

Intro

“as long as someone believes in an idea, that idea stays alive...” Jose ortega y Gasset.

Pag7.- evolution-graffiti-activities-exhibitions-collaborations-music-comissioned works-paintings and drawings- the story...

Pag9.-sex, el niñodelaspinturas entered the world of graffiti around 1991. Since then, his need to have paint in hand has led him to commit all kinds of atrocities...

Pag14.-no matter what the land register says, the city belongs to everyone. And if some of those who live there enter into dialogue with the walls, the streets, the signs or markers, the results should be at least as valid as official projects assigned to urban planners of questionable honesty... “onward to victory, stencil” ED.SIGLOxXi.

Pag16.-“el niños” paintings are usually accompanied by more or less hidden inscriptions. Most often these are aphorisms, compelling slogans, or ways of interrogating the viewer. “El niño”, quite a good writer himself, in fact a better writer than many poets, who falls into the occasional spelling error on his website, writes in a message on the Cuesta Escoriaza: “I do things that I break/ to later fix them/ to break them again/ I spend my time/ and time runs out.../and life doesn’t wait...”. Next to this legend we see a pile of spent spray cans, and a boy lying among them as if in a state of contemplative penitence, as though trying to figure out if there is a way of growing up without pain or fear. I remember that some years back, “El niño de las pinturas” had an odd experience – he was simultaneously fined and awarded a prize by a government institution. Thanks to his habit of playing out his dreams on outside walls, he was awarded a trophy. At the same time, he received a 900 euro fine. The fine was for a graffiti painted on a wall behind the Andalusia Library. Although in the end, I think, the fine was luckily annulled, the incident seems quite graphic to me. All walls have two sides. The supposed benefits of being a young artist, as well...

Andres Neuman

Pag22.-“only those who renounce victory and defeat will find their path...”Granada2001 plazadelcarmen.

Pag24.-“I’ve got a hole in my pocket, and everything that I love falls out...”

Pag34.-“I look into your eyes and wonder what colour are your dreams, are they red or yellow or blue like mine...I look into your eyes and wonder how far this will go...If it’s madness that I’m feeling or if I’m feeling mad myself, inside that madness...tell me, tell me if what I do is wrong... niñoazul1998

Pag36.-“...impossible thoughts in search of impossible answers hide the fear of searching for things that can be found...”

Pag39.-“ at times my words are wasted silences...”

Pag40.-“And that night/the sky cried for me.../and that night/I passed by endless smiles.../and that night/they pried into my chest/in order to find you/emerging from within...”

Pag50.-“Free food and lodging...”

-“Where is that which you most like about her-him-me-you?”

Pag52.- Graffiti is a paradoxical art. His paintings seek to impact, and yet are ephemeral. They feed off the strength of the cement, of the spectacular size of the walls; yet at the same time they suffer a fragile birth, depending on luck in order to last for some time. A work of graffiti invades...and runs the risk of being invaded. It audaciously appropriates a medium that in fact can never be its own. As an individual and clandestine gesture, graffiti is fated to attract the collective gaze and accompany public thoroughfares. Its authors are huge dwellers of the periphery, timid exhibitionists. These tensions live within the heart of the graffiti, issuing in fascinating art.

The finest assailant of walls that I have seen works in Granada. His calling is to enchant facades and transmute corners. His whispered name is Raul, but everyone in town knows him as “El niño de las pinturas”, or the Boy of the Paintings. Anyone who has walked through the city in recent years has taken notice of his work. I have empirical proof of his magnetic powers: any time someone visits me from outside of Granada, inside of a day or two they’ll tell me that they’ve just discovered some beautiful graffiti, and have taken photos as a memory. When they describe them, I realize that once again, someone’s attention has been grabbed by the graffiti of “El niño de las pinturas”. “El niño”’s style is quite recognizable, with its hyper-real silhouettes, it’s dreamy, comic touch and certain floating sensation. He makes particular use of red and blue tones – a mixture of passion and sadness. His favourite characters are, of course, children – creatures that transmit a strange sort of desolation. Babies, children and adolescents who, despite their distinguished father, always seem to be orphans absorbed in helplessness. “El niño”’s children seem to be locked up within themselves, while at the same time inviting us to participate in their moods – a truly rare quality among graffiti artists. When they smile, his characters appear to be enveloped in a placid evening light, as if we had surprised them in the midst of some game. Certain figures, usually feminine, prefer to partially cover part of their face with their arm, watching over the street with an enigmatic eye. Others, meanwhile, tend to show their distant pain through a gaze of elegant violence. All of these figures hold within them a kind of terrible tenderness. Our strolls are never the same after having gazed upon them.

