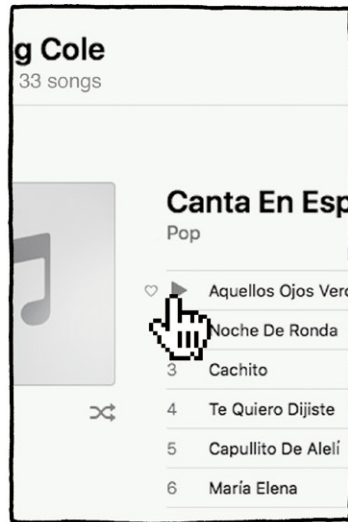
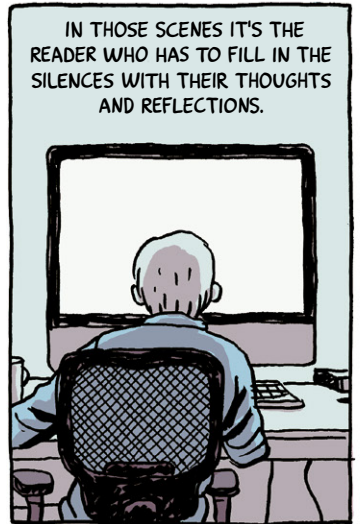
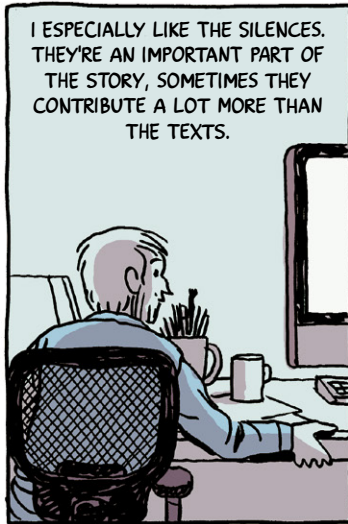
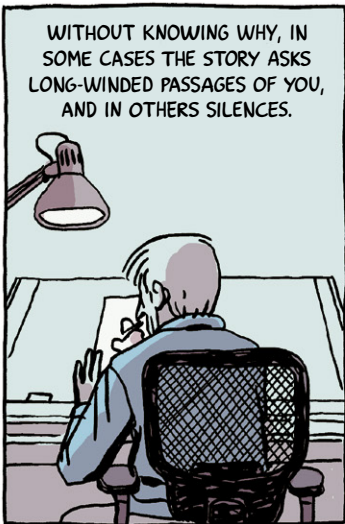


Author and artist: Paco Roca
Format: Color. Hardback
168 pages. 17 x 24 cm. €25

Paco Roca's latest comic: a dialogue between the world of comics and the world of music

Paco Roca makes comics in order to learn. His latest comic emerges from that process and his ongoing interest in the music world. For the past five years, Roca and José Manuel Casañ, of the popular band Seguridad Social, have been discussing music, the creative process, the music industry, and the universe of comic books... On the one hand, the book-album *La encrucijada* [*The Crossroads*] is a dialogue between the music world and the comic book world in which Paco Roca attempts to understand why we create and how one might manage to live off of it within an industry. And on the other hand, employing distinct graphic registries, the project gives shape to the songs that make up Seguridad Social's latest unreleased album in the language of comic books.

Word rights





I ALWAYS NEED TO HAVE MUSIC ON IN THE BACKGROUND, ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M WORKING.



THE MUSIC CHANGES MY MOOD...



IT MAKES ME MELANCHOLIC, HAPPY, ACTIVE...



IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THAT MOOD STIRRED IN ME BY THE MUSIC LEAVES TRACES IN MY WORK.



SOMETIMES I EVEN CHOOSE A SOUNDTRACK THAT GOES WITH THE FEELINGS I'M TRYING TO CAPTURE IN MY PAGES.



NAT KING COLE, GLENN MILLER, CARLOS GARDEL, SAM COOKE... THEY WERE PLAYING WHILE I WAS WORKING ON LA CASA.



THAT'S THE MUSIC THAT REMINDS ME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

...AQUELLOS OJOS VERDES...



DE MIRADA SERENA DEJARON EN MI ALMA...

ETERNA SED DE AMAR...

I CAN'T LISTEN TO THAT MUSIC WITHOUT CHILDHOOD MEMORIES COMING TO MIND.

