAM,
GENTILES, DO NOT REPREHEND."

SHAKESPEARE. *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*, PUCK (EPILOGUE)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM SURE IT WAS A ROACH. YOU KEPT SAYING IT WAS THE DOG UPSTAIRS.

WHEN I LEFT THE HOUSE TO GO TO DINNER THE AIR WAS BRISK, HINTING OF WINTER. BUT, ON A FALL FULL MOON NIGHT I AM WARM, WHATEVER THE WEATHER.

I AM RETURNING HOME, AND ONCE AGAIN YOU ARE GAZING AT ME, SO I PUT MYSELF TO WRITING. I THINK OF THE PLEASURE THAT I AM SO MUCH AFRAID OF. UNDERSTAND ME. I ASSOCIATE PLEASURE WITH YOU; THE PLEASURE THAT BLOOMS UP WHEN I THINK OF YOU AND THE PLEASURE THAT MAKES ME SPELL YOUR NAME WHILE DREAMING.

IT IS UP TO YOU.

IMPATIENCE AND RESIGNATION. DEVOTION AND GRIEF.

LIFE WITH ITS UPS AND DOWNS, ROUGH AND TENDER, BUT LIFE, AFTER ALL. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE WE HAVE OF SUCH VALUE? WHAT WOULD IT ALL BE WITHOUT LIFE? WOULD I BE WRITING THESE LETTERS TO YOU? WOULD I BECOME MUSIC WHEN I SEE YOU, LIKE A MUTE VIOLIN THAT SUDDENLY SINGS?

HOW TENDER YOU ARE, AND HOW DEEP THE JOURNEY AHEAD IS. ARE YOU AN ANIMAL, A BIRD OR A LOST SOUL SEARCHING IN THE MIDDLE OF EMPTINESS?

LOVE ABANDONS US BY SURPRISE. THE BEAST IS PACING, WITH NO PLACE TO REST, TORMENTED BY BRUTAL DESIRE. MY HAIR STANDS ON END. WHY DON'T I BELONG? BUT THE NIGHT COMES AGAIN, SOFTLY IT TAKES US FROM REALITY INTO THE UNDREAMED WORLD OF DREAMS WHERE WE CAN ESCAPE FROM THAT UNREALITY THAT PRETENDS TO BE REAL: DAY.

DO YOU FEEL ALONE?

AS FOR ME, I TRY TO MEND MY LIFE WHILE LIVING IT. SOMETIMES DREAMS HELP, BUT I FIND MYSELF DREAMING IN THE STREETS, NOT KNOWING WHERE I AM GOING.

I MAKE A MOVE AND I LOSE THE KING; MY PAWNS OFFER NO PROTECTION. THE BATTLEFIELD IS DIVIDED IN TWO AND I DON'T KNOW WHICH SIDE TO TAKE. I'D RATHER TAKE YOURS, BUT RIGHT NOW IT SEEMS I'M ON THE OTHER SIDE. ALLOW ME TO BE SAD.

I AM LISTENING TO THE CLICK, CLACK OF THE DRIPPING TAPS. A LEAKY FAUCET IS MY ONLY COMPANION. ONE DAY AT SUNSET YOU WILL COME TO ME, YOU WILL ENTER IN BETWEEN MY LEGS, LOOKING FOR THE ANIMAL IN ME THAT YOU SMELT FROM FAR AWAY. I WILL BE HERE WAITING FOR YOU. IN THE MEANTIME, IT IS GETTING DARK AND THE AIR IS COLD. I PULL MY BLANKET OVER ME AND, AS ALWAYS, I FEEL THE CHEMICALS TAKING POSSESSION, THEY DOMINATE ME. I AM PUSHED INTO SILENCE ACCOMPANIED BY DREAMS THAT WILL BE GONE AT DAWN. BUT THE PLEASURE STILL THERE; ENOUGH SO THAT MY DAYS FLOW SMOOTHLY, UNTIL THE RETURN OF ANOTHER NIGHT.

LETTER #8

"I PROMISE MYSELF FOR ONE DAY THIS SAME SILENCE, I PROMISE US
WHAT I
HAVE NOW LEARNED. ONLY FOR US IT WILL HAVE TO BE BY NIGHT,
FOR WE ARE
MOIST, SALTY BEINGS, WE ARE BEINGS OF SEA WATER AND OF
TEARS."
CLARICE LI SPECTOR, THE PASSION ACCORDING TO G.H.

