

## A totally black pen

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There are so many objects in my life, in our lives, all around. and i like to think that those objects accompany us, and that they are not only indicators of this neo capitalist system that consumes us with us almost not noticing it or without us caring. objects have always been there accompanying us, as humanity, as support, tools to bond with the world, to make it easier, simpler and later we start to take more advantage of it to the point of transforming, in a good day, into an art piece, into a luxury, but, what are the paintings in the Prado Museum? an object at the end of the day, what is a Tesla car? an object.

while I write this column, again I am surrounded by objects, two lamps, one that is also a speaker, a computer charger and the computer, an object that works to make a cellphone to stand on his own, a por with a little cactus, a wireless mouse, a headband, a cup that works as a case, two decorated pencils and a pen inside of the cup, post-its, two little coins and a sheets with notes that I wrote down about what i will write, shortly after I will have a little bowl with coffee; I almost forgot about the headphones-also wireless- that I have over my ears.

the last time that I saw her, beautiful as every other day that I could see her -they were not much-, I gave her two objects, a completely black pen - painted and decorated- and a book.

We were standing in the middle of a wide garden, on top of us there was also a wide sky, full with stars and then clouded. I didn't say a thing of what I wanted to say to her, because being in front of her startled me. I simply stopped thinking enough, or what I previously thought saying; I liked that sensation so much. We talked about love, fear, drunkenness, families, nonsense stuff, travels, beaches, cities, objects, her, her in me, happiness, and in the background, there was music, music to dance to, and some people dancing.

Objects are full of meanings, and there are those which don't, that are empty, that simply work out. But those objects that have a sense, that mean something, are those who move us, even though many times we do not know that those objects mean something, we simply keep them or store them without an apparent reason.

Thinking about the objects that we know that are important. Those that despite only being objects have importance, meet their purpose and decorate the quotidian scene, they fill it with a purpose and an atmosphere. If I could remember all the objects that have accompanied me throughout my life I would surely feel overwhelmed by how much I have let go, of how much I have accumulated, how much I have thrown away. Objects not only fulfill space, they dress it.



We walked together just barely some weeks, weeks that were filled of objects, a pen in the end and others on her desk, papers, notebooks, cups of coffee, dishes of food in a restaurant weirdly pleasant, a cable to reproduce music in the car, coats, a purple plaid skirt, some tights with black pum pums that made her look not only beautiful, but also very gorgeous; a gray sack, a brown one, a black one, a gray hoodie, her favorite dress that she supposedly told me fitted her body perfectly, her entire wardrobe, the pictures of her and her sisters when they were kids, and her with the same sensation on her smile, and the same eyes, sparkling eyes. Her notebooks full of an order almost enviable, the first mask that I met her with and that did not allowed me to see her face until that first night almost 4 hours later of greeting her;

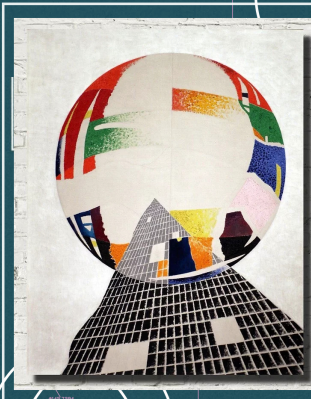
an umbrella, the notes which I tried to make her laugh and surely did not worked out, two glasses of water on the table in the middle of her livingroom, objects, a lot of objects, and my favorites: two bowls with raw tuna, seasoned, rice and, of course, two spoons to it with -if anybody asks themselves why a spoon instead of a fork, the answer is obvious-. And so many other objects over which a mirage was built, an eruption of what could have been a relationship between two persons, objects that build us, that give support to our relationships, to our daily life, with or without realizing it, little or big belongings that portrait the way of how we connect with the world, our reality; objects, quotidianity and sense.

I was just able to see her through an online meeting, behind a screen, she looked tired, but always beautiful, and she was using a totally black pen. I couldn't help smiling.

And there are people of which we do not keep any object at all, but even like that those people stay for a little longer, they grow buds on us. In a certain way, looking closely, I have a new bud: it's her.

The works of art that I worked with for this text are of the designer László Moholy-Nagy.

PD. I don't know if music is an object, but while I



thought about this text I listened to LOOK AT YOU by  
Patrick Watson.

Translated by: Gabriela Navarrete

OTHER ARTISTS:

Ojos Flotando

E.V.

Martha Priego

La Garrapata

Paisa Exp.

E.V.

Hija del Mariachi

El Paisa

David Cruz

E.V.