

CONFINAMIENTO Y EL TIEMPO

CONFINEMENT AND TIME

¿Cómo experiencias el tiempo durante el confinamiento? ¿Lo experimentas/vives de otra forma que usualmente?

(Incluye por favor una foto de la vista que tienes de tu ventana.)

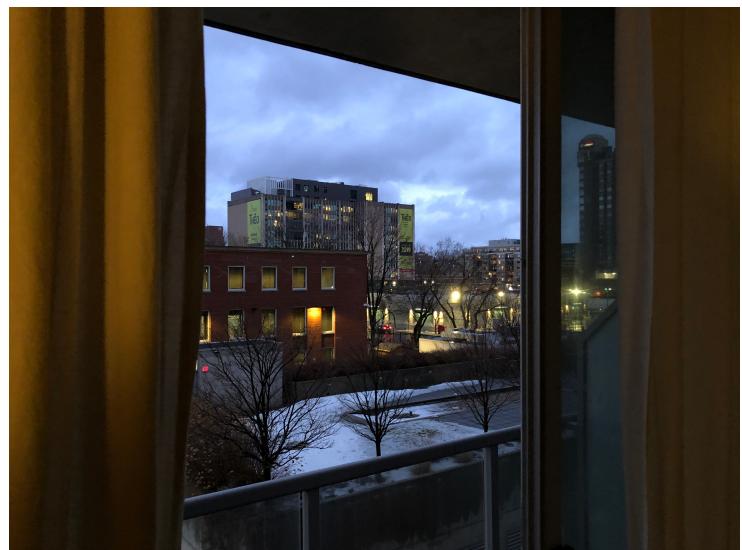
How do you experience time during your confinement? Do you see/live it in a different way than usually?

(Please include a photograph of the view you have from your window.)

Bruno

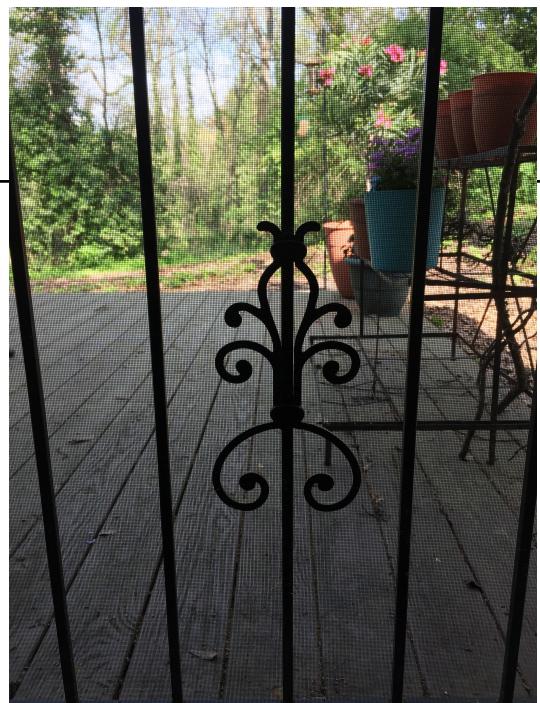
Jason Abdelhadi, Ottawa, March 27, 2020.

Since being confined largely to my apartment except for occasional walks, I find that time has become very fluid and very compacted. It feels like the days are flying by, and it is also very hard to keep track of time or what day it is. The hours are slippery and don't seem to have any hard borders like they do when I can spend a long time out of the house. Days are no longer punctuated by striking demarcations. It does feel a bit funereal and morbid. I find I am a little less good with my hands, dropping things more and spacing out. Going outside is so bereft of activity that it is hard to punctuate walks with events or anything besides a strict sensation of the grey background. A shadow world hovering beneath me. I am noticing many different objects and atmospheres but they are all jumbled together and it is hard to distinguish one day's adventures from another.



