

When There Isn't Any

When one is left without an object or subject that can manipulate words, only plausible apparitions are there to manipulate thoughts. The existence of the following objects is just an uncertain - maybe philosophical - hypothesis. This is the territory in which to dissect apparitions; these words come before the objects. As the poet Octavio Paz once said, 'apparitions are manifest, their bodies weigh less than light, lasting as long as this phrase lasts'.

In the flow of options and obstructions to representation, the feeling of an image comes into view. This essay begins dissecting something 'adaptable'.

An object may appear in the space, whose limits and extension are visible and yet varied. It stretches outwards and inwards along this fictitious wall as arms when running after an embrace. Whenever I seize on a separate section of this subject, it slips away. Is a text on an invented exhibit less authentic than a reading group on Contemporary Art Magazines? Before and behind an object, there is thought. Antonin Artaud offered existence to his uncertain ideas out of the respect for the feeling that dictated them and the images and phrases he was able to find. One can preserve a priori impressions by arranging their subjectivity into objects, which are adjusted to be liable to be found somewhere. I find words to adjust an absence. I precede images with phrases that are not shadowed by figurative premises. This text is authentic in the only possible connotation of the word: it is true to itself.

In the flow of options and obstructions to representation, the feeling of an image comes into view. It is 'Frozen Strawberry Spray Paint'.

Objects are made of materials and measures that define their essence; this guarantees comprehension and use. Yet in the process that produces this finished subject, some of its ingredients are made into fragments, which are dismissed to be then swept away. The history of an object is told through the qualities that are left after selection and sanding down. Frozen Strawberry Spray Paint allows a reflection of sorts. When paint is sprayed on a surface, this fading lollipop-like colour is formed by those tiny drops which realize the desired result. The rest of this shading action, the process of generating diverse shades of light, evaporates. Of the drops that existed and caused properties of colour, the subject contains only those who were lucky enough to mark their presence. Someone said: 'of all your children, only those who were born'. However, what had no impression on the subject still sits in the space, floating around it. 'Nothing is lost, nothing is created, everything is transformed', the French chemist Antoine-Laurent de Lavoisier proved in 1774. This essay is a remnant of what it can be.

In the flow of options and obstructions to representation, the feeling of an image comes into view. In this case it's video.

In a black box, projected on a white plastic board or screened on TVs, a further apparition takes the form of this media. The object as video will be classified following its duration, message and techniques. More than being considered for its distinct virtual materiality, the video is seen as referring to others' existences and ideas. In a reality framed by the need for visibility, this subject allows special chances to be seen. In their use and ability to reproduce the real world, videos are democratic; in theory, they can record every situation which may be happening. The virtual nature of actions and stories that this object represents resembles some of the essential conditions of the appearance of something. Apparitions and virtual images do not exist as physical objects in front of me; while videos are made possible by recording equipment and

software, the apparition of this subject is a visualisation of my unconscious and is made visible by these words.

In the flow of options and obstructions to representation, the feeling of an image comes into view. It is 'flexible'.

Things that surrender themselves to inconsistent circumstances. A money plant, normally positioned by the window in the living room, sees its status changed and its position altered. Its green and crunchy essence becomes bronze solidity. Its temporary flourishing is transformed into an undying truth. In a probable modern exhibit, objects arrive in a gallery from intimate places and public streets. They don't resist the process that bestows on them a new sense and setting, yet their physical appearance talks of stories from elsewhere. Things are a constellation of forces. The veins visible on their surfaces describe relations, exchanges and desires of other subjects, indeed of people. Objects hover in the same air as individuals. They are subjected to the same aspirations, obsessions and demands for evolution. The flexible nature of a possible object of art is the flexibility required to the subjects of neo-liberal economy. This includes flexible working hours, flexible approach and flexible workplace, flexible salaries and flexible securities.

In the flow of options and obstructions to representation, the feeling of an image comes into view. This essay recounts a state of tension.

Apparitions are never precise, never complete. Their degree of permanence follows unpredicted rules; their continuity cannot be promised. Those objects that may be contained in an exhibition are subjects in tension: they are pulled, stretched between potential states and weights. Volatile veils are distributed on the wall, and iron trestles are leaning against it. A feeling of lightness, of immaterial escape, is pursued amongst impressions of substantial materiality. The message of this artistic composition oscillates between extremes; in the end, it's determined by the viewer's reception of it. But what if objects are things that feel? What if they are subjects that can speak for their own fractures and decay? In this line of reasoning, the tension between things and individuals is temporarily resolved. In the struggle for emancipation, Hito Steyerl suggests to side with the object for a change; subjects are subjected to power relations. Why then not be an object without a subject? A thing among other things.

In the flow of options and obstructions to representation, the feeling of an image comes into view. Apparitions are 'Untitled'.

I'm confronted with the impossibility of naming a precarious chance of being. Reality is a bunch of designating words; this apparition is allowed to be untitled, since it doesn't exist still. I'm not seeing with my eyes, but through this text. These words are looking at images fading away.