KOKONOKO

Jordi V. Pau

Diputació de Lleida

INSTITUT D'ESTUDIS ILERDENCS

sala Gòtica

Jordi V. Pou

# KOKOVOKO.info

del 8 de Març al 13 de Maig de 2012

Sala Gòtica - IEI



I don't know what they're doing with their lives, but me, I'm still on the road – Bob Dylan

STILL ON THE ROAD

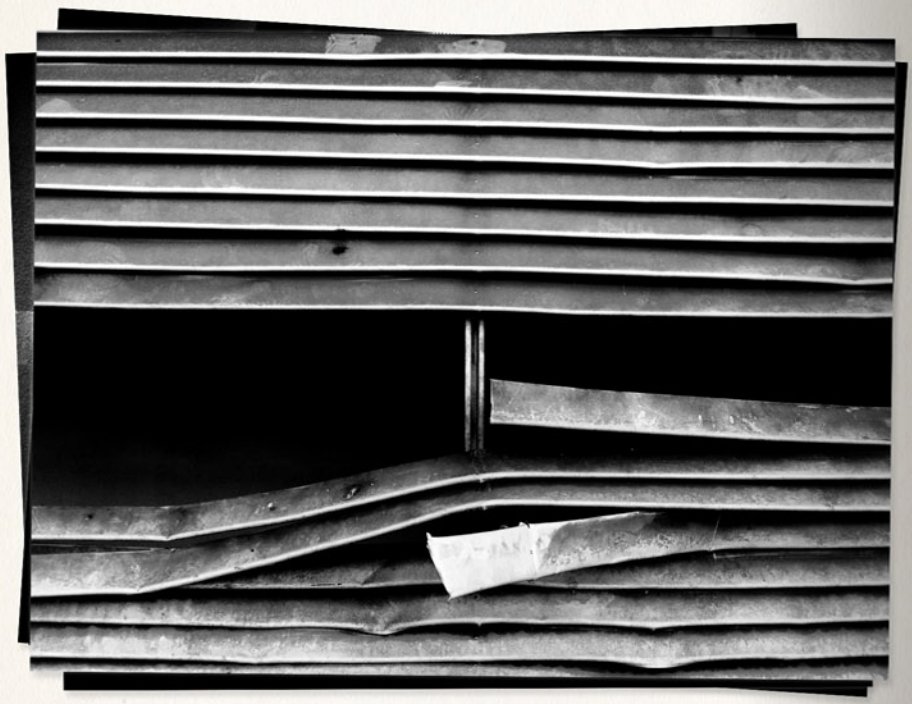



I CAN SEE
EVERY MONSTER
AS THEY COME IN
Truman Capote



293
280
275
279
266
153
154
436
306
584
608
328
484
325
756
743
711
072
082
729
129
170
959

S.
P.



All the things one has forgotten scream for help in dreams

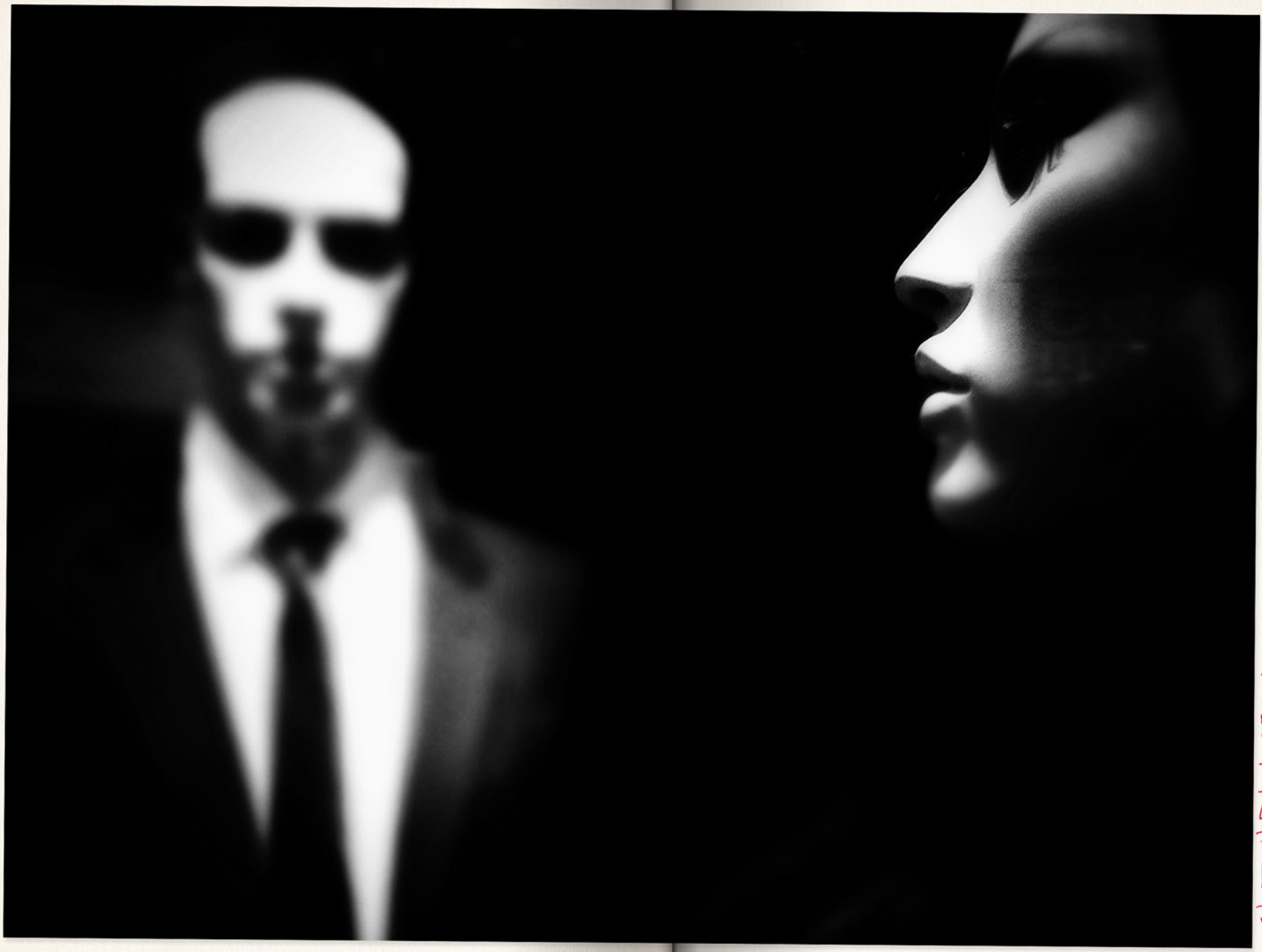
- Elias Canetti





I never photograph reality

Keith Moon



PHOTOGRAPHY
IS THE
DANCE
OF THE
SEDUCER
SEDUCED.
DESIRE
SHARPENS
THE
EYE.
SOCIETY
WILL
DULL IT

(FRANCIS
GREGORETT.)



