

Dweller

Francisco de Goya, Garrett Lockhart, & Maria Nolla Mateos
curated by Diego Diez
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Yuck, yuck. Splash, splish, splosh, splat. While cleaning my hands I get the rest of my clothing dirty, and as I recover my sense of touch, it now hinders my sense of smell and I become aware of how others may see me, but do I care about my image? A few hours ago I was squelching through some mud looking for the precious heirloom that my best friend received from her grandmother and lent to me for the duration of this peregrination, but I could not find it.

In the process of flashing my torch into burrows and scrambling through the rushes that were surrounding me, some strollers passed by and, under the rain, we went searching for the thing together.

The river and the puddles were about to become one and I felt we did not have much time since the situation could turn critical at any moment. I guess it is because of this that I highly appreciated that they had stopped to help me look for something that was, from my point of view, so counterproductive for them, but I guess they thought differently. Maybe in this rummage they ended up uncovering other things, and maybe these were as important for them as the antique was for my friend. Maybe Garrett and Maria have something to say about this...