

## PHASE 01

**JOSÉ DÍAZ**  
**NURIA FUSTER**  
**JULIA SPÍNOLA**

**MIREN DOIZ**

**HHIPPEHRELHIA [CARLOS FERNÁNDEZ-PELLO]**

**JOSÉ DÍAZ**

Madrid, 1981



Low Pass, 2013

Oil on canvas

76.8 x 70.9 in

José Díaz investigates multiple possibilities of forms identification in relation to painting. He uses captchas as tools that verify the functionality of the artificial vision used to recognize the texts hidden within the images, revealing in that way the limits and the unexpected connections of softwares, such as the impossibility to separate the background from the figure. A process related to the problems of visual perception. In the same line of thoughts, he considers the pareidolia to be a natural mechanism of painting. He is interested in this moment of recognition of a gesture in the painting field, with its limits and its appearances, just as if it was a way to confront the existence, a way of decoding it in order to figure out and find a certain emancipation of thoughts. More interested in the action of painting than in the painting itself, Díaz looks towards the abyss and towards the unknown because, in his opinion, the action of painting is a way to get to know the world, transmitting the tracks of this experience to the spectator. In Retroalimentación, he presents two large-format canvases; the artist tried to focus on the sound rather than on the images. To put it more precisely, he progresses through synaesthesias, he uses an articulation that sounds like a voice concert in order to assign a value to his traces. A dizzy process of affirmation and negation. A push and pull that moves in the rhythm of the paint-

er's gesture and the spectator's eye. Low pass is an expression that indicates a peculiar manner to filter the sound, letting only the lowest frequencies to pass. The very thing that Díaz searches for is this pictorial magma that blurs its limits and assumes a complexity hardly associated to other ways of painting. He is making a progress in the painting from the painting. In these two canvases, the tones of the night light of Madrid prevail, where sometimes, at nights, once you get close to it, you can hear the noise that turns into voices and music.

Jeff. Or how to dispirit the matter

Carlos Fernández-Pello

Jeff is somebody's or something's name. It is the J in W.J.T. It is the second name of Jazz, Will's buddy. The guy that uncle Phil would always end up throwing out from the window of the Banks family. And it is also the butler, the affectionate last name of the Koons, of the Wall. It is a title of a painting collection. One of few words that, once you write them by hand without lifting the pencil from the paper, draws a dock. A thread that goes around itself up till four times. Jeff is the captcha that you need to type before you can see the painting of José Díaz. It is the big brother behind the Amazon and it is the nickname of the giraffe from Toys'r'us. It is one of those names that highlights its form. That are phonetics and onomatopoeic. That are a portrait. The proof that the language is also a thing: first, the pressure of the tongue against the superior molars. And later on, an e that ends up with the teeth on the inferior lip. Yief. It's the name of an enzyme that optimizes the tumor reduction. The cook from Southpark, it is Chef.

We cannot know if a chameleon or an octopus is aware of the moment when their skin changes its form and color. Nevertheless, we can be absolutely sure that the bodies know it. That this is the very thing that sustains the illusion of the unity, of the specie. That is why it doesn't matter who or what is Jeff, provided that Jeff can take a form. As long as he knows how to adapt to a word or to a painted surface. That the paintings would say Jeff and Jeff would say paintings, and not necessarily Jeff has to mean something in particular. In the same way that bison's skull is calcified in the cave and later on integrated as just another bulge on the floor. Because, once aware of the material nature of a texture, of a word, of a proper noun, one can be aware of the meaning as something contingent, temporary. It's not that the things stop having their meaning, or that nothing matters, because everything changes all the time. But, that the meaning is mutation. They are active forms that build the appearance: that affection looks like effect. The effect of identity and a conclusion. That is why the proper noun is not neither in the origin of the initial things, nor in the never lasting, final things. It is a metamorphosis. The forms of a change. It's the hipertelia of an abnormal organ, so evolved that it takes over the nervous system and dominates it. Of such an intense sophistications that is seems monstrous. As a VHS of a videodrome. Or as Quinta's wart creatures, incomprehensible for the human beings of the future that stopped being alive.