ALL
Lining up to get insane *w











wether he is an artist or not, the photographer is a joyous sensualist,
for the simple reason that the eye trafficks in feelings, not in thoughts (within Eyes)

FEELINGS ~~THOUGHTS~~

Hanap ang figure ni Uncle





Carles M. Senyz : les ciutats i els homes

Heurem
aleshores d'aprendre, per enèsima
Volta (fa massa temps que n'hem perdut
el compte), a reconèixer la mesura
incitable i canviant del nostre entorn
Al contrallum incandescent d'aquella
vella ciutat que entre les mans se'ns mor.


Our intention creates our reality
Wayne Dyer


ALL
PHOTOGRAPHS
ARE ACCURATE
NONE OF THEM
IS THE
TRUTH
RICHARD AVEDON
1:57

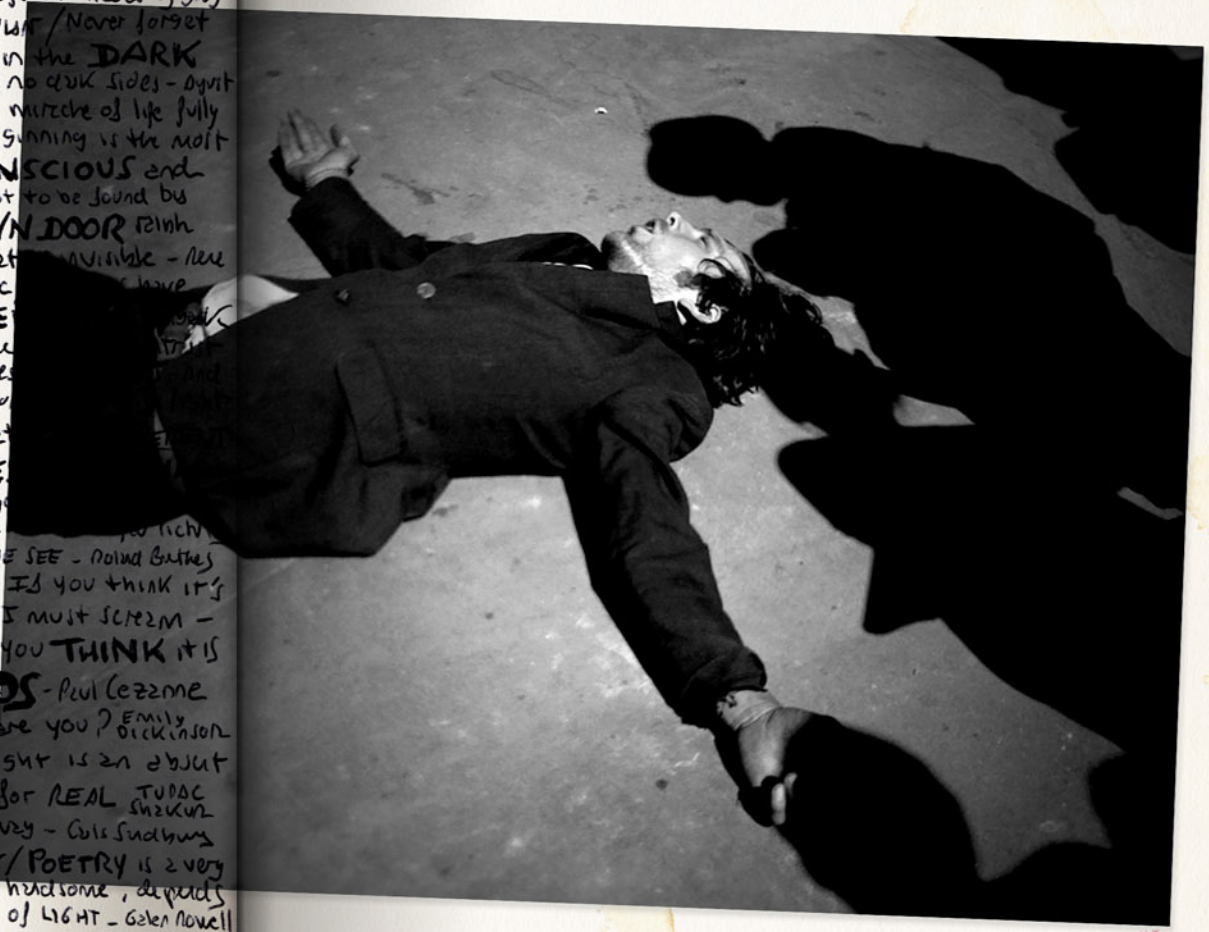
the whole search is for the unknown – Jerry Velonte / my images are the companions of my thoughts – Dominic Rouse / Everything that is visible hides something that is **INVISIBLE** rene magritte / I capture reality, never poss it but once captured, is it still reality? I've always tried to ply with the false impression of **REALITY**, with the **AMBIGUITY OF APPEARANCES** richard Kalvar I'm not constructing images, they just don't pop up on my film – Carl Robert Rapkin The job of the artist is always deepen the **MISTERY** Francis Bacon / photography is the air I breath, the water I drink, the fire I step through, the rock I'm standing on – Peter Kurschner / God and other artist are always alitte **OBSCURE** – oscar wilde / So keep your eyes open. If you see anything, take it. Remember you're as good as your last picture. one day you're a hero, the next day you're a **BUM** – weegee / **WHAT I SEE IS MINE** henry thoreau / Tradition is the illusion of permanence – woody allen / We are making photographs to understand what our lives mean to us – Ralph Hattersley / **BE YOURSELF**, I much prefer seeing something, even it is clunky, that doesn't look like somebody else's work willian klein / Do I contradict myself? Very well then I contradict myself; I am large, I contain multitudes – walt Whitman / the truth is always in shades of gray Robert Adams / We are all boxed in, nowhere to escape – Bob Dylan / Never forget that only dead fish swim with the stream – malcom muggeridge / in the **DARK** time, the **EYE** begins to see – Cavett Robert / photography has no dark sides – Dyrit Snider / You have to take **RISKS**. we will only understand the miracle of life fully when we allow the unexpected to happen – Paulo Coelho / The beginning is the most important part of the work – Plato / My best work is almost **UNCONSCIOUS** and occurs ahead of my ability to understand it. – Sam Shell / Art is not to be found by touring to Egypt, China or Peru: if you cannot find it at **YOUR OWN DOOR** Rilnh Waldo emerson. Everything that is **VISIBLE** hides something that [illegible] Magritte / Photography is an ambiguous challenge to chase – Gisle Freund / Only one owner at a time. That's why dreamers are **LONE**[illegible] There is no quality in this world that is not what it is me[illegible] **NOTHING** exists by itself ~ Herman Melville / All he believes [illegible] his eyes, they just tell him **LIES**. – Bob Dylan / If you do[illegible] in you you might as well be **DEAD** – Scott Fitzgerald / My gift to you is that[illegible] There is no darkness but ignorance – Shakespeare / **REALITY LEAVES A LOT TO THE IMAGINATION** – John Lennon / your camera will record what it sees or y[illegible] true what you FEEL ~ Steve Coleman / you just have to live and life [illegible] Henri Cartier Bresson / A PHOTOGRAPH IS ALWAYS INVISIBLE, IT IS NOT IT WHAT WE SEE – Roland Barthes For me **VISION** is an intelligent form of thought ~ Andreas Gursky / If you think it's gonna rain, it will – Clint Eastwood / I have no mouth, and I must scream – Harlan Ellison / NO PICTURE HAS A SINGLE **MEANING** – Simon Watney / However you **THINK** it is it's different than that! – Rumi / WE LIVE IN A rainbow of **CHAOS** – Paul Cezanne the DARK is LIGHT enough – Cristopher Fry / I'm nobody, who are you? Emily Dickinson HELL IS EMPTY AND ALL THE DEVILS ARE HERE – William Shakespeare / Light is an object Shadow – Thom Hutmez / **REALITY** is **WRONG**, dreams are for REAL TUPAC Shakur I am idealist. I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way – Carl Sandburg All I'm gonna do is just go on and do what I feel. – Jimi Hendrix / **POETRY** is a very dangerous word – Tom Waits / I am as I am; whether hideous, or handsome, depends upon who is made judge – Herman Melville / My first thought is always of LIGHT – Galen Rowell All I can do is be me, whoever that is – Bob Dylan / I often think that the night is more alive and more richly colored than the day – Van Gogh / EVERY MOMENT is an EXPERIENCE MOMENTS

