

‘The question I would ask in regards to art, then, is what kind of art do you make as a result of this absurdity?’

I can never remember by heart the question that E.M. Cioran proposes. I always have to go back to my notes; and as I read it, not only do I remember the exact words that construct the question, but I ask myself the question all over again: ‘What are you waiting to give up?’

I would have to say, first of all, that I do not make things. I make attempts to escape absurdity. I don’t consider that I do things, and society always reminds me of that. I have nothing to sell. Just attempts and possibilities of images to offer.

I have to clarify where I am standing. I stand knowing the futility of things. Of art, of change, of knowledge, and so on. But the fact that I know they are futile won’t make me stop trying. Because, as I said, I make attempts to escape absurdity. Even if it’s by means of lies in the images or actions that I try to insert in the everyday. One way in which I lie to myself in order to keep trying is by constructing beliefs. And so, I believe things are possible. By things I don’t mean grand and extraordinary matters like global change or awareness towards social issues. I don’t care about politics. Maybe because of my socio-economical conditions, or I’m very good at lying to myself.

These ‘things’ on which I base my beliefs being possible belong to the realm of the meaningless. They carry no relevance whatsoever to no one but me. People might encounter them for a few minutes, if not seconds, and then move on. Like we do with everything. That is neither good or bad. It’s just like that. We all have different mechanisms in which we construct / build our reality. A reality in which each of us will position ourselves in order to achieve belonging.

Attempting to escape absurdity is the way I place myself towards the other. Towards absurdity it self.

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