

The sign inhabit

An outdated question: What if painting has not stopped responding to contemporary artistic needs? What if painting – I repeat, after the multiple death sentences – is reborn in each stroke, trace, mark, color, line, incision, suture and imprint? I mean the primacy of form. to the character of the composition. To the craft of the self-sacrificing artist (never a hero). Because it has been known for at least half a millennium, painting is –in all verbal tenses– a mental thing embedded in a body that assists and resists it and a body embedded in a mind that assists and resists it to con- form an image. And this applies, especially, to the painter of the cave of forgotten dreams.

Another question, anachronistic this time: What does a painting express? Or better yet, how to tell without explaining? How to narrate without informing? How to interpret the light of a palette, the tone or the spectrum of a hue? , as? Constructing a pictorial hermeneutics (and a hermetic) where words do not lose their purpose, their verve or their ardor. Let's read together the speech of an artist when he is overwhelmed by conjecture. In this case, the image witnessing its atavistic imposture: parallels that discover its vanishing point outside the world (outside the frame or outside the frame), organic shapes or linear paths basking in pure materiality, the Lacanian lost object: a leap into the void of space, to the empty space that must be inhabited.

Our famous ancestors proclaimed it: the letter with blood enters. It will be necessary then to resort to a scalpel. We will have to contemplate each painting like a wicked surgeon and go through the gallery like Prussian philologists sunk in a bilingual dictionary: let's read these words just like a painting (these words are a painting and they are a pre-text). Letters drawn trying to weave a system of signs doomed to dissolution.

It is like this (I am going to paraphrase, a convenient euphemism for those who are dedicated to theft): painting thinks. At a certain point we become unable to distinguish those verbs but only their order. Thinking doesn't paint. Paint think. Painting finds what the one who painted could not think without painting.

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