

**Text on *Undertone* by Mariana Cabello Campuzano, Konstfack Stockholm 11.2010**

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Waiting - in closeness - changes waiting. The ceiling was low above waiting heads. Occasionally I wondered and expected, but most of the time I stared at the rest staring. As I went in, I wondered if there would be a path to follow. But getting in was tightening the body into another waiting moment where I didnt waited. Passengers in the crowded bus station in the middle of...

Beginning: body adjusted, fought, and felt; mind kept aiming what was not there. This chewed questions, the other felt meat rounded puzzles, warm rushed flesh shadows and bubbles of hot air. Cant remember exactly when I began to play; I mean this as coloring the scent of space. Circles of water drops and circles that overlap: in the rounded conclusion of one remains the starting fragment of the other. Life in loops, just as crying. It was overwhelming and over-warming. A city had disappeared and in its missing space we were walking in sharp and wet non-streets, between noise and blue trash, between shadows and neon reflections. Anonymous and diminished souls; body changed its scale. Noise particles spread, dust made of glass and aspirin, cannot refrain, cannot contain anything: air had broken.

Wet thunder as wet mothers mantle, stellar mantle. Wounded in water, embraced in heavy tissue. Then free and idle again. Crystallized path, far and aggressive blue; lost perspective and shines mapping the darkness. The steps riddle, never could tell the number of turns.

Serpentine feet in the manifold tile. Felt I was in the corner to the left (some left). Maybe rights left. Behind me rested the wooden shed, the one with the rusted iron blade that lets the drops slide-fall-play. I was there hearing the storm that wouldnt stop and wouldnt hurt.

Crossed into a hairy forearm, now I remember how hair felt. Now I remember and feel again. Waited together; I walked him with my fingers, could make him part of my landscape. Then noise grew old; time had passed. We were still there. A cycle again as the door about to open, when the drum rolls again. Then hundreds of fireworks. Space had been shot: pieces of it like murders stain. Then End of loop: silence, sublime rest.

In the darkness I hugged a stranger and listened carefully to his heartbeat. This sound was like the pulse of the sea without the sea.

I crossed his labyrinth ears, rested in the belly button of his unknown birth. Symmetry, pale truth, laughs. Close again. Then a sudden wave caught my neck and then I became the wave itself. (Never like this reached the exquisite leash between arouse and abandon) To the end there was a landscape of worried, fallen, nude flesh and fish. Then I fell down as well and stared. Intimacy was like in my own scenes, though I was white and patient, like the light of the morning window, awaked.