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DIFUSORA

R e n a c e r



Eva Díez

III Premio Galicia
de Fotografía Contemporánea

RENA CER

Eva Díez

DIFUSORA

DE LETRAS, ARTES E IDEAS



Eva Díez

Renacer

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English translation: www.outonofotografico.com/2015/pdf/evadiezgpcg_en.pdf

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2015

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TO PORTRAY THE SPACE AND THE TIME, TO PORTRAY THE LIGHT AND THE ABSENCE

There is in these images
a disturbing calm that
grasps the silence, that
tells the poetic presence

The lens of Eva Díez pays of the shadows, the ending of
attention to those aspects of a life, the fading of the sounds,
reality that the agony of the stones... Here are
hits directly with the viewer>s the landscapes uninhabited of Eva
gaze. There lies the impact of her Díez with which she deserved to be
photography: it traces a landscape the winner of the third edition of
that rises from a dying world, of the Award Galicia of Contemporary
the ruins that refuse to disappear Photography. Scenes of still life
while there is light illuminating inviting us to discover the life
them. The same light that breaks and to enter these houses to feel
in, that faces the darkness. the mystery of their visual poetry.

Whoever approaches these Outono Fotográfico of Ourense, will pictures of Eva Díez will allow us to strengthen the place undoubtedly notice the greatness of Galicia in the international a life without life in the allegory circuit of photography, as well of some abandoned houses that as to continue the promotion of serve as visual symbols and plastic new creations in the contemporary metaphors of our own unconscious. language in this discipline.

Congratulations to the author for the outstanding quality of her images that allow us to see again the work of a great photographer. An artist who brings to this prestigious event the vibrant sound of our vital landscape and the life that inhabits our landscape.

This new Award Galicia of Contemporary Photography, organised under the roof of the

Román Rodríguez González

Minister of Culture,
Education and University
Xunta de Galicia

Already in her work, *Os que habitan* [The ones who inhabit], we can perceive that Eva Díez has a unique and very personal sensitivity in the composition and use of light. A photographic personality strongly evocative of the intangible, of the fantastic and imaginary contained in the material proposal of the image. The quality already anticipated in that work forges with a honourable mention in the International Photography Awards, 2012, and the silver in the category Personal Project of the National Prize of Professional Photography LUX, 2011. In 2014, the Vigo Council publishes *Os que habitan* and the Outono Fotográfico co of Ourense repeats in its catalog, number 32, with a selection that reflects the essence of that series of portraits of animals from tales.

In this new work, *Renacer* [Rebirth], the aesthetic proposal of Eva Díez suggests three visions: First, eminently material: the colour contrast produced by a patient use of the photographic techniques. We see a picture with soft textures, with very different volumes; we see the aesthetic beauty of a ruin, of a disused building.

The second is rawer and harder. The picture of neglect. The portrait of that part of Galicia that did not have continuity, the likely story of a difficult forced migration elsewhere. The bare image, material and direct of the headers holding the sky of a roof that is missing; of the rust of a padlock that captures the air from the holes; of the concrete block taking the place of

the windows through which the light should come in.

The third emphasises what can not be seen in the picture. It is the stage the artist wants to take us to. Overcoming that tense calm of the abandonment that emanates from the first looks at the images and move them to their immaterial plane. Wrap us in the familiar sounds recorded on the walls; on the cry of a child born and raised among them; in the boiling in a pot on an iron stove; in the roaring of an animal in the barn; in the rhythmic snap of the works around the house or at the feet of an old man going down the stairs of the courtyard.

They are the sounds of several consecutive lives in these constructions, understood by the author as vital spaces that hide the facts occurred at a

time long past. Their images are poetic portraits that stimulate the memory and imagination inviting us to evoke a past life that is no longer among the rubble as something that is still there and keeps interacting with us.