TODAY I RETURNED TO THE PLACE I USED TO CALL HOME: IT WAS
DESOLATE, EMPTY, BARREN LAND: SAD AS A ROOM WITH NO VIEWS. I
AVOIDED LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOWS, WHERE THERE WAS
NOTHING BUT A MAZE OF TWISTED STEEL AND CINDERS, A HEAP OF
WIRES AND SCRAPS OF PAPER. THE GRAFFITI HSH STILL THERE, AS IF
NO ONE DARED TO PU LL IT DOWN.

IT IS TWILIGHT AND RAINING OUTSIDE; A VOICE HERALDING ANOTHER
SLEEPLESS NIGHT. I AM AGAIN THINKING OF YOU, MY INSEPARABLE
COMPANION. I CRIED TODAY, I WEPT WHOLE RIVERS. SOMETHING
INSIDE ME WAS SHATTERED TO PIECES. I LOOKED AROUND FOR
FRAGMENTS OF LIFE, BUT I FOUND NONE.

I LOVED YOU FROM THE FIRST DAY I SAW YOU. WHAT KIND OF LOVE?
THAT KIND OF CONSPIRACY WHERE HOURS DON'T COUNT. THE ROAD
IN FRONT OF US SPLIT, LEFT AND RIGHT, AND YOU WENT AWAY.

BY SOME MYSTERIOUS COINCIDENCE I MET YOU AGAIN. AT FIRST, I
DID NOT REMEMBER HOW I HAD FELT ABOUT YOU, BUT THE FEELINGS
QUICKLY CAME RUSHING BACK. AGAIN THE ROAD DIVERGED AND YOU
WERE GONE BEFORE I COULD EVEN SAY A WORD, BEFORE WE COULD
TOUCH. ALL I WAS LEFT WITH WAS DESIRE.

NOTHING HAS CHANGED. I AM BURNING INSIDE, LONGING TO BE
POSSESSED. MY BREASTS BURSTING WITH FIRE. I WANT, BUT I DON'T.
I HUNGER, BUT I DON'T. THERE IS ALWAYS THE ROAD WITH ITS
IMPEDIMENTS, CONVENTIONS, EXPECTATIONS, SO WE DESTROY
OURSELVES, WE SNUFF OUT THE ANIMALS WE WANT TO BE.

BROKEN AND ABANDONED, BLEAK AND EMPTY, LIVING IN A ROOM
WITH NO VIEW IS LIKE LIVING IN OBLIVION. ONLY THROUGH MEMORIES,

DISTORTED BY THE PASSAGE OF TIME ARE WE REMINDED OF WHAT WE WERE, DISCONNECTED FRAGMENTS OF A PROJECT PLANNED BUT DOOMED FROM THE START.

THERE IS NO FOUNTAIN TO BE SEEN TODAY. I FEEL THE SUBWAY BEATING UNDERNEATH MY FEET, PASSENGERS RUSHING IN AND OUT. ARE YOU STILL THERE TO HEAR ME?

CARS SPLASH WATER AS THEY GO BY. PEOPLE ON THE SIDEWALK JUMP OUT OF THE WAY, AS IF THEY WERE AWAKENED FROM A DREAM.

I AM HARD, BROKEN, TORN, BUT STILL I CRAVE YOUR LOVE. YOUR SOUL, JAILED BEHIND STEEL BARS, SEEMS NEVER TO BE FREE. I WONDER IF YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH YOU GAVE ME. HOW HUMAN YOUR WORDS MADE ME FEEL.

WE MET FOR A PURPOSE. BUT LOVE WAS NOT INTENDED. WE KEPT APART. WHAT ELSE COULD WE DO?

LOOK! IT IS PAST FULL MOON; FULL MOON WAS ALWAYS A JOY FOR ME; MY BODY BURST, EXPANDED, AND GREW WITH UNCONTROLLABLE YEARNING, ESPECIALLY IN SUMMER.

SO I DO DESIRE YOU TONIGHT AS IF TIME, TWISTED BY MAGIC, COULD BE RECOVERED. YOU, WHO I HAVE LOVED BEYOND MEASURE, IN MY DREAMS.