(S)

NO SABEN LAS TRISTEZAS...

THE EVOCATIVE POWER OF MUSIC AMAZES ME.

...QUE EN MI ALMA HAN DEJADO...

CERTAIN SONGS REMAIN IN OUR MEMORIES OUR WHOLE LIVES.

AQUELLOS OJOS VERDES...

QUE YO...

WHEN MY DAD WAS ALREADY SICK AND HARDLY AWARE OF WHERE HE WAS...

HE CONTINUED TO SING THOSE SONGS THAT HAD MADE UP THE SOUNDTRACK OF HIS LIFE TO HIMSELF.

...NUNCA BESARÉ.

WHICH SONGS WILL I HUM TO MYSELF WHEN THAT MOMENT ARRIVES?

POSSIBLY THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN WITH ME OVER THE YEARS, THE ONES THAT I HAVE HEARD SO MANY TIMES.

ALMOST ASSUREDLY THEY WILL BE THOSE OF MY YOUTH, WHEN I HAD BARELY A DOZEN CASSETTE TAPES AND A FEW VINYLs THAT I LISTENED TO OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

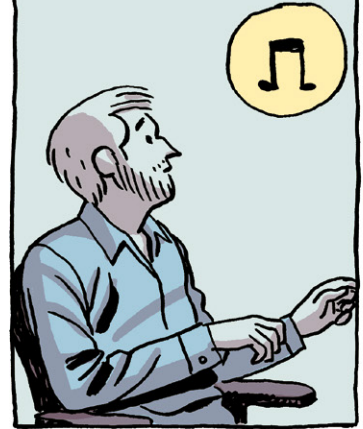
IF I HAD TO COMPARE THE HOURS OF PLEASURE THAT SOME ALBUMS HAVE GIVEN ME WITH THE MONEY THEY COST, WITHOUT A DOUBT THE MONEY I SPENT ON MUSIC WOULD BE THE MOST PROFITABLE INVESTMENT I'VE EVER MADE.



FOR SOMEBODY WITH NO RHYTHM LIKE ME, WHO IS INCAPABLE OF DANCING WITH ANY GRACE OR EVEN CLAPPING TO THE BEAT AT A CONCERT...



MAKING MUSIC FOR ME IS SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS.



I KNOW HOW TO MAKE A COMIC. I UNDERSTAND HOW A NOVEL IS WRITTEN OR A MOVIE IS MADE.



I KNOW HOW IDEAS EMERGE AND I KNOW HOW THEY SHOULD BE COOKED TO GIVE THEM SHAPE AND TO MAKE THE STORY INTERESTING.



BUT MUSIC SEEMS TO BE AN INSCRUTABLE MYSTERY TO ME.



HOW IS A SONG BORN? HOW ARE THE MELODY AND LYRICS CREATED, HOW ARE THEY GIVEN SHAPE...? MAYBE THAT'S THE REASON I'M DOING THIS BOOK TOGETHER WITH JOSÉ MANUEL CASAÑ.



HIS GROUP, SEGURIDAD SOCIAL, WOULD FORM PART OF THE SOUNDTRACK TO MY LIFE.

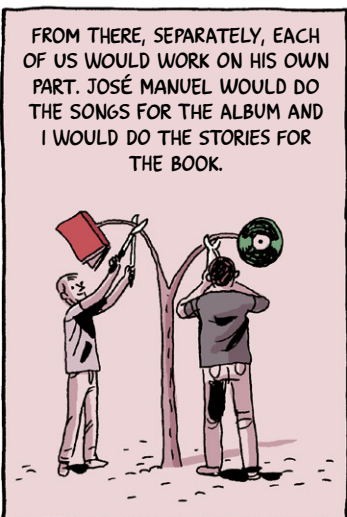


I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE KNOWN JOSÉ MANUEL. HE STARTED COMING ON THE RADIO SHOW THAT I HAD BEEN A PART OF FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN YEARS.

