

Pedro Déniz; a scream in silence.

As if for the umpteenth time were the first, we sat facing each other, we looked and we saw each other, while we were aware that from one moment to another, each of us will pour our thoughts and we would feel again accepted throughout our expansion in all our depth. Then Pedro asked me for my words to tell his pain, the one that is at the origin of each of his thoughts, from each of his experiences and, therefore, in each of his works distilled from those.

Thus begins a new dialogue that takes us back to some hundreds of hours that we talked the world, we have shared what we are and we fear, what we love, what we shudder, what saddens us, and revealed the faces of our fear and the edge of our swords ready to rise against the social virus that aims to homogenize us and extinguish our singularity.

To start at the beginning, by this means, at birth we greet our first light with a cry in which even our nails tremble, yet tender; a cry greater than ourselves; a pain produced by the ablation of the warmth and protection of our souls and the skin that surrounds our still quiet skin and soul. Time begins to travel us, and each beat is an inevitable loss and also a possibility. It is then, to know ourselves apart, split, broken parts off an incomprehensible unity, when the feeling hovers around which will revolve the whole existence: the original pain that diversifies and atomizes into an endless chain of pain; fear, frustration, heartbreak, anger, Loneliness...

Gradually our cry starts to modulate, the primal thrill as we get blinded the light. Education, which aims to provide us with tools and strategies, ends up giving to us a plasticity that allows our adaptation to the cell that is destined us. We are forced to learn that the pain it is avoided by stop feeling, by stopping meeting its eyes, ignoring its existence, but this door only leads to destruction, to the dissolution of the human.

The reality puts us in "Crossroads" where the only thing left is just to opt. To opt becomes an imposition, then a necessity. Sentenced to the freedom all that is left is to choose. We choose and are chosen. Our loneliness looks to others to find their loneliness; "Sometimes a fleeting transitional hug, substitute of the dream of a hug; a fake barter made with real meat; a penetration of fear and loneliness in solitude and the fear of disguising into affection for an instant, as one rises to the surface to take a breath and breathe in through suffocation".

Epicurus sets men's engine at pleasure, the hedonism underlying of the consumer society dynamics. It only aspires to awaken infinite appetites and therefore infinitely insatiable. But Epicurus defines pleasure as what keeps us away from suffering. Thus, the pleasure is understood as a means and not an end. What we really seek is to turn off the pain, all those nuclear pains invading our time and from which it is impossible to hide.

Communication allows us to share this pain and mitigate its devastating effects. The "Other" stands as the mirror in which we see ourselves, in which we get to unravel our pain. And to that communication be possible, a language it is necessary and already have seen many fail. All of them are limited to express the infinity of pain. To express new ideas, new feelings, we need a new language, Magritte says. Duchamp experimented with a grammar of objects by topological formulas that decontextualized them, that dislocate the meaning to give a different meaning to the speech that referred to the signs.

Sensitive, deeply human, Pedro establishes atopic synopsis with the other, by bounds of emotional sync, turning his body into transmitter, language and channel. He sacrifices his own body on the altar of the senses and offers it as the one who shares bread. He turns the bodies even into message, "Triumph".

"Waiting for Penelope" in a white desert, the hours left indelible marks on his skin and in his hope, dissolving the future in a moment that will forever, that instant weaved by needles with eyes that see us.

Communication performs a soothing sensation of understanding on both sides. As if each of us were laying seeds and this were germinating in the understanding of the other. Then we cheer because it was possible. From time to time it happens. He discovered to me that it can happen. It is this exact event that brings me here, to get in front of the tree of silence in which I stuck my tongue tired and obsolete, to tell the pain.

In a desperate and ineffable attempt of naming it, lit by a text that tore my chest, I called that horror Meinhof syndrome, the woman who wrote and described her pains, her terrible feelings in the days before her announced and assumed death: "You feel like if the souls pisses out from the body, that the pluck associations by pecking..." But the bloodiest pain, excruciating he says, is the failure to try to communicate, unable to tell in your isolation.

Amid the communication failure that we are condemned by this social swamp we live in, paradoxically flooded with media and networks; dystopia that materializes law bylaw beyond any prophecy, Pedro finds a language to express his cry and Art is its epiphany. The beauty moves him; jumps to his eyes and produces a soothing effect on the pain. He searches for it on each beat of the time, in every gesture, every light. In a perceptual prodigy, as Ireneo itself was able to remember every leaf on every tree of every hill, Pedro can find beauty, harmony on the shape, and reveal and show even the most terrible. Without being Ireneo, I remember when he declared war on the war with Christmas lights.