LETTER #9

" ... so THAT IN THIS WORLD
EVERYONE DREAMS THE THING HE IS, THOUGH NO ONE
CAN UNDERSTAND IT. I DREAM I AM HERE,
CHAINED IN THESE FETTERS. YET I DREAMED JUST NOW
I WAS IN A MORE FLATTERING, LOFTY STATION.
WHAT IS THIS LIFE? A FRENZY, AN ILLUSION,
A SHADOW, A DELIRIUM, A FICTION.
THE GREATEST GOOD'S BUT LITTLE, AND THIS LIFE
IS BUT A DREAM, AND DREAMS ARE ONLY DREAMS?"
CALDERON DE LA BARCA, *LIFE IS A DREAM*. SEGISMUNDO

FRIDAY.

DO YOU LOVE ME? DO I WHAT?

WE OFTEN DISAGREE ABOUT SMALL MATTERS, BUT NOT ABOUT THE
BIG ONES. GOT AN ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE MAIL OF A PROMISING
WINTERREISE. WINTER IS ALWAYS TO ME LIKE A WOMAN WITH NO
SHADOW.

I WISH I HAD SOMETHING TO SAY THAT WOULD MOVE YOU TOWARDS
ME, BUT I FIND I'M SPEECHLESS. I AM A STONE THAT DOESN'T FEEL, A
ROCK WITH NO NEEDS AT ALL. DAYS ARE FILLED WITH PETTY TASKS
THAT DON'T GIVE BACK ANY JOY. JOY, IN FACT, IS LONG GONE.

WHEN IT IS QUIET I CAN MAKE PEACE WITH MY PAST. BUT SILENCE
TOO OFTEN GIVES WAY TO ALOOFNESS, REMOTENESS AND
UNCONTROLLED FEELINGS WHICH SUDDENLY SWAMP ME. PERHAPS
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND. PERHAPS THERE'S NOTHING TO
UNDERSTAND. A VOID IS IN FRONT OF ME; I FIND YOU THERE. WE ARE
KISSING IN THE DARK.

THE NIGHT SKY IS ALIVE WITH DESPERATE SEARCHLIGHTS. BUT
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE FOUND. ART? NO. WHAT IS IT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR WITH THAT FLASHLIGHT? A NICKEL? MY GIFT IS DREAMS
AND DARKNESS AND THE BLUES, AND THE SUGAR IN MY BOWL.

TEMPERANCE, SADNESS, HUBRIS, SPECTACLE, AND JUNK.

TWO DAYS AND YOU WILL BE BACK. I WAIT FOR YOUR RETURN, KNOWING THAT IT MAY WELL MEAN I'LL HARDLY EVER SEE YOU. YOU ARE ALWAYS SO BUSY WITH YOUR BOOKS. BUT DO NOT FEEL GUILTY. YOU TRY TO PRETEND YOU ARE NOT, BUT I SENSE YOU FEEL YOU ARE. YOU ARE ALWAYS PRETENDING TO BE WHAT YOU ARE NOT, BUT THAT IS WHAT MAKES YOU SO VULNERABLE AND DELIGHTFUL.

HUSH! TRANSLUCENT NIGHT, THE MOON'S LIGHT IS NOW FILTERING THROUGH THE CRYING CLOUDS. SLOWLY THE SKY DEEPENS, DARKENS; THE STREETS GET QUIET AS IT GROWS LATE. A CABBY GETS INTO A FIGHT. I HEAR CRIES. THEY TOOK DOWN THE POSTER OUTSIDE THE WINDOW; FOR THE SECOND TIME, THE TOWERS CAME DOWN FOREVER.

THERE IS NO ONE TO HEAR MY STORY, SO SECRET MY LIFE HAS BECOME, UNABLE TO SHARE MY BURDEN. NOW, WHAT ELSE IS NEW? DESPAIR AND THEY WILL ALL LEAVE YOU.

AGAIN I HEAR THE SUBWAY DESPERATELY RUMBLING UNDERNEATH THE STREET. THE RAIN IS ALREADY GETTING HEAVY.

I CAN'T CONTINUE IN THIS PLACE MUCH LONGER. IT IS TIME FOR THE CHEMICALS TO TAKE CHARGE. I GAVE THEM THE POWER THAT I LACK, COMMANDING ME TO GO ON, THEY ORDER ME TO REST. I AM THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT: NO RESISTANCE, NOT ANYMORE. IT IS AN AFFAIR THAT OFFERS FORGETFULNESS IN PLACE OF LOVE.

BUT I WILL TAKE MY DREAMS WITH ME, AND BE CONTENT I HAD THEM EVEN IF THEY WERE BUT DREAMS.

