



SERGIO BIZZIO

The cage says

Oh, the pleasure of seeing something for the first time, but as if it had already been seen thousands of times, not without curiosity or with indifference, but as something shimmering, whether or not we are in front of it. Pure emotion, whippings of flesh. A rainbow between the image and the idea. And the smallest pieces of reality, alien to that which is happening in their midst.

Don't touch me. No, do not touch me. I see the one I was, the one I wanted to be, the one I would like to be, the one I will be. I observe them all, carefully and in detail. The one I am does not avoid me, on the contrary, she appears quite often, but for no longer than a second, or even less, as if illuminated by lightning, and her insistence bothers me. Do we not have the sensation of the simple relation too? I don't know, I don't swell, I don't use adjectives: there is no need. I do not ask anyone to make themselves clear. I have a single yes.

In order to be able to talk about things that could happen to anyone, I started by kicking out those who closed the doors on me living the life I wanted. Within me even the identical is always new. Talking about myself is like talking about the edge of the universe. I am a brain with no travelling companion, the loop of a circular secret.

I create scented fibers. That is my occupation. Sometimes I spit blood, sometimes keys. Sometimes I launch myself into a light, earthy space, where I strip naked, I swagger—yes, music played in reverse is more sensitive to the future—, I flash a smile of sincere gratitude, and I vanish. It is a delicate and monumental art. Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

—
MONDONGO
Conejos blancos
BARRO, Buenos Aires
Oct—Dec 2021

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GASTÓN CAMMARATA

It gets renovated, it smiles at you

i was on the train
looking at the streets pass by
what can i do?
i asked myself
but what is it I can do?
begin
i answered myself
as always, i told myself
just like when you get to the shack
with a cart full of bricks
and that wall that is now made of sand
and will soon be made of bricks
but before that it was made of cardboard and sticks.
it gets renovated, it smiles at you
like that, the way a shack is built and improved
slowly
with hard work
wall by wall until you have a shimmering roof of old metal
sheets with no leaks
water and then hot water
electricity and then a tv
one of those that are super heavy
with coils and transistors
with low contrast
to watch the smurfs in shades of grey
blasting at full torn crunchy metallic volume
food and then a fridge
so milk can last longer
and then gas, a stove
and a gas tank and then natural gas
i even fantasize about a heater
and then a washing machine.
and then some toast, made with yesterday's bread
i never had yesterday's bread
to me it was today's bread and there was never any left for
tomorrow
I never had yesterday's bread.
the afternoons i most enjoy are those in which the sun
comes out after rain
and everything is wet and shiny
the sun multiplies in my childhood yard
where we started this shack.
it is not cold nor hot
and everything moves in such a way
that seems to be painted

and still.
in spite of the dance of the sounds
of the struggling neighbourhood
with the smells of food from the afternoon
mate cocido and tortas fritas

my mum
maría rosa serra
the best
her hands were a love distiller
then it started raining again
and for many years it rained with fury

rains of the shoes that I was given as a present
with my big toe recovering from its wound
and the t-shirts that are too small for me and pants that
are too big
old underwear
which is softer than mine
which is zombie underwear
but shoes return, just like the rain
all the shoes that, used and torn
were given to me so that I deal the final blow
they are hanging from the cables in my mind
lace with lace
tied like boleadoras
thrown after their final swing
nothing but crumbs in each sidestreet
of every neighborhood that kicked me
now they are all hanging in front of me
with the little faces from their benevolent ancestors,
smiling.
they haunt me as the unfinished cases from my criminal life
that also started one afternoon when it stopped raining
and the sun looked as if it were mine.

everytime i lose my way
i remember the shack
its foundations
the wishes surrounding it
everything that went into it
dreams
and its designs
the times we pictured the kitchen
the children's room

