



INTERNATIONAL

Book Day

Trilogy

Magma, Dogma y Exodus, Lars Lyer

My high school teacher once told me that I would learn more philosophy by watching Monty Python shows than by reading Wittgenstein. It's clear that Lars Lyer is of the same school, the one of the Flying Circus before the Tractatus, the one of The Meaning of Life ahead of the logic of Principia Mathematica. To test this, let's do the following exercise; let's ask the AI to describe in a paragraph two friends, Lars and W., taking a walk on the beach. As they walk, the second will reflect on friendship and the meaning of conversation. This could be the result:

W. and Lars walk along the beach shore, with the sound of waves gently breaking on the sand. As they proceed, W. begins to list Lars' flaws with a mix of exasperation and affection. 'You're too much of a perfectionist, Lars,' says W., watching as Lars carefully aligns his footprints in the sand. 'And that stubbornness of yours,' he continues, as Lars insists on repeatedly checking his shoelace knot. Despite the criticism, there's a smile on W.'s face, because these walks and conversations are rituals that, in their strange way, keep them bonded. Lars listens, sometimes frowning his brow, sometimes nodding, knowing that each mentioned flaw is a mark of their enduring friendship.

A passable text. Even better than what an ordinary psychiatrist could have written. With Lars Lyer, however, we don't need to ask for anything. He has done it on his own initiative, awkwardly but at the same time hilariously; pulling each passage from his own experience, dissecting the world, but without instructing us or, better said, without instructions:

You should never learn from your mistakes,' says W. 'He never does, that's why he hangs out with me,' he says, pointing to Lars. 'And neither have I learned from mine, in all our years of collaboration. Because I am incapable of learning. Civility, the art of conversation: what hasn't he tried to teach me? But I've barely learned to keep my pants on,' says W. 'I've barely learned to sip tea properly. Even today, as we make our way through the thicket of gorse towards the shore, it feels like I'm releasing a lunatic on his first day out,' says W. As he lists my faults above the noise of the breakwater, he knows that I've already forgotten everything he's said. The roar of the sea is like the roar of my stupidity,' says W. 'It's a terrible sound, yet also magnificent. It's the sound of the absence of memory,' he says. 'It's the sound of Lars, of the chaos that unravels every idea.

He has done it this way, without letting his guard down, not in a paragraph but in book after book. Until finishing off a trilogy that reads in one go. Three faithful maps of the current world (Magma, Dogma, and Exodus) that highlight the comedic cacophony of the usual act of living, far from erudition, far from ideas, far from success; a navigation chart between true literature and false thinking (or even quite the opposite). Ultimately, a manual of failure in three volumes for the times when the bestseller lists are dominated by vitamin-rich self-help recipes that we couldn't be sure weren't written by machines for people... or even quite the opposite.

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