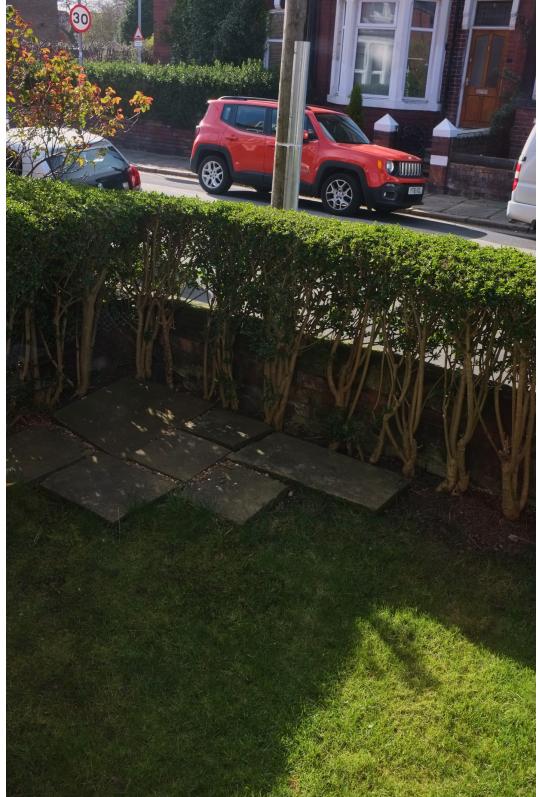
Steven Cline, Atlanta, March 27, 2020.

A certain manic excitement came first, yet this soon evolved or devolved into a strange calm, a blankness even. Nothing better, nothing more enjoyable for me right now than to sit outside for hours, to smoke, to watch the birds, to feel the breeze and the sun. Few thoughts cross my mind, and there is very little "productivity". Spring arrived with my lockdown, and she has overpowered all else. I am attuned solely to my senses.



Kenneth Cox, Leeds, April 2, 2020.

Released from the routines of the working day, this present confinement has meant I have had more time for reading, thinking, musing, writing, corresponding, or just ‘doing nothing’. For me, time has palpably slowed down, and feels to have somehow become more tangible, as if I have been placed inside time, rather than spectating its passage from the outside, hurtling past and dragging me along behind it. Although confined by invisible bars only and with the knowledge that I can still take a local walk or sit outside in the sun if it is warm enough, in some respects it is almost like being at the beginning of holiday from the constraints of clock time. It is as if duration has ceased to be important and the external pressures towards productivity have diminished, as well as those internal compensatory pressures to ‘claw back’ time for oneself. Although this sense of being in time is not a constant awareness, it is something from which I am taking much pleasure.



Jesús García Rodríguez, Madrid, March 27, 2020.

El tiempo se ha ralentizado, a veces parece irse congelando. Me ha sucedido ya en varias ocasiones que no sé exactamente qué día es, ni tengo muy claro cuánto tiempo llevo encerrado: los días se igualan unos a otros. La velocidad parece haberse evaporado. Se me manifiesta, con toda seguridad, una cualidad distinta del tiempo, más honda y silenciosa. Aparece un tiempo propio, no compartido; una especie de tiempo interior, que se impone completamente en algunos momentos del día. La lentitud gana la batalla, y provoca y suscita en el cuerpo y en el alma una disposición muy distinta a la que establece la velocidad.

Time has slowed down, sometimes it seems to be freezing. It has already happened to me on several occasions that I do not know exactly what day it is, nor am I very clear how long I have been locked up: the days are equal to each other. The speed seems to have evaporated. A quality distinct from time, deeper and quieter, manifests itself to me with all certainty. A time of its own appears, not shared; a kind of interior time, which is imposed completely in some moments of the day. Slowness wins the battle, and provokes and awakens in the body and soul a very different disposition from that established by speed.

Bruno Jacobs, Cádiz, March 26, 2020.

El tiempo se volvió de pronto como *gomoso*, lento y con consistencia más espesa, en contraste con el tiempo “exterior” acelerado, como suele ser el caso en períodos de ciertas crisis y de convulsiones. Los días se asemejaron casi hasta perder cuenta de las fechas y del nombre del día.

Otra implicación indirecta del tiempo en la situación actual está asociada con un paseo un poco más largo que la norma a principios del confinamiento. Pasando por una cierta parte del casco antiguo donde vivo, pasé por calles bien conocidas, pero de repente, en un par de casos, viendo el fondo de la calle adyacente, sentí un vago, mudo sentimiento de prohibición, sin atreverme a *entrar* en esas zonas. Se debe por supuesto a las restricciones respecto a los paseos que yo estaba transgrediendo. La sensación recuerda claramente

de la situación vivida por los huéspedes en la película *El ángel exterminador* de Buñuel.