Although “El Niño”’s colourful family is widely spread out over the city, I have a special fondness for the graffiti found in the Realejo neighbourhood. I imagine that he does also; we both live there. To provide an historical neighbourhood like the Realejo with such a dose of

modernity seems to me to be an intrepid and necessary idea. The results of his antics can be found along Santiago, Pavaneras and San Matias streets, as well as other places. Yet perhaps the most outstanding work can be seen in the dazzling stretch that "El niño" has put up, with the help of other graffiti artist friends, along the Cuesta de Escoriaza. If this space is respected and protected, it is sure to become an emblematic site. Raul's own home sits at the bottom of the hill and its imaginary forest. It's no surprise to find that, while showing visitors the paintings in the Realejo, the artist himself appears, as though emerging from the walls...

Andres Neuman

Pag54.- They are verbs tossed to the ground/ they are risky lies / that trace a path / they are marked cards in a dance / of fate / and still without a closing date... / this grows and grows / without restraint / to the sound of music / from these strange times in which we live..."

Pag56.- places abandoned to their fate. Playgrounds for lost children

Pag63.-"it's a dark world....light up your part...."

Pag67.- The future of art is everywhere, even in museums, but it can especially be seen in a careful observation of the moving of the clouds, in the song of new springtime leaves, in the unforgettable way the four winds have of playfully blowing through young girls' hair..."
moebius

Pag143.- Nothing is gold/ nothing glitters / nothing is the name/ of something that does not exist...

Pag146,147.- Nocturnal strolls through the streets, past little corners, cracks, shadows...Not much paint but lots of transformation...I understand every corner...paying attention to each detail...rediscovering what the city is now...

Pag152.- my education has lacked professors, but not maestros...

Pag157.- and I await my moment...whenever it may arrive...

Pag162.- Only by paying attention to the small things can we forget the big ones

Pag164.-I shed my skin, a hundred times / until I don' t know you // now my heart is tied in braids / sometimes it leaves home / it walks barefoot / and dances at teatime // yet it trembles / when I tell it / that you still have my clothes hung / my eye-liner in your bathroom / and my friends

Fatima Alonso

165.-“Time is yours, don’t let them fool you....”

Pag174.-The best artist is the one who incorporates the greatest number of his best ideas in the sum total of his work...

John Ruskin

Pag184.-“diruak ez zaitu betetzen”-money doesn’t fill you up

Pag187.-“Progress destroys our roots...and when they are gone, we will miss them...”

Pag198.- Early morning. The lonely city offers the imagination a submerged and deserted multi-stage scene. A high wall suddenly stops him, detaining him, beckoning him to love. Rising before him, the great screen makes offerings, incites him, bringing out emotions that now flower – close by and alive. They strive to jump out and express themselves, under the solitary moon, like tangible, concrete realities. The moment is here. Repression sleeps. No one is watching over the act about to happen. The intellectual discourse clamours to escape and “write itself”. There, in the rucksack resting on the ground, the spray cans show their little, cylindrical bodies, calling to him with cries of various tones and colours. Sex leaves the eyes half closed. He thinks and invokes the presence of the Muse of lime and cement to this blind date. And she arrives. She arrives and opens herself out like a wicked flower blossoming among smoke and perfume in the open air. She delivers herself onto the wall, awaiting the instantaneous burst. The sacred copulation takes place. And Sex vomits out beings with enormous eyes that see all – looking at everything, investigating everything. Pensive beings with luminous eyes arising from the dream of the reason...and they express themselves on the wall so that we can all participate in their existence...an existence that, like any mortal, is also ephemeral...as also is the art upon the wall that almost always awaits (or has awaited) the speculator’s pick, the bulldozer of he who filthily enriches himself, staining the city with his damaging attitude.

Carmelo Sánchez Muros

Pag202.-“The wall like a canvas, the street as museum, art as life”

At times, certain things occur with no apparent motive or justification, full of complicity and meaning for those who experience them. They usually arrive directly, leaving you with no doubt that you are precisely where you should be, you smile, sensing with a newfound intensity the great mechanism of which you are part...but for this to happen, you must surrender to the flow of life...

