

Marcelino Barsi  
I'm the first spectator of my own work.

As so many existences like yours and mine I rely on the misspelled words and on the thought that with difficulty goes from the head to the hand. And even worst, when passing through the quoting that alienates me from my own things, even from my own thoughts.

This is an eraser that softly disdains the written: the soap.

So foreign as quoting Freud, Jung, Mircea-Eliade, and other brainy taxidermists of the motivations of the subconscious.

How to try to transmit in words the effect of a visual work. And above all, the words that in their own difficulty, with a gesture of specifying, supposes talking truths as if the words were the one thing that gives that truth to the work. As if we had abandoned the eternal doubt, we forget the surprise, in between the said and the contradiction as part of the foundation of an artistic production.

I condemn myself to the misunderstanding and the contradiction.

The smidge, the error, the story made by stories being replied, and the fear to the answered questions, because they are already given. The weariness of filling holes, of explaining. Lights that bright bitterly the desires of the other for knowing, for finding out. Showing the other, the others what is yours, what is mine, and what we share. Silencing personal questions and other compulsory ones by circumstances foreign to your self.

Like saying: this-is-his-story-of-him. But this is also my own. It's the social relationship of: your own, my own, and the infra-mince. That without being taken from the social space, it is where it comes from. And it only presents itself as a face to the mirror of what you want to see. There relies the ambiguity, and the annoyance of putting off the dirty sparks of everyone's desires. And covering the holes, and washing the wounds, and the dreams, because these

omes wash the dark need of interpret them rationally. Covering that unfaithful night of foreign circumstances to what someone allegedly said, or told me with opinions at the end.

The opinion, whatever this one was, adds new elements to the creative process that has been initiated.

The whispers wait exaggerated from the opinions, above all and above nothing in particular. At the end, opinions. They call them points of view. Like looking at the stars. Physicists and Astronomers from everywhere and from every point in time interested in the game of distance and movement. The distant and external, so at the end it is that I'm cancer and today maybe I get to be happy. I will have to verify with the alignments and have questions for 'medium' answers. Or going out for a walk, or not. And find myself with that world, so personal and close, and so alien to us at the same time. And steal what I can. And breathing and be a respirateur as Duchamp declares himself at somepoint. I also shower.

And to explain these things I rely on two things.

No. 1: From the momonic law that says "one thing is one thing, and another thing is another thing."

No.2: The "infra-mince" that manifests a law stated preciously that maintains a narrow slip-up almost imperceptible.

Infra-delicate.

The smoke from the tobacco that I'm smoking travels with the smell of my breath, and in my mouth stays the aroma of the cigarette.

How much does the soap washes? How much does it wear you out and it wears itself in the quotidian?

To empty the space of the true body, or to make the body truthful. To open an assumption for the spectator to occupy it, and thatway the meaning will be re activate it by each. What sense does it have to shower every day?

The pleasure of the oblivion.

One searches ~~existing~~ existence to the service of transcendence... and the cleaning: the oblivion.

The maternal work of the fleeting memory. Of the society that breaths and showers its doubts with questions forgetting that one doesn't breath the same with water falling directly to the face while one showers.

And don't forget to close your eyes, because the soap stings.

May be it's only about trying to find a way. This as: a lasting encounter. To steal elements divided so these ones can find themselves. To make a block of affections and perceptions (Deleuze and Guattari). To my own whim.

"The goal it's not the work but the freedom to make it".

Like slowing down time, or make it visible. It is an ephemeral work but tries to travel as best as it can in the space-time-circumstance-history or whatever is called.

That is why it awaits in its box display. As taxonomy entomologic that procurement stopping time and the species meanwhile they end up in a photograph of what it's nothing more than the memory of the actions and the upcoming encounters.

It's inventing possible encounters.

Everything without the reason-truth.

Facing the idea of reason, the speech and any other thing that supports my work I quote once again in my quality of thief of any other insignificant thing (once again questioning the values of what has been said and what has been decided) the following:

Apolodoro and a friend of Apolodoro:

"I used to go unsteady by this and the other side, and believing I had a rational life, I was the most miserable of men. I imagined, as you know, that in anything one should employ itself with preference to the philosophy."

- Come on, don't mock me and tell me when did this conversation take place.

Un lugar para cada cosa y cada cosa en su lugar.

When serenity dyes in humor and acquires a prettier tone.

To play household and cleaning by cutting the grass. To play to understand right from wrong. It's cleaning the hands on the jeans or with a napkin. And if you swear I will wash your mouth with soap.

In my process I don't look for small revolutions in the social space. But what is shared.

Empanadas de crema, empanadas de piña, empanadas de atún, empanadas de jamón, empanadas Hawaianas, empanadas árabes.

It's letting me see what I see. It's talking as clear as I can.

Taking into account that the window is less clear than the wall.

It's the disfigured assault of the subjective perception.

It's trying to understand that we live in the same world: yours and mine.

It's talking about the cold in broken shoes, not because of the rain, but because of the sorrow.

And even so, I don't understand. And get away right now from the sound of my letters.

Because maybe I am speaking about small revolutions of the social space, or about walking, and the movement, and the stillness.

I don't know.

The truth is:

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