

THE LOOP

Preface

In my hospital bed, with a badly broken ankle, a good friend says to me, in a harsh tone, that I am so quiet and unpleasant; I reply that the doctor has just told me that I have a 99% chance of becoming lame; tonight my best horse died, today a client declared himself insolvent, leaving me unpaid €500,000 and canceled all the work he had commissioned me to do; I also have about fourteen projects that I had been hired to do and had already started that have gone to shit. The only thing left is to visit you.

Countryside

A sparrowhawk scolds me with its piercing cry; it must have its nest nearby. I almost stop the car, I notice it moving, it's at the neighbor's house, this morning it cheered me up. Then she would be a great friend. Every time she saw me in the car, she would come and fly alongside me, close to my window, crossing in front of the hood. The culmination was one day when I was standing by a pond and she appeared as if she were a ghost, landing on the ground a meter and a half away from me, I stood still and she (a molted female, clean, without a crazy face, beautiful) approached, jumping to the shore, to get inside and with another jump fall on top of a kind of sponge that had appeared that year, with half of her legs in the water; and she began to take a full bath (as they usually do). By this time I had squatted down and my knees were hurting, I

didn't move at all but I was perfectly visible! As such, it came out how and where it had entered, shook itself off, fluffed itself up, combed itself, hopped a few times, and suddenly, like a missile (with its characteristic agility), it moved to a branch that reached halfway across the pond, and from there it disappeared. And my pleasant amazement will last forever. We continued to live together for years with a great deal of trust, but not that much.

Thus, during my eight years in the countryside, in absolute solitude and precariousness, I have made some very dear friends who have accompanied me, encouraged me, and in their own way adopted me, teaching me many things; among others, balance and order in their routines, fidelity to their habits, and the cyclical coherence of their lives.

Among my dearest friends, I must also highlight:

- The lame deer from Llano de la Casa and his younger brother (his guide who waited for him and accompanied him throughout the day, even on his visits to his mother).

- The hoopoe from the El Pozo hut and his family (he emigrated and returned for five years in a row, raising and flying chicks every year, laying them directly on the ground and eventually not being afraid of me; we became very good friends; a marten ate her and all her chicks, which was very upsetting, but nature is harsh and these things happen. The following year she returned to lay eggs again, this time I suppose it was a daughter, she was no longer my little girl, but well, she was her daughter.

- The field mouse from the Pozo shed and family (they lived in the pipes that protected the cables) and came out to spend time on top of the control box. I would put sweet acorns and

cookies there for him, and he would wait for me and not hide while he ate, every year they would breed, and one year a snake ate him. He was beautiful, clean, odorless, with little eyes that gave him an air of total innocence.

-The Doe in the Main Courtyard (my room overlooked a courtyard surrounded by houses and outbuildings now in disuse. It was paved and had acacia and tontos trees, and a small bathroom where I had placed two containers for food and water when the dogs were still alive. It had two entrances and all kinds of animals used to pass through there, especially roe deer and partridges. One day, a very thin doe passed by with an eye so swollen that it was closed. It was easy to see and it couldn't find any grass or the leaves on the hanging branches. To help her eat, I first cut a little of everything and put it on the ground, but she didn't want it. Then I began the long task of tying the branches and lowering them to her height, and she liked that because she pulled on the leaves and pulled them off. At one point, she stripped the yard bare. From then on, I cut branches outside and tied them to the bare ones. It took quite a while, but she gained weight and, as she did, her eye got better. She slept in the yard, and when I went out early, she looked at me and wasn't scared. I even walked by her, right next to her bad eye, as if nothing had happened. When she healed, she gradually stopped coming, eating, and sleeping here. Then I would see her with her fellow spiders in the grass. When she let me see her, everyone else would run away except her. Even when she was giving birth, she accepted me. She would stop eating, look at me, blink, and continue. I saw her for a long time with several babies.

-Other companions, but ones I feel less attached to, would be: the two Spiders in the Hall, the Lizard also in the Hall, the partridge hounds of the Cortado, the male partridge of the threshing floor, the deer of the Colmenas pond, the male eagle owl that used me as a lookout when I passed by the path where he had his hunting perch.

