

KILL THE DRAWING

I dislocated the man. It lasted for hundredths of a second, the bone popped out of its socket to reposition itself immediately afterwards. There remained a pain like a faint phono noise and a swelling that the eye could not detect. As if it had never happened," he would say, as is often said of those events that change everything.

At the risk of compromising it, I diagnose that the closing of Thinking the End Compromises the End will have its resemblances.

Laura Mesa's exhibition is the cause of this other injury. The artist has dislocated a joint that, due to inactivity, was stiff, and the result has been a dislocation as tremendous in result as it is slight in execution.

I will try to explain it: you enter the art room through a curtain that keeps everything dark. At first you see nothing, but it's a matter of waiting for your eyes to get used to it. Then you see more, but not enough to avoid the illusion; a floating plinth draws the floor plan of the room, twisted about 20 degrees, life-size, on the floor of the exhibition space. The walls are cut into each other and a set of lights performs the camouflaged trick: the hidden LEDs illuminate the superimposition of spaces -the one that was given and the one proposed by the artist-, while "what is outside" is kept in semi-darkness. At first you think that between the two spaces there is a dark glass, but you timidly bring your hand closer and notice that nothing stops it.

You continue on one foot, and by the time you realize it, you've passed from one side to the other. You feel it must be science fiction: you've stepped through a portal. From the other side the trick is obvious, and you look at "those out there" with new eyes: as if they were more like "those in there"; as if you had just escaped from that cavern.

On the floor of this new space, an elbow, a hip, a knee, a shoulder. And while their three-dimensionality might lead you to believe that they are sculptures, the human joints embodied in graphite are called drawings.

On the blackish amputated pieces, Laura Mesa applies pressure with hundreds of sheets of paper. Of an absurd paper, composed entirely of the same graphite, as if the war against white were over, technique were the support, heaven were on earth, and total drawing were possible. The total drawing or its death.

And it is that, when the invisible inflammation withdrew, my shoulder acquired a new lightness. And "if 'thinking the end compromises the end, but not the world', we can only build attempts that help us to draw another possible outcome". To break a bone to straighten it, to open a wound to cure the infection, to stop the heart to save life. To kill the drawing.

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