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THE ISLAND'S CRUCIAL DICTATION

By Sergio Domínguez Jaén

This bottle that is rowing will no doubt uphold its pretention of passing the island by, further portions of unknown lavas, and not being gardens, they are so presupposed by classicism, a network of distances, flooded by lukewarm waters, blessed by sea mist. The glass that transports and germinates is a crystal vessel, propelled by snails, barnacles, sea urchins, which is how one measures its mood, though its keel never runs aground. A full rite, the liturgy of a new geography that it is searching for in its pilgrimage, to call somebody so that another terra firma inhabitant doesn't stop imagining that somewhere out there is also somebody with a face. That islands are real just like wombs that carry beings pulsating and vibrating during this marine jaunt, a veritable historic drift, both the crystal like the island, objection of light in the tides when it turns grey, the water on the shores almost transformed with the glimmer of its safety, a manned lighthouse.

The message is near them, the sensation of intimidation on saluting it there in the confines, the wake it leaves when it abandons its stony rest and the jutting rocks observing them depart as so often it has observed men leaving on ships. A communicative act, adamant in its anguish, of a magic proportion that deals not in the obscure chances of flight although in the island day may never finish; the sun rises and then conceals itself in the sea. The island's isolation still dictates the monotony of thought: to leave, to depart. A communicative action packed together with its history is per se and in itself a fertile act of interpretation, that is where its hermeneutical circle is truly closed, the interpretation lies in the very event, its identity, that of the island, of the bottle, resides within, beyond there is the ocean and humidity. Many bottles, messages, won't have human receptors nor deep sea fauna, they'll wander lost like documents of history, in a portion of time and space that will follow their phenomenon. The inspiration of other

demiurges, searching for the certitude of idols that will pay the necessary attention to the fatigue that islands teeming with birds marine or not because they live on land. The firmness of the land that damages them and is blurred and is self-suspended over the resting shore, poles of a bar, a word that is a strand and is combined with tears because there are shipwrecked men who drift in the high boats of the tides and need salt unknowing that once their souls were kaleidoscopes. The certainty they spoke has not meant, like in the tale of the seas, that they are more sure or certain of what the island signifies, for no longer are there Gods that confess their troubles to humans, that wander handicapped, lost in their summit, in their pantheon as in their suburban area, and when trying to reason that the *logos* is the essence of the message the mirage of this shipwreck is multiplied.