



----- Forwarded message -----

From: Guillermo Ruiz de Loizaga <grmo@lzga.eu>

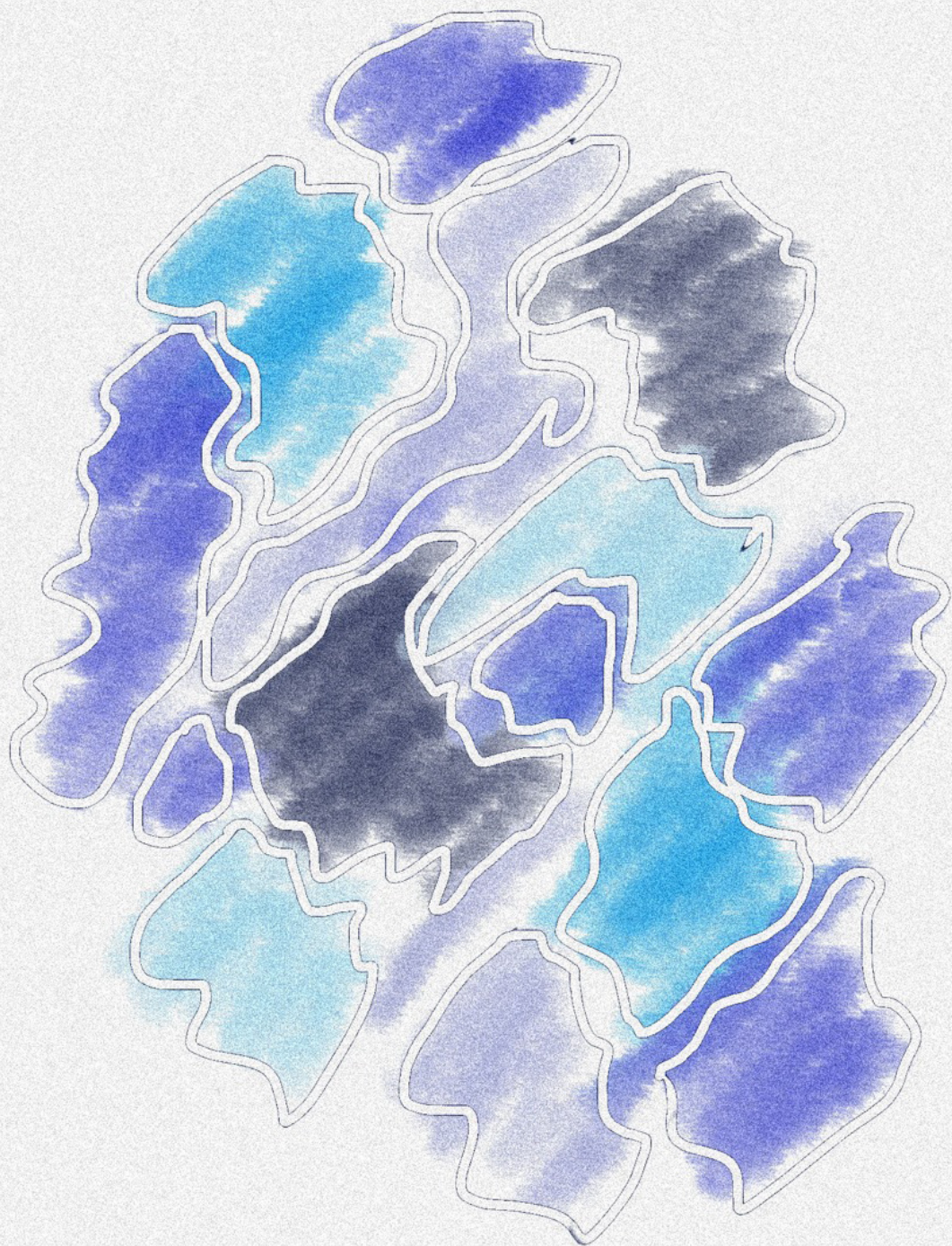
Date: 2013-06-10 1:21 GMT+02:00

Subject: heathrow-loiu

To: [EMBARRASSING] <[EMBARRASSING]@gmail.com>

hello [EMBARRASSING], at the moment i'm typing this in a restaurant inside heathrow airport, waiting for my boarding gate to open. i'm listening to the chris weisman album you sent me; i like it a lot. my trip to this place has been very stressful: because of an accident in the london underground, i had to take a complicated alternative route to the airport while fearing i would miss my flight, and once i was in the airport i had trouble at security check. i had to get naked inside a room when all the trouble was just the metal zipper in my overalls. i learnt one should never wear overalls to airports!

