

Director's Note

At the age of twenty and just finished my studies as a director at the film school, I realized that to make a film I still had to travel a long journey of training and maturing at a vital level. Among other things, I graduated as a theater director. I always said, in a joking tone, that I studied drama to be a better film director. In this transit I began to direct theatrical shows and to expand my knowledge about the performance and the scenic language. Nothing more to deal with and experiment with the possibilities of human behavior in space and time, and to play life and death with its most precious invention: language or, in other words, poetry, for me, almost the same.

Focused on this search, in the very perimeter of language as the only vital possibility to transcend the human, we agree with the one that would become the best and only possible artistic ally in this feat to fight in favor of art and its salvation (chimera so widespread as necessary in the naive artist's faith when it starts). This ally has been, and is, Pablo Rosal. With him we founded *Esdeveniments Ludovít*, something like a group of poetic terrorism that invokes the emptiness in each of its acts to open up cracks in the universe and to emerge antimatter in any corner as a threatening mass of hollowness. As simple as that. From our interminable talks, conspiracies and acts sent to the world, the idea of making a film came out, of course.

With this insight and heart in hand I felt that, perhaps, I was invoking in my mind a director capable of launching, this time, to the vital adventure of making the film from the theatrical monologue "Un trabajo" written by Pablo. We started to write a script from this text with the same vocation that we have done any event with *Esdeveniments Ludovít*. This film had as unique pretension (there is no freedom without courage, without courage without error, without error without pretending, so I do not consider anything wrong with the pretentious), as a single pretension, I repeat, reflecting on the state of the image today. It does not take much thinking to realize that the image today is about to lose, if it has not already lost, its ability to say, even to show, to speak from the language itself, from poetry. The abuse, the excess with which humanity (that humanity "irremissibly condemned to the platonic cavern") is using the image for its less spiritual development, is reaching a limit of sterility that leads us to a technocratic insensitivity, to a vision of the world without eyes, without senses, therefore without gaze, without the so necessary regenerative sensitivity that humanity needs to exist freely. And art makes us free.

For me, any conscious use of language is an art, it is to speak, to move, to look and at the same time to listen, to be watched, to observe. If we lose the ability of looking to create we are condemning ourselves to vital inanity. The cinema, as an image-light that slides down the wall of a cave to the damn mobile that emits the banality of the human, passing, of course, through the sacredness of the "conventional" screen in the dark room, is the paradigm materialized of looking and being looked at, since it is the territory of the movement-image, interior and exterior. It is "the world with individuals" that transits like a landscape and that when moving becomes a look. It is the look that creates itself when it is seen. "A work and a movie" is a film that is born to show the fact of looking and being watched. This film delves into the pit of reality and fiction (as the blind poet said "already indistinct") into which the image or humanity itself has fallen.

With it a look arises, a camera that needs (attention: The cinema is a necessity!), to invent fictions in an honest way and continue telling stories, real or not, to put the image in check before its own emptiness, that the image looks in a mirror at its face to realize that it is no longer mistress of itself or of what it represents. In its evolution as a language, the cinema rebels against itself to regenerate its exhausted periods. Today, before the overwhelming emission of endless images that we receive, we can consider the possibility of having reached a saturation stage that screams (with very silent close-up shots) a rethinking of the same fact of making movies. And here it is, pretentious and honest in turn *"A job and a movie"*.

Someone doubts that John Ford or Herzog have wondered why they have made or make movies? Or that Víctor Erice was communicated by the mystery of light? If the controversial authenticity of Leos Carax raise dust, why is it? Is the loneliness of Peckinpah's characters fighting against themselves, against everyone, the loneliness of each one of us? When Kubrick generates images from the very mind, or Cassavettes films the passion sweeping the intimacy, the vampiric outburst of Zulueta's camera, the courage of Godard, probably the most honest filmmaker, the gesture of love towards Tatti's world or the movement the eternal surreal temptation in Buñuel, the lucidity of Tarkovsky, the two-dimensionality of Sokurov, the boundless truth of Bresson; without spreading, when all that one or that one that takes a camera saying to itself why I take it? Place it and think, Is it well placed here? He turns it on and talks to it, what are we going to shoot? Just then we can say that a movie begins to emerge. This film comes from them, from us, and, of course, from the viewer who will see it to create together a unique and new look.