Loneliness was not present at all, my life was filled with my companions; during the day, from the moment I left when it was still dark to keep watch and even doing the usual tasks such as gathering firewood, collecting wheat, olives, and figs, repairing fences and paths, etc. And at night, when I also went out to keep watch and see my other companions, the stars, and contemplate the immensity of the firmament. They were always there, and the life of the countryside that filled everything.

During this time, I didn't stop living, but I lived at the pace of nature, where at first you feel out of place and then you realize that it is the right pace for human nature, even though we have lost it, because whether we like it or not, we are still children of the Universe.

The television broke down, the videos became unbearable from watching them so much, the water sometimes worked and reached the house, and other times I had to collect it in jugs; the car broke down for varying lengths of time, but I got around on foot, and the same with my cell phone. All that, along with other similar things, wasn't important, it was anecdotal. The important thing was to go out to the countryside every day, do my routines, see my loved ones, and observe how everything was going and the main news, the details that broke the possible monotony, which, on the

other hand, I don't remember ever feeling.

City

I had one unfinished business left: to build an important building, a work of art with global significance.

The first thing was to think about the US. I made some arrangements, but public relations were financially impossible, so I had to give up.

I decided to contact some of my former clients, collaborators, and friends.

The situation was pathetic: retired, sick, dead, or “burned out.” A friend who was a perspective artist, one of the few who did not detract from the design but, on the contrary, contributed to it, told me how much he missed our era, when I would send him hand-drawn sketches, prepare a draft, we would discuss it, make another one and as many as necessary, until we arrived at the final image. He told me that everything was now about production and profits, that the big studios were companies, that competitions were about fees, not ideas, and that it was an all-out war for money, that craftsmanship had been lost. It was clear that the ends had become confused with the means.

I looked in the mirror and asked myself: *"Would you hire a guy who looks like this for an important job?"* Obviously not.

So I decided to work under a pseudonym, doing projects (without commission) in different places in different countries and posting them with Augmented Reality. The idea was appealing, but the technology wasn't up to par yet; they had

focused on developing it for more productive projects (games).

In that situation, it occurred to me to try to make myself known through social media, but under a pseudonym, so as not to influence potential viewers. Needless to say, I had no idea, but I chose one that I thought gave me the most privacy and had limited text (Twitter, then X) and I signed up. I listed my topics of interest as, among others, architecture (as part of art), history, philosophy, mathematics, and physics. From then on, the network sends you, among other things, information titled “For you” (photos, texts, videos that other users have posted, whether theirs or not, but which they like).

And here comes my first BIG DISAPPOINTMENT in my comeback, which gives me a strange feeling, a mixture of unease, anxiety, emptiness, amazement, sadness, I don't know... It turns out that today's young architects talk, publish projects—usually those of others—and comment on their doubts and certainties, and they are quite well accepted; but what is amazing is that the projects and architects are the same ones that interested us, and their concerns are the same ones we had when we started our careers, fifty years ago! The new stuff is published in magazines, without the same success! It's as if nothing had happened in between!!!

I also realize that the Internet is not useful for my initial goal, my new architecture has no appeal, people see it, but almost no one is moved by it, it is not groundbreaking, and I am also a pseudonym. But it does help me see that the new Architecture is lost, twisting everything ad nauseam in the generalized confusion of ends and means, protected by new materials and basic tricks (very high entrance halls, large

dimensions, and excellent, detailed finishes) and, of course, clients without criteria or training, disoriented and trusting magazines and brands.

On the other hand, I find myself in the breeding ground of a political and social system that has failed on all sides, corrupt and confused, reaching its limit.

At the same time, I contemplate how processes repeat themselves over and over again throughout history, and you see how the problems and doubts that the ancients, Greeks, Romans, and much closer to home, our grandparents, had, are still very similar.