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a tv right there
in that corner where for several years
a spider dwells
which gets bigger every year
and I even saw her giving birth
the big-bottomed girl from the hills
my dad and my mom call her
tiny white spiders never stopped coming out of her ass
she gave birth until she died and was eaten
now that years have gone by
I think it's the same as what happened to my mum
she gave birth until she died and was wormfood
after collecting underwear from others for me
t-shirts from others for me
old colorful pants for me
patching elbows in overalls for me
ceasing to eat for me
a very full reality

all those plans from that home which was nothing but a
dying dream
they're hanging from the laces of my shoes
as if inviting me to death
but it was not just
renovating a wall in the shack
and in the end it was everything
a train passing in front of me
as the bells from the barrier toll
and a guitar is the train
and the wind
messing up my hair,
the future
my shack
which wall by wall turns into my castle

i bought some new sheets
what a treat
it might seem trivial
but when i started this journey
i was naked
barefoot
hungry
now i buy sheets
and it might not seem much
but to me it's the moon.

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MONDONGO
Conejos blancos
BARRO, Buenos Aires
Oct—Dec 2021



ALBERTINA CARRI

The shanty town

If the city is a geometry of scraps and illusions, it is also the fragment of hunger which gobbles up yearning. A trained jaw and strong legs to run around corridors. A steel throat to endure the frost and dinosaur teeth that reminisce over absence. There were centuries of lava and shooting stars, meteorites that struck fear. Till the circle, the wheel, materialized; a round as a tondo. The legend, golden and slim, creating the fabrics with which we would cover our bodies with decorum.

If the city is the waste and unpeeling of the soul, it is also waiting. The skillful hands, the sharp wood; the metal sheets concealing supreme wrinkles and glances; the glass, frozen on the outside and cloudy on the inside from the warmth of the breath. The houses crammed together, intertwined by drains and plastic cables. The land, rising in red fragments; one on top of the other, red took over the sphere. But the reflection of the sky does not remain silent. Loaded with water or clear in winter, it is tattooed on the zigzagging brick, when some dusty Nikes go into orbit again, flat, over the slum that protects them. Seeking a truce.

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MONDONGO
Conejos blancos
BARRO, Buenos Aires
Oct—Dec 2021



FRANCISCO GARAMONA

Do you enjoy me enjoying you enjoying me enjoying you enjoying it? “What?,” you ask. Looking, being looked at, looking. There is a whole phenomenology of the eye dispersed in the words of a thousand encyclopedias filled with theories with their pages flying through the air, and like that, though, we can say it again, because looking is not viewing; just like listening is not hearing. The eyes of iconic paintings from the history of art are coming to my mind now, and I keep them in my memory as if it were a detailed art gallery. Iridium blue, black, brown, yellow, green or sky blue eyes, made of glass, eye sockets filled with tears, premature glances of children in the arms of a loved woman, often latching on to the breast to drink nutritious milk. Do you enjoy me enjoying it? Are you serious or just kidding? In this piece made by my friends from Mondongo with noble materials and time as well, and their hands applied to the mystery of work, art and life. Their eyes stopped among other eyes, looking at one another in silence, in this tunnel stolen from a dream, which may turn into a nightmare for some.

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MONDONGO
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ARIANA REINES

Intro

I remember this Pieta from the night I first met Manuel and Juliana. I had been brought to their studio through Art Basel Cities, I was jetlagged, and I was doing my best to contain a certain rawness in myself that was characteristic of my traveling career as a profundidadessional emotional person.

The first thing one noticed about the painting was, of course, the obvious: the daughter is holding the mother. The obvious is one material among many that Mondongo approaches with great inspiration and energy, and what they do with the obvious yields emotion and experience of great subtlety and precision. The second thing I believe I felt was the colors, red and blue and green, and third, the faces, and fourth, the feeling, and fifth, the entirety of the composition, and sixth, the strength of the child, and seventh, all of art history, and eighth, all of history, and ninth, my mother, and tenth, my womb.

This painting is characteristic of Mondongo's work, and it makes explicit why one can't help falling in love with it: on the one hand, it is totally unafraid of visceral power and of its own strength, and on the other hand it displays immense delicacy, emotional subtlety, great precision, and vulnerability.

