

NO FIXED FORM

Teresa Macri

Minimal. Silent. Anxious. Precarious. Fluid. Outcast. Fragile. Disturbed. Attractive. Plasmatic. Tempting. Post-pop.

Guillermo Mora's sculptures seem to seize the liquid condition of the subject in the critical and global pivot of topicality. In their materic multiplicity and in their formless and unstable consistency they transit as discrete presences in an objectual universe where – still inopportunately, tediously and inadequately – a spectacular and perfectly manipulated aesthetic drags on, vacuous legacy of a post-eighties objectual opulence and symbolic emblem of technocratic post-capitalistic fetishism.

But these little no fixed form sculptures which are manipulated by means of a post-existentialist pictorial process that crosses the state of solidification, or which reify themselves as such after having been robbed of their anonymous randomness as objects found in the street (hence homeless materials), or which assemble together through empathy, or which appear to have been masticated like syrupy chewing gum, catapult us into the stage of uncertainty.

At the same time they plunge us back into that aesthetic of precariousness which countertrend artists like Jason Rhoades, David Hammons, Gabriel Orozco, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Bojan Šarčević, Dieter Roth (and many others and in many ways) have employed as a criticism of the late-capitalist system, galvanised and structured as a universe of objectual vacuity, hyper-sensationalistic, which now appears in all its vexation and pathetic nature.

Mora's sculptures actually have the most intimate and almost playful will to recline on their own Self and inquire into their own sense of inadequacy, of unease and suspicion which, reluctantly, coagulates with the state of global indeterminateness.

What appears in them is a glimmer of criticism of the real and the embarrassment of perfectionism (illusory and fairytale-like), the objectual and systemic perfectionism of a universe which is cloned, mendacious, improvident and far from realistic, in which we have sailed on the surface and are now drowning.

Quizás mañana haya desaparecido is almost an aphorism by the artist, his mocking awareness of the liquidity of the real, of the Ego, of matter, of the object, of thought. *Quizás mañana haya desaparecido* does not pose the apocalyptic question of the world's existence but rather triggers doubt about the habitus in which a dialogical Self (and its whole spectral universe) might be relocated.

"NO FIXED FORM", curatorial text of the solo show *Quizás mañana haya desaparecido*, Extrapazio Gallery, Rome, October 2011.