

IN RECENT GALLERY

I was walking through the different galleries

Till I reached the interior courtyard.

I crossed it.

...

I opened the double door and there was her exhibition.

In the atmosphere, a profound silent aura.

What silence!

The wall rose abruptly before me.

The golden sky.

I heard the sound of the water.

Of course!, it is so silent...

The floor is white. Nothing, not a trace, white.

I am also silent. I feel disturbed in my silence.

I see "Golden sky".

...No figures of angels are in sight, yet the "spider thread" is. From a distance I see a heart hanging from the sky, although as I approach I discern a spider spinning a thread.

- A vein? Silver thread?, shrub root?-

In silence, floating silently; will "Kandata" be there?

Will Death called "Self" be there?

...

I'm sure it will. Brilliance and shadow of the golden sky.

I see little branches, stripped of their bark. They shape a compound ideogram. I see a handful of scattered bones. Which someone has arranged. To form a compound ideogram.

"Mu".

"Mu" is placed in the sky with due respect.

A sad optical wink.

...

Similar to the punishment of Sisyphus. I approach "mu". Will it be made of little white branches?

Will it be made of bones?

It is white bread, painstakingly baked.

Of course!

Bread

Is the west of the west of the country of the Occident, It is His body, and wine is His blood.

Oh, Marcelino!

Oh, Margaret!

Of course, of course! It is very clear!

"Mu! Is like a white bone, Bread is "mu", "Mu" is "ten".

In front of me I have "mu" inside a box, I gaze at it for a long time, fixedly; "mu" begins to swing, i rises till becoming a "cage" with two little birds flutter, caress each other, are made of bread. Mmh... "Mu" grows inside "ten". Mirage.

How much time has passed? I open the door, cross the gallery that leads me outside, the city;

It has not stopped snowing.

The ordinary day. I head towards my ordinariness. While I walk, Pamen's action penetrates my consciousness, discreetly.

Mmh... there was a "horn of a bull" it looked like a high – heeled shoe

... Fe...fe...fetish.

- It is said that long ago, during civil wars, the skulls of defeated chiefs were coated with gold leaf and were used as Little cups for drinking sake they were a symbol of victory-.

This is the image I see reflecte don the screen of snow falling in front of me.

The snow rises fervently. A cold flame, a whirl of flames in the depths of the spiral. The candle oscillates in Pamen's hands; A spiral, a snake of flames continually transforms its aspect . Circle, ring of the sun, human form, glowing spinal column.

- A year ago a man died. It was Mr.O. I see his image entering the flames-.
- I pray!-

The meandering flame dances slowly, advances. Path of blood, root of trees, solemn and solitary carnival.

The music called silence

...

Fills everything, fills "mu", fills and refills, and disappears; Crackle of flames, "mu".

It stopped snowing. I did not realize.

I seem to have been travelling during this long period in my mind.

Thanks for the ticket, Pamen.

It was a marvellous journey.

Some time ago, in the country of the west, to the west of the west of the Occident, they thought that those of the country of the east. Of the east of the Orient, were from a Golden country. That's what they say, isn't?

Pamen's journey is a golden "mu".

February fantasies in "the Golden "mu" country". The short party is over.

I am imagining the sky of Valencia and sheep in the west of the west of the country of the Occident.

I also envisage the trace of the meandering flame.

Kousaku Chukai