

VIDEO-OBJET DAISYWORLD/MÓN DE MARGARIDES

Transcription of the original text by Javier Argüello, Barcelona 2011

Screen 1

In the beginning was the verb.
In the beginning was movement.
As soon as we took our first step there was no going back.
The planet began to revolve
And we had to go all the way around
If we were to return to the beginning.
When the sun comes into view
The steps of the walking man will be visible.
Seeking who knows what.
Lost who knows where.
We all carry our past around in a suitcase.
We have all left something behind.
We all trace lines that want to be bridges.
We all follow rivers
That lead us
To the sea.
And everything slips away from us,
What leaves
And what is lost.
In the beginning was the verb.
We are at this beginning.
But where is that beginning now?
Where did this story start?

Screen 2

The museum is a little box that stores our memory, I told my pupils.
And they wanted to know why our memory has to be stored.
So that it isn't lost, so it remains:
Memory is something that must remain.
But what does to remain mean?
To remain means to stay, it means not to leave.
So, is staying better than leaving?
I didn't know what to reply.
There were no ulterior motives to the kids' questions.

For them, existence had neither a beginning nor an end.
No,
I said, hesitant.
It's not better than leaving,
But it's good that there be a little of each.
They remained quiet.
Their curious gazes led me to you.
And where does what leaves actually go?, one of them wanted to know.
I remained in your memory.
Our empty house,
The boxes with addresses that told us nothing.
Your half-open bag on the cold tiled floor.
Your little-lost-girl's eyes
Like a plea for help.
The fact is that nobody knows where what leaves actually goes,
I said,
But it's a good thing that someone makes sure we can remember it.

Screen 3

We're only aware of time because we see things change.
If nothing ever moved,
If everything always remained in the same place
Without aging or rotting,
And if we always regarded this stillness
From exactly the same position
Then we would never have thought
That something like time could exist.
But why does what changes actually change?
Everything moves and is relocated.
Everything migrates and is transformed.
But where to?
What for?
Is it always just a question of speeds?
Is that what we're playing at, stretching time a little?
If we slow down we'll last a little longer.
But in any event, sooner or later we'll disappear.
Is that all it's about, a matter of speeds?
At what speed are we dying out?

Screen 4

Underneath the asphalt lies the barren earth.
Underneath all the noise rests the silence of the earth.

And yet we are moving further and further away from it.
We left with such determination that we didn't stop to think where we were going.
We ran like crazy,
But it was dark when we got there.
We embraced it but it was cold.
Whatever it was we brought, we lost it on the way.
We misplaced it on the way.
In the distance an old man wraps himself up in his coat.
Seated on the balustrade,
The dry yellow leaves swirl around his feet.
The square isn't suggestive of green,
It doesn't bleed or laugh.
It is lifeless.
How did our path come to lead us here?
Our Ithaca is bleak upland moor: a building with no signs.
An empty horizon framing the no man's land.

Screen 5

Tired of so much toing and froing, fed up with walking everywhere.
My feet no longer feel like taking me anywhere.
The city I left behind follows me everywhere.
It sticks to me like a shadow; it has me cornered.
To top it all, these people talking to me ...
What are they talking about?
What are they telling me?

The future?
Coincidences?
The whole meaning?
How do we get the whole meaning?
Sense, sense, sense ...
What sense is there in speaking of meaning so much?
A museum for the twenty-first century?
Intelligent combinations?
A family that takes photos of itself?
The elite of buildings?
What are they talking about?

I no longer understand what they're saying.
Underneath the cement, however, the fertile soil pulsates with life.
Behind these grey walls the countryside, the distance shines.
And all we can think of is waiting for us somewhere.

A world within the world.

One in which words at last actually mean things.

In which paths are made to be travelled.

A world in which squares are made of earth and grass

And in which the forest is green and the wind plays with the trees.

A world to be described.

A daisyworld.