I am the kind of daughter who has tried to carry her mother, tried and largely failed, and this is perhaps the first degree through which I related to the painting--unintellectual, emotional, and putting my own sentimental history above and beyond the history of Christian art. But perhaps what fascinates me most about the painting is the grief, melancholy, and distraction in its mother, and the mystery of feminine suffering itself.

Mary grieved because her son was tortured and killed, and her grief sanctifies a very specific, and limited, arena within which women still do grieve. I am curious, even fascinated, about the miseries, ancient and animal, that yet remain in women, or in the feminine itself, even as "we" enjoy far more freedoms, of expression and action, than the Mother of God. Why would a virtuosic and deeply self-realized artist like Juliana Laffitte portray herself melancholy, distracted, exhausted, even shamelessly submissive to her own child? What might it mean that no matter how much freedom a woman claims for herself, no matter how much of her own experience she is able to rescue from the abyss and make legible to others, that life itself, or love itself, still overwhelm her

with all that cannot be done and all that cannot be expressed?

On some level, it is the grieving mother the globe must slowly learn to carry, and has never learned to carry. The melancholy mother, the distracted mother, the creatively fulfilled, yet animally untameable mother, the heavy woman, the earth itself. The painting makes me feel understood in having tried, my whole life long, to learn how to carry what I am not strong enough to lift, to learn to hold and love what I am hopeless to protect, or rescue. It feels like a comment on history, and an allegory for the future.

I have chosen to share the poem that follows as an accompaniment to these remarks, because it shows the lateral nature of inspiration, a difficult quality to quantify or put into words. I have found Mondongo's work, and Manuel and Juliana personally, to be immensely inspiring. It doesn't explain well, but they make things happen with ease in me.

I wrote this poem on Valentine's Day 2018, the day a child murdered seventeen people and wounded seventeen more, at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland Florida. It is only the second work of fiction I have ever written, and the first in verse. It depicts internal processes within an artist mother as she shops for vegetables with her daughter, in a gentrified grocery store. I was imagining an American mother, perhaps a little bit more bourgeois and heterosexual than me, and more materially settled or successful--a sculptor whose practice was lately focused on pottery, a woman who despite her freedoms on some level still felt repressed. This poem resonates with Mondongo's painting, but in an American milieu, and seems to say something about inexpressible grief, even when the mother in the scene is a professional artist, someone with relative social freedom who suffers nevertheless from her complicity with a violent and fundamentally insane culture, but who also seems to feel somewhat trapped by her own domestication. It also perhaps says something almost unsayable, or tries to, about what succeeding generations know that preceding generations do not, and about the promise in childhood we almost always divert and distort by our living.

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MARIANO LLINÁS
Florençia AD 1421

I would walk around the city like a fox
 (that's the way I picture it)
 Like a fox, eyes moving, small
 (that's the way I picture it—small eyes—even though
 in lithographs, in the anonymous portrait of the Louvre,
 the eyes
 are big—oval-shaped, like almonds—
 but small eyes mean:
 he is hiding
 he is not showing himself completely
 he is at the end
 he spies
 like a fox: I've already mentioned it)
 I would move forward
 Secretly
 among the steam
 among the fumes and the incense that would make every-
 thing unbreathable
 this thick air coming out of the palaces and churches to
 prevent
 the Plague
 and he
 Donatello
 would feel like a stealthy animal
 a hunter
 or a card player
 who more than this or any other thing what he wanted
 was to win the Grand Prize
 the whole package
 the largest prey ever
 Florence!
 Florence, as you are hearing!
 In its entirety
 The whole city at his feet
 With its buildings and its noblemen
 And its Pazzi and its Pitti
 And those Medici who were poisoning people for fun
 Who were collecting popes as if they were badges
 And the pussy of their ladies
 Throbbing like the sun
 It was enough
 For blood to run like a volcano
 All night long

(as Wikipedia says

On 29 September, when Henry
 III of Navarre
 kneeled before the altar
 as a Catholic
 after converting to avoid getting murdered,
 Catherine
 turned to the ambassadors
 and started laughing)

There they were, in front of everybody
 dazzling
 As the azaleas in a garden
 The Families! The Families!
 And him,
 There
 A fox, a nocturnal creature
 Smelling the greatness of the World
 As if it were a bite worthy of being taken into the mouth

I would think:
 They are rich
 The masters of the World
 Of gold, silk and Treasures
 Of life and death
 They can, with just a gesture
 Make someone successful or ruin their life
 They can burn a monk in front of everybody
 If he goes too far
 They can say “do this, do that”
 They can be obeyed

But that's it
 You know what?