3. WORKS OF ART

Elena del Rivero

[Swi:t] Home: A CHANT

2001-2006

Installation. Found paper, mended and sewn into tarlalan gauze

Installed artwork accompanied by the sound piece *Bring Light* (2006), composed by Lawrence D.

«Butch» Morris. Courtesy of Lawrence D. «Butch» Morris State

Creative Capital Foundation Award, USA

Dimensions variable

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

DUST

2001-2009

Installation. Labelled flask with 9/11 dust and black and white photograph

Dimensions variable

Colección particular

Elena del Rivero

Nu descendant un escalier and returning, as well

2002-2013

Video, single-channel, colour, sound

Duration: 4' 24"

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Nine Broken Letters

2004

Calligraphy on natural abaca fibre paper. Set of ten sheets

142x72,39 cm c/u

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Ground Zero

2011

Video, single-channel, colour, sound

Duration: 240' (loop)

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Letter to the Mother

2016

Digital print on nylon, tree branch

240x99 cm

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Memory, I

2013-2021

Mixed media. Set of 30 collages created from material damaged by 9/11 and later by Hurricane Sandy. Cut pieces joined by thread, silver leaf and oil on canvas

Diverse measures

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Handkerchief, #1

2017

Fibre reactive dyes on vintage linen scarf belonging to the artist's father

43,18x43,18 cm

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Home Construction

2021

Nonorganic material

Dimensions variable

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Trapos de cocina

2021

Installation. Donated dishdrags, cables and flanges

Dimensions variable

Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

MOTHER

2021

King size sheets, black acrylic paint

2,80x2,50 m

Courtesy of the artist

OVAS

2021

Graffiti

Water-based paint, spray, fabric

Courtesy of the artist

4. CAPTIONS



Elena del Rivero, *DUST*, 2013. Selenium toned silver gelatin print on barite paper, 27.9x 35.56 cm. Courtesy of the artist © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021



Elena del Rivero, *[Swi:t] Home: A CHANT*, 2001-2006. Installation. Found paper, mended and sewn into tarlatan gauze, dimensions variable. Installed artwork accompanied by the sound piece *Bring Light*, 2006, composed by Lawrence D. «Butch» Morris. Courtesy of the artist. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021. Photograph: David Bonet



Elena del Rivero, *[Swi:t] Home: A CHANT*, 2001-2006 (detail). Installation. Found paper, mended and sewn into tarlatan gauze, dimensions variable. Installed artwork accompanied by the sound piece *Bring Light*, 2006, composed by Lawrence D. «Butch» Morris. Courtesy of the artista. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021. Photograph: David Bonet



Elena del Rivero, *Trapos de cocina*, 2021. Installation. Donated dishdrags, cables, flanges and clamps, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artist. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021. Photograph: David Bonet



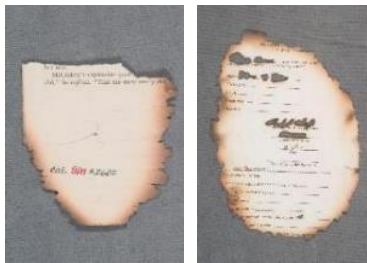
Elena del Rivero, *Cleaning 9/11 Papers in July 2002*. Location: Julie Dermansky's farm, Upstate, New York, 2002. Courtesy of the artist. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021. Photograph: Julie Dermansky



Elena del Rivero, *Self-portrait*, 2002 (video still). Courtesy of the artist. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021



Elena del Rivero, *An Archive of Dust*, one of several scrapbooks with newspaper cuttings from 2001-2003. Courtesy of the artist. Photograph: Pablo Gómez-Ogando Rodríguez. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021



Elena del Rivero, Colour digital photographs of catalogued paper fragments gathered in the artist's studio-home post 9/11 with proper names burned, 2002. Courtesy of the artist. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021



Elena del Rivero, Elena sewing and mending some fragments of paper collected from her studio home in preparation for attaching them to tarlatan in *A CHANT*, 2004. Location: Tompkins Square Park, East Village, New York. Photograph: Julie Dermansky. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021



Elena del Rivero, *An Archive of Dust*, 2019. Naves Matadero, Madrid, 2019. Installation views with 9/11 dust, and a jar containing 9/11 dust. Photograph: Pablo Gómez-Ogando Rodríguez. Courtesy of the artist. © of the work of art, Elena del Rivero, VEGAP, Illes Balears, 2021

Exhibition in collaboration with:



«Pre-dust-post» in collaboration with:



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