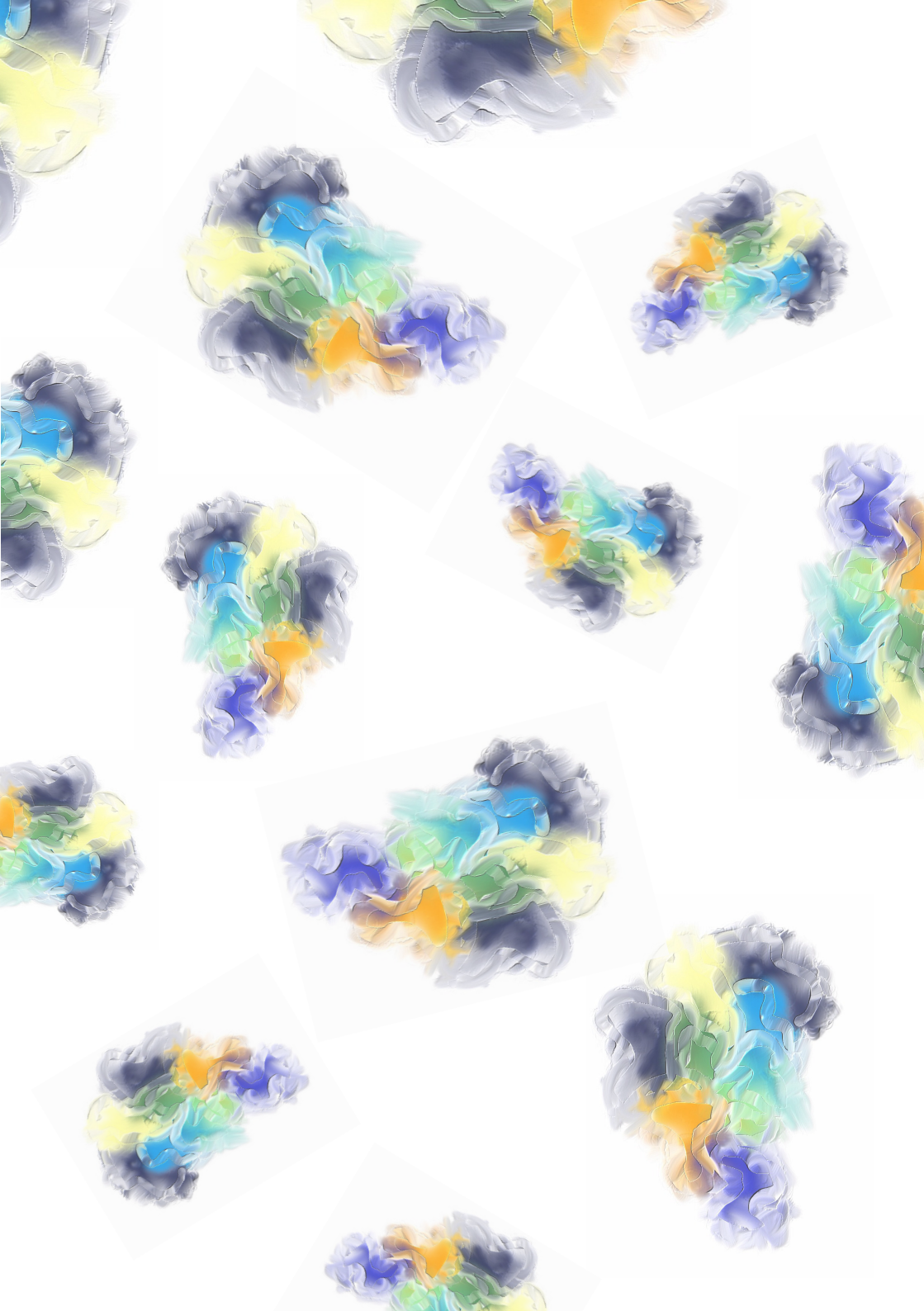




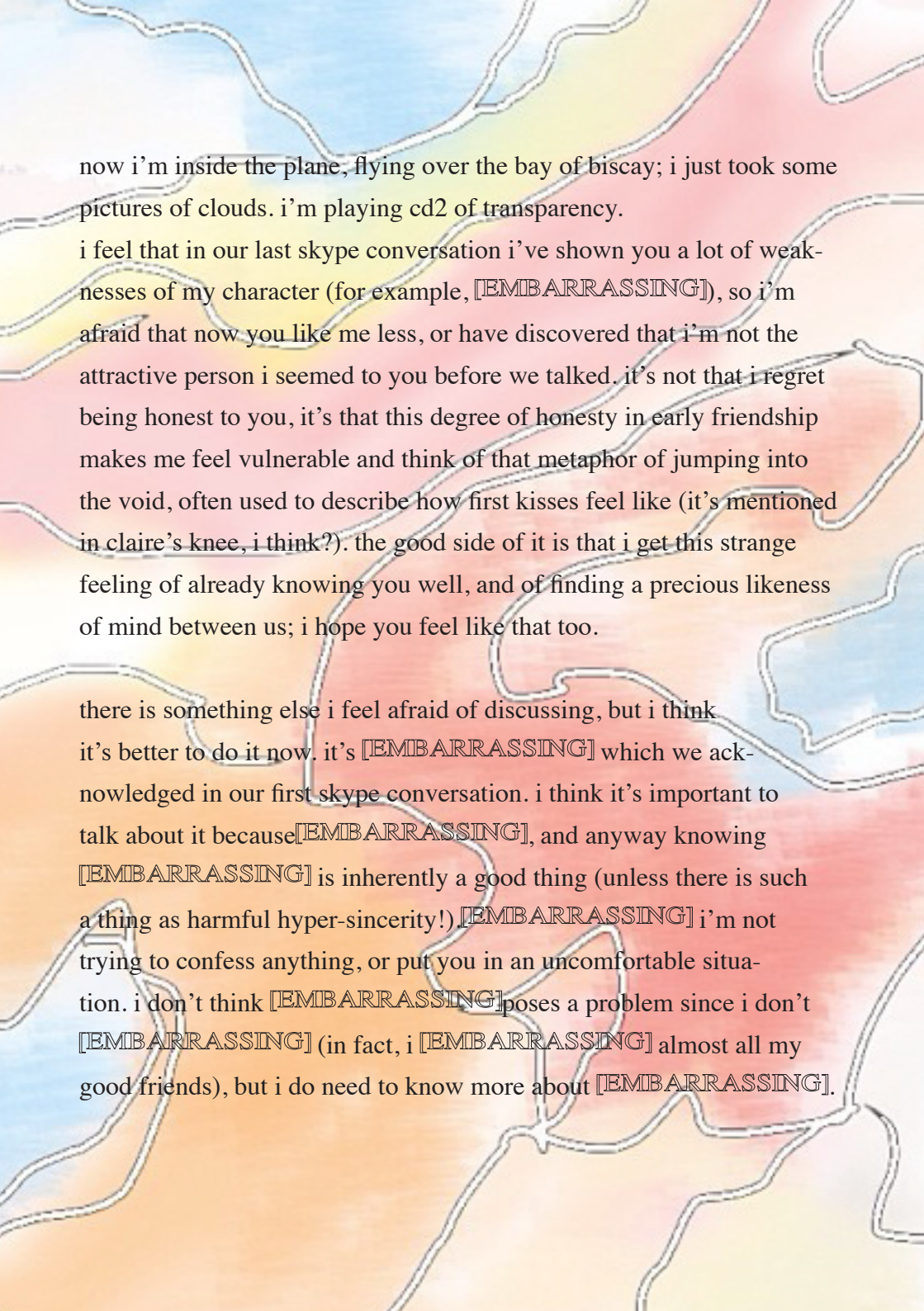


i have been re-reading our first correspondence... i like how in your first email you ask me to show you my weaknesses. it reminded me how i (too?) need to know someone's weaknesses in order to truly love them: this is why i like farts, and cherish every moment when a loved one trusts me their fart. in my heart i have a special box for such moments of weakness. this makes me