It's amazing, but it's parallel to the rest, the evolution of Science is very slow, there is the Universe, and what do we know about it? Our progress is insignificant, and it seems that no new paths are being found.

- The lack of evolution in young architects.
- The rotten system that repeats itself over and over again.
- The philosophical and vital problems and doubts are always the same.
- The minimal evolution of science, which is navel-gazing.

All of this leads me to think that civilization has let itself be carried away by its natural condition and, like animals, we have fallen into a cyclical routine, but unlike them, ours is unbalanced, typical of the human condition; and that imbalance has entertained, accommodated, and corrupted us, leaving us in an endless loop leaving us in an endless LOOP, where only mechanical and technological issues advance.

And I don't want to stay in it, going round and round like a fool, there's no point in correcting it and deceiving ourselves again or waiting for a catastrophe to start all over again, only to reproduce the situation.

I have come here for something more, and that something more involves breaking THE LOOP. To do this, we all need to act in the same direction, each in our own sector and within our means.

Thinking about all this, it occurs to me that the solution can be summarized as acting directly and decisively on the brakes we put on ourselves to avoid doing so:

- Selfishness: by applying an open code for everything, that is, by opening up to each other and helping each other, achieving synergies that benefit us all and also make us feel like partners.

- The System: by designing a completely new one, as if we were founding our civilization on another planet, where, among many other things, moral values, ethics, the distinction between ends and means, etc. are recovered (and then we extend them to this one, in its entirety, little by little).

- Reasoning: through the application of inverse creativity, that is, opening the path of intuition, learning to evoke it and, if we like it, moving forward (there will be someone who will then dedicate themselves to demonstrating our results).

- The brain: since we are unable to use anything other than a small portion and we are stuck in it, opening ourselves completely to Artificial Intelligence, to the point of removing from teaching everything we can find in it and dedicating ourselves to learning how to use it (where to activate it, how, and to what extent).

Likewise, we should start using brain implants and any other technology that corrects our deficiencies and/or broadens our horizons.

We are in a unique moment in the history of humanity, a bloodless, agile, and fun revolution of evolution that, if I am lucky, I will at least be able to enjoy in its early stages and perhaps in something more.

In this situation, all that remains for me is to keep thinking about how, how much, and when to merge my new Architecture with AI and contribute my experience to the process.

And as for my unfinished business: seeing my unique building in the world come to fruition will have to wait until the next life.

At least in this return to civilization, I will have learned and accepted what I never wanted or accepted, what my father used to say: “*Bullfights are for bullfighters,*” and that there comes a time when you have to know when to step aside.

Epiphany

TOTAL FREEDOM IS ONLY ACHIEVED IF YOU ARE NOT NO ONE. NO ONE READS YOU, NO ONE FOLLOWS YOU. YOUR CREATIONS ARE IRRELEVANT. YOUR STATEMENTS ARE SIGHING IN THE AIR. IF YOU LAUGH, TALK, OR CRY, THE WALLS DO NOT ECHO YOU. YOUR SOLITUDE IS YOUR GREATEST ALLY. IN IT YOU TAKE REFUGE, YOU INSPIRED BY IT, AND ITS INTERRUPTION UNRAVELS YOU.

YOU ARE LIKE A STAR LIGHT YEARS AWAY,
WHOSE ONLY LUXURY IS TO SHINE FOR YOU, FOR THE
UNIVERSE, FOR GOD.

YOUR END WILL MEAN NOTHING TO ANYONE. NO ONE WILL
MOURN YOU, AND IN TWO DAYS YOU WILL HAVE NEVER
EXISTED.

IN THE UNIVERSE YOU WILL SHINE AROUND YOUR SISTERS
WHO, LIKE YOU, WILL SMILE WHEN THEY SEE THAT YOU
NOW SEE YOUR DESTINY, WHICH IS NONE OTHER THAN TO
WANT TO BE LOVED, TO LOVE, TO BE LOVED, TO EXPAND
THAT SKY THAT ILLUMINATES EVERYTHING WITH SPARKS OF
LIGHT, HOPE, AND FAITH.

Kissme