

Res més que *pols* i uns quants mobles. Així ens trobàrem l'espai quan alçàrem la persiana la primera vegada. Per dins l'única presència viva que recorria el baix era un *aire* carregat, tancat durant molt de temps. Ens trobàrem una cosa semblant a una cova amb canonades al sostre. Quan va ploure van aparèixer *goteres*, revelant que l'estructura respirava i que mantenia relació amb la seua part superior. Sobre el nivell inferior, Ricardo ens va explicar que baix els esglaons hi havia una *rampa*.

Fa un anys, aquest local era un taller de roba esportiva. *Parka, Bermuda, chandal...* mai vàrem arribar a veure quin aspect tenia, soles vàrem poder llegir algunes empremtes en les seues parets. La història de l'espai s'ha anat esborrant i tornant-se un *rumor*, convertint-se en matèria polsegosa amb tendència a abstraure's i convertir-se en ficció.

Nothing more than *dust* and some pieces of furniture. That's how we found the space the first time we raised the metallic shutter. Once inside, the only living presence inhabiting the place, was moisture-laden warm *air* locked in there for a long time. What we found was something similar to a cave with pipes hanging from the ceiling. When it rained, *leaks* appeared, revealing that we were within a breeding structure, permeable to its surroundings. Ricardo explained to us that under the steps, on the lower level, that there was a *ramp*. (A ramp giving access to a hidden space that would not be revealed to us.)

A few years ago, this place was a sportswear workshop. *Parka, Bermuda, Chandal...* we never got to see what it looked like, we could only read the few traces left on its walls. The history of the space has been gradually erased until it became just a *rumor*, turned into dusty matter with a tendency to abstraction, emerging as fiction.