

“What are you doing, nothing and you, nothing, OK, i’ll ring you when i’m done”.

S.B.

Language is everything, even silence is ruled by its discourse: You can only think what can be said, and non-expression still represents the existence of what is said. Words are all-powerful and they often limit the individual’s sense of subjectivity. This act (speaking) which relies on technical rules and grammatical recipes, can only exhaust its own sense (or the sense of the sense) in the source, (the speaker), when the user finds similar fundamentals to the ones he finds in language. As a tool, certain structural modifications, some alterations of normal use, can become a way to light up the gloomy essence of the self.

The most common procedure is to use language as an orthopedic instrument, to assign to this system of truth fictional facts -as in childhood-, in order to recreate them and to process them in a therapeutic way.

Altering the semantic structure of a phrase by exchanging two different meanings with similar sonorities creates an oral incident, a lapse, and this failure reveals the real intention of the speaker.

But this lyricism of personality, this rational freshness can be taken to its paroxysm.

One could isolate several suggestive but unconnected sentences, translate them into a foreign language, enlarge them, stick them on a white wall and call them a piece.

To extrapolate about the real intention of this procedure (it deprives language of its criterion and experience but employs its neatness and efficiency for the image) seems risky, and doesn't seem to be directed to critical interpretation. Gratuity is a screen. It becomes a space for experience to recover its presence. It is a risible revenge over the concrete, and a topography of the conceptual artist.

Despite what is suggested, conceptual art making is not confronted to an oppressive flow of ideas. To conceive is more a business resisting the domination of reality, a surgical operation that sections the appealing from what is not, a fashionable routine to transform the world into a visual supermarket. The artist gains a central position, an extremely personal situation that has displaced the object that has launched work to gravitate around the instant when the idea popped into the mind. Then, using new technologies and

SMALL PATHOLOGIES OF EVERY DAY

Papús Von Saenger, 2001

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techniques, the conceptual artist finds peace in his expression and regards with contentment his personal vocabulary of images.