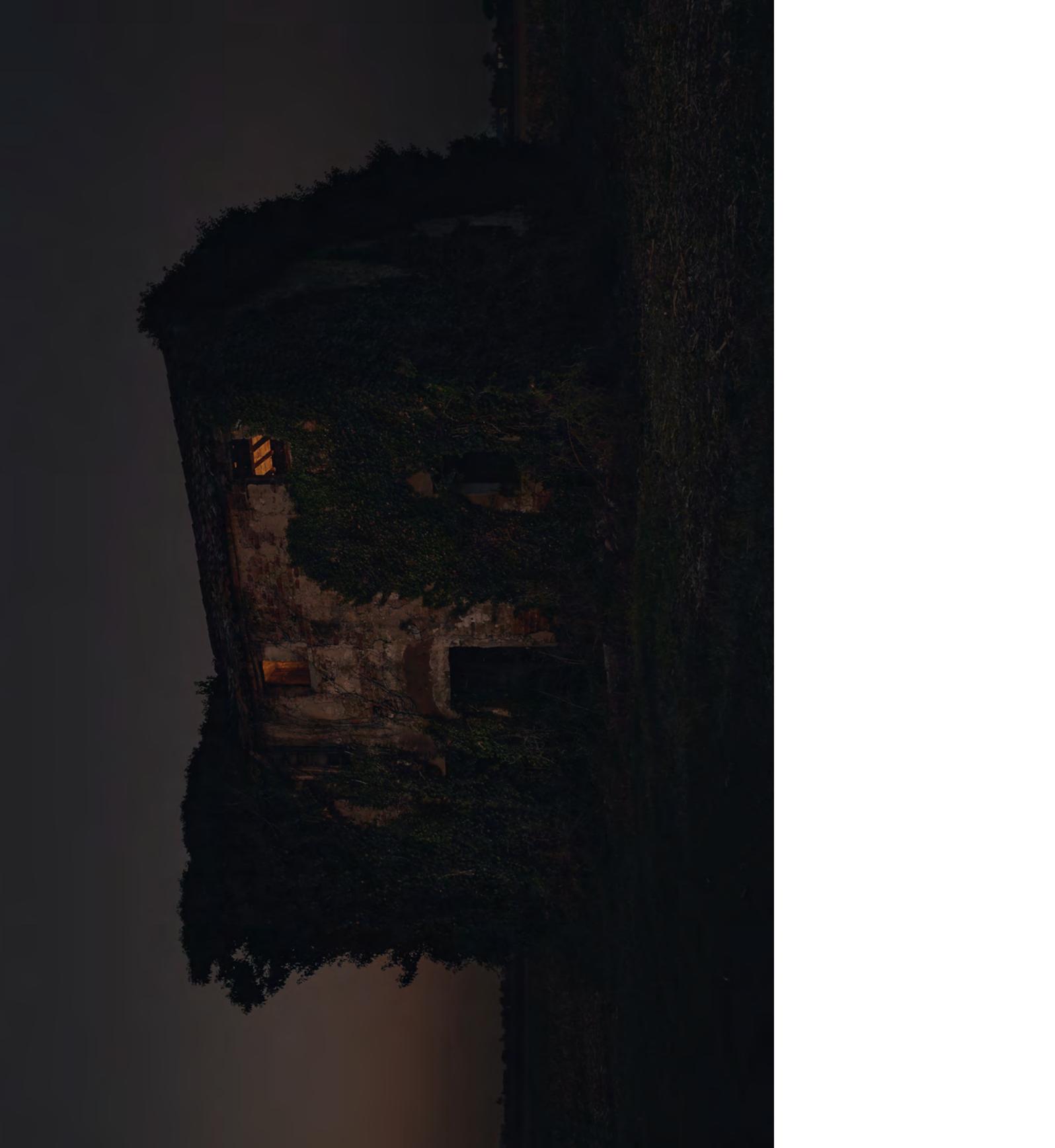
The autumn of the material and immaterial seems rescheduled just before the arrival of the final winter, as if in the captured light it was the last halo of life and all the stories that happened within those open abandoned spaces that once were also intimate. It is a true “rebirth” of these homes and their lives.

Xosé Ferreiro Fernández
Deputy Delegate of Culture
of the Council of Lugo

Eva Díez

Renacer





“It is said that
the eyes are the
windows of the soul
and the windows
are the eyes of the
house”

In this project I represent the home from a symbolic point of view. This work takes place in uninhabited houses; I enter these spaces and return the *light* of a home to its interior.

EVA DíEZ

From the outside, **R e n a c e r**
just at the instant when the sun exhales its
last breath, I

T. Wolfe capture this scene in which that evocative
homey light surfaces through the windows.

It is a poetic image of great serenity,
an image with the ability to open a door
to hope.

That light that faces the darkness has
a lot of human: once again, the darkness
that threatens to swallow the world is the
courageous response of a light turned on.







street would find himself, suddenly, within their warm refuge....

I confess that whenever I visited the countries of northern Europe I felt an enormous envy and also the sigh of belonging to that world that lit the interior of the house with a tender and warm light which, like a beacon in the night, guided and magnetised the passers-by.

WINDOWS THAT ARE BEACONS

Xosé M. Buxán Bran

University of Vigo

Walking on winter nights in Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Belgium and Britain. I remember I would contemplate and admire, surprised, the warm lights that shamelessly leaned out the large windows of every house. Yellow and loving lights, punctual and non-uniform, gently dislodged the heat of the home. Places proud and brave that displayed their intimacy without a hint of shame or guilt, and of course, remorseless. In those houses there were no curtains, thin or thick, neither blinds or shutters, because it was about living free, inwards, claiming it towards the outside, without filters or veils. There, amid a large library, with the background of a picture, alongside furniture and accouterments, the inhabitants stopped, alone or in company, sitting or standing; to read, to have dinner, to watch TV... And they would share all of it with me, the unknown walker that in the icy

Against that, it always came to mind our veiled and cloistered windows, because of the ignorance, the shame and the fear, a clear sign of our long-standing distrust towards the outside and the others'. Not to mention the fluorescent lights of low consumption that homes and businesses often use in Spain; cold and chilling lights in their powerful and searing glare of blue that seem to be of more appropriate use to illuminate the table in a surgery room than to light up the intimacy of a dining table or the calmness of a living room.

I think about this when I look at those houses photographed in the night by the lens of Eva Díez. It seem as if the artist wanted to take us through the photographs towards an ancient and millennial experience where the light coming through the windows of every house, along with the smoke from the chimney, were the password of an ancestral order

based on family life, at home, by the fireplace. This is why the houses of Eva Díez have windows with light, doors with light; homes are not, neither should be, bunkers or hideouts, but balconies, terraces, porches, doors and windows where the air and the light circulate freely, that is, life.

I wonder back about the lands of northern Europe and notice the streets whose darkness is the norm. There it is the right amount of light, even scarce and therefore temperate, the light that allows the night to be, and allows us to feel with joy the darkness and the shadows of objects, nature, people.