We are excited, sometimes we even cry in front of a paint by Bacon in which he paints the loneliness and the value of all men in one man; also while reading the heartbreaking Bernhard, or a restless paragraph by Pessoa; in front of the harassed Valjean, the tormented Ahab, or entangled in the uninterrupted frustration of Bloom. One day Pedro perceives and shows me the clean line of a crown, like the smile of the building we pass by, or the perfect curve of a hip that surpasses us on any given sidewalk, as the orbit in which we could float forever ... That is the way of his look. Its network is sustained by the conviction that beauty is the strength of the matter.

Each life experience that floods him brings out from his inner desire to say, to count himself what he sees, what it is, to tell everyone everything even when the price is not to be understood, accepted, loved, but he will not stop trying to tell, he cannot be silent. He grabs the swaying mast of the voices that whispers to him, and listens to him, and endorses its eco: You must love the time of the attempts. You must love the time that never shines.

And from the spine of experiences that shapes up with every staggering experience in the backbone of the creative process, which is the river that he has allowed himself to flow, drips his pray in three colors: red of blood and pain behind and under all; Black as the shadows that surround the days and sometimes nights. And in the end, White in the light that always holds the passion to live, to die every second aware of it, full of insights, of body to body hugs, up in peace.

He looked for a lot of bottles and locked his shout in them, and threw them to the world from Orchilla, flooding the Atlantic, looking for new "Bridges" to the others. "*A bridge is a man crossing a bridge.*" So he crossed it, building it with glass and wind and sea. He was listened in Europe and in America and left to hug them. Also his yell was heard in Africa, where he first shed his colors and shapes. He cried and loved in the most transparent region and raised "Trenches of thought" in the redoubt where

he was born and the time of attempts became eternal. He put brackets into reason and education, and showed us that children, who cannot write, because they have to work to eat, Asia, are crafting boards to learn how to write for the other children in the West. He spat in Europe to the warlords, the actual Risk gamers that turn off lives as candles in a gale. He tore words that were wrapping his head, flailing this way his dream of speaking, knocking on doors of all hearts "Jappy new year" (sic).

On the way, the seeker feels his pain is behind the pillar; Pillar that held him soft and warm; Pilar that stopped to preserve his breath and make that cry possible; Pilar that endured the days and nights when fear was much older than the woman; Pilar which cracked under the weight of confinement in the same San Martin of paradoxical charity; that suffered for him, for her and for all; that only by a miracle could get out of here, of this space is now flooded with the cries of his son to join them to hers, to jump by hand on the eye of this Averno, where he died many days and buried his nightmare; This spring where the fear flowed, staining his time, no longer able to get rid of that terrible memory. Pilar today can and tells it, but not without a tremor through her perennial smile.

But Pedro is more than the son of fear, he is also Isidro's son, who lost the reality in an instant, and even the talk, and leaning on his Pilar learned to communicate through physical tenderness and could teach Pedro to look behind the sky. His legacy, early absence, an eternal longing for what would have been to open the door and find him smiling and hug him man to man, breaking the wall of silence.

Pedro found a new language to say the pain, to say the fear, to shower us with his "Dignity" that covers us all. He built with it a rallying cry for Peace and Brotherhood, now buried by Solidarity its distant cousin, arrogant and conceited. The fraternity his tongue shouts is egalitarian. I will not help; I share what I am and have because I consider you as equal. Nobody fools you into this. Solidarity is a palliative not a solution.

Ah! if the slogan of all time reawakened the hearts of men! If Liberty, Equality and Fraternity return to be more than a memory in the History and a not achieved goal by mankind. That day, Pedro would be there pouring his bottles of life, of looks, of beauty, of words, of love, of dreams, of dignity, pouring into each other, celebrating life crying the pain, but including us all.

Welcome Bridges.

Let's cry. Ah! Let's cry
Purifying tears,
Until we see the hate dissolves
away The hate, the lie,
And achieve some day
-without rained eyes-
to smile back
to the lives that passes by.

(A pleno llanto. Oliverio Girondo. 1942)

Siani Tavío. febrero 2014