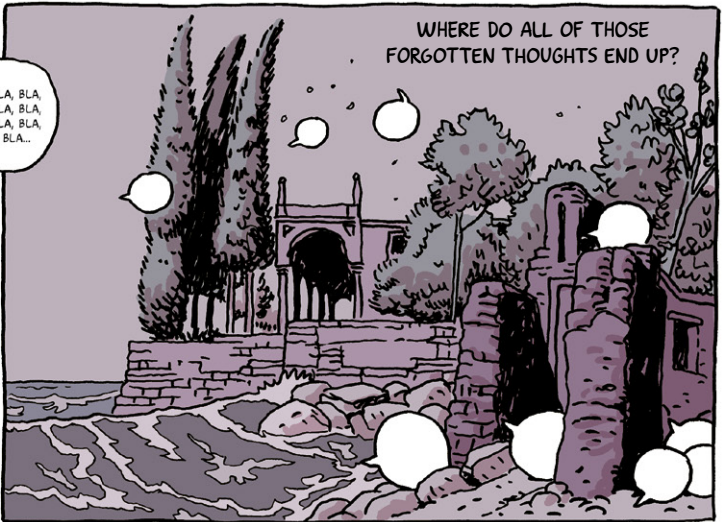
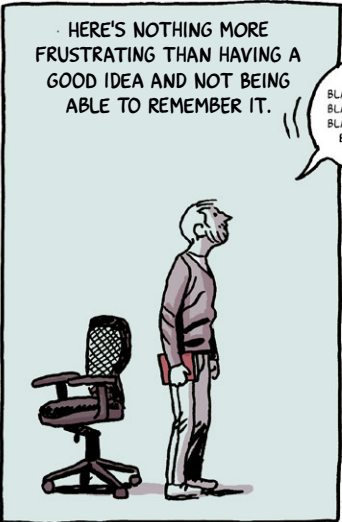


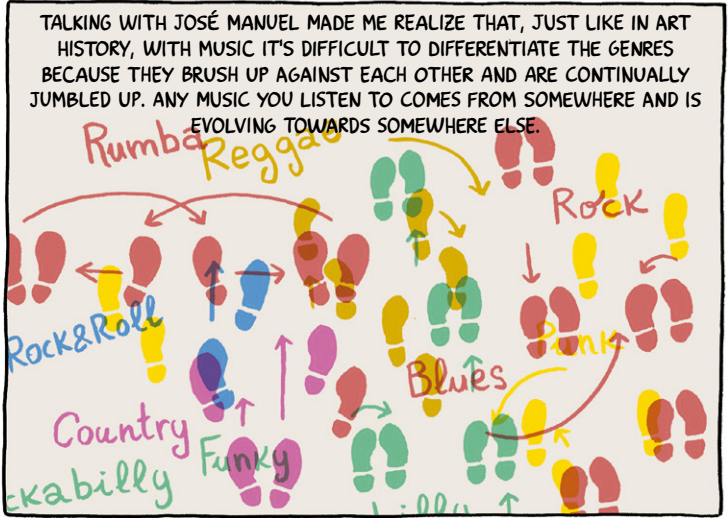












HOWEVER, DURING ALL OF THOSE FIRST MONTHS I ONLY HAD TIME TO TRANSCRIBE WHAT WE HAD RECORDED AND TO JOT DOWN A FEW IDEAS.



I CONTINUED TOTALLY SWAMPED WITH LOS SURCOS DEL AZAR, TRYING TO FINISH IT AHEAD OF THE PRE-EXISTING DEADLINE.



ON TOP OF THAT, EVERY FIFTEEN DAYS I HAD TO TURN IN MY COLLABORATION WITH EL PAÍS WEEKLY, I WAS TRAVELING A LOT, MY FATHER WAS SICK, AND I HAD JUST BECOME A PARENT.



EVEN SO, I HAD ALREADY LAID OUT MY NEXT PROJECTS. I'VE NEVER FINISHED A BOOK WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT I'M GOING TO WORK ON NEXT. IN THE LONG PROCESS OF MAKING A COMIC, IDEAS FOR NEW BOOKS ALWAYS EMERGE.



MY NEXT PROJECT WOULD BE EL CASO ODYSSEUS, WHICH I WOULD BE JUGGLING WITH THE SERIES FOR EL PAÍS WEEKLY, AND AT THE SAME TIME I WAS HOPING TO BE ABLE TO WORK BIT BY BIT ON JOSÉ MANUEL'S PROJECT.



I'M TOO OPTIMISTIC WITH TIME, AND THAT CAUSES ME CONTINUAL FRUSTRATION.

HOWEVER WITH THAT AGENDA, IMPOSSIBLE AS IT WAS, UPON FINISHING LOS SURCOS, ANOTHER STORY SNUCK IN THAT I NEEDED TO TELL: LA CASA.