Instead, in the streets of the southern cities, artificial light is a debauchery of watts that transfigures night. Our light pollution prevents stargazing, plunge into the blackness of space, in the dark night in which plants and all living things, humans too, we follow the natural cycles of light and darkness.

And yes, Eva Díez also advocates for a more harmonious world photographing light in an atmosphere of shadows and nocturnality that appeases the spirit and reconciles and comforts oneself with the silent darkness of rest and sleep. Representations to cope with the runaway biorhythms of modern life and surrounded every time by striking colours and chromatic stimuli, which are displayed over saturated and plunge us into a continuous orgy of visual

spurs from all types of light sources. These stimuli electrify the mind and the body.

Yes, Eva Díez makes it possible the miracle of anchoring us in a haven of nocturnal silence that fills us with peace and quiet. Her photographs of skies during twilight or at complete night temperate our retinas and our souls and make it possible for the night to become night again.

I now carefully contemplate the architectures photographed by Eva Díez and I relate again all these buildings with the homes from the North that I have always perceived with an architecture of human scale, with a propensity to have a congenial making: neither striking nor heavily embellished, nor neglected. Houses that are, fortunately, old; yes, almost always old, ancient, from all eras and styles.

There they are: intact, as they were made back in the day without “renovations” and external “modernisations” that disfigure them making them unrecognisable compared to what they were at the time of their construction. For that reason, the windows, the woodworks, the galleries, the balconies... remain as they originally were, without enclosures, without “monetising” spaces, without “exploiting” the galleries or shelters as it usually happens, unfortunately, in our latitudes. Because here architecture is destroyed art, full of messes produced by builders, architects and residents. Thousands of



beautiful examples of vernacular architecture, folk architecture or author architecture, or old, or modern that sometimes was abused, sometimes reviled and eventually torn and destroyed.

Then I observe that the houses caught by Eva Díez look like they are fading because of the apathy and neglect, but, fortunately, they remain, nevertheless, alive; agonising, yes, but alive. It is true they have almost fallen roofs, a demolished wall, a fallen floor, but they can still be recovered or restored; the important is that the house stays in the place in its original configuration, in its essential profile of yesterday. As long as it stays there, there is hope for it to stand, to exist. Instead, when the pickaxe destroys it at once and replaces it for the sake of “modernisation” and “arrangement”, for building apartments, then there is no fixing it: the crime is already committed and there is just one more among the other thousands of other urban development crimes regularly committed in all villages, towns and cities of any country.

There is no point in insisting once again on how with the destruction of the architectural heritage we are also losing the memory and history of the place, its inhabitants, their life ways. That is why I find so fascinating the old houses captured by the lens of Eva Díez, who, surrounded by unspoilt landscapes, give us the impression that we are wit-

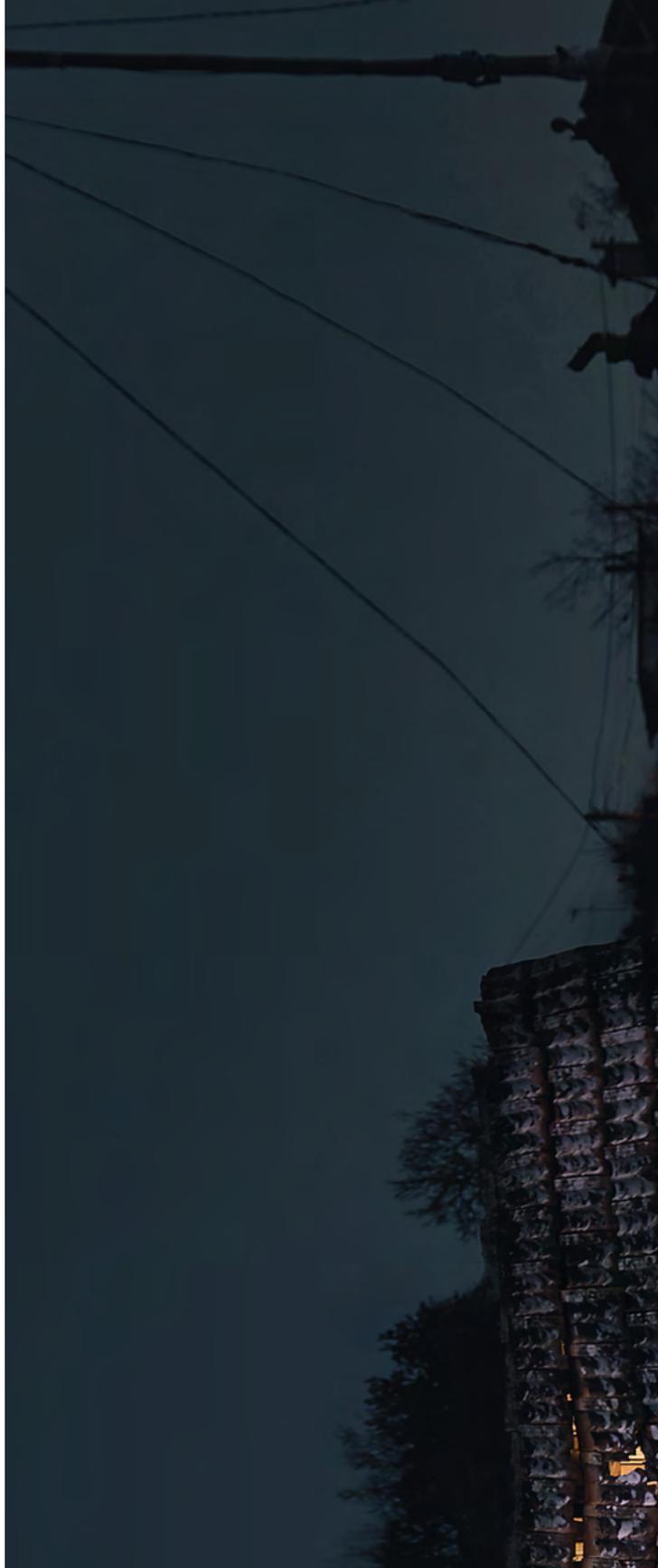
nessing the representation of a fantastic and magic story where everything is unreal and impossible. In the meantime, it seems that the artist is telling us that, on the contrary, the subject depicted is true because she was there and turned on the lights of these homes, because she went into their rooms and because, eventually, she could take those pictures to give testimony of their existence, of their energy.

