

# Diary of a Spectator

By Juan Palomar  
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Chance meeting. That is the title of a song by Roxy Music. Fortuitous encounters that unknowingly determine the course of a whole life. Or other kind of encounters with no apparent consequences. In the vast play of gravitations, influxes and surges that govern existences and happenings, It Is Impossible to know what look, what words unintendedly or purposely heard, what panorama, music or encounter would mark forever a life's trajectory.

What chance holds in store for each one can act as enigmatic depth charges, exploding and sometimes upsetting -at a later stage- deep strata within the reason or sensitivity. The music of chance -to remember Paul Auster- makes realities and spirits dance under the boost provided by secret springs that only this music could activate.

During these days, Francisco Ugarte presents at the Curro y Poncho gallery an exhibition that bears that name: Chance meeting. Six deliberate pieces that are at the same time open. The first one is an inscription made with crayon on a white wall: I would like to be able to paint a beautiful scenery. That is a full statement. Next, it is possible to see five abstract compositions in which light plays a definite role.

The plane, above everything, fulfills a double purpose: delimits certain surfaces and contains certain carefully controlled luminosity that seems to be the center of concerns for this exhibition.

Memories are more interesting than their immediate presence: after some days, the incision on the wall that admits a raking light remains insistently marked on the retina.

Roxy Music again; Bryan Ferry finishes singing by saying at the last verse: I know that time spent well is so rare.