

(chronicles of an intruder)

Car 11, seat 1A, EUROMED 01081 leaving at 8.15 am from Barcelona-Sants for València-Joaquín Sorolla. I put on my AirPods, which I've decided to pay for in easy instalments of 3.90 euros a month, to have a listen at full volume to La Zowi's new musical album and see if it helps me to cheat the exhaustion of the end of this university year - added to the tiredness of all the cultural micro-projects that allow me to make ends meet. The lyrics of the first track of *La Reina del Sur* (that's the title of the album) tell me to put make-up on my wounds. I think of the body/ mind dissociation so typical of my generation; but however much I agree that my body is escaping exhaustion by dissociating, it doesn't stop my jaw from aching. I move down to my body. Class-based bruxism.

1. Laure Vega defines the concept of class-based bruxism in her literary critique *Tea romos: Diez horas de trabajo, cansancio, tres pesetas*, catalunyalplural.cat, 12 April 2023 <https://catalunyalplural.cat/es/tearooms-diez-horas-de-trabajo-cansancio-tres-pesetas/> [Accessed 12 June 2023].

doesn't appear in a matter of hours, days or years; it's the pain of a whole liferime, all lives. A pain inherited wherever the word "heritage" has never been heard. Like the pain at the heart of what is invoked at Galería 7 of the Institut Valencià d'Art Modern. The first exhibition of the Art i Context research and production programme curated by Julia Castelló and Ali A Maderuelo which, according to the IVAM website, intends to give a voice to young artists.

On arriving at the museum, I ask the artists in the exhibition [*DOSMILVINT-I-U*] [*DOSMILVINT-I-TRES*] = 1 *encuentro* ([TWENTYTWENTY-ONE] [TWENTYTWENTY-THREE] = 1 encounter) for their date of birth. Most of them are slightly younger than me, but still, like me, from the nineties. We're Gen Y. Though I'm not sure if we're young or not. I've never been very sure. In fact, the team behind the Galaxxia collective, focused on promoting youth-driven culture and labour rights in the cultural sector from a critical, situated, cooperative perspective, says that "the concept of youth is ambiguous and problematic".<sup>2</sup> However, cultural art programmes for young people by public

2. The Galaxxia collective's approaches to the relationship between precarity and youth are presented in their open source online encyclopaedia wiki. galaxxia.org [Accessed 12 June 2023].

institutions define us as 'young' until the age of 35. According to that then we must be. The exhibition is not just a group show but also a community of young subjectivities.

Generation Y (better known in neoliberal western thinking as *millennials*), born between 1981 and 1996, were disparagingly called *ni-nis* (“neither studying nor working”) by the generations before us. We were labelled by commercial sectors and those interested in marketing the generational label as individualistic, narcissistic, apolitical and mistrusting of anything institutional. This was – as Galaxxia have pointed out – because our generational space was itself allergic to labels owing to its intrinsic diversity, which is the source of its sense of agency; and Gen-Y individuals also relate to each other differently from any other generation. In their essay *Ok, Boomer. Reflexiones en torno a trabajo, cultura y juventud*, the collective point out that ‘precariousness’ and ‘millennials’ are today practically inseparable terms:

“These words were given to us by certain elites (the academy of the self-proclaimed Western elite; corporations and their marketing strategies; governments and political parties, whose arguments are more porous to the discourses from above than to the voices from the streets) and in the land of Spain we have more or less incorporated what they represent, bringing them into our own language. These are highly mainstream words, hackneyed, but not yet exhausted, because they can still stir us and affect our emotional states, aesthetics and political being”.<sup>3</sup>

Entering an exhibition during its mounting is like watching a cabinet of curiosities being put together. I look on as an intruder who lets her impulses carry her away. indiscriminately, I pore through the wonders of my generation, sure that if I just stop and listen I’ll find clues here for an aesthetics of respect, co-responsibility and the care of the human and non-human.