From many points of view, this work of Eva Díez surpasses the mere photograph beauty of a calendar. Because this series of photographs of Eva Díez is loaded with readings... also political. That is why I am writing here about lighting in architecture and in the streets in different parts of Europe, and that is why I speak to you of the houses and architecture.

The lit houses of Eva Díez are much more than delicate postcards; the houses she lights up at night are claiming, like a torch in a revolt, the energy of an old country where life was built with foundations of communion among the elements. When Eva Díez chooses those old mansions and turns on the lights indoors, as their residents once did, she is giving new life and energy to that long night of sleep those places were confined to. Opening to the light these delicate houses, Eva Díez awakes us from the blindness towards irrational progress that glass and concrete infringe on the landscape and, by extension, in our souls.



...the house is our small corner
of the world. It is ... / ... our
first universe. It is truly a
cosmos. A cosmos in the whole sense
of the term.



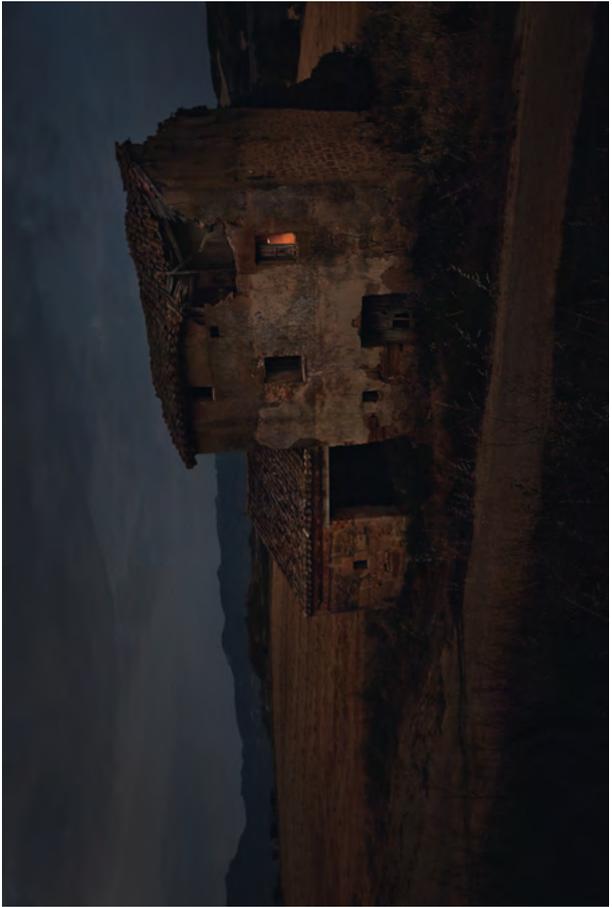


Gaston Bachelard, *La poétique de l'espace*,
1957, Presses Universitaires de France, Paris





BONANOVA



Texts selected by Eva Díez

Gaston

Bachelard,

La poétique de l'espace, 1957.

Presses Universitaires de France, Paris

We must look first in the multiple home centres of simplicity. As Baudelaire says: in a palace «there are small corners for intimacy».

But simplicity, sometimes praised too rationally, is not a source of *oneirism* of great power. We must get to the primitiveness of the refuge. And beyond the experienced situations, we must discover the dreamt situations. Beyond the positive memories that are material for a positive psychology, we must open again the field of primitive images that were perhaps the fixing centres for the memories that remained.

The demonstration of imaginary primitivisms can be done even on that being, solid in the memory, which is the birth home.

The hermit's hut! Here is a princeps engraving! The real images are engravings. Imagination fix them in our memory. Deepen vivid memories, move vivid memories to turn them into memories of the imagination. The hermit's hut is a topic that needs no changes. From the simplest evocation "the phenomenological

bang" deletes the mediocre resonances. The hermit's hut is an engraving which would be harmed by an excessive picturesque. It must receive its truth of the intensity of its essence, the essence of the verb to inhabit. Soon the cabin is centred solitude. In the Fairyland there is not dividing hut. The geographer can bring us, from his remote travels, photographs of villages composed of cabins. Our legendary past transcends all that has been seen, everything we live personally. The image leads us. We go to the extreme loneliness. The hermit is alone before God. His cabin is the advance of the monastery. Around that centred loneliness it radiates a universe that prays and meditates, a universe outside the universe. The cabin can not receive any wealth "of this world". It has a happy intensity of poverty. The hermit's hut is a glory of poverty. From remains it remains it gives us access to the absolute refuge.