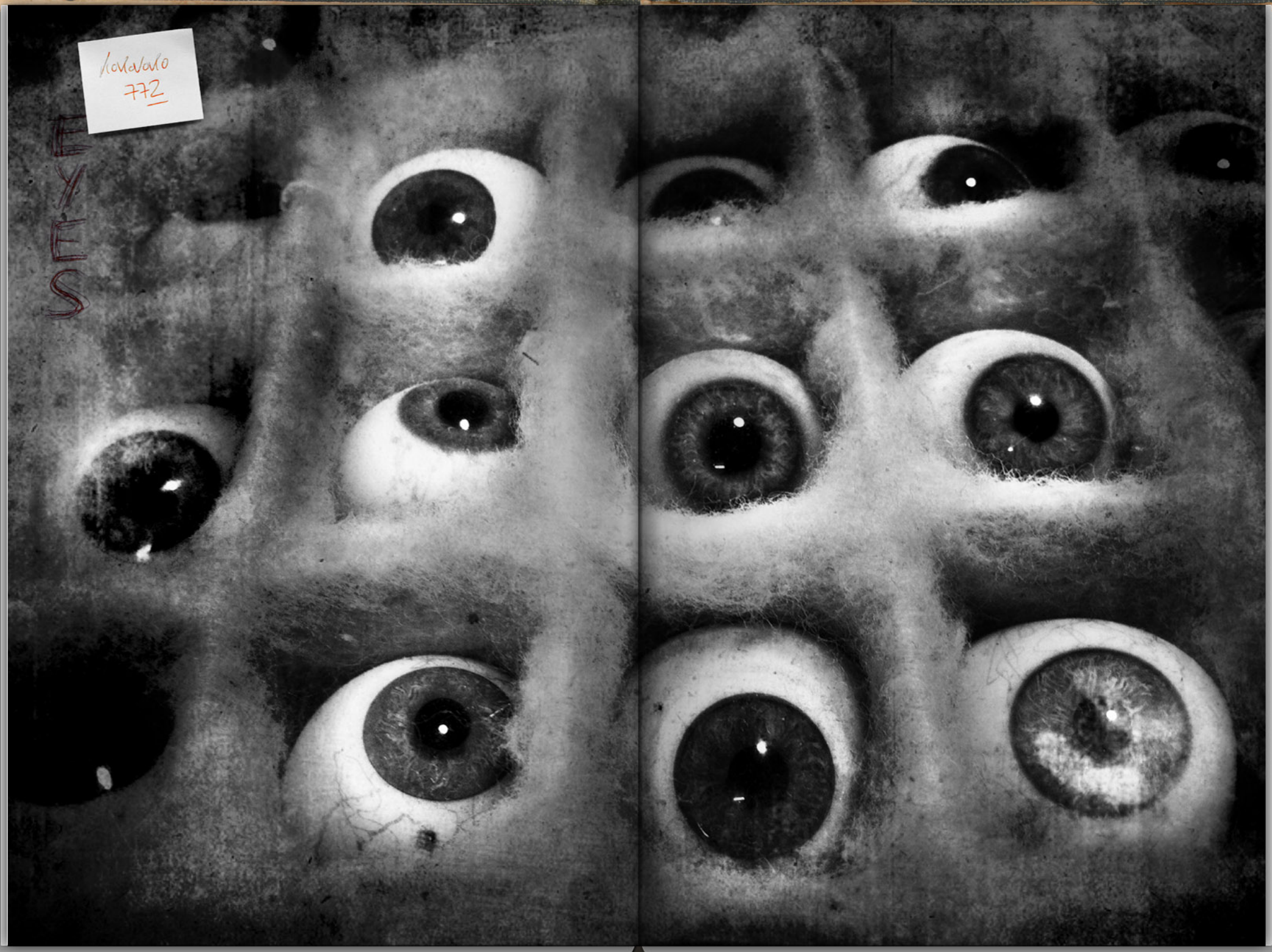
I'm the most terrific

**LIAR**

You ever saw in your life

– JD SALINGER




EYES

LIAR
NIGHTS
SUFFER
WINGS
MOON
GOD
OURSELVES
MISERABLE
SECRET
LESS
DEFORMITIES
MASK
ANYBODY
OMENS
FEAR
BELIEVE
~~ARTISTS~~
SHADOWS
DOUBT
BELIEVE
TERRIFIC
DRUNK
DEVIL
END
BEAUTY
DESPERATION
POET
DARKNESS
LIGHT
MONSTER
FORGET
PERFECTION
DEATH
INADEQUATE
LIMITS
VISION
BELIEF
EXPERIENCE
LONELY
NOISE







LIKE?

one has to photograph one's **OWN** history; all the rest is **TOURISM** - Patrick Zachmann



14-Jan-11 Jardin - Vendôme - Cour - Mars

bad
best
bitter
blue
certain
cold
complete
cruel
dark
dead
dear
delicate
different
dirty
dry
false
feeble
female
foolish
future
green
ill
last
late
left
loose
loud
low
mixed
narrow
old
opposite
public
rough
sad
safe
secret
shut
simple
slow
small
soft
solid
special
strange
thin
white
wrong



good
straight
sweet
happy
doubtful
warm
short
kind
light
alive
cheap
strong
same
clean
wet
true
strong
male
short
past
red
healthy
first
early
right
tight
quiet
high
sorted
wide
new
same
private
smooth
happy
dangerous
public
open
complex
quick
big
hard
broken
common
normal
thick
black
right

