

## **Podría haberse evitado**

(Luis López Navarro)

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### **A Southern Tragedy**

Hidden in the mountain, a man is watching. A tragedy is unfolding before his eyes. He attentively observes the individuals who are discreetly yet inconspicuously moving around the territory and records all the information.

The investigator does not know yet what he is consigning; he's still missing elements to complete the whole picture, get a sense of what is actually going on at his feet, but he does not want to miss anything. He does not need to move to grasp the whole scene; from his position, everything is available to his gaze: men walking around in open spaces, traffic, transit; men waiting, hideaways and hideouts, furtive conversations, notices and deliveries; open land where no one ever goes, houses under construction, crime scenes; crossroads, cars with open doors, ways to escape.

### **This can't be a coincidence**

The information is there, but the keys to analyze it are missing. What is the crime? Is there a victim? Who is this man? The Mayor? Is he involved? How? What is happening?

### **A Western**

One has to be particularly attentive, because the key could be found behind any detail.

Now, it is up to us to fill in the blanks. The framework is established: characters, spaces, relationships. We now have a structure for the clandestine, a topography of the obscure. We have a story, but no details: the trailer of a movie. A western, large open spaces, with no one, and no society nor law, only individuals and a territory. A disturbing Mediterranean spaghetti western. Or an insane mysterious scheme in a world with blurred boundaries where the dead and the crime call on the subconscious.

### **Suspicion**

When suspicion emerges, when trust has been shaken, everything becomes suspicious, forever. From there, the world can no longer be seen through innocent eyes. The investigator must assume that behind normality always lies an occult presence; behind the public space looms the clandestine, a current pulling the strings from down below; there is always a skeleton in the closet.

While the occult is difficult to grasp, it becomes a civic responsibility to consign everything and link elements together.

### **Non-sense**

Suspicion and doubt bring about a side effect: the sense of reality becomes blurred. Just as anything can be one thing and its opposite, normality, stable, as we know it, is suddenly uprooted; it is no longer a point of reference. The sense of things drifts; reality becomes a game of mirrors. It is impossible to know who is the victim and who is the murderer. Everything can be a sign, or maybe we are caught in delirium. The threat that we perceive could be but our schizophrenic interpretation. Everything becomes possible.

### **Evidences**

A Southern tragedy clearly occurred before our eyes. All is left to do is but to hide the corpse. It might already have been done, and who will find it here? We may possibly have arrived too late.

### **There is no other evidence but these photographs.**

Yet these photographs give no evidence whatsoever. And once the sense is jeopardized, we can no longer believe in the discourse that may, or may not, be true; it could be a construction, yet another lie, delirium. Once trust has been shaken, everything is suspicious, everything is paranoia. Is it possible that they could in this way escape once again?