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NEGRO SECRETO

secret black sound for two hands

I received your first impulse of writing, the words rushed to capture the flow, and I think we should publish them as such.
It is the first, primordial, principal black; the black without white. It is the Olmec jaguar, pre-Hispanic questioning the great history and the dense riddle .... what do you think?
By abdicating the politeness of a decanted text, we will be faithful to the poetic listening that inscribes the first gesture, which is the most radical. We may adjust a little here and there, but assuming from starters that we suspect the “natural”, “rational” path that transmutes all that is gross and black into clarity.
Sometimes it is the other way around, sometimes what is above is also what is below. And that leads me to agree with you when you say:

Only the body can measure this dark matter. We only enter it by first accepting that we do not know where we are falling. Accepting its inevitability. We are taken ... and then descending is equivalent to ascending, not knowing if we are suspended or buried. There is no control or coordinates. There is absolute plunge into the abyss, guided by the universal rhythm of beings and stars

more than allow: to embrace the pain, the fear, the discomfort, the lack, the emptiness: the unthinkable and indescribable. the immense

this seemingly white space that surrounds us, this “cold void”, is black: it is invisible energetic matter in constant motion, metamorphosis, photosynthesis, becoming

The black jaguar says: “I am the last of my extinct species”.

terror of emptiness is terror of all that is hidden in it, so emptiness is black: full of immeasurable matter and therefore unbearable. this void exists. this unbearable white is black

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The title is magnificent and musical - Ne-gro se-cre-to[1] - it could be printed in a volume of poetry gathering major poets; Ezra Pound, for example. Be sure to look for his poem *The Alchemist*, which resembles a song that fosters transformation and ritual, and is almost a macabre dance.
And about candles, they say, are to burn to the end… in a basement… in a *terreiro*[2]… or in someone's hands.

Continuing to read you, you say: *Blood is circulation and life. If there is love there is continuity drawn on the organic curve of lust.*
Where do these words come from?

forcing myself to draw simultaneously with the left hand ("the less agile"), and the right hand (which supposedly "masters"), is to embrace the lack of mastery and control that deeply fills us. it is the secret black who draws all this. I want the agility that brings suffocation. the pleasure that hurts and frees

I met a poet who was also an artist and unfortunately passed away. He made small watercolours (Namibian deserts where he lived) and from his mouth I heard the most accurate explanation about white in watercolour, about extracting the white that already exists on paper and which is very similar to a writing that says without naming. In your case you "extrude" the black, you invent it. There is a secret math in the midst of all this, of addition and subtraction, which is very much present in your gesture of inscribing in space. White on white, black on black, black on white, white on black, discovering other combinatorial art than this, and naming the unspeakable.

It certainly has to do with, or for example, when you say:

This seemingly white space that surrounds us, this "cold void", is black: it is invisible energetic matter in constant motion, metamorphosis, photosynthesis, becoming. Terror of emptiness is terror of all that is hidden in it, so emptiness is black: full of immeasurable matter and therefore unbearable. This void exists. This unbearable white is black.

How can white be black? *It is the secret black who draws all this. I want the agility that brings suffocation. the pleasure that hurts and frees*

I do not want to desperately hit the stone until breaking it, to understand the mystery of matter and suffering. I want to be stone when I touch stone, water when I draw water, light in my hand when there seems to be nothing

from love to nature and life comes the connection to the line. to the flow of time and growing forms following a larger, impossible to master measure. to accept its mastery and purpose is to be part of the game, not to win or lose, but to be as absurd as the game itself. the game never ends, nor does it begin. love is infinite. life is infinite. every straight line is the arc of an infinite circle

In fact, there is no law or rule for drawing, tracing, marking.

Hence the importance of a new grammar that you establish for yourself, a lexicon that is being tested every time you exhibit and which is sometimes exclaiming, exalted, triumphant, sometimes babbling, the black of fear. The dark night of the times.

The importance of touch, of the sense of touch, of feeling, the only wish your "writing" may come to obey, as if touching writing could be, could it thus question the substance of the world (*I want to be a stone when I touch the stone, water when drawing water, light in hand when there seems to be nothing*).

Scribe perfect and imperfect circumferences; memory and action.

I agree. *Love is infinite. Life is infinite. "every straight line is the arc of an infinite circle"*

Send me pictures of what you are thinking of presenting. I try to imagine the exhibition from a distance and I'm sure nothing will be forced, that you "just" rearranged a small private universe, inventing a new constellation, like the one you tattooed on your arm (right? left?)

dibujar con las dos manos para despertar la tercera[3]

Kisses, we'll talk again soon
the candle that burns at both ends lasts less but gives more light

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Translator's notes

[1] The exhibition title "Negro Secreto" translates to "Secret Black".

[2] A temple or yard where Candomblé rituals are conducted.

[3] Spanish for "draw with both hands to awake the third".