3. *Ok, boomer. Reflexiones en torno a trabajo, cultura y juventud* is a fanzine published in January 2020. It brings together #articles posted by Galaxxia on Instagram and includes the prologue which describes the project’s stance and its state at the time of publishing ([http://wiki.galaxxia.org/index.php?title=Hablemos\\_del\\_millennalismo](http://wiki.galaxxia.org/index.php?title=Hablemos_del_millennalismo) [Accessed 12 June 2023]). The fanzine was published with the support of Marri Culiz Editorial of DU-DA.

Marina González Guerreiro is not here. But there is something in her work *Barca, muro, orilla, unos frutos* (Boat, wall, shore, some fruits) that catches my attention. It’s a transparent open bag holding eight plastic tweezers in purple, pink and blue, all clasping strands of hair. As I approach the cabinet where they are exhibited, I find other miniatures of a past life, or of a past that returns like the *fausses ruines* [false ruins] which aestheticized/froze the deconstruction of time and were designed to evoke a melancholy, romantic mood in their observers. The scraps of paper torn loose from the spirals of a school notebook, a bracelet of threads like the ones we used to make with our friends in the idle hours of summer or in the playground, the metal clip of a mouldy dossier, dozens of little notes on folded paper holding secrets that nobody will know, and a heart-shaped gift tag on which we can read on a gold background the words

*Thank you.*

I ask Álvaro Porrás to take me to his installation *Al mirar un bosque, ver camellos* (Looking at a Forest and Seeing Camels). Like Marina's, there are secrets in his work. Secrets to the eye that remind us that not seeing anything intelligible is the new normal. Rabbits that are actually clouds and trains that make up a genre of the camel family. A Turner and a Manet. Or maybe not. Perhaps Álvaro's aesthetic is another. A magic between discourse and noise that moves from generation to generation. Three folds. Dirty, numb data, veiled by the violence and conspiracy of a whole substratum of questions that no longer allow us to continue thinking as we have done until now. Let's start by changing our relationship to ideas, narratives and the old problems. It's time to imagine different relationships with our way of inhabiting the present. Contemporary perception in what calls itself the West is to a large extent a machine-like perception.

I hear a jungle-like sound around me that catches my attention. The sound is odd, but at the same time calm and pleasant, and it creates a hypnotic effect, like magic when it comes into contact with non-physical substances. Magical communication is made possible by mental influence and remote sensing, they say. Mental influence by telekinesis would give rise in 1781 to the steam engine; by levitation, in 1903, to the aeroplane; and, in 1919, to the jetpack. Contact with non-physical entities like virtual assistants, conversational bots or web search engines happens through divination, regression analysis and machine learning. Much like what we see in the work *zgh20050s00676097731* by Diego Navarro and Darío Alva. In it, audiovisual communication only becomes possible through information recovery, databases with diverse typified life forms and their geological environments intersected by algorithms in the hope that a pattern will emerge, and from there new imaginaries and post-human relations. However, there is no need to verify that the results correspond to any empirical reality. Pure political imagination, which we also see in the ancient formalisms called up in Claudia Dyboski's piece *Ecco*. A speculative fiction about what our world and our symbolic practices can become, that might accompany us in formulating questions about the future and investigating the possible consequences of cultural, scientific, social and technological innovations. Fabricating a second nature. Water and polyurethane. Plaster and PVC. String figures. So far.

*Quien nada tiene, al menos posee un cuerpo* (S/he Who Has Nothing, Has at Least a Body) is the title of M Reme Silvestre's site-specific sculptural intervention. Whoever has nothing has a body. A body which is no longer a body. A utopian, post-institutional weave that tenses the walls of Gallery 7. An alternative to the status quo of the old heritage museum. *[DOSMILVINT-I-U] [DOSMILVINT-I-TRES] = 1 encuentro* is an occlusal splint. A dental guard against generational jaw-grinding.