

The geography of the body

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The first incision is the deepest. Words, illustrations, pictures or actions are defined by difference. What distances the word from bodies (from drawing, from painting) creates through praxis the elements for a better language, precisely for meaning. Surface makes possible, and what happens on that surface is the event of its expression. "The expressed", says Deleuze, "renders possible expression". We are then beset by another task: to plan a new situation that can free our language from the body. It's an amalgam that stems from the production of surfaces and doesn't presuppose submission to the other possible genesis; the one should no longer make possible the other —I mean that. Writing involves submission, a corporal dependency.

How it depends on the manifestations and consumptions of the body. If I venture to say that writing is independent, I want to stress equally that it is a fraternal quality, near the body, despair or lament, whose purpose is to present bodies, to show them, giving the benefit of the doubt to the subjects and attributes, to the meanings.

Writing is conventional in habitual reference, in every expression no matter it's nature, artificial always in its justifying reason, only because it thinks that its standing is superior. Beyond any doubt, depth-surface, nature-artifice, nature-habit, proceed from this first reason. Valéry said it among others, Cándido Camacho is saying it: *SKIN IS THE SEAT OF DEPTH*. Deleuze himself said it through Melanie Klein: It's a false problem because what is stolen from the schizophrenic isn't his voice (the word, writing) by the voice on high, but, on the contrary, the whole sonorous prevocal system with which he has built his spiritual automaton. Melanie Klein drew an unforgettable portrait where the breast-fed

child, from the first year of life, is scene, actor and drama, all at the same time.

Cándido Camacho's painting presupposes the same primary demand; that of totality. Everything is, a priori, profundity without depth. Cándido's painting is a geometry of all the dimensions of our earthly life, of his life. For everything —and I'm absolutely sure he knows it— is the implication of life's orientation, following variable "coordinates", gyrating, displaced: all of the body's erotic geography. It's true, everything starts in the abyss. The first incision is the deepest.

Never before until now, perhaps only in mystical texts, the mind required such divorce, never did one pretend to collect language's space in non-expression nor two differences merge in one phantom to determine the mentality of our time. That's the reason, to an extent, why painting wants to make its philosophical deliberations through image, music through sound and life through acts. That total art that contemporary experience offers is, in origin, an art of languages, of enclosed fields, of closed universes. The word is expressed, the stroke defines itself: discipline is a return to the forgotten in order to find the sense that provoked the origin of action. This is the beginning. And the end, that coincides, for the great enterprise of our era is to overcome Temporal Culture.

The mind suffers deep deterioration, in Joyce's words, it goes soft. The look that fixes words, the ear that listens to them, the touch that feels them, the palate that tastes them, and the smell that catches them, are, in summary, the basic traits of our culture, a culture that has found its limits some time ago and that in its despair grows inwards, like a Tower of Babel, where language, already void, and yet, still impo-



CANDIDO CAMACHO. *Mix. Tec./Canvas. La Palma. 1976.*



Portrait of
CANDIDO CAMACHO. 1976. *Sta. Cruz de La Palma.*

sing, dictates the exact dimension of chaos. This Year One Thousand that is coming up, where the ghost of redemption has been displaced by the ghost of pride, this epoch whose tumult rejects God and exalts his emptiness, is the last night of the Renaissance, the uncontainable orgy that upon the culmination of an era celebrates on high the final mutterings of History. And in its midst, destroyed men, paint pictures write poems, sing the nostalgia of lost spirituality and make love with a desire for approval similar to that which in ancient times forced them to raise pyramids and temples.

There isn't contextuality: a text begins where it ends. Life is in itself a creative act, we've said it. What we forget is that art is canonical and the volubility of life resents it. Our art—the art of today—neither redeems nor condemns, it doesn't express anything or ask anything, nor even does it suspect;

the art of today —our art— merely teaches, and the academic impulse of its collection both educates and blinds the imagination.

Who inspires this, Carroll, never intended this, and turned the mind into a character Alice, mysterious, evasive and provocative life became another, the Hare. With them began his defense of freedom, spirituality and imagination which his epoch lost hopelessly.

The Hare jumps over Alice Dietrich. Life rapes the mind irredeemably. A silent stare can create a body; a body can become language; language intends to look: totality of Art. End of Art. This text was still-born.

"La Liebre Marceña"
El Día, Sta. Cruz de Tenerife. 1976