WHILE I WAS WORKING ON LA CASA A NEW FRONT ARRIVED IN MY AGENDA.

...WE'RE STARTING WHAT?

THE FILM, OH... YES, THAT'S GOOD NEWS.



JUGGLING LA CASA WITH MY WORK AS SCREENWRITER AND DIRECTOR FOR THE FILM ADAPTATION OF MEMORIAS DE UN HOMBRE EN PIJAMA PROVED IMPOSSIBLE.

PALE BLUE OR SKY BLUE?

UMMM...



I HAD TO PAUSE MY WORK ON LA CASA AND CONCENTRATE ON THE FILM, WHICH IN THE LONG RUN TURNED OUT TO BE AN UNREWARDING AND STERILE EFFORT, AND, DISILLUSIONED, I FINALLY ABANDONED IT.





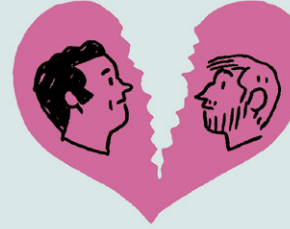
ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF THIS PROJECT WAS THAT MY STORIES MIGHT INSPIRE SOME OF JOSÉ MANUEL'S SONGS



BUT HE WAS ALREADY WRAPPING UP HIS SONGS, AND I WORRIED THAT I WOULD END UP SIMPLY ADAPTING THEM, WHICH DIDN'T APPEAL TO ME AT ALL.



FOR A LITTLE WHILE I THOUGHT ABOUT GIVING UP, BUT, AFTER MORE THAN A YEAR OF WORK, THAT SEEMED TO ME LIKE STABBING OUR FRIENDSHIP IN THE BACK.



IN JULY 2014 WE GOT TOGETHER FOR OUR LAST MEETING BEFORE SUMMER BREAK.



AT THAT LUNCH WE TALKED ABOUT THE SONGS, THE STORIES... EVERYTHING WAS GOING GREAT UNTIL WE GOT TO THE GIN AND TONICS.

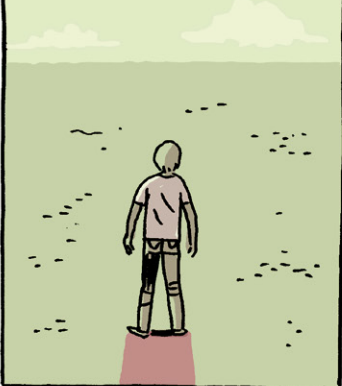


YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN THINKING...

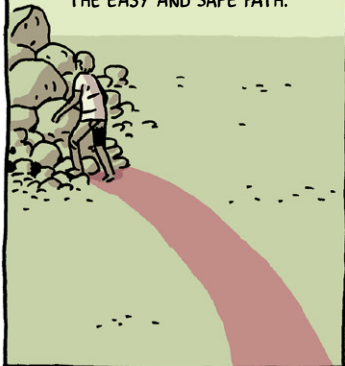


I AM INSECURE BY NATURE...

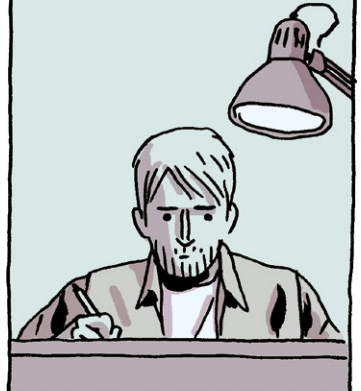
OVER THE COURSE OF ANY OF THE PROJECTS I'VE WORKED ON I HAVE MANY MOMENTS OF DOUBT.



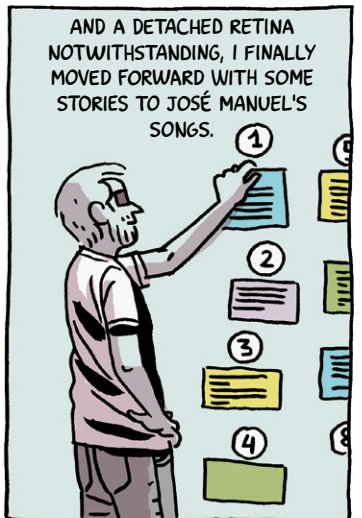
SOMETIMES I STOP AND TAKE THE STORY IN ANOTHER DIRECTION. TO CREATE IS TO DOUBT CONTINUALLY AND IF YOU'RE NOT DOUBTING IT'S PERHAPS BECAUSE YOU'RE TAKING THE EASY AND SAFE PATH.