They cannot
 Draw. They cannot
 Work the stone or the metal
 They can invent
 Nothing. There is Nothing
 They can come up with.
 They observe without understanding
 Like those piled up bricks
 Or those planks that are waiting in the warehouse
 of a carpenter
 but are not able to think

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“I’ll be a house
I’ll be a table”
They cannot either
Being, having
That is what they are
They do not picture anything
They do not create anything
And I do
So, Families
Which of us is more similar
to God?

That is what Donatello was thinking
When he walked through the streets
Among lepers and merchants
Later he went up the hill
And observed the city
With his head turned into a cross
As if it were a telescopic sight
Of a firearm.
but to me it’s the moon.

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MONDONGO
Conejos blancos
BARRO, Buenos Aires
Oct–Dec 2021



ARIANA REINES

Armónica

She had almost mastered it
It was nothing she
Had not
Felt before
False peace of my adulthood
She thought
Behind her smile
False peace of my art
Moving toward the true
The secret peace
Nothing she had not
Thought before
Her teeth drying in the air
Barely at the beginning
Of falsehood
I'm smiling she
Thought
Greeted suddenly by her next-
Door neighbor, transubstantiating
Mere recognition
Into pleasure
Just barely falsely
It was only she'd been lost
In her thoughts driving absently
To the grocery store
Then already parking there
Or somehow already parked
Unconsciously when the woman
Her neighbor arpeggiated
Against the window
Of the car polished
Nails she rolled the window
DownSmiling
Oh hi I didn't realize you were there

How long had she been sitting there like that
Still smiling, the neighbor's
Skirt swirling behind her as the electric
Doors opened
Now it was time to adjust
Her mouth back down
Suddenly seeing the constant grin
Of her bones behind the flesh
As the feeling of duty at last
Began to wither

She remembered her daughter
Buckled into the seat behind her

Her smile took its time going down
Her face would not release it
Or she felt the familiar space
And looseness, the sense of wide
Incompletion in reality
That old familiar feeling
She had felt since she herself
Was four
As her daughter unbuckled her
Own seatbelt and offered
Her two arms for her mother
To lift her up out of the car
And carry her into the store
For she still didn't like to let
Her walk even holding hands
Across the parking lot
The woman at the cash
Register (she still called it cash
Register in her mind, why, almost
Nobody carried cash anymore) had the same
Name as her mother
Few enough people in the store
At that hour
Bright chrome bank of wheeled carts
A fine mist spraying the greens
The ghost of her smile minutely
Still haunting her like a glare held in
Behind the eyes once they've closed
And some dagger slid in there
In what she'd left open in her feeling
Some dagger hid there
A presentiment or memory of things
That happened here before she ever
Set foot here, and the things done to her
And the things done to other women
Whatever she turned into the smiles

She stretched across the gulf
Of the more and more and ever
More she could not say

Nothing she meant to make a big

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Deal of, only some tiny budging
 Of memory, the sense of duty hidden
 Inside her body, that willed her
 Transubstantiate it all, and the aggrieved
 Look of the woman working out opposite
 Her this morning, a wholly ancient
 Look of ritual death, of sacred sacrifice
 Of readiness to die right then
 For the truth, and she wondered did her
 Face too release such overwhelming
 Longing and such arresting intimacy
 With agony
 With things no matter what you tell
 And no matter what you do
 Your body will protect
 And keep
 And knit into its very flesh
 Where else could that
 Woman release her feeling
 Than the socially acceptable anguish
 You could get for twenty dollars at CoreBarre
 Earlier that morning a square