667

març 2011 - El Rei Dormint ~~(El Príncipe)~~ LLEIDA Kokovoko



Close your eyes, close the door. You don't have to worry anymore. I'll be your baby tonight - B.Dylan










novembre, 2011 ~~(Lieux)~~
Kokovoko







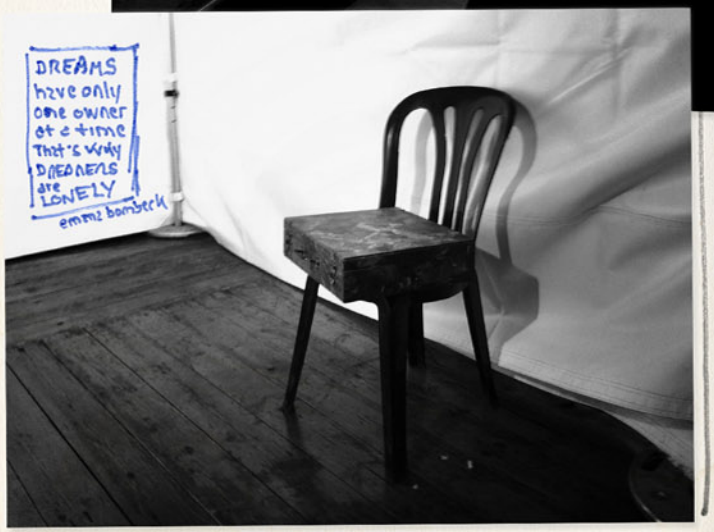
LA LLUM ÉS UNA OMBRA ABSENT.

Teresa Altimez

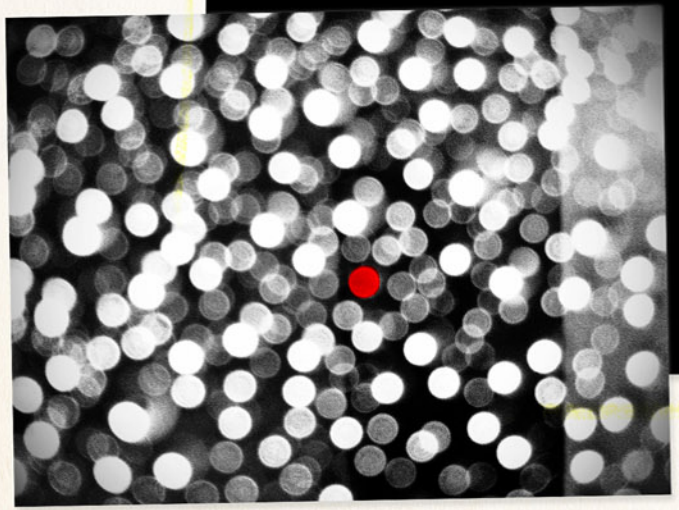
860 set/11






DREAMS
have only
one owner
at a time
That's why
DREAMERS
are
LONELY
emma bombeck





Do not fear mistakes
There are none
Miles Davis











to
think
of
shadows
is
a
serious
thing

Victor
Hugo

MY FEAR
IS MY SUBSTANCE
AND PROBABLY
THE BEST
PART OF ME
FRANZ KAFKA









EYEM OPEN SPACES | FREIE UNIVERSITÄT_BERLIN DESEMBRE 2010 - FEMER 2011

WHO OM I-PHONE FOUR AND A HALF YEARS GALLERY AGOST 2010 MELBOURNE-AUSTRALIA

MASTERCLASS MODE SIMPLE Gallery II ARCHITECTURE PARADOXZ 2010 FEB

EYEPHONEOGRAPHY #2 RECORDED

VII GIORNATA DEL CONTEMPORANEO (78 dia de l'art contemporani)

UBIK Bookstore, COSENZA, ITALIA

iPHONEOGRAFIA CENTRE D'ART LA PANERA LLEIDA OCT 2010

L'ÉPHEMÈRE (SHORT-LIVED) Mediateche intercomunale Henri Vincenot de Venzey-les Izumes FRANCE JUN 2010

2009-2010-2011 2012

KOKOKO.info

(UNIVERSITÄT BERLIN)