BECAUSE I ALWAYS WORK ALONE, I KEEP MY DOUBTS AND FEARS TO MYSELF.









AFTER THE SUMMER, JOSÉ MANUEL HAD RECOVERED HIS ENTHUSIASM AND WE FOUND COMMON GROUND.

...THE HISTORY OF ROCK IS BRITISH AND AMERICAN, THAT'S TRUE.



IT'S NOT SO MUCH ABOUT TALKING ABOUT AMERICAN CULTURE AS IT IS ABOUT LOCATING STORIES IN THAT ICONIC PLACE THAT IS ROCK MUSIC.

SOMETHING LIKE THE WESTERN? IT'S ALREADY A "COMMON" PLACE THAT CAN BELONG TO ANY CULTURE.



THAT'S IT. BUT IT'S ALSO TRUE THAT LATIN MUSIC HAS INFLUENCED BRITISH AND AMERICAN MUSIC, AND YOU COULD TELL OUR PARTICULAR HISTORY OF ROCK BY GOING THROUGH CERTAIN LATIN PLACES.



SO I'VE TAKEN OUT SOME OF THE GENRES AND HAVE ADDED OTHERS TO OUR PROJECT.



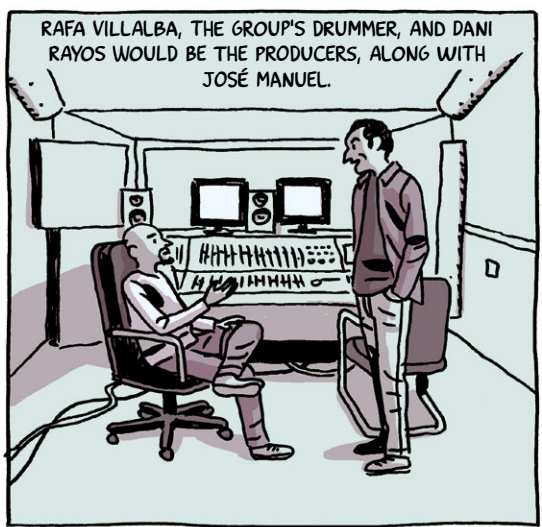
THEY'D BE THIS: AFRO, BLUES, COUNTRY, ROCKABILLY, SON CUBANO, SOUL, RUMBA, PSYCHEDELIA, LATIN ROCK, HEAVY METAL, AND REGGAE.



IT WAS THE END OF 2014. NEARLY TWO YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE OUR FIRST MEETING. JOSÉ MANUEL HAD FINISHED HIS TEN SONGS AND I HAD ONLY WRITTEN THE SCRIPTS FOR THE BOOK'S STORIES.



JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS, SEGURIDAD SOCIAL WENT INTO THE STUDIO TO RECORD THE ALBUM.



RAFA VILLALBA, THE GROUP'S DRUMMER, AND DANI RAYOS WOULD BE THE PRODUCERS, ALONG WITH JOSÉ MANUEL.

