

COMO LA VIDA MISMA

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BLUEPROJECT FOUNDATION

C.Pintor Fortuny 27, ppal, Barcelona

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THEORY

I dream of a perfectly aseptic, neutral, indifferent object that does not awaken anything when I see it. That shape that does not refer to some memory, that color that does not provoke rejection or passion, that noise that does not resemble a song, a cry, a moan, that smell that will not transport us to our grandparents' house or to a dark bathroom in a Berlin club. Something that does not seek the context of its explanation, the words of its meaning.

That object probably doesn't exist. Nothing lies outside the swamp of symbols and interpretations, of the specters of our vision, of what New Realism calls *fields of sense*. Art knows it too well, having spent years trying to escape from the famous white cube in which it pigeonholed the so-called artistic objects.

Como la vida misma is in some way a step in that direction, an attempt to 'liberate objects, displacing them in a field of their own meaning created for that purpose', as Markus Gabriel writes about art¹. In this case, in an empty apartment, a space saturated with references and signs, which can turn into a haunted house (any horror movie), a game board (*Jumanji* or *Home Alone*), the scene of a crime (*Sleuth*) or the paradigm of a home (*Friends*). And in so many other things. A basement can hide a corpse, a book can be transformed into a weapon, a chair can become a sex toy, a bathtub a poem or a wall a place to hide a secret.

"This silly attachment to furniture, the myth of a home, and all our dependence on these things. That's what keeps fucking everything up", says Jessica Chastain in a scene of [the new version] of *Scenes From a Marriage*, highlighting the utilitarian anthropocentrism with which we relate to the world. But objects always offer more. Somehow they create their own interactions, their inherent fables, their particular alchemy by occupying an unprecedented space and confronting a specific context. Because space is always a doubt, as Georges Perec says, a question, something that "is never mine, it

1. Daniel, Markus. *Por qué el mundo no existe. Pasado y presente*, S.L, 2015. Own translation.

IMAGINATION

I could tell you stories. At some point I thought about doing it. Maybe that's what I do best. Confabulate. Which is another name for curating. I could explore that black hole in the middle of the room that I imagine as the gateway to the secret room of the house, to the mystery that these walls hide.

I am everything you will never know; the best kept secret, the black spot, incurable (La voz que habita, Anna Dot)

That flickering light that tells the voice that inhabits the house. Who makes up stories of disappearances and strange TVs turned on in the middle of the night in the American desert.

I am echoes of a fear that resounds between the walls that saw her going and already knew, they did, that it would be the last time. (La voz que habita, Anna Dot)

Or that abandoned shirt on the chair that reminds me of a scene from *À bout de souffle*. Someone is waiting. But who? Perhaps it is not someone but the chair itself that has been waiting forever. And perhaps the question to be asked must not be *who* but *when*.

Why didn't you tell me that you were inflating another house on another map? (Yo siempre regreso a los pezones y al punto 7 del Tractatus, Agustín Fernández Mallo)

I could ramble on those esoteric presences scattered on the floor in the shape of an abstruse pyramid or of child figurines blocked on the ceiling. The arcana of imagination.

A labyrinth is a house built to confuse men. (El Inmortal, J.L Borges)

I could tell you how was the party that ended (they all end...) and how at dawn there are always empty bottles that must be justified.

In a house, in general, nothing good usually happens. (Los domingos, Guillem Martínez)

Or the life of that lonely writer who one day decided to stab his demons. All these latent legends coexist somewhere, on postcards hidden in pockets, in secret sentences, in sticky traces that do not let us see further. Perhaps also, why not, investigate

is never given to me, I always need to mark it, designate it." That's what *object-oriented ontology* talks about when it says that objects have their own reality and network of influence beyond human consciousness².

The works presented in the exhibition stand on their own, as significant creations *per se*, but at the same time they acquire an infinity of hermeneutical and epistemological potentialities in their relationship with the place and with the other proposals. We enter then in a universe of possible narratives, personal associations, unpublished dialogues that are built with each viewer's point of view but also through the appearance of a world that mixes the intriguing, the poetic, the disturbing, the absurd and the humorous. A limbo in which the simplistic confrontation between reality and representation, that outdated idea of an art trying to copy reality (or vice-versa), has no reason to exist. Imagination is "exactly what reality can be confused with" said Stanley Cavell about the ontology of cinema.

Here things can be mistaken with *life itself*, as we use to say using this tautological and empty expression, which is nothing more than saying that they are born of our imagination. The intimacy of a past presence, the spirits of dull lives or the adventures to come lurk in the emptiness of the corridors like those painful ghosts in the house of *A Ghost Story*. The disseminated works acquire the magic of those legendary objects, whose supernatural powers came from the mythical room of *The Lost Room*. A mixture of *unheimlich* and magic realism, an episode of *The Twilight Zone* directed by Terrence Malick, a Magritte's painting imagined by David Lynch. A blurring of the *field of sense* that precisely reveals 'our ways of seeing, the way in which we understand objects' to confront ourselves to the 'presence of sense' itself, as Markus Gabriel explains again.

2. Graham, Harman. *Tool-Being: Heidegger and the Metaphysics of Objects*. Open Court; First Edition, 2002.

what the walls hide behind that scarred skin of formal evocation and that breathing, that murmur heard in the distance, like a kind of memory of space. A deaf invasion of black figures that threaten to swallow everything.

I had to close the corridor door. They have taken over the back part. (Casa tomada, Julio Cortázar)

I could imagine some tiny worlds, halfway between Lewis Carroll and Gulliver, in which awnings are excuses to kiss a stranger and a microscopic painting can be like the *Nymphéas at l'Orangerie*, a true enveloping landscape. Because *they are the objects themselves that are decreasing at the same rate as the dead that possessed them* (Limbo, Agustín Fernández Mallo).

But then they would be my stories, my secret and I would be telling more about myself than about the works. Better to wonder what a bathtub full of leaves is doing in the sink. From what Fellini's scene do those cookies come out on a banquet table that seems abandoned, as another possible ending to *I Vitelloni*? Where does that Lynchean ear come from that confirms that beautiful French expression that *walls have ears*? Who is this curious entity that seems to collect sugar and forget balloons in the living room?

Perhaps it all belongs to that mysterious *Hannah* who shamelessly opens her privacy to us. And maybe not. Perhaps, like the bluish foam that accompanies the installation, the exhibition does nothing more than maintain an ephemeral trace of someone's presence. Or something. The truncated pieces of two glasses that don't fit. The superposition of several temporal layers -as in the magnificent comic *Here* by Richard McGuire- seem to coexist as forgotten moments in the passing of time, drawing a poetic map of a finally possible expiration of the irreversible.

THE THRESHOLD

Everything is a tale. Stories that we tell ourselves. The noises in the basement, the shadows under the bed, the melon on the table, the taste of watermelon, a piece of paper hidden in an invisible crack.

These words are a curatorial text. But at the same time they are a confession and a letter, an expiation and a rambling, a game and a lament. No word has a single meaning.

Doesn't matter.

This is not a true story.

There is no such truth.

We are all stories that we tell ourselves.