III AUTONNO IN MUSICA MOSTRA FOTOGRAFIA I ARTE DIGITALE BOLOGNA ITALIA NOVEMBRE -2011

Pictures at an exhibition Giorgi gallery, Berkeley San FRANCISCO gen 2010

Schlechtriem Brothers Gallery, BERLIN 2010

EYEPHONEOGRAPHY #2 ABRIL 2011 MOV

MADRID-EFTI GALLERY

NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY SEPT 2010

i-Phoneography - galeria interdarte, Roma - ITALIA ~ OCT 2010



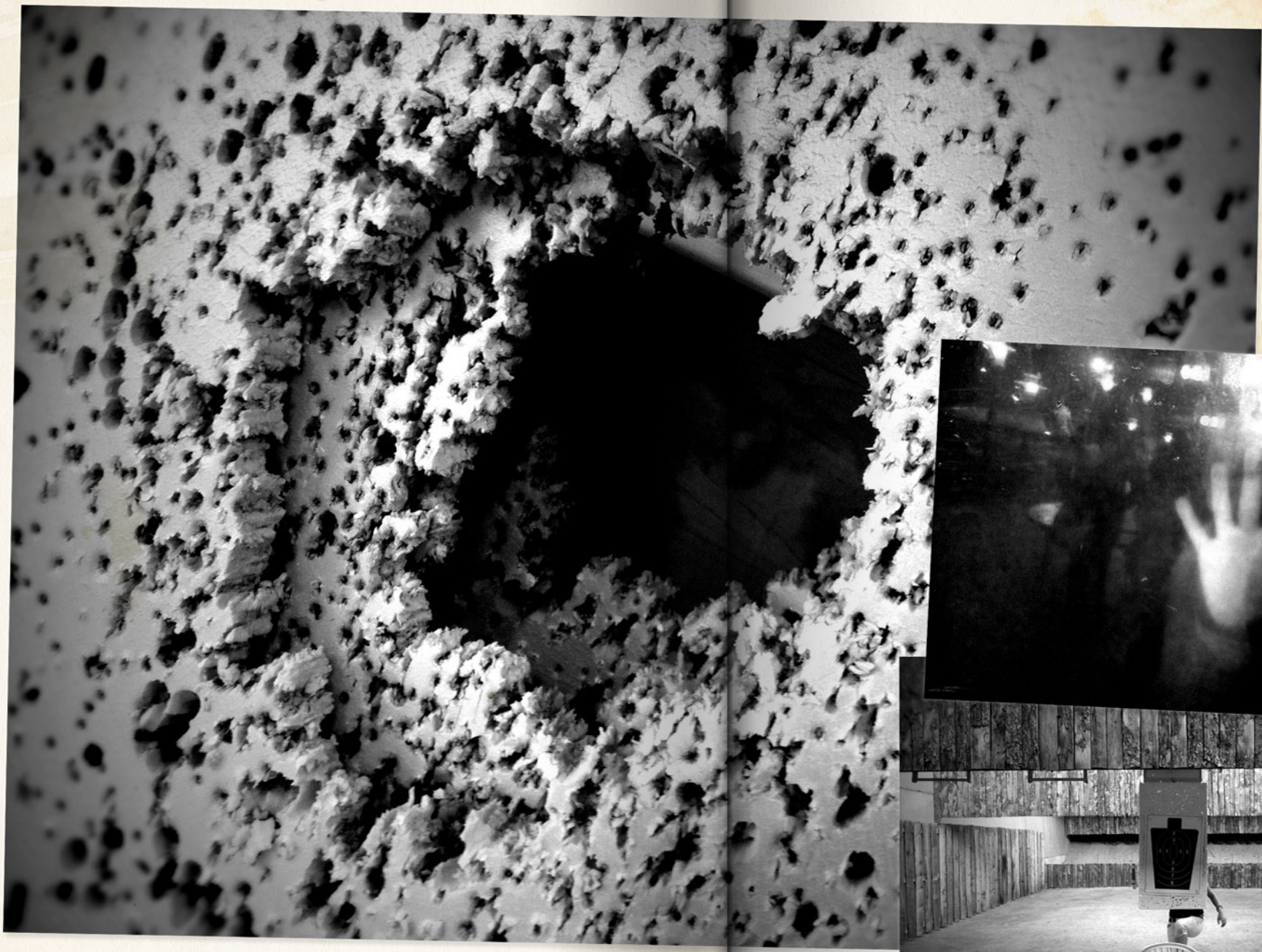




Reality is wrong dreams are for real

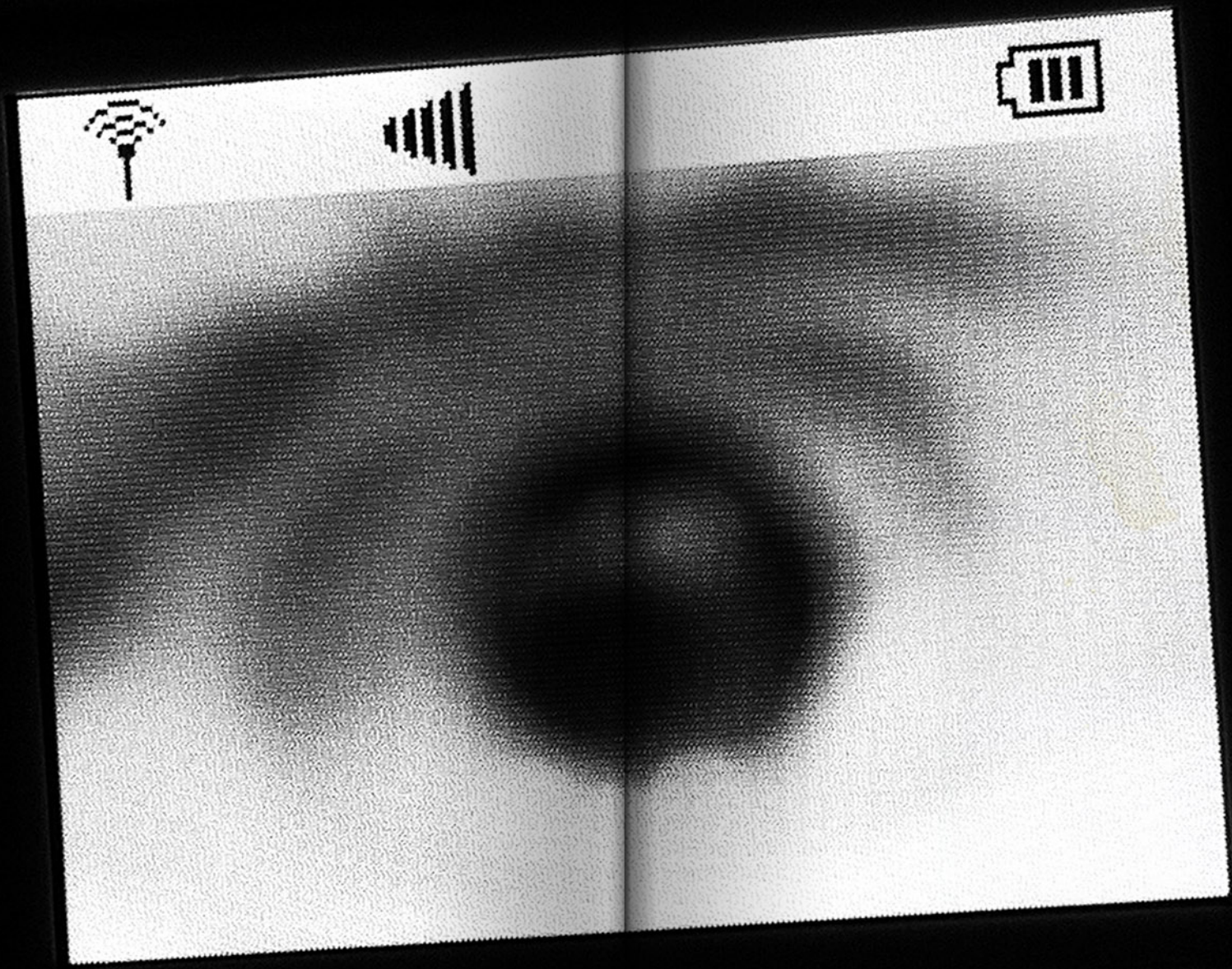
DREAMS

TUPAC SHAKUR



HELL IS EMPTY AND ALL THE DEVILS ARE HERE

William Shakespeare



THE WORLD IS THE MIRROR OF MYSELF DYING

(henry miller)





421

ASOT 2010









Abandon hope you who enter
- dante

I'm not a documentary photographer
I'm not a street photographer
I'm not a mobile photographer
I'm not a Bw photographer
I'm not an artist
I'm not following any rule
I'm not what you see
I'm not what you expect
I'm not a photographer
I'm nothing

Expect only a big lie
But I'm here
You're looking at me
not to my photographs
this work is not for fun
expect a big lie
a big lie



ABOVE ALL,
I KNOW
THAT LIFE
FOR A PHOTOGRAPHER
CANNOT
BE A MATTER OF
INDIFFERENCE

Robert Frank

kokovok●

"Queequeg was a native of Kokovoko,
an island far away to the West and South. It is
not down in any map; true places never are"

Herman Melville
Moby-Dick

Kok•voko no surt als mapes. L'illa imaginària citada per Melville al seu llibre "Moby-Dick" és un d'aquells llocs, qualificats per ell d'autèntics, que no surt als mapes. Aquesta paraula estranya i difícil de recordar serveix també de nom per a aquest projecte fotogràfic que ara s'exposa a l'Institut d'Estudis Ilerdencs de Lleida. Va inclòs dins un seguit de projectes, iniciats fa ja més d'una dècada, que suposen un viatge en etapes cap a l'espai més proper. El treball "I-40", també exposat a l'IEI de Lleida, va ser el primer pas d'aquest camí. Kokovoko és, sens dubte, el treball que més m'apropa finalment a l'objectiu.

