

Images that die

It is not surprising that once we place our wreath, our bouquet, our image on the stone, the marble or the funeral lawn, we forget about the object we have brought to remember the deceased that we do not want to be forgotten.

Only when we return to the place of remembrance to see the oblivion stop for a moment, while at the same time we take care of the other remembrance - wreath, bouquet, picture - will we sooner or later see all those objects, dirty, faded, damaged, that we brought visit after visit, covered with memory. Now, at least, they will seem to us slightly distinct, changed, different from the first glance we cast at them. Neither their color, nor their place, nor perhaps even their shape will seem identical. As if time had inevitably passed over them, although they are there only to leave a testimony, they themselves have ended up becoming the prey of time, if not its negative.

EXSPIRANTIUM IMAGINES, images that die, we could call them. Indirect mirrors in a way of the degradation that time, inexorable, continues to produce under marble, stone, lawn. If not places themselves of transfer, metonymies of a time that is both unstoppable and yet devoid of a will.

Stone - geological time - zero intention / Ceramic - craft time - commemorative intention /
Plaque - artistic time - negative intention.

Objects, in all three cases, the effect of a negativity that only the fact of carrying these objects, letting their weight fall on the chest, as a memory and at the same time as a goal of capturing this time not directly visible (bitten, cracked, erased) can at best make it felt.

In any case, what all these pieces show is the same journey through memory, towards an increasingly total stripping away, where only an expiring, lapidary, veiled form - of what once had another form -, more or less accidental, more or less intentional: between accident and intention, the finished and the interminable, the ultimate end and recycling, the offering and the spoliation.

Material accounts of the wear and tear, in the end, that oblivion, like the tide, causes on the coast of our memory.

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