

## Cándido Camacho: The painting of delirium

Antonio Zaya

Probably, racked by doubt the reader may well ask himself what function art criticism can devote to cockroaches. However, the explanation is simple: if a painter considers appropriate the effort made to reveal the extraterritoriality of art, it is because he was consciously forced to extract from the same category, complementary terms, such as language (the vehicle of displacement from one organ to another), and cockroaches (repeated in the body of language).

In his work, Cándido Camacho uses structures whose analogy with linguistic analysis are surprising. Language enables us to discover that pornography displaces its meaning to the body in the delirium of image without becoming frozen in conceptual make-up. And inversely for the same reason, Cándido Camacho provokes a great distance in the observer capable of recovering, (as Antonio Gómez has said), the "fundamental body of all language", that is to say, its desire.

In the manner of Roussel and Péuy, that revealed in literature the new order that opened up with *differences* and *repetitions*, Cándido, as if he realized his own duplicate presence, in a premeditated apparition, has made form (his nature morte, and never better described) occupy the place that corresponds to its homonym, and not to its meaning: organizing difference where only repetition existed, where all has been said and nothing has been definitively said. "I don't repeat because I repress", says Deleuze, I repress because I repeat, I forget because I repeat. I repress because in the first place I can't live certain things or certain experiences other than in a repetitive mode. I am determined to repress what would prevent me from experiencing them in this way, which means, representation, that annexes experience because it relates it to a similar or identical object. Eros and Thanatos—continues Deleuze—are distinguished by the fact that Eros must be repeated, can't be experienced, while Thanatos (as a transcendental principle) is the agent that provides Eros with repetition, which dominates repetition".

Language can be made-up in different extravagant ways with obstinate frequency, in the same way that forms, organized in new spaces, prelude new senses. At such a juncture, a penis in not a penis, because repeated as a nature morte (cockroaches), its destruction does not take over its own deve-

lopment, but to the contrary, institutes it solemnly, condemning it to sterility, the abyss that repetition carries.

Cándido reclaims for painting the right to assume the task of the meaning of life. If until recently, there has been, a schism between it and language, it is due to a lamentable restriction of expressive freedom and to a vicious manichean will that tries to bury alive young free spirits.

Paradoxically the origin of creation is generated there where all has been destroyed. The place that in logic corresponds to Eros, is now fulfilled by Death. She is the true sovereign, and through her Eros has a place. To the left and right, the heaped bodies, sometimes hardly drawn, exhausted, lying, are prisoners of an inertia that drinks up the cup of their wild appetite.

What initially contained and revealed form now belongs to meaning, and it is in the empty space of death, located between both, where this deliberate language that names the unnamed fundamental exclusion is lodged, like a cryptogram, that says B in order to mean A. Such an idea has been marvelously condensed by Raymond Roussel in the following verses: It is to give, to him that looks out of a moving train, a fan. Yet nonetheless, the sense of these lines, (as well as the La Palma series by Cándido Camacho that we are analyzing here), has rebelled: no longer is exclusion absent to prevent return. Now, it's a question of coming twice without having left at all, of having two bowls of soup even if you don't want it.

It's a question of subverting linguistic order as the Zen school did, when they said: "If you have a walking stick I'll give you one, if you don't I'll take it away from you".

However, the vibration of this new space is so vertiginous and at the same time so frozen, that it seems to contemplate the stature of finality: its perfume is breathable at certain moments and everywhere, in the same way that life is slowly consumed by childhood.

I can only say about this new series of Camacho that one rarely feels so at one with another's work to celebrate it.