

(ENG)

JULIÁN PACOMIO APOCALYPSE AMONG FRIENDS OR SIMPLY DAYTIME

LIVE PERFORMANCE

There is a night that ends, there is a dawn that rises. The streets must still be dirty, the bars closed, the squares empty. You have come here, to this solid temple, and we, the daytime people, are inside. This is our place, this vast surface, a lofty ceiling, the strong walls, the cold stone. But there are also corridors, adjoining rooms, bathrooms; and also an outside, a place to rest where you can look at the sky, dark and illuminated.

The critical hours have passed, that limbic time between three and five in the morning, when inexplicably a lot of people die or are born; a lot more than at other times of day. We have survived, and fortunately noon is still a long way off, that still hour without a shadow or breeze, that hour when the demons, sirens and other creatures of hell suddenly appear to destroy us in the brightness and the burning of the sun overhead.¹

There is a tired body, or more than one. There are perhaps a few exhausted bodies. But any body can stir if it has not died. The weary, sleepy and motionless body can become a euphoric body, a desiring body, one that trembles, fucks, dances and becomes weary once again.

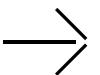
Maybe there was a circle and a fire. Maybe there was a party and perhaps it is over, but here there is still some reason to revel, something to celebrate. It is a party to mark an end, or perhaps the end of a party.

Perhaps there will be an apocalypse. It might be a winter solstice, or the end of the world after this night, or total darkness in the middle of the day, or a hundred-year-long famine, or the simultaneous crash of every computer, of all the algorithms, or something that advances at the speed of light against this very place where we are waiting.

There is a doubt, a question about how we can be together, how we can all remain here, united and at a distance.

There is the friendship out of the blue, that of the unknown, of separated bodies. We could be friends, without talking, without touching. Establishing a sudden and permanent bond by virtue of the simple fact that you too have come here and are waiting for something, as are we; and it may be that this something is a kind of end, be it death, be it a leap, or be it the absolute beauty of the last second of the world as it vanishes.

I have made the leap from my soul at dawn. I have left my body next to the light and I have sung the sadness of what is born.²



And this leap is also the idea that there is nothing more luminous and at the same time sadder than the night, in which nothing can be seen, in which everything is dark³. Even though there is a crack in everything, and that's how the light gets in⁴. Even in the body there are pores, wounds, orifices, and it is through these cracks that the light bursts in⁵ and penetrates us.

The night is over; even the early hours before dawn are over. You, who have come here, you know it: we all advance towards an apocalypse, though it be our own. But now the sun has risen and the day has begun, simply.

Alexandra Laudo

¹ SOLMSEN, F. Beiträge zur griechischen Wortfortschung, I, Strasbourg, 1909, p. 125 et seq.; quoted in R. Caillois, Los demonios del mediodía, Madrid: Siruela, 2020, p. 75.

² PIZARNIK, A. Árbol de Diana, poem I, quoted in A. Fernández Mallo, La mirada imposible, Girona: WunderKammer, 2021, p. 25.

³ FERNÁNDEZ MALLO, A. La mirada imposible, Girona: WunderKammer, 2021, p. 25.

⁴ 'There is a crack, a crack in everything / That's how the light gets in'. COHEN, L. (1992), 'Anthem', on The Future [CD], New York: Columbia Records, 1992.

⁵ '(...) opening up the wound through which the light bursts in. The light that reveals and shapes that which still did not show its face, the mystery of things.' M. Zambrano, Algunos lugares de la pintura, Madrid: Acanto Espasa Calpe, 1991, p. 205.

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