Patrick Zachmann, fotògraf francès de Magnum, diu que un ha de fotografiar la seva pròpia història i que tota la resta és fer de turista. Hi estic d'acord. Cal aprendre, doncs, a veure i valorar allò proper com a extraordinari. Fent-ho, potser, amb ulls de foraster, com ja deia satíricament i intel·ligentment Jaume Sisa al seu text "El Club del Forastero". Sembla senzill, però no ho és. La quotidianitat ens atropella cada dia. Som animals de costums arrossegats per la marea de les hores i els dies, per un entorn habitual que ens immunitza. Cerquem constantment estímuls externs, sovint llunyans, sense pensar ni un sol moment que potser en l'àmbit proper, aquell que considerem íntim, ho tenim tot.

Aquest treball es desenvolupa voluntàriament en un àmbit de proximitat física. La gran majoria de les imatges són fetes en carrers o espais propers al meu lloc de treball, just al costat de casa meva, on, de fet, han nascut directament moltes de les imatges del projecte. Això no obstant, el que més em satisfà és que pràcticament totes són fetes a Lleida, la meva ciutat. La ciutatde la meva família i dels meus records.

Les fotografies de Kok•voko transiten, voluntàriament, per uns espais lligats a la més estricta intimitat, ja no només física, sinó també personal. S'endinsen sense contemplacions en tots els racons ineludibles de la vida d'un mateix; l'amor, els fills, la família, la feina, les pors, la mort, l'alegria i la decepció. Cadascuna és una confessió, un autoretrat, una súplica, un crit. Al final, el conjunt de totes constitueix un mapa íntim i precís, un mapa on trobar moltes preguntes i alguna resposta. Ara bé, com amb tots els mapes, cal saber fer-lo servir. De mapes, n'hi ha de molts tipus. Els més habituals són els que tenen codis oberts, coneguts gairebé per tothom, que ens permeten arribar o trobar aquell lloc que cercàvem. Però també hi ha mapes secrets, ja sigui perquè senzillament són ocults o perquè els seus codis no són públics. Kok•voko és dins d'aquest darrer grup.

Deia Roland Barthes que la imatge fotogràfica és un missatge sense codi. Les fotografies de Kok•voko tenen, sens dubte, un codi, però no és públic, no pot ser-ho. El codi d'una imatge fotogràfica és sempre personal i privat. L'autor de la imatge té els seus, però també l'espectador en té de propis, potser subconscients, que poden sorgir davant d'una fotografia. La percepció, que no interpretació, d'una fotografia és sempre un procés íntim, diferent per a cada persona. El codi existeix, però no és públic, sinó múltiple i privat. Es per aquesta raó que les fotografies d'aquest treball no només em donen respostes a mi, sinó que qualsevol espectador que s'atreveixi a endinsar-s'hi també pot trobar les seves. Per això, Kok•voko és obert al públic, mal que no estigui pensat per a ell.

Aquest llarg projecte s'ha desenvolupat íntegrament al bloc www.kokovoko.info, accessible per Internet. Hi he anat afegint almenys una fotografia diària. Ara mateix, des del seu inici, a mitjan octubre del 2009, s'hi han publicat més d'un miler de fotografies. Totes fetes, a més, amb una eina senzilla i directa, el meu telèfon mòbil. El paper groguenc dels vells diaris personals és avui un suport digital. El llapis, un telèfon mòbil amb càmera. Canvien sens dubte els temps i les eines, però no els missatges ni la necessitat d'escriure'ls, de fer-los presents. Seriem poc llestos si no aprofitéssim les possibilitats extraordinàries de difusió que ens ofereixen aquestes noves tecnologies. Aquest projecte és el més local que he fet mai i, tanmateix, és el que més s'ha difós a escala internacional. Ja no sols per la seva presència a Internet, sinó per tot el que ha generat d'atenció mediàtica i la participació en exposicions en llocs tan diversos com Nova York, Melbourne, Madrid o Berlín.

Únicament em resta dir que Kok•voko és, malgrat tot, un treball pensat per ser vist individualment davant una pantalla, en una relació íntima entre l'espectador i les imatges. Qualsevol exposició o catàleg només ens en dóna una visió limitada. Del total de fotografies que hi ha ara mateix dins el projecte, cap d'aquestes és, per a mi, més o menys important. El que representa el conjunt, les seves interrelacions i els seus continguts és la seva força.

Jordi V. Pou

# ELS DITS DELS ULLS

El clic d'una imatge de Jordi V. Pou no atura el món, sinó que el posa en moviment. Els seus clarobscurs, autèntics instants eterns, més que reflectir la realitat l'esbossen, la invoquen, per portar-la al davant dels nostres ulls i més tard retornar-la a un origen primigeni, pur, allà on les essències de totes les coses es guarden per a la comunitat sentimental. Una imatge de Pou és, doncs, un punt de fuga en un paisatge torçat, com en un esborrany sobre un altre esborrany, i en certa manera, com volia Valery, l'ull que assisteix a aquesta posada en escena, a aquesta mentida vera que és la fotografia, oblida el nom del que veu i ho reinventa, a través d'una renovada semàntica, perquè per racionalitzar i sentir els relleus d'una visió plana hem d'alliberar-nos de tot llast, de tot prejudici, i anar a l'encontre de la seva significació darrera, que a vegades és una conclusió en fals, d'altres una ètica de l'estètica i d'altres, encara, simplement res, un buit farcit de buit que sura i flota per la superfície dels dies encadenats sense estridències.

El projecte Kokovoko indaga obstinadament en la recerca dels límits del llenguatge visual, procura anar, gota a gota, cap a una mena de "proximitat" -com resava el famós i bell fragment 122 d'Heràclit-, que està en nosaltres, ben a la vora, i alhora tan lluny com ho vulguem. I lluny dels neologismes impostats i les extravagàncies, les postals kokovoquianes, potser fent cas invers de la idea de Melville i els seus paradisos inanotats en els mapes de navegació, són balises enmig de cruïlles que obren i tanquen camins, que fan viatjar per territoris pantanosos, que sovint, de tant recognoscibles, ens estremeixen. Quan Barthes sosté que una imatge és sempre invisible atès que no és pas ella el que veiem quan la mirem, descriu una perversió de la mirada sense la qual no existiria el món ni el judici moral que se'n desprèn quan l'habitem i ens hi capbussem perquè ens amari: Pou no busca veritats, ni la claredat d'un epifonema, ni un punt final. Busca, però sense buscar-ho -més aviat constatant-ho-, una sublimació estranya i difícil de la intimitat, reflectida a través de les marques quotidianes de la pell, dels membres, de la raça animal dels entorns, dels colors plans del cel i de la terra i de l'asfalt. Estira la condició elemental del que fotografia gairebé en moviment, mòbil en mà i diàleg permanent i instantani, impúdic, diria, al fotobloc on s'aboquen les visions capturades; sembla contradir la naturalesa essencial del que escrodinya amb la maliciosa intenció que les figures dures s'estovin i s'espongin, les pells s'endureixin o s'esborrin fins a fer-se boles de foc, les persones siguin màscares a punt, o abans, de moure's, els maniquins siguin les persones que vam ser, o les que un dia serem, allà al seu olimp perplex i inassolible. La bellesa pot, en conseqüència, ser la trampa d'un infern prompte a revelar-se, una escletxa de llum per on s'esdevenen les ombres, i la lletjor aparent, o l'esclat d'un moment que un dit i un ull han decidit que està cridat a l'excel·lència del temps, poden anorrear-se si tan sols hi fixem els nostres, d'ulls, i hi inserim prejudicis, anhels, fe. Com més et mires una cosa, més es transforma, va escriure Anne Michaels.