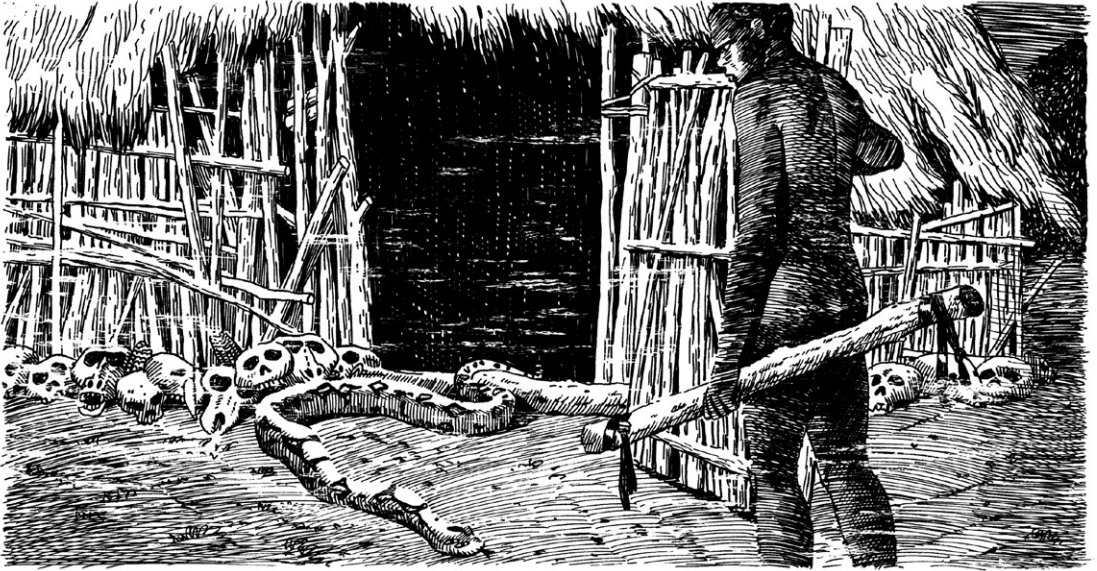




I hear the drums.
We're in Africa, where everything begins.
The drums attract beasts and people,
and the fire orders them in their places.
My guardian, León, craves the simple symmetry of the shadows.



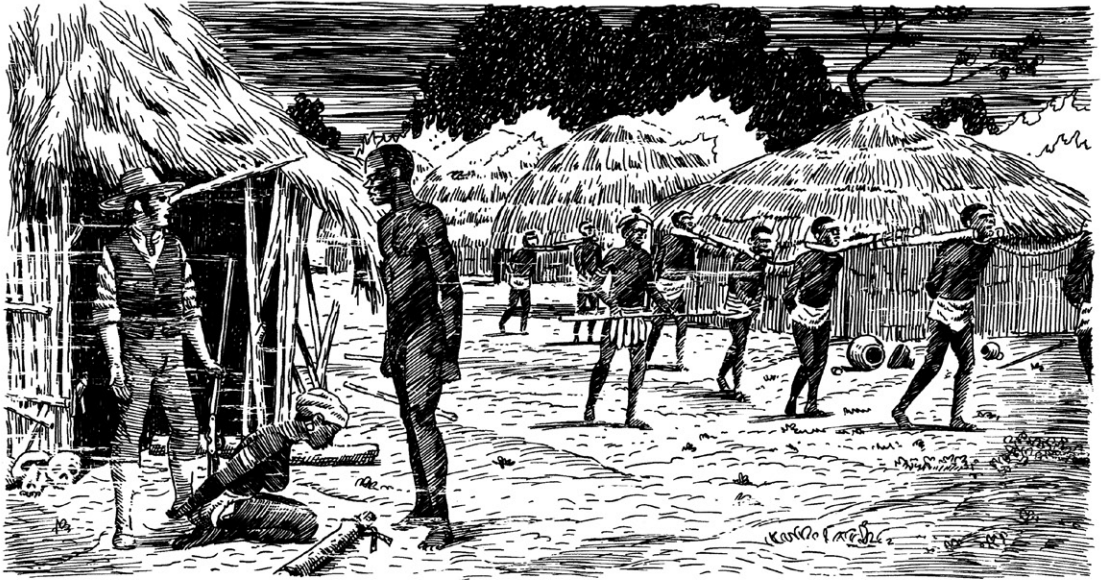
León doesn't understand why generation after generation the first male son of his lineage must abandon all responsibility and ambition and submit himself to the guardianship of this hut. What is it he's really watching? Why is it so important that it doesn't escape? But he senses. No, no! He knows that I live within its bowels. In his solitude, he sometimes speaks to me and I listen.



León can no longer bear that sterile mission.
Why should this be my inalterable destiny?
Who decides how my life should be?
Already days have passed since he's made a difficult decision.
He opens the door that for eons has never been desecrated
and feels something awakening in its dark interior
He tells me: "You are free!".



Everything is inevitably unleashed in that fleeting moment.
Actions are always accompanied by their consequences,
and a group of the tribe's enemies, sent from the bush
by white slavers, springs upon the village's inhabitants.



I know everything about León, I know his hidden desires.
I know what the prize should be for daring to disobey the establishment.
The white man hands the chief's wife over to him.
That was the deal!



Chains, fear, pestilence, pain, and death...
Heading towards a new world.

The ship vomits up the slaves from its burning gut.
Black music has arrived to America.