

so they are using you?

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Foreword: A picture is the scanning tempo of a text. I should be open to the supplanted and its fiction, and I'm. At that moment I create an image that is full, it carries the weight of itself yet has learned to travel so lightly. I settle with all my versions: painting is the consistency between the invisible and the efficient —having accomplished to be as bold as it is able to be lifeless – a made up intensity which I speak of as I leave it's subject behind, no need to buy it. I reverse the tricks for drying so that my words make the canvas wet. "It speaks."

This remark fills the room with a low tone, as if we expected something to come out of such declaration; a marching band announcing the game that is about to start, yet once again the severity of intentions finds a way to quiet itself and live peacefully. I think I'm ready for some sort of match. The absolute performative only works when pronounced by the body that keeps it, is it romantic enough to utter: "The chair says it loves you too?" *sheet music here*. The band's experience goes as far as playing the recorder. I too have the ethics of an amateur musician: always accept the invitation to play. A dress comes with the entitlement of wearing a dress. The most fitting suit is the act that can travel throughout itself: criticism. Explication is a self-sufficient exercise; an attempt, another attempt, and a third one. When you have convinced them enough, and I must say that persuasion is the greatest form of talent*1, you can go on telling your audience that you're dressed in gold threads even as you lay naked the morning after, you can also go back to sleep. Anyone that faces you will say: That pattern, so perfect! Those colors, so suitable! Seeing commits suicide in front of a good texture, right there, it envies the tactile opportunity of hands. I want to kiss them both. Nothing can make an eye confess that actually, it doesn't see anything but its own digestive system. Eyes feeding desires, eyes throwing up desires. The audience can stare for as long as you dare to stand there, yet they might not even see you.

Anyways this is not about painting, I used it as a conversation starter. This is all a plan for a sculpture that should've been a concert instead. But I've been advised not to put an instrument in the middle of the room because no one will touch it, I can't afford to hire a professional musician for you. Will you abandon your spy enthusiasm if I don't give you enough to tease it? Who will play the instrument anyways without a set of instructions and a predictive state of accounts? People like the next episode, and the last. Which is no more than saying, we like things starting and things being over but not being caught up between them. The proof is, listening can only take place when you care for the lips of the storyteller.

I'm the middle --the sculpture has a voice that is only heard when replicated by moving my mouth. I'm a mime with a fabric of synthetic materials, SYNTHESIS!: My instrument lifts fragments of notes and uses them as answers in interviews and essays, but of course we repeat ourselves again and again. The perfection of speech is verbatim, is every-day life and monotony. Production is tedium disguised as spontaneous response. You can't hear it now but trust me this sound will be amazing when I MAKE it, you'll perceive tickling as tickling.

"Mmmmm": I'm a physical entity much more complex than any metaphor and subjectivity as well, I mean, a plane of experience or interpretive act. Says the voice*. If you purchase my sculpture I swear I'll relax, I'll be left with the sound I make while eating, a volume that can only be perceived by the self-conscious body inside my mouth – the compositions of the tongue leave no records and have no owners. Melody is freehold; an invasion of the interior that makes your cheeks vibrate. When I stop chewing the world is just as silent as it was before I started. After such realization, am I allowed to make no noise and observe?

When my piece gets quiet enough, it is as loud as the inside of a cave with 5 horses in it, each horse with its respective owner since I'm a sucker for context. Call me, I'm well educated. I'll give you the owner's voice and the speech of the horses in their own horse tongue, the tongue that licks you when you feed them carrots. Art eats and spits history! And who owns whom? It seems like this is still a valid question. Ownership is a naughty mutter that makes the audience feel like they can hear something, or their names being called to testify.

*1: Avoid the burdens of mind reading.

*This character finds itself in someone else's fiction, and shared fiction like any other is still generated by a device plan and a program: I'll make you this sculpture if you want me to. It will sing to you for 100 dollars.