Ernesto is a real person, just like you or I, and we can sense ourselves reflected in some of his experiences since, quite beyond what we know, there is a small window from which one can see that we are all but a thread in the great spider web embracing our lives.

Ernesto's father died when he was just 8 years old, and his widowed mother decided to move to Madrid, where she found work. She managed to enter Ernesto into a nearby school and rent a small flat, thus starting out anew, alone, with her son.

In summer she would go with Ernesto to Bergara, the town of her birth, in order to spend time with her mother, and so that her mother could enjoy her grandson. The summers of his adolescence were magical for him. His grandmother had an old, completely out-of-tune piano, but Ernesto didn't care. Those sounds were marvellous to him, and he would spend hours in front of what he called his music box. He passed his time drawing and dreaming, until he met Lucia, his first love. In the afternoons they would ride on his bicycle, always carrying an old telescope, staying out till night-time watching the stars. The end of the summer was a shock for Ernesto, having to separate from Lucia and return to Madrid.

Thanks to the complicity of his grandmother, he could exchange letters with Lucia throughout the summer.

By springtime, Lucia's parents decided to move, and they lost contact.

Before the next summer arrived, his mother unexpectedly died, and a weakened Ernesto went back to live with his grandmother. With great patience and love, she helped him overcome the great challenges he'd had to confront.

She also helped him be close to the places he's spent time in with Lucia. He studied art, and had many interesting conversations with his grandmother. But in spite of his attempts at searching her out, he had no more news of Lucia.

On the day of his 19th birthday, his grandmother had a big surprise waiting for him. A surge of emotion shot through Ernesto's entire body when she handed him the well-wrapped gift, for when he opened it with trembling hands, he beheld the long box. Crying with emotion, he looked at his grandmother, who was also moved to tears. It was Lucia's telescope! There it was, radiant in spite of the passing of the years. And together with the instrument was a small envelope containing a photo of Lucia looking through the telescope. On the back was written: "IF YOU DREAM ALONE, IT'S NOTHING BUT A DREAM, BUT IF WE ARE THE ONES WHO DREAM, WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN." Moved, he pressed the envelope onto his chest and remained silent for a long time.

The months passed by and Ernesto recovered hope. He wanted to return to Madrid to study fine arts. He worried about leaving his grandmother alone, but she encouraged him to go. She felt fine in spite of her age, and had always gotten on well alone.

Once in Madrid he found a part-time job to pay for his studies, and formed a group of friends, among whom drugs and sex were never lacking. Over time he received less and less letters from

his grandmother. His life was not particularly exciting.

The following year he received a letter from his grandmother, along with another from Lucia. In it she'd sent a photo of a work of graffiti, in which one could see a child with a lost look, and a sentence that read, TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK WHEN YOUR EYES ARE OPEN. On the back she wrote I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, vacations in Granada. He felt invaded by this familiar sensation, one that he hadn't felt since his grandmother had given him the telescope for his birthday. If Lucia still loved him, why didn't she leave an address where he could find her? But Ernesto had by now learned not to hold on to painful feelings, and tried in vain to separate Lucia from his mind.

Some months later he was awakened by a telephone call with the sad news of his grandmother's death. He returned to the town. Once in the house, he found a pair of boxes that his grandmother had left for him. He opened the boxes and the first thing that he saw was another letter from Lucia. She apologized for not having written for so long – but told him to have patience, that everything would work out, that she would soon be free from the ties of her parents and that she would write again soon. Most importantly, she told him that she would try to send an address where he could write her. Lucia had been in the town two weeks before his grandmother died. They had spent an entire day together, and his grandmother had told Lucia of her grandson's feelings towards her – how he'd never managed to forget her.

So now, full of painful memories and nostalgia, he felt deeply sad over the loss of his grandmother. Yet he also thought that she had lived out the cycle of her life, not like his parents...now he was really alone.

Pag204.-Each morning, it was the hope of seeing Lucia again that woke him up. The rest of his day he was occupied with drawing, while he dreamed of Lucia's whereabouts, of what she would be like now...he thought about how situations can take you to one place or another, and about how complicated life can be.