Of sun spreading like a melting
 Pat of butter across the dark hair
 Of her lover, into whose body
 She could no longer hide her need
 For worship, it had grown too
 Familiar, almost like a child's now
 In its need for her and almost like
 Her husband's
 Across town running his record
 Company out of their garage
 Their daughter before her now
 Dandled in the seat of the cart
 And facing forward not toward her
 Because that's what the child
 Preferred
 This still strange sensation of falsity
 She had felt it hundreds of times, the descent
 From a daydream into the real
 Dispersion of a thought she
 Could almost see, giving way
 To produce and fruit
 Certain knowledge
 She was no longer starving

Artist as mother she thought
 A book she might have seen
 And that as long as she lived
 Her daughter would not starve

Loss of herself
 fShe still longed for it
 Genderless self
 Loveless and avid
 Fearless, beyond care
 Belly quivering against the light
 Nipples too hard behind her sweater
 Polished concrete floor
 Making a living from the state
 Of constant vigilance
 She had perhaps misnamed
 Liberty, she had perhaps
 Mistaken for valiance
 Though she would never share
 Such self-cruelty profundidadessionally
 Not with her dealer, herself
 A brilliant woman and certainly never
 With her passionate young
 Students, but the staving-
 Off of some long-domesticated
 Appetite she was now
 (For the thousandth time) conscious
 Of translating into shopping
 For vegetablesAs she read the word SHOOTING
 Absently with her left
 Eye

Blood shooting silently
 Into her brain

Her umbilical cord had been cut
 As had been cut the cord of her daughter
 These were not hidden truths
 But she felt herself suddenly grave
 As though at the bottom of a begging bowl
 A crucible with a flame under it
 Cooking her, her and her
 Offspring on the floor
 Of the grocery store, making their salts
 And minerals turn and pop
 Her singing daughter in the cart
 Loaded with the chards and lettuces
 Into which she'd bury most of what
 She'd earned that week
 Buried inside of which the obscure
 Universally acknowledged medicines
 Of the age and the even more occult
 Calculus of the future, her daughter
 Singing, head starred by that old
 Barrette, and this fresh

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Killing now spreading through her body

Up through her left hand
 The hand that would not put
 Down the phone and through
 Her left eye, the one slightly
 Dominant, incompletely
 Rounded and never quite made
 Whole by her years at the potter's
 Wheel and an old
 Concupiscence gnawing
 At her root now, behind her well-
 Cut jeans, legs parted as though
 Before the wet clay on the wheel
 As they would be later that
 Day, but now the pulse
 Throbbled there like the old doctor's
 Rubber hammer had against her
 Cold knee when she was a girl
 Standing upright before her shopping
 Cart she told herself, I am a free woman
 Pursuing the good in a bad regime
 As her blood broke the walls of all her veins
 Seeping back into the chambers
 Of her heart, its stern, proud
 Walls, and the incarcerating
 Angles and the cannibal angels
 Obscurely making money off her
 Kale and off the sale of bullets
 Her dull white feminism, report
 Of gun re causing a branch
 To tremble
 And the blue fly
 On the branch trembled with it
 And she was moved
 By a longing to hug her daughter
 A longing she resisted
 Lest the little one feel too keenly
 Her mother's desolation and willingness
 To lay her sorrows down upon the child
 Some dagger slid in there
 Some dagger hid there
 She was aware of her smile as
 "Feminine" and for a second forgot
 Her own name. She was smiling
 Again.
 She was pushing
 Her cart across the polished

Concrete floor, phone
 Balanced in her left

Hand, why had she left
 It in her hand, fingers too
 Good at including it in the other
 Things she did when she did
 Anything other than work
 But no she was at checkout now
 And before she'd even read
 The words she was only
 Barely at the beginning of
 Conscious of taking in
 The shooting made her blood
 Move in a new way
 It shot her blood down
 Into the ground