This appreciation of a centre of concentrated solitude is so strong, so primitive, so unquestioned, that the image of distant light serves as a reference of images located with less accuracy. Does Henry David Thoreau perhaps hear «the horn in the deep of the woods»? This image of centre not well determined, this sonorous image that fills the nocturnal nature suggests to him an image of repose and confidence: «That sound -he says in *A philosopher in the forests-* is so friendly as the remote candle of the hermit».¹

And us, that we remember in which intimate valley the yesteryear horns still sound, why do we immediately accept the common friendship of the sound world awakened by the horn and the hermit's world illuminated by the distant light? How is that so rare images in life have such power over the imagination?

The big images have both a history and a pre-history. They are always memory and legend at once. The image is never lived in first instance. Every big image has an oneiric background that is unfathomable and over that background the personal past puts its peculiar colours. Therefore, the course of life is already very advanced when an image is really worshipped discovering its roots beyond the history fixed in the memory. In the realm of the absolute imagination remains a new one until very late. We must lose the earthly paradise to live truly in it, to live in the reality of its images, in the absolute sublimation that transcends all passion. A poet meditating on the life of a great poet, Victor-Émile Michelet meditating on the work of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, writes: «Oh! We must advance in age to conquer the youth, to release it of the barriers, to live according to the initial impulse».

Poetry does not give much nostalgia of the youth, which would be vulgar, but the nostalgia of the expressions of the youth. It offers us the images we should have imagined in the «initial im-

pulse» of the youth. The princeps images, the simple engravings, the dreams of the house are other many invitations to imagine again. They give us back the rooms of the being, homes of the being, were the certainty of being concentrates. It would seem that inhabiting such images, images so stabilising, we will start a new life, a life that would be ours, that would belong to us in the depths of the being.

After the light of the remote cabin of the hermit, symbol of the man that stays awake, a considerable archive of literary documents relating to the poetry of the house could be exploited, under the only sign of the lamp that shines in the window. It would be necessary to put this image under the dependence of one of the greatest theorems of the imagination of the world of light: everything shiny sees. Rimbaud said in three words that cosmic theorem: «the nacre sees».² The lamp stays awake, therefore it watches; the more narrow is the thread of light, the sharper is the watch. The lamp in the window is the eye of the house. In the realm of imagination the lamp never lights up in the outside. It is an enclosed light that can only leak outside. A poem written with the title «Between walls» begins:

Une lampe allumée derrière la fenêtre
Veille au cœur secret de la nuit

[A lamp lit behind the window / watches on the secret heart of the night.]

Some verses before, the poet says:

Du regard emprisonné

*Entre ses quatre murs de pierre.*³

[The prisoner look / among its four stone walls.]

In the novel Hyacinthe, written by Henri Bosco, which with another story, *Le jardin d'Hyacinthe*, is one of the most amazing psychological novels of our time, a lamp awaits in the window. For it the home waits. The lamp is the sign of a great hold.

By the light of the distant house, the house sees, stays awake, watches, waits.

When I sweep up in the intoxication of inventions between the dream and reality, this picture comes to me: the distant house and its light is for me, before me, the house that looks towards the outside -it was the one!- through the opening of the lock. Yes, there is someone at home who watches, there is a man who works there while I dream, a stubborn existence while I pursue futile dreams. Only because of its light the house is human. It sees like a man. It is an eye open to the night.

And other endless images come to bloom the poetry of the house at night. Sometimes it glows. Like

a firefly in the grass, the being of lonely light:

*Je verrai vos maisons comme des vers luisants
au creux des collines.*⁴

[I'll see your houses as fireflies in the openings of hills.]

Another poet names the houses that shine on the earth «grass stars». Christiane Barucoa also says of the lamp in the human home:

Étoile prisonnière prise au gel de l'instant.

[Imprisoned star trapped in the ice of time.]

It seems that in these images the stars in the sky come to inhabit the Earth. The houses of men form constellations on Earth.

G. E. Clancier, with ten villages and their light, preaches on the earth a constellation of Leviathan:

Une nuit, dix villages, une montagne,

Un léviathan noir clouté d'or

[One night, ten villages, a mountain / A black Leviathan studded with gold.]

(G. E. Clancier, *Une voix*, Gallimard, p. 172.)



Erich Neumann studied the dream of a patient who, looking from the top of a tower, he could see the stars rise and shine on earth. They sprouted from the bosom of the earth; in this obsession the land was not a simple picture of the starry sky. It was the great mother producer of the world, producing the night and the stars.⁵ In the dream of his patient Neumann shows the strength of the archetype of the earth-mother, of the Mutter-Erdre. The poetry comes naturally from within a dream that insists less than nighttime dreams. It only is the «ice of an instant». But this does not make the poetic document less significant. An earth sign sets on a creature of the sky. Therefore, the archaeology of the images remains illuminated by the quick image, by the image snapshot of the poet.

We develop in all these aspects a picture that might seem trivial to demonstrate that the images can not stay still. In the poetic dream, unlike the dream of drowsiness, there is never sleeps. It needs, from the simplest image, to make the waves of imagination to radiate. But as much as the lonely home lighten by the star of its lamp becomes cosmic, it always imposes as solitude: we transcribe a final text that emphasises such loneliness.