Time suddenly became *rubbery*, slow, and thicker in consistency, in contrast to the accelerated “outside” time, as is often the case in periods of certain crises and convulsions. The days were almost alike until losing count of the dates and which day it was.

Another indirect implication of time in the current situation is associated with a walk somewhat longer than the norm early during the confinement. Passing through a certain part of the old town where I live and, in a couple of cases, seeing the bottom of certain adjacent streets, I felt a vague, silent feeling of prohibition, without daring to *enter* those areas . It is of course due to the restrictions regarding the walks that I was violating. The sensation is clearly reminiscent of the situation experienced by the guests in the movie *The Exterminating Angel* of Buñuel.



Sasha Vlad, San Francisco, March 26, 2020.

I experience time the same way because even before I used to stay home a lot—I hate crowds and when I go out by myself I prefer to walk in the park or in less frequented neighborhoods. Duration (which is different from time) may be getting longer or shorter, but time stays the same. (This is not just semantics!) One could say that I live in atemporality.



Juan Carlos, Buenos Aires, April 15, 2020.

Lo experimento mejor que si estuviera preso por razones políticas, bajo una dictadura militar, aunque ambos casos son siniestros y se parecen en que la vida corre un grave peligro. Confirma, por una parte, las peores distopías imaginadas en la ciencia-ficción (Robert Morgan en “The Last Man on Earth”), con algunas escenas grotescas tomadas de La Isla de Gilligan (estrategias para procurarse un litro de leche en medio de la selva, sin ser comido por un tigre o caer en las arenas movedizas). Así transcurren los días desarrollando habilidades ocultas, que hasta ahora parecían impensadas (por ejemplo, me he vuelto mi

propio panadero) y es cierto que en este domingo permanente dispongo de más tiempo y de mayor esparcimiento, cosas que no me incomodan ya que no estoy habituado a los días de sol ni a correr a la calle a sacar músculo. He descubierto en Youtube viejas películas de Losey y Fritz Lang comprobando que, subtituladas en portugués, disponemos de un menú mucho más amplio. ¿Qué otro consejo puedo ofrecer? El mundo que nos ha proporcionado la conexión instantánea por internet y un rápido transporte aéreo, ahora nos invita al confinamiento perfecto (paradoja de la comunicación) y ha hecho posible que los virus viajen más veloces (premonición de Péret: "los parásitos viajan"). Me asomo a la ventana de mi cuarto: se aproxima el otoño en el hemisferio austral y eso se aprecia en las hojas amarillas esparcidas en la acera, en el vuelo de los pájaros. Cada tanto pasa un anciano cubierto con una mascarilla. Mis amigas las palomas se acercan como todos los días, reclamando su ración diaria de migas de pan, no hay una nube en el cielo y todo me hace recordar al poema de Nezval "Domingo despoblado". De modo que ya no estoy en Buenos Aires, sino en las calles de Praga.



I experience it better than if I were imprisoned for political reasons, under a military dictatorship, although both cases are sinister and they are similar in that life is in grave danger. It confirms, on the one hand, the worst dystopias imagined in science fiction (Robert Morgan in "The Last Man on Earth"), with some grotesque scenes taken from Gilligan's Island (strategies to procure a liter of milk in the middle of the jungle, without being eaten by a tiger or falling into the quicksand). So the days go by developing hidden skills, which until now seemed unthinkable (for example, I have become my own baker) and it is true that on this permanent Sunday I have more time and more recreation, things that do not bother me since I am not used to sunny days or running outside to get muscle. I discovered on YouTube old films by Losey and Fritz Lang verifying that, subtitled in Portuguese, we have a much more extensive menu. What other advice can I offer? The world that has provided us with instant internet connection and rapid air travel, now invites us to perfect confinement (a paradox of communication) and has made it possible for viruses to travel faster (Péret's premonition: "parasites travel") . I look out my bedroom window: autumn is approaching in the southern hemisphere and this can be seen in the yellow leaves scattered on the sidewalk, in the flight of birds. Every now and then an old man passes, covered with a mask. My friends the pigeons come like every day, claiming their daily ration of breadcrumbs, there is no cloud in the sky and everything reminds me of Nezval's poem "Deserted Sunday". So I am no longer in Buenos Aires, but in the streets of Prague.