It was nothing
 She had not felt
 Before. It was a form
 Of shame.
 Why is this all I can think
 Of she thought, her hand now
 On the girl's cool brow
 In Florida another child
 Had murdered seventeen children
 She learned
 Through the cracked
 Device she held in her left
 Hand. She put rainbow
 Chard and arugula and fennel
 And spinach and kale onto the conveyor
 Belt and chewable vitamins and advanced
 Beverages friendly to the flora
 In the human gut and the local
 Craft beer her husband liked
 It was the fourteenth day
 Of February 2018

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 MONDONGO
 Conejos blancos
 BARRO, Buenos Aires
 Oct–Dec 2021

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MONDONGO

Nomenclaturas de la fila central. Baptisterio de los colores.

156 colores saturados

Nomenclatures of the Central Row. Baptistry of Colors.

156 Saturated Colors

A11/ I	B11/ I	C11/I	D11/I	E11/I	F11/I	G11/I	H11/I	I11/I
J11/I	K11/I	L11/I	M11/I	A11/ II	B11/ II	C11/II	D11/II	E11/II
F11/II	G11/II	H11/II	I11/II	J11/II	K11/II	L11/II	M11/II	A11/ III
B11/ III	C11/III	D11/III	E11/III	F11/III	G11/III	H11/III	I11/III	J11/III
K11/III	L11/III	M11/III	A11/ IV	B11/ IV	C11/ IV	D11/ IV	E11/ IV	F11/ IV
G11/ IV	H11/ IV	I11/ IV	J11/ IV	K11/ IV	L11/ IV	M11/ IV	A11/ V	B11/ V
C11/ V	D11/ V	E11/ V	F11/ V	G11/ V	H11/ V	I11/ V	J11/ V	K11/ V
L11/ V	M11/ V	A11/ VI	B11/ VI	C11/ VI	D11/ VI	E11/ VI	F11/ VI	G11/ VI
H11/ VI	I11/ VI	J11/ VI	K11/ VI	L11/ VI	M11/ VI	A11/ VII	B11/ VII	C11/ VII
D11/ VII	E11/ VII	F11/ VII	G11/ VII	H11/ VII	I11/ VII	J11/ VII	K11/ VII	L11/ VII
M11/ VII	A11/ VIII	B11/ VIII	C11/ VIII	D11/ VIII	E11/ VIII	F11/ VIII	G11/ VIII	H11/ VIII
I11/ VIII	J11/ VIII	K11/ VIII	L11/ VIII	M11/ VII	A11/ IX	B11/ IX	C11/ IX	D11/ IX
E11/ IX	F11/ IX	G11/ IX	H11/ IX	I11/ IX	J11/ IX	K11/ IX	L11/ IX	M11/ IX
A11/ X	B11/ X	C11/ X	D11/ X	E11/ X	F11/ X	G11/ X	H11/ X	I11/ X
J11/ X	K11/ X	L11/ X	M11/ X	A11/ XI	B11/ XI	C11/ XI	D11/ XI	E11/ XI
F11/ XI	G11/ XI	H11/ XI	I11/ XI	J11/ XI	K11/ XI	L11/ XI	M11/ XI	A11/ XII
B11/ XII	C11/ XII	D11/ XII	E11/ XII	F11/ XII	G11/ XII	H11/ XII	I11/ XII	J11/ XII
K11/ XII	L11/ XII	M11/ XII						

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MONDONGO

Conejos blancos

BARRO, Buenos Aires

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SALLIE NICHOLS

Jung and tarot

It now seems evident that the reality of the psyche is the one reality—the only reality. Long ago, a Zen monk put it this way: This floating world is but a phantasm. It is momentary smoke.

Sir Arthur Eddington, the astrophysicist, after devoting his life to the investigation of so-called outer reality, summed up his findings in approximately these words: Something out there—we don't know what—is doing something we don't know what.»

Sallie Nichols. *Jung y el tarot. Un viaje arquetípico*
Editorial Kairós, Barcelona, 2019

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