conjecture... perhaps, when admiration comes without compassion, the only alternatives are hate or infatuation/idolatry, and never true love. in performative media like art or social networks people mainly show strengths and not weaknesses (isn't confessional art all about making weakness into strength?). i think this explains my intuition that one could never truly love someone they know through their art/internet persona exclusively, and why the perfect faces of models, attractive but with nothing to pity in them, seem paradoxically impossible to fall in love with. in general i think beauty and coolness hide something very evil, yet i feel very drawn to them and to people who possess them. this reminds me of our friday night conversation about [EMBARRASSING].







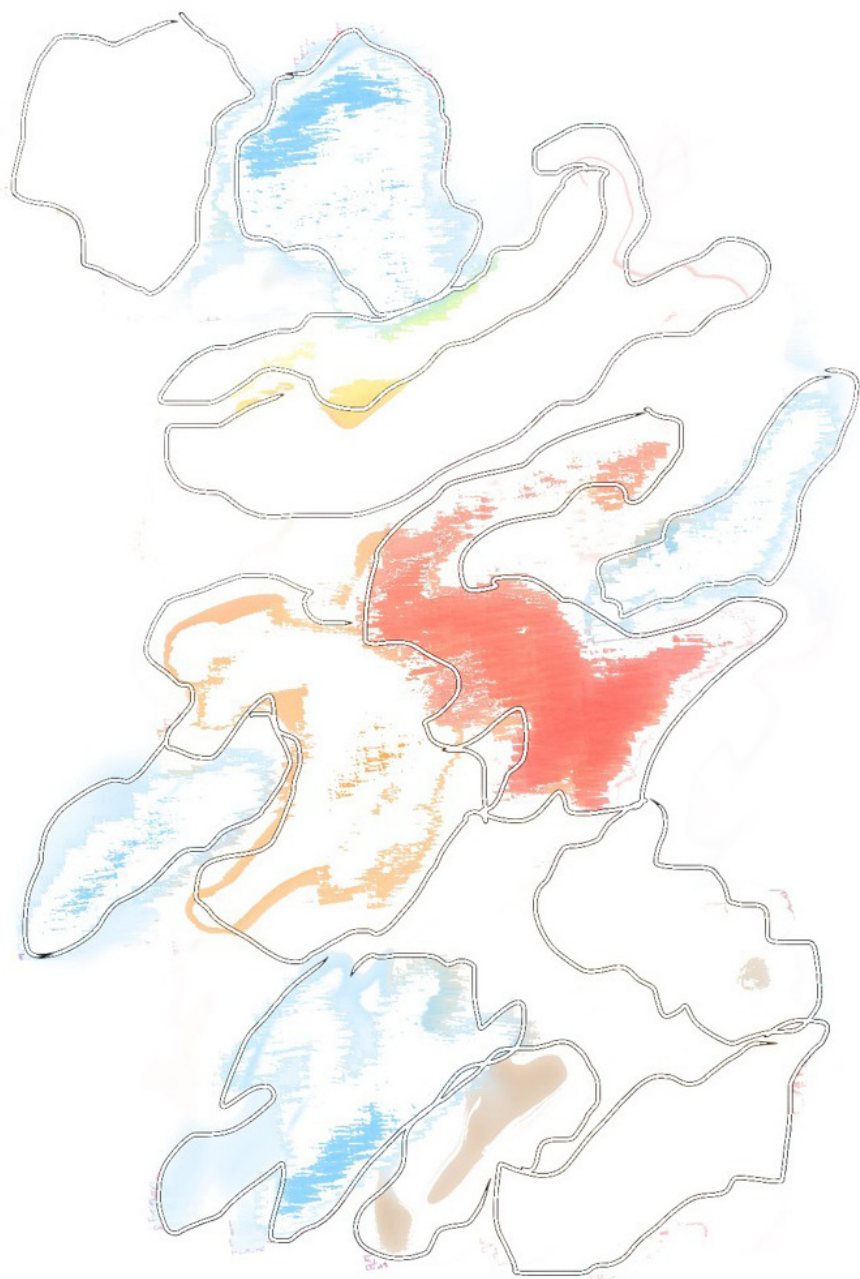


now i'm inside the plane, flying over the bay of biscay; i just took some pictures of clouds. i'm playing cd2 of transparency.