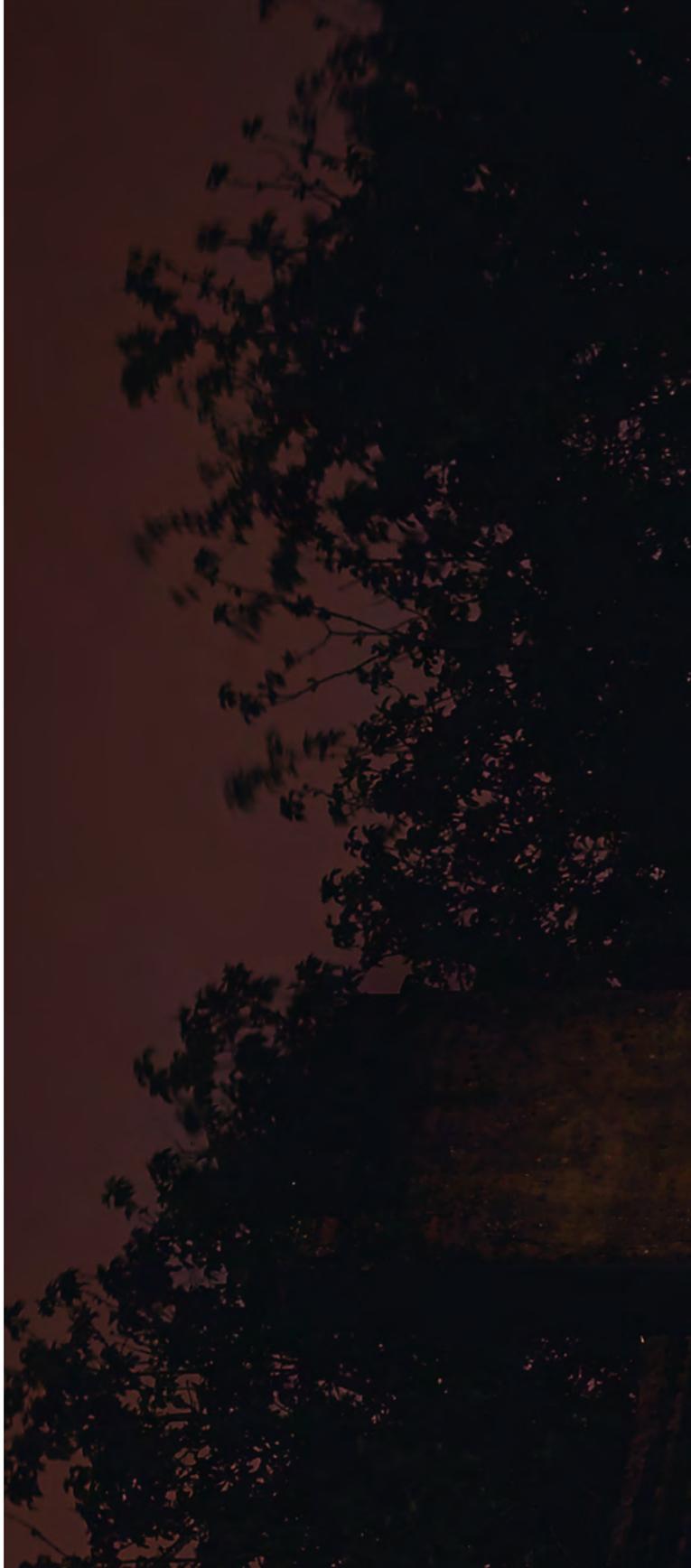
In the fragments of a private diary reproduced against a selection of letters from Rilke the following scene can be found: Rilke and two of his

colleagues noticed in the deep night “the lighted window of a distant cabin, the last hut, the one sitting alone at the horizon before the fields and the pond”. This image of a symbolised solitude by a single light moves the heart of the poet, touches him in a so personal manner that he becomes isolated from his colleagues. Rilke adds, speaking of the group of three friends: “Although we were very close to each other, we were three isolated people who see the night for the first time.” Expression we will not meditate ever enough because the most trivial of the images, an image that the poet quite surely saw hundreds of times, suddenly receives the sign of “the first time” and conveys that sign to the familiar night. We can not say that light, coming from a lone watchman, a stubborn watchman, acquires the power of hypnotism. We are hypnotised by solitude, hypnotised by the look of the lonely house. The tie that binds us to it is so strong that we no longer dream of more than a solitary house in the night:

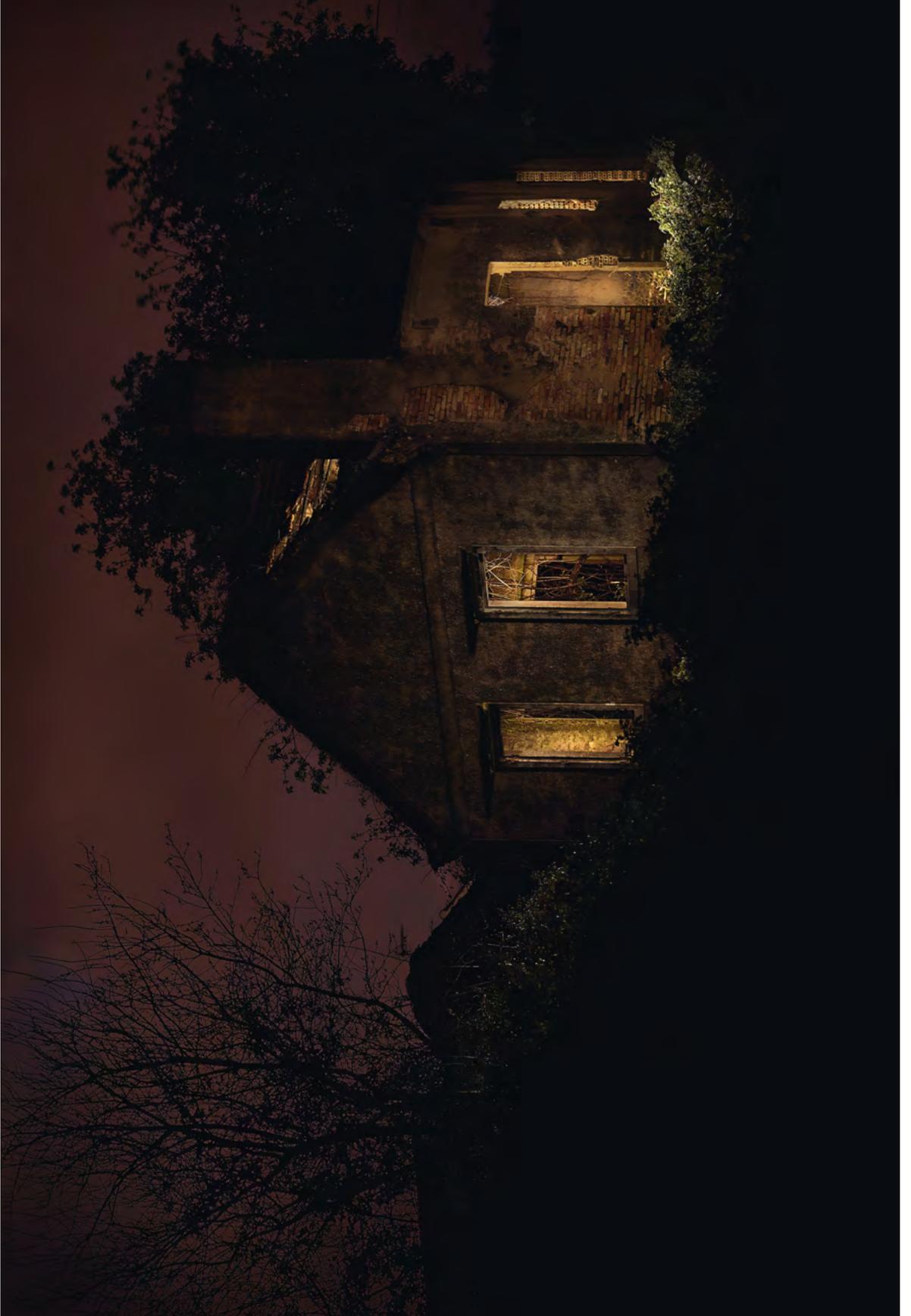
*O Licht im schlafenden Haus!*⁷

[Hi, light in the asleep home!]

1. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden or Tije in the woods*.
2. Rimbaud, *Oeuvres complètes*, ed. Grand-Chêne, Lausanne, p. 321.
3. Christiane Barucq, *Antée*, Cahiers de Rochefort, p. 5.
4. Hélène Morange, *Asphodèles et pervenches*, Seghers, p. 29.
5. Erich Neumann, *Eranos-Jahrbuch*, 1955, pp. 40-41.
6. Rilke, *Choix de Lettres*, ed. Stock, 1934, p. 15.
7. Richard von Schaukal, *Anthologie de la poésie allemande*, ed. Stock, II, p. 125.





