

## **Intimacy as a public sacrifice in times made of bubble gum**

Gala explains to me her disposable images related to time, battle, defeat and victory. In that time, in that of the image-now, and in that space, which is the photographic support, Gala's body, that of her lover, that of the fluids, the smell, the accident and the hospital; physically and biologically this remains absent. I am a fierce advocate of synesthesia, in all kinds of animal communication: I confront her images and smell the sheets torn by days of corporeal battles. Her body from the there-now of the image taking, regenerates in the there-now of me as a spectator. Photography has that quality, it regenerates conceptions such as time, the body, and more than identity, our subjectivities; photography also has an unattainable care, which is similar to a Godot-like zenith that never arrives: that of trying to reach the origin, the moment in situ. And that is not a battle lost or won, it is the daily tear we have when we try to classify what is real and what is representation.

The Disposable Images and the Incessant Suicides are part of a profound everyday life, like those of any passerby with a camera on his cell phone, but the main difference is that they are part of a visual narrative and promptly put on a public stage. This makes the gesture of 'documenting' with pretensions of 'exhibiting' extremely ritualistic and challenging. While Gala's work is not part of the performance genre as the Academy calls it, to my mind there is a gesture of subversive performativity. I am reminded of Severo Sarduy's neo-barroquismo with the butterflies and the transvestites at carnivals. The girls represented are overloaded with the multiple symbolic and daily attire of what is properly feminine. It is a defiant performativity with respect to the non-fulfillment of roles: whoever masks herself gives herself away, since she denotes and evidences the possibility of a folding of the self to be unraveled.

What is to be unraveled is not a self hidden behind a mask, the mask does not hide, but it is a device that activates the ritual game in which we all take part; popular and public images such as Marilyn, Maria Lionza, the voluptuous woman, are part of our everyday life and our desires, public and hegemonic images are interpellative and create identity imaginaries with which we have to deal.

Suicidios incesantes with its symbolic neo-baroque denotes the multiple roles occurring in the same space-time. It is an I-Rhizome, masks and roles like a root or branch in the form of a stem, exemplifying a cognitive system where there is no central hierarchical point, no single identity, but nomadic and organic subjectivities constantly transacting with the hegemonic and

imposed identities. Deleuze said, "better death than this life that is given to us." The performance in *Incessant Suicides* tells us, "immortalize one of your lives and move on to the next without forgetting the previous ones."

The Batallian image of the finger in the ass, is presented as a parenthesis between all the other images of that visual narrative. I'm digging into the bottom of my ass, to see if I can find a button and vomit my previous mask into the toilet, as a self-imposed exorcism to enter into a new mask-worship. A stoic Oscar Wilde tells us: "For he who has lived many lives must die many deaths". And all this, in *Incessant Suicides* and *Disposable Images*, in the same body in an organic ritual.

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