Infinite plane facing the infinite sea | We have built the most radical house we have ever made, an infinite plane facing the infinite sea. A house facing the Atlantic Ocean at the water’s edge on a beach of Cadiz, like a piece of earthly paradise where the Romans once lived in nearby Bolonia. We built a powerful podium in Roman travertine whose upper horizontal plane becomes the protagonist of the space. Inside the podium, underneath this platform like a temenos, is the house. Above and behind the stony platform, we have erected stone walls to protect us from the strong prevailing winds. As if it were an acropolis. A temenos where the gods descend to converse with humans and toast with Sherry on this plane on high looking out onto the infinite sea. The house of the infinite.
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POEM
BY ALEJANDRO CERVILLA GARCIA
SUMMER OF 2013

ON ALBERTO CAMPO BAEZA’S
HOUSE OF THE INFINITE

SPENDING MY LIFE ON A BOAT
OF SAND AND STONE, LIGHT AND FIRE,
immobile, calmly anchored,
in the infinite gaze of sand and sky.

SITTING HERE ON THIS SOIL,
FEELING THE CARESS OF MARBLE,
FORGETTING WHAT I SHALL LATER THINK,
ON AN ARC THAT REMINDS ME OF NOAH.

ERODED BY SALT, SADNESS AND GRIEF,
SERENE AND GRATIFIED MY SOUL LAUGHS,
A GULL AWAKES RISING IN DAWN FLIGHT,
A DREAM ALIGHTS ON THE BEACH.

ON THIS FLAT HORIZON I DIE,
CRADLED IN RUMOURS OF BLUE AND MAUVE
ONE LAST TIME MY EYES BEHOLD
AN ETERNAL EMBRACE OF SEA AND SKY.

SOBRE LA CASA DEL INFINITO
DE ALBERTO CAMPO BAEZA

PASAR LA VIDA EN UNA BARCA
DE ARENA Y PEDRA, LUZ Y FUEGO,
INMÓVIL, QUEDA, SIEMPRE EN CALMA,
EN LA VISTA INFINITA MAR Y CIELO.

ESTAR SENTADO EN ESTE SUELO,
SENTIR EL MÁRMOL CON LA PALMA,
OLVIDANDO LO QUE PENSARÉ LUEGO,
RECORDANDO A NOÉ DESDE ESTE ARCA.

DISUELTA POR LA SAL, TRISTEZA Y DUELO,
SERENA Y SATISFECHA RÍE EL ALMA,
GAVIOTA QUE AMANECE ALZANDO EL VUELO,
SUENO QUE SE POSA SOBRE LA PLAYA.

SOBRE ESTE HORIZONTE PLANO MUERO,
MECIDO EN UN RUMOR AZUL Y MALVA,
LO ÚLTIMO QUE MIS OJOS VIERON,
ABRAZOS DE CIELO ETERNO Y AGUA.