



KINU # 2 - Maddi Barber

DISTIRAK
Ander Perez

A Roman potter marks an X with three fingers on the surface of a slab while it was still wet clay. Luckily, I have fingers and I mark the air looking for that gesture he had to make to leave that mark. That piece was most probably on the ground; leaning forward and supported by a pair of knees, he made that X. It has something of a *dripping*. For a while I am a Roman and a potter of air.

We get ready for an intense day, a day with your grandfather who, with affection, immerses you in a black hole of photo albums and off-screen comments. Maddi attaches a trigger handle to the camera that looks like a blade with a trigger. Thirty meters of 16mm film, fourteen people, one camera; two and half meters per person, twelve seconds. We form couples and twenty minutes of filming per couple. As a condition, to focus on hands and to tell the next person how your scene ended; an *Exquisite Corpse* not being a corpse and not being exquisite either because the audio was, and not everything could be. We have to be specific when deciding to record, as if precision were something that could be objectified or something like convincing yourself that what you are recording is what you want to record.

First of all, Maddi shows us videos. The crested lamb wants earrings and when it gets them it raises its hands saying *STOP, I was not prepared for pain*. She smokes a cigarette as if the smoke helped her think. She considers happiness and finds it in the flowers he will give them to you because he knows your allergy to pollen well; he expects you to receive the affection in the form of a dirty trick. Indeed, it is the board that decides and it has not decided anything on your behalf; you picture yourself with someone else so I will fix it by leaving you and buying me a child. How can anything be built from a non narrative perspective if every time I show you some images you give them a story? After the morning we have all the shots inside the camera.

Food; alchemy time; we mix liquids; what a fantasy to be preparing drugs in Azkuna, we have decided that we will distribute them from within not to be caught. They had warned us, TV is coming and it is weird. They record our emotion of not knowing what will happen, a mix between "everything will be fine" and a high probability that everything will go to shit if the movie gets exposed. We dump liquids. This one fits in, the whole of it, it fits inside and begins to drip, click, a purple stream, click click, *don't record this, we are acting like pigs*. It is pressing season and we honor it by turning the floor purple. Mom has a video stepping on grapes, she is big and short and weighs more than my thin grandfather. Her feet are recorded with the phone while she steps on red grapes and the wasps flit around: *Look, look, like this, like this, stepping on grapes, look, wasp, fuck it, I step on you with the grape, another one, with the whole grape*. The video ends with her drinking a glass of grape and



wasp juice and toasting with the camera. With one hand she records her other hand while toasting with the hand handling the phone.

The boy points
with one hand
up high
with the other one
to the cool burial mound
and laughs
if grandfather
is down here
how could he be
up there

oh, the soul

Die Seele (The Soul) - ERNST JANDL

We complete the whole film development process and I look at the amount of water we use for washing, fourteen of us could have showered, together or separately, we're close now. The dark compartment holding the film is opened and out comes, out comes the film. All Azkuna bathrooms are closed because pissing is not allowed —being human is unhygienic at this time— but we have appropriated some keys to wash the film for ten minutes. Later, hands hanging a film of hands in the improvised drying room (I have already said that we were producing drugs) and we wait. THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE KINU, beer, hahaha, “beerzz”.

Ainara, Maddi and Usue roll the film. We are preparing a small private multiplex room. We screen the movie by manually playing the audio to make a kind of audio/video synchronization and we find ourselves involved in a small *Corral de Comedias*. That which is presented is as important as the environment that surrounds it. Laughter, loud comments and the emotion on our faces: we are children watching the Three Kings parade, waiting for the sweets to attack us. I missed some other object being thrown at the screen. Together we all ended up watching over and over our super-non-Hollywood non-production.