The letter that his grandmother had left him was a bit brief. She only told him that her time on this earth was coming to an end, and that for him it was now time to wake up and take the bull by its horns, as she would say. She also told him that she had left him his beloved music box, the house, and a very special suitcase...which would help him to understand the PATH. She wrote that last word in large letters, as though she wanted to stress its importance. Finally, she told him to have patience with Lucia, for the stars showed that they would be together again soon.

Summer came, and Ernesto decided to spend it in Granada, in the hope that perhaps Lucia would return again that year. He met Rafael not long afterwards, and asked if he could show

him the most authentic parts of the city. While they were returning from a visit to the Alhambra, which impressed Ernesto with its beauty, they walked back down through a neighbourhood called the Realejo. There they passed many works of graffiti quite similar to the one that Lucia had sent in her photo. Reaching the bottom of the hill, they decided to rest in a shady plaza along a curve. A strange sensation came over Ernesto as he realized that the nearby houses were also covered with graffiti. They continued walking down, and stopped to drink some water from a fountain at the lower end of the plaza. Ernesto turned around and was amazed by another graffiti – a girl much like Lucia peered through the same telescope that he still had. This set off an explosion of adrenaline such as he'd never felt before. Yet this would not be his only surprise. Crossing the street and descending a stairway he came across yet more graffiti, and he couldn't believe his own eyes – it was as a dream. Three different drawings were painted on the wall of some ruins, but Ernesto perceived them as one. In front was the figure of an old woman who looked a lot like his grandmother. The centre drawing portrayed a boy with his back to him, sitting and playing the piano. And on his right, two children riding a bicycle with a telescope. He stood in silence with his friend beside him, unable to understand his surprise. Ernesto lifted his gaze and they continued on down the hill to the bottom, where they parted.

Pag225.-Ernesto had trouble sleeping that night. He felt that this was all more than a simple coincidence. He expected something to happen, maybe even finding Lucia... his life was taking a turn. The next morning he returned to the Graffiti plaza, hoping to find something new. He spent days reading and re-reading the papers that his grandmother had left in the box, especially a manual that spoke of a language he'd never heard of – synchrodestiny – the language of signs.

The summer was reaching its end, and he'd lost hope of seeing Lucia, when his friend Rafael invited him to dinner at a vegetarian restaurant in the neighbourhood. He thought of turning down the offer with some kind of excuse, but again was overcome with a strange sensation to let things happen. He somewhat reluctantly agreed to meet that very night.

Upon entering the restaurant he came across a new graffiti – a squatting girl with her back to him seemed to be gazing off into infinity. To her left was a girl with oriental features. The work included some suggestive words that only the waitress, surprisingly similar to the girl in the painting, was able to decipher: “IF YOU DREAM ALONE, IT'S ONLY A DREAM, BUT IF SEVERAL ARE DREAMING, REALITY IS BEGINNING.”

The double meaning for him was clear. He had a feeling that Lucia was near; the air around him was full of complicity, as if at any moment Lucia would come through the door. He smiled, and everything took on a new meaning. In a way difficult to explain, he felt full of gratitude towards everyone and towards life in particular. With a newly felt intensity, he sensed the great mechanism of which everyone is part, and how we are all only a thread of this great spider web that embraces us all, and how he and Lucia were united within this great web. He understood that he had to let himself go with the flow of life, and follow the signs of his PATH.

Txel y Jose

Pag207.-Many small people / in many small places / will do small things / that will transform the world.

Eduardo galeano

Pag222.-Listening to the world of silence/ the road loses its path / and the labyrinth we carry within / lets the walls fall down.

Pag230.-There are writings in your soul / secrets that hold the wind... / there are footprints in the ground / that will be erased before they are left... / there are lost bags / searching for their owner / without direction...

Pag232.-I close my eyes and listen to your voice.../ at times you whisper to me.... / other times you scream...

Pag249.-Once there was a lost child / he played with the stars and counted the secret clouds that held the wind...

Pag251.-He searched beneath the stones and behind his shadow, but he never found it. He asked the highest mountains and the oldest of the elderly / but no one gave him an answer:

Pag253.-One day he was jumping from planet to planet when he tripped on a can...which sounded like a rattler / he picked it up and pressed on its head.

Pag254.-A coloured flame inundates all

Pag256.-.....and then the boy continued to colour his path...

Pag257.-....and in this way he searches himself...finds himself.....

Tom Lardner