L'excel·lència és filla de la versemblança, i la versemblança ve de la coherència que un creador és capaç d'atorgar a la seva obra i del llenguatge propi, el que podríem dir-ne veu, un riu subterrani que recorre un discurs i que és un magma fet d'ofici, talent i intel·ligència. Són paraules gruixudes, de fondo i immesurable calat, que algú que enceta una conversa més enllà de si mateix ha de procurar-se, per bé o per mal. L'univers (una paraula tòpica que aquí encaixa perfecta) de Jordi V. Pou basteix la seva arquitectura pam a pam, racó a racó, detall a detall, i l'honestedat dels seus idiomes, tants com interlocutors atrapa, permet detectar la nostra, la d'aquells que deixem que ens inundi amb la seva imatgeria, i creure fugaçment en la sincera bellesa del món, tot un món que es resumeix en la identitat del medi habitual, de les rutines, dels carrers que trepitgem cada dia a Lleida, de la botiga del costat de casa, dels llums que són allà per il·luminar-nos el camí, del silenci espès amb què les nostres pupil·les desenterren el temps hora rere hora, de l'alba a l'ocàs i als blancs i negres de la nit... Flaixos que després es regeneraran fins a la sacietat, fins a ser una pàtria sense arrels, còpies per a un planeta del qual Pou posseeix l'original i ens el regala, a fons perdut, amb una elegància rara, ignota, perquè en siguem dignes garants.

Pou fa un clic i la vida es mou, se'ns aproxima i se'ns allunya, parla des del seu silenci visual, i a poc a poc encadena un catàleg ordit a metonímies, parts d'un tot inabastable, insinuat, com si ell també compartís l'experiència de les intuïcions, la celebració de les coses menudes, que de tan petites, quan mostren i revelen el misteri d'existir, no se les veu, fins que algú les observa, a la fi, amb els ulls, i les toca, amb el tou dels dits. I, així, són.

Txema Martínez

translations

"Queequeg was a native of Kokovoko,
an island far away to the West and South. It is
not down in any map; true places never are"

Herman Melville
Moby-Dick

Kokovoko does not appear on any maps. The imaginary island mentioned by Melville in his book "Moby-Dick" is one of those places, classified as true by himself, which does not show up on any maps. This strange and hard to remember word also serves as the name of this photography project that is now being exhibited at the Institut d'Estudis Ilerdencs of Lleida. It was included in a series of projects, initiated over a decade ago, which represent a journey in stages towards the closest space. The work "I-40", also exhibited at IEI in Lleida, was the first step in this direction. Kokovoko is, without a doubt, the work that brings me closer to my goal.

Patrick Zachmann, a French photographer for Magnum, said that "one has to photograph one's own history; all the rest is tourism". I agree. We must learn to see and value what is close as extraordinary. By doing so, perhaps, with the eyes of a stranger, as Jaume Sisa said intelligently and satirically in his text "El Club del Forastero". Sounds simple, but it is not. Daily life runs over us every day. We are creatures of habit pulled by the tide of the times and days by a normal environment that immunizes us. We constantly look for external stimuli, often distant, without thinking even for a moment that perhaps in a nearby space, that one we consider intimate; we have everything.

This work is carried out voluntarily in a field of physical proximity. Most of the images were taken in the streets or areas close to my job, right next to my house where, in fact, many images of the project were directly born. What pleased me the most, however, is that virtually all were taken in Lleida, my city. The city of my family and my memories.

The photographs of Kokovoko voluntarily pass through spaces linked to the strictest privacy, not only physical but also personal. They unceremoniously delve into every corner of the essential life of anybody: love, children, family, work, fear, death, joy and disappointment. Each is a confession, a self-portrait, a plea, a cry. In the end, this complete set is an intimate and accurate map, a map to find out many questions and some answers. However, as with all maps, you need to know how to use it. There are many kinds of maps. The most common are open source, known to almost everyone, that enables us to get to or find the place we are looking for. However, there are also secret maps, either because they are simply hidden or because their codes are not public. Kokovoko is within this last group.

Roland Barthes said that a photographic image is a message without a code. The Kokovoko photographs without a doubt have a code, but it is not public, it cannot be. The code of a photographic image is always personal and private. The author of the picture has their own but so does the viewer, perhaps subconsciously, that may arise with a photo. The perception, that no interpretation, of a photograph is always an intimate process, different for each person. The code exists but it is not public but private and multiple. It is for this reason that the photographs of this work not only give me answers but also the spectators who dare to enter can find their answers as well. That is why Kokovoko is open to the public although it is not intended for the public.

This project has been developed entirely in the website www.kokovoko.info, accessible online. I've been adding at least one photo daily. Right now, since its inception in mid-October 2009, over a thousand pictures have been published. Additionally, all were made with a simple and direct tool, my mobile phone. The yellowish paper of the old diaries today is digital. The pencil? A mobile phone with camera. The times and tools undoubtedly change, but the messages or the need to write, to make them present do not. We would not be very smart unless we take advantage of the extraordinary diffusion possibilities offered by these new technologies. This project, the most local I've ever done is also the one that has spread the most worldwide. Not only due to its Internet presence, but also due to all the media attention that has been generated and participation in exhibitions in places as diverse as New York, Melbourne, Madrid and Berlin.

The only things left to say is that Kokovoko is, however, a work intended to be viewed individually in front of a screen in an intimate relationship between the viewer and the image. Any exhibition or catalogue gives us only a limited view. Of all the photographs that are now part of the project, none of them are, for me, more or less important. What represents the whole, their interrelationships and their contents are its strength.

Jordi V. Pou

# THE FINGERS OF THE EYES

Clicking on an image from Jordi V. Pou does not stop the world, but sets it in motion. His chiaroscuro, real timeless moments, more than reflecting reality, outlines it, invokes it, to bring it in front of our eyes and then return to the original source, pure, where the essence of all things are kept for the sentimental community. A Pou image is, then, an escape point in a twisted landscape, like a rough draft of another, and somehow, as Valery wanted, the eye that attends this stage, this true lie that is photography, forgets the name of what it sees and reinvents it through a renewed semantics, because in order to rationalize and feel the relief of a plain view we must free ourselves of all burden, all prejudice, and go to the meeting of its last meaning, that is sometimes a false conclusion, at times, an ethic of the aesthetic, and nothing at other times, a void filled with emptiness that floats to the surface of days chained without the noise.

