

Three scenes for the same film (and other landscapes)  
Gómezdelacuesta

1- Lost highway

*I like to remember things in my way, not necessarily how they happened. 1*

It is night-time, light falls on the tarmac of an ordinary road, the lines pass by, twist and intermingle in a strange Morse code. We don't understand the message, neither are we sure of what there is around us. At the bends, the headlights briefly illuminate the forest, a flash that makes some shapes visible, a powerful light at high speed that displays as much as it distorts, a perfect metaphor for our contemporaneity. In a frenetic cadence between reality and hallucination, nothing is real, all things depend on the perspective, on the intensity of the focus and speed, on this wretched rhythm in which we walk, submerged, and which barely allows us to understand anything. Our vehicles move forward very fast, emitting too much light, a beam concentrated on the points of a layout that we design ourselves, an excessive contrast which dazzles us more than illuminates us, a lost road with an absorbing route.

In the darkness of the night most of us fix our gaze straight ahead, we don't even glance in the mirror; to look through the side windows frightens us, to deviate from the marked route is strictly prohibited, and if you stop the car and get out you may never come back. The combination of darkness, light, speed and uncertainty confuses us, that which happens outside our vehicle transfers itself to the debilitating control to which we are subjected; there is no safety, they tell us that it's not safe, that it's better not to stray from the route. The alternative routes to the highway branch off imperceptibly, almost nobody sees them, there are no signs indicating where they are, only a privileged few who have the gift of night vision, and telescopic and periscopic vision, find the detours, such as David Lynch, or Adrián Martínez, extraordinary beings who can see in the darkness but also in the clearest brightness, all-seeing beings who control time and know how to use the brake, who look to the sides and clearly perceive those lights that are found outside the focus, who dare to go by minor roads, even by tortuous paths, without traffic barriers or handrails, with no limits or conditions, living every metre of the road in their way, on their personal and untransferable path.

2- Hour of the wolf

*The hour of the wolf is the time between the night and the dawn, when there are more deaths and more births, when sleep is deeper, when nightmares are more real, when insomniacs are attacked by their greatest fears, when ghosts and demons are at their most powerful. 2*

On approaching, those points of light begin to become defined, houses which are surrounded by a circular halo and which sprinkle the absolute darkness, luminous islands in the heart of the blackness, shapes and concepts which can be made out, which can be recognised, and which, in the ambiguity of the hour of the wolf, can transform into anything. We get out of the car, the house and its light before us, that light which from the main road could only be perceived by the most sensitive, the most valiant, the most free and the most curious, is just in front of us. A construction which in the middle of a summer night must be a shelter for holding the daybreak, and, when daylight arrives, could turn into a placid location next to a lake, in the middle of a forest or near the sea, on the beach of an island, like Neruda's House in the Sand, like that protective abode, life and memories at Isla Negra, which in fact was not an island. But the enclosed night can change everything, make it disturbing again, cover it with fears and ambiguities. Any noise, any movement, any misinterpreted shadow, turns a home into a nightmare where invisible beings that are rarely present take over houses, including our own, as such with an unease and impudence that evokes Cortázar so much, as real as it is surreal.

Baltrum is the name of the island where the painter Johan Borg and his wife Alma lived. Bergman prepared this setting so that the artist could draw all his nightmares: for the shipwrecked person the island can be salvation and refuge, but also prison, loneliness and fear. Adrián Martínez continues to travel around and share his own cartography, an islander who shows us his islands, who offers them to us as settings, as paradises in the middle of the natural, the artificial and the strange, troubling places where it always seems as though something will happen. Boats come to his islands and sometimes do not arrive, nobody is sure now if the boats loaded with people are coming or going, if they are bound for their destination, are going back to where they came, or, on the contrary, are eternal seafarers who prefer to die of thirst before stepping on solid ground, any kind of land; we don't know if they are open boats, rafts or pleasure boats, we don't know if the bodies floating on the sea are corpses or idle folk playing dead, we don't know if there is water in the swimming pool despite being on the edge of the diving board. In these convulsed times we don't know the truth, the truth has probably ceased to exist.

### 3- Law of desire

*I like watching films but can't bear to hear them.* 3

A head of pins and a thread coming from the head. Many threads and many pins, an idea and a drawing; silence, a spider's web which once again becomes a map with infinite roads. After the night, occasionally, daytime arrives. Adrián Martínez gives us a new setting, never the same as the last; landscapes which no longer walk through the night in order to appear with white and homogeneous light, white on white, with no chiaroscuro. The lines become voluntarily imperceptible due to the light and its power, and the eye, our eye, becomes confused as much due to flaw as to excess; Plato abandoning the cave and dazzling himself. The visionary traveller incites and excites us again so that we look, dematerialising the image with subtlety so that, from the uncertainty of not knowing what we see, we walk towards a contemplation and rest that we lack terribly in these accursed times. Images that are faint, severe, poetic and worldly, which remind us, in the middle of the whirlpool, of the fragility and roundness of the heavens, of all the heavens, and of that weak human will that is governed by the most absolute, heterogeneous and insuperable law in existence, the law of our own desires... Although this, surely, is the beginning of a new story, a story that we will recount on another occasion.

1 David Lynch, *Lost Highway*, October Films, USA, 1997.

2 Ingmar Bergman, *Hour of the Wolf*, Svensk Filmindustri, Sweden, 1968.

3 Pedro Almodóvar, *Law of Desire*, El deseo PLC, Spain, 1987.