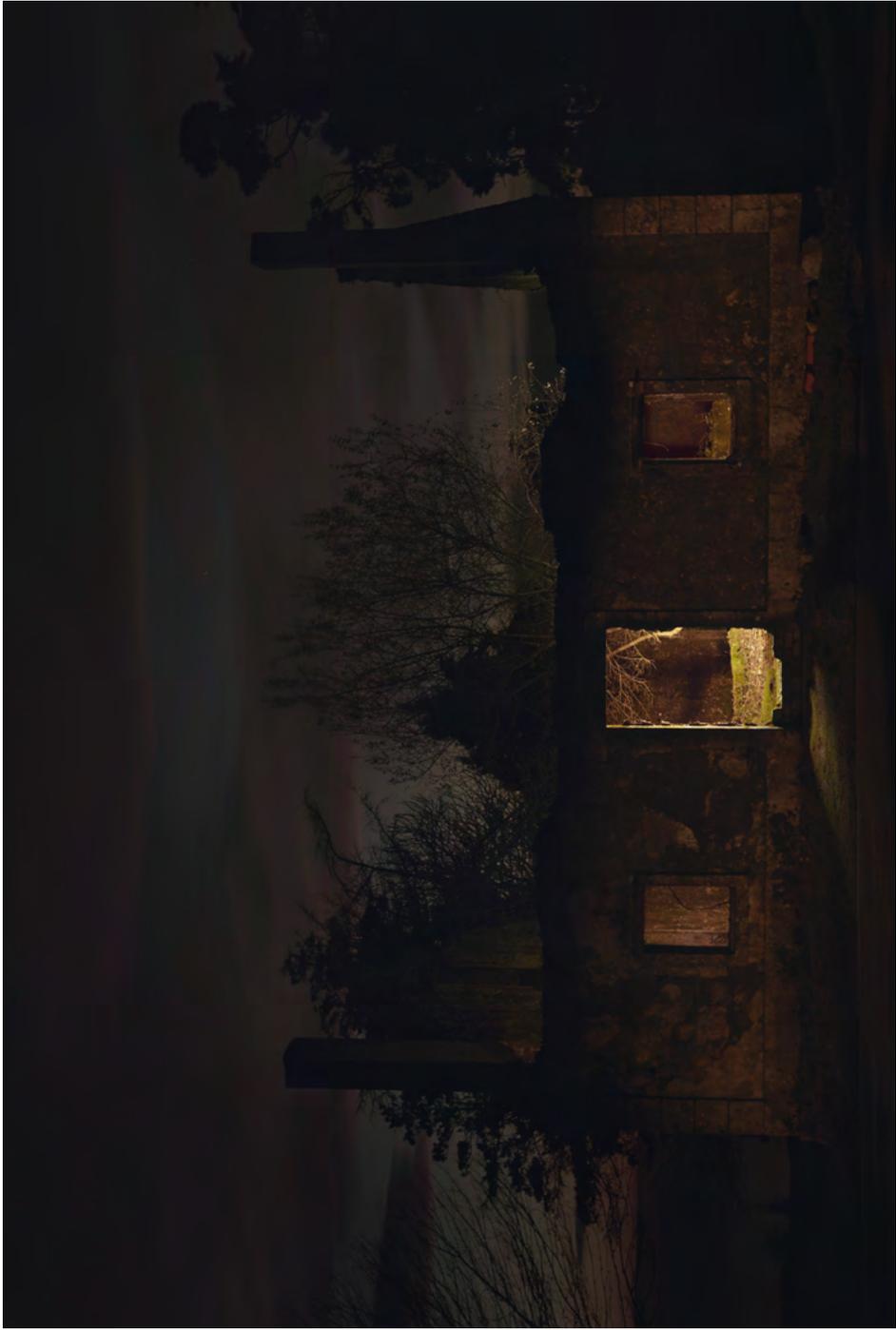












TO TURN GREEN THE MEMORY

Vítor Nieves

Curator

Eva is looking for something. The particular wandering of the thoughts always connected to a vital migration leads her to meditate on the space of comfort and the ubiquity of it. That space conceived as a den of tranquillity, something already recurrent in her work. She constantly changes the concept of habitability, breaks away from the stereotypes and goes in and out to confront the House.

The herbs dry in the fields
and return green,
so do old loves
when they see again.

Anonymous, the traditional songbook.
Gathered in 1986.

She is one of those artists with a deep slow

speech, because she likes seeing before taking a picture. She is an slave of the thought and escapes from jamming images compulsively, chews her environment and embraces philosophies. Incidentally she has slow digestions. She does not conceive the world of photography as a simple absurd collection of images that the spirit of cutthroat consumption leads the author to a maelstrom of bidimension-

al belongings that fill bags and messes the way. Eva Diez photographs to understand, and after drawing long times, she fixes on paper that gained knowledge to share it in an attempt of a new feedback from the spectator to appropriate herself of new visions of her cosmos.

Formally, «0s que habitan» [Those who inhabit it] (her previous essay) and “Renacer” [Rebirth] resemble to the neophyte eyes distant jobs. They are. In time and maturity. But not in the way she relates with the surrounding and with that search for the concept of House as a shelter or home.

As in a traditional copla that serves as a header to this text, Eva Díez turns the houses green in the point and time she comes to see them and she establishes a relationship with them that we could compare in many ways to love. In that proceeding to staging -habitual in her work- she gives light to the stones that once upon a time were homes, humanising them to find the heat they already lost through the cracks that open to the voracious nature.



Far from falling into aesthetic artifices, as had happened in her previous work, the relationship she establishes with the photographed goes beyond the lighting and the *atrezzo*, because for the artist it is more important the vital than the click itself, that trivialises and demystifies in a moment that could even not be made by her. The relationship with the ruins becomes a paradoxical exercise in which, aiming the reconciliation with the House as a starting point and main centre and shelter, she just is able to find more questions that transports the spectator.

When she immerses herself in her work she gets into the history of the house, she becomes intoxicated with the stories that echo in the tumbling walls to have a relationship that does not stay as a simple photographic record. This way, the lighting she gifts the ruins leads us quickly to a past that becomes continuous present of what within the rooms of the house had happened. She tells us of the human, the routines, traditions, family stories, and stories that overrode the walls of the house to be the domain of the closest community.

We are facing the photographic essay chosen as the best job in Galicia this year. Díez's work is a photographic project that makes visible in a radical way the essential oppositions of photogra-

phy: light and darkness, foreground and background anchored by insinuations of middle planes, emptiness and thus presence beyond what we see. Renacer registers an oxymoron: an extraordinary beauty, indeed, disturbing.

The impact of her photography lies in building a landscape that rises from a dying world, from the ruins that refuse to disappear whenever there is light illuminating them. The same light that faces the darkness that condemns them to oblivion. The same light that Eva just provided for the shootings.

In the pictures there is a troubling calm that freezes the silence, that tells the poetic presence of the shadows, the dead of life, the fading of the sounds, the agony of the stones... Dreams images that return the human warmth of the home back to the decadent remains and invite us to enter these houses to feel the mystery of their visual poetry and perhaps revive what once was.













