

Reasons and non-reasons for doing what I do

ANTONIO MARTORELL

To reach that other self, to peer into that unknown world that I hope to explore within me, to catch any single reflection from that other half of the mirror, to make it into a false coin that at some point of its circulation will find its true worth, consigned, but never resigned.

This is the communication in art that interests me, however ambiguous, conflictive or elusive it may be.

This need has sometimes led me by the hand, at others dragged me compulsively, precipitated the encounter with different disciplines and genres of expression. Painting, drawing, etching, television, cinema, theatre, dance, radio, journalism, and the hardest of all, which is the slow learning process they all entail: life.

During this effort, art has frequently substituted life, or taken to a high point of excitement, to an exalted mode of experience and to an eventual and easily predictable confusion, but very difficult to prevent.

Nevertheless, art continues to be an exercise in freedom, where the artist tries to impose his own tyrannical limits that exceed those of any military dictatorship, more binding than the monthly wage, more terrible than the worst nightmare.

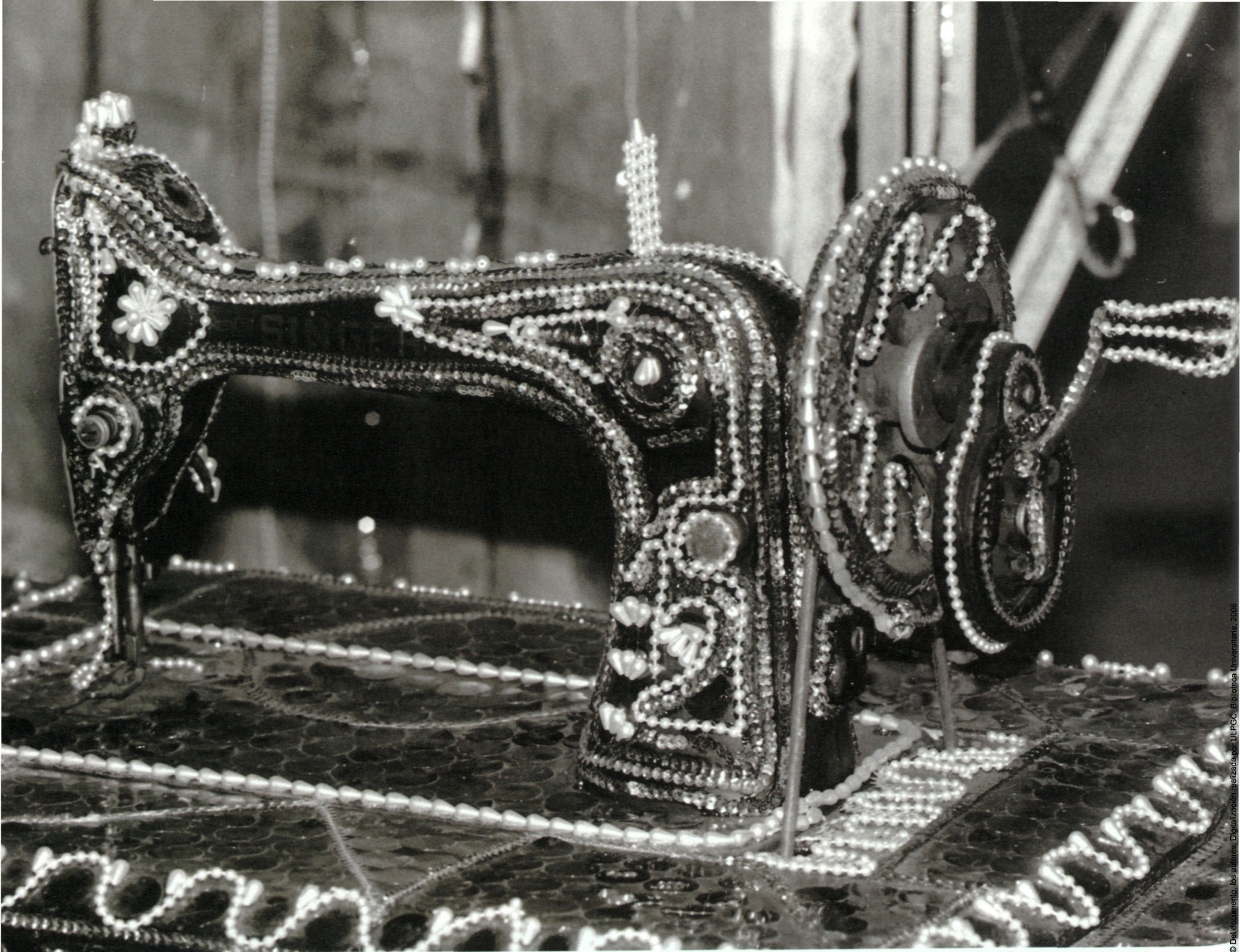
Yet there are moments of such pleasure during the process, of such constant joy, anticipated, savoured and remembered, that for its sake, as happens with great passion, the artist will risk all. It isn't surprising then that such circumstances lead the artist to pretend he is the architect of mansions that will accommodate such passion, that will protect such cherished



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madness, that dangerous brand of the imagination the poet called the household's madwoman.

Perhaps that's why I have an ancestral obsession with the doors and windows which my mallorcan grandfather built, and that I have to open wide. Perhaps that's the reason for this cursed contemporary sensibility of grilles and gates that I approach in order to destroy. Perhaps that's why I have this generous mania for roofs, this inherited phobia of infinite, menacing space.

To find lodging for what is unlodgable, a refuge for the nomad, a prison for freedom, is the essential paradox of the artist that as serial killer seriously begs and implores that he be arrested to prevent the next crime he is evidently desiring.

But, careful, it isn't the *execution* of a crime, nor the *profession* of an art, both terminal and ominous words. In any case, we can always talk of the *celebration* of an ever fresh subversive, if not perverse, action, of the elated search for transformable matter, of unexpected changes like the ever-

green doors which my aunt Carmelin beholds with her third vigilant eye opening a void onto endless happy paths.

And while auntie serves us coffee, and with her free hand traces in the dining room's warm air a luminous arc which defines the next project, the new born illusion which her atavistic gifts of caribbean mediumship proclaim, we have a foretaste of approaching sleep, the fresh blood that will career like a child along our veins, loosing itself in the body's labyrinth, to be found any day or any night at the beginning of a new task that is really a game.

A team or a solitary game, its end product will be the process, infinite chances governed by self-imposed rules, the fathoming of critical laughter, the secret mechanism of all irreverence that leads to the worship of the ideal accident, the disorder that spawns a new order of surprise where the Ten Commandments won't force us to lie and the house will no longer be shut in by ten closed, exitless doors.

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Antonio Martorell. "La Casa en el aire" (La guagua).