The K•k•v•k• project stubbornly investigates the limits of visual language, trying to go, drop by drop, into a kind of "proximity", as the famous and beautiful fragment 122 of Heraclitus said, who is in us, very close and yet as far as they want. And far from forged neologisms and extravagances, the K•k•v•k• postcards, perhaps taking the opposite view of Melville's idea, and his paradises unoted in navigation maps, are beacons in the middle of intersections that open and close roads, that make travel in marshy areas that often, as recognizable as they are, we shudder. When Barthes argues that an image is always invisible because it is not what we see when we see it, describes a perversion of the eyes, without which the world would not exist, neither moral judgement to emerge when we live and delve into it to the full: Pou does not seek truth or clarity of exclamations or a final point. He searches, but without looking, but rather stating it, a strange and difficult sublimation of privacy, reflected in the everyday marks of skin, of the members, of the breed of animal of the environments, of the flat colours of the sky and earth and asphalt. It stretches the basic condition of what is photographed almost in motion, mobile in hand and instant and permanent dialogue, brazen, I would say, to the photoblog where the captured visions are dumped; it seems to contradict the essential nature of what is examined with malicious intent that the hard figures soak up, soften, the skins harden or fade away until becoming balls of fire, people are masks, ready, or before, to move, mannequins are the people who we were, or one day we will be, wherever the perplexed and unattainable ideal is. The beauty may therefore be a trap of a hell soon be revealed, a glimmer of light where shadows occur, and the apparent ugliness, or the explosion of a time when a finger and an eye have decided that it is called to the excellence of the time, being able to annihilate if only we fix our eyes, and there insert prejudices, desires, faith. The more you look at something, the more it changes, wrote Anne Michaels.

Excellence is the daughter of credibility, and credibility is the consistency that a creator is able to give his work and his own language, what we might call voice, an underground river that runs through a speech, and that is a magma made of trade, talent and intelligence. These are thick words, deep and of immeasurable depth, which someone who starts a conversation beyond itself must procure, for better or for worse. The universe (a commonplace word that fits here perfectly) by Jordi V. Pou constructed its architecture inch by inch, corner to corner, detail by detail, and the honesty of its languages, as many as speakers, allows us to detect our own honesty, the honesty of these ones allow us to be flooded with its imagery, and fleetingly believe in the sincere beauty of the world, a world that is summarized in the identity of the usual environment, of routines, of streets that are trampled on every day in Lleida, of the shop next door, of the lights that are to light the way for us, of the thick silence in which our pupils unearth time hour by hour, from dawn to dusk and white and black of the night... Flashes which are then regenerated over and over again, until becoming a country without roots, copies of a planet in which Pou has the original and gives it to us, non-refundable, with a rare elegance, unknown, because we are worthy guarantors.

Pou snaps a shot and life moves, bringing us closer together and distancing us, speaking from its visual silence, and slowly chaining a catalogue warped of metonymy, parts of an unattainable whole, insinuated, as if he also shares the experience of intuition, the celebration of small things, so small that, when they show and reveal the mystery of existence, they are not seen until someone observes, finally, with his eyes, and touches with the tips of the fingers. And, thus, this is how they are.

Txema Martínez

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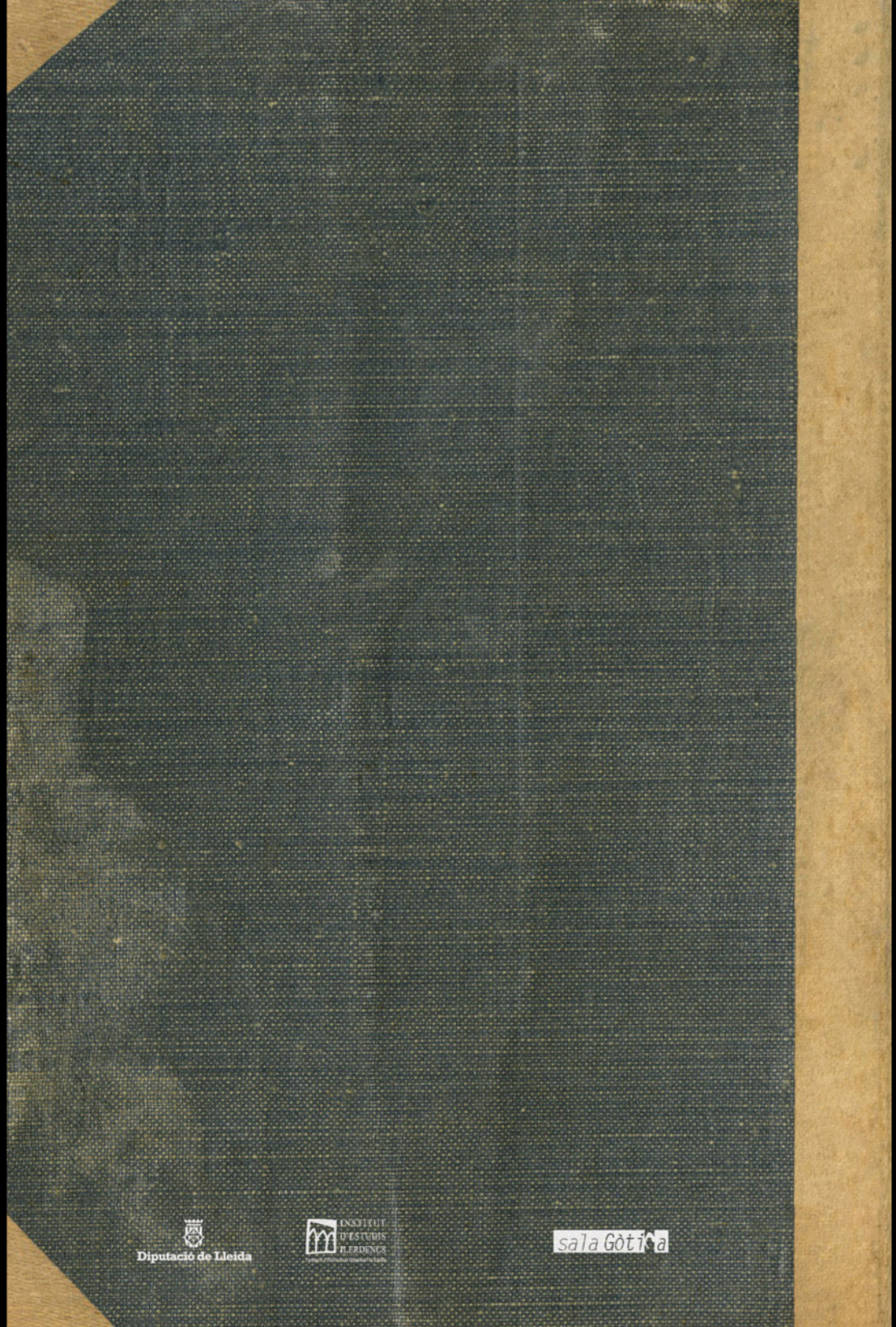
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