

Them

Each night they dream they're being hunted — the women and girls on the film set in the village. Dreaming of being swallowed by the Océanique. They're cut-off from the past and from the shadows on the other side of the *détroit*. They wash themselves and call themselves the women of the water. But if a herd of tourists is seen in the distance, approaching the film set, they're petrified. Sometimes the mannequins of the bosses pile up in the yard. Or they appear in the room like unpleasant visitors. A teacher, a mother, a daughter and a singer. Conception takes place by dreaming of the Océanique, which provides a touch of the untimely, and then germinates from the virtual. The men remain petrified dummies. Nothing resembles the world that has passed—the world that seems like a stylized scheme to scare the children. The idea of a utopia leaves us aghast.

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A mother works at the Don Simon juice factory. The endless summer of food production in Andalusía can only be compared to the consumption of juices. All seasons have ended after the victory over the sun. There is only a monoculture and monoseasonality aided by technology. The future is only a possibility, which always devours the infinity of the future. No family or fixed relationships can be maintained. The production of cotton, gold, bauxite, strawberries, diamonds, crystals, watermelon, iron ore, hash, coal, poppies, oil are guarded by the fields of terror. First we take gold, then we take sugar. It's time for coffee and timber. A glitch in labour rights may only save her from slavery.

Them

There are eight people in the house. Many ways of living: a community exists again, after the collapse of what was once Western Europe. The Océanique meets the gorgeous mountains of the Camino del Rey. A house murmurs within the storm. An ear pushes a door ajar, in this home that's like a giant boat on the plateau of a mountain range. In the distance are the coast and the plasticulture: distant in more ways than one. The whole night the wind surges around the house on the waves. The people inside have grown accustomed to mountain-sickness of this kind. They've anchored themselves on the plateau below the sierra, along with the pine trees and the dry plants.

Them

She wants to become a teacher. She wants to educate the children, those who were forced to immigrate from the former east to the former west.

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*Oi vapaus, kuule kutsuas,
Sumu haihtuu, pilvet vaihtuu tieltä pois.*

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The water is the most important thing. This is important water. Here, we pick the seeds for the next season. We dry them to be sown next year: they're *pi-miente*. We buy nothing. Seeds for radishes, chives, poppies and salad. Some sulfur is needed as fertilizer. Quince, figs and grapes. Three people in the fields. Pomegranates, pears, dates. There, we get our eggs. With the dogs, down below the fields. We started here twenty-five years ago. Everything was broken-down. We fixed it all slowly. We use no greenhouses, only nets to protect the seedlings. Peas, peppers, tomatoes, eggplants. The season begins very early. Over there is a lagoon, where the migratory birds arrive in the spring. She is deaf. She speaks Arabic and Spanish. Now she lives in the mountains. With a horse. Apricots. Papayas. We leave the coffee for plants. In the plasticulture it was exhaustingly hot. Potatoes and eggs. Mint and *hierbabuena*. The animals are kept in the patio. Pigs, chicken, mules, horses, goats, sheep and dogs. They returned after that long period of difficulties, when they were forbidden to keep animals in the village. Here is the stream. That's where the water comes from. And the basin for washing clothes: the size of a small swimming pool. All the people in a line washing clothes with thermal water. The dirty clothes at the end, and people changing places faster as the clothes get cleaner. There was once a mine, and down there they used to wash the minerals. There were the ruins, the detritus of chasing lead and iron. Then the mine was abandoned. Now there are agaves. We make thread out of agave. We make olive oil. We make wool. First in the spring comes oranges, then apricots, then figs, grapes and in the end pomegranate. We have everything. Pumpkin. *Cabello de angelia*. Aloe vera. Barilla: soda ash that will clean the stains from the saltwort plants. The salt of the plant that will clean the stains of this place.

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Ibn-Arabi said we must slowly learn to leave all matter, since it all fades. Then what will have once been brilliant in this life, will only be something immanent, like the soul of each thing, with each thing acting its being. The soul of this, this life, like water.