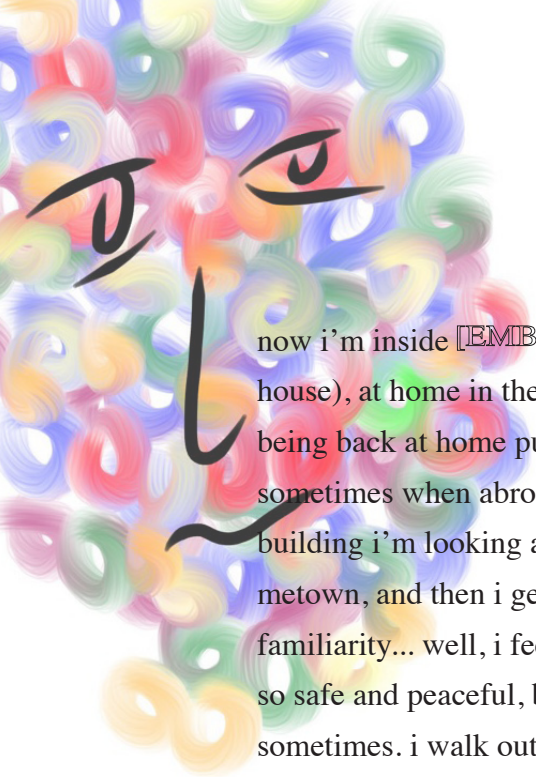
i feel that in our last skype conversation i've shown you a lot of weaknesses of my character (for example, [EMBARRASSING]), so i'm afraid that now you like me less, or have discovered that i'm not the attractive person i seemed to you before we talked. it's not that i regret being honest to you, it's that this degree of honesty in early friendship makes me feel vulnerable and think of that metaphor of jumping into the void, often used to describe how first kisses feel like (it's mentioned in claire's knee, i think?). the good side of it is that i get this strange feeling of already knowing you well, and of finding a precious likeness of mind between us; i hope you feel like that too.

there is something else i feel afraid of discussing, but i think it's better to do it now. it's [EMBARRASSING] which we acknowledged in our first skype conversation. i think it's important to talk about it because [EMBARRASSING], and anyway knowing [EMBARRASSING] is inherently a good thing (unless there is such a thing as harmful hyper-sincerity!) [EMBARRASSING] i'm not trying to confess anything, or put you in an uncomfortable situation. i don't think [EMBARRASSING] poses a problem since i don't [EMBARRASSING] (in fact, i [EMBARRASSING] almost all my good friends), but i do need to know more about [EMBARRASSING].










now i'm inside [EMBARRASSING] (best wifi spot in the house), at home in the basque country. it's strange how being back at home puts you in such a different mindset... sometimes when abroad i get the impression that some building i'm looking at could well have been in my hometown, and then i get a short glimpse of tranquility and familiarity... well, i feel like that all the time here! it's so safe and peaceful, but also so strangling and boring sometimes. i walk out of my [EMBARRASSING]'s car and it all comes back again: the language everywhere, the intonation in people's voices, their way of dressing, the idiosyncratic colours and smells, even the license plates in cars... it's as if throughout my life i kept building a tower of higher-seeming meanings, images, people and places—and suddenly i'm back down here, looking at the same furniture and streets and people i have been seeing since i can remember seeing... it's good to be reminded of this, however. it's boring but radically real; it's almost like meditating just to go for a walk around the neighbourhood, or to look at this perennially grey sky, or to stare at a random point of the stippled-finished walls of my room.



instead of telling you about what i've been doing at home,  
i'm attaching some pictures of [EMBARRASSING]

big hug,  
guillermo



[EMBARRASSING]

text by Guillermo Ruiz de Loizaga

Feréstec

2014