Jose Díaz's paintings speak that language. It is a mutating sentence as painting has always been. A self-edited fabric. A translated one. A compiled one. A corrected one. A skin that looks like things. That contains reverb. That volunteers to be corrupted, reinterpreted again and again, because that is what it has allowed it to be in the first place. His paintings are a model of a tectonic scale that the culture uses to produce its texts nowadays. Muddy, light, promiscuous, coherent, without one and only original source. Cornelius's magma, François's cloud, Plato's aviary. A black abyssal dungeon, filled with prisoners, with shiny sparkles and iridescence of a feldspar. It is the antithesis of Mark's sublime painting. It is a perishable abstraction, a transgenic painting, with all the motifs, all the time. Whoever thinks that his painting doesn't deal with each and every thing in particular is deadly wrong. It is a surface in which Jeff cooperates with Jacques. With the great parataxis of a profound today, mixing his clay, cultivating his furrows, waiting for the sentences to come. The same thing that happened when Jackson ran into the scarab in Duco DuPont varnish and kept the creature aside and called it Number 1 1950. Later came Clement and named the painting Lavender Mist, even though it had nothing to do with lavender. And now, that painting is exhibited in the National Gallery of Washington with one scarab and two proper nouns. The one that Jackson and the one that Clement put. And for this very reason Jeff is a painting. Not because it produces paintings, but because it splits into José. Because it updates the textual tradition of the painters, but doesn't bother to explain it. It happens. Maybe because it doesn't know, the same as the octopus's eye doesn't see the colors, but mysteriously its skin knows how to copy them. Or simply because its awareness is different than the one that you or me or Donald's cognitive ethology can explain.

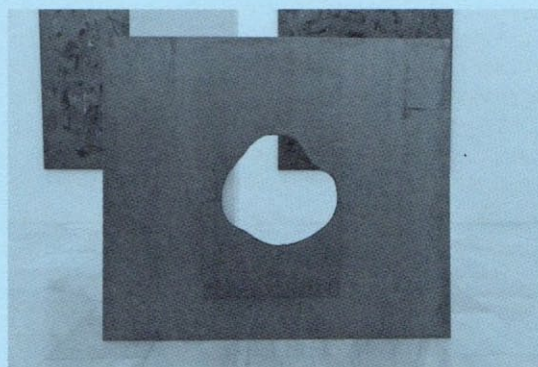
The fact that José's paintings are Jeff, reminds us of way in which Michael would point with his diamond glove and turn on the spotlight; or when he would spin around and create smoke; or when he would snap his fingers and the concert would finish. This is what José likes to talk about. And Jeff adds that in this pointing gesture there is spiritualization of the matter. To return the subconscious to the inert. To call the painting in a vernacular language in order to gain strength, as the golem once did it. There was a Magic card that did the same trick: to Spiritualize the Artifact was Alpha's a blue spell (even though my whole generation got to know it in its "forth" edition) that would get down to the table for three colorless mannas and a blue one. What it did, basically, was converting an artifact into a creature-artifact with strength and resistance equivalent to its cost in manna. Two noteworthy phenomena would happen during this operation. First thing firstly, the fact that the artifact could battle didn't prevent it from being a thing. It maintained its functions as a tool intact, and that was a considerable advantage against the opponent. Secondly, and this was a price to pay, the artifact would become doubly vulnerable, taking into account that not only could it be used as a dastardly matter, but it could also die in a battle and be and object to all these spells harmful to the creatures.

Classics, such as Mirror Universe would be transformed into the 6/6 creature that could still be used for an exchange of lives with the opponent, and the others such as mill's wheel would

suppose a weak 2/2 that would continue to grind the cards of the opposing deck. Nevertheless, there was and additional and unexpected effect. A result that made Wizards of the Coast include a correction in the third edition of the card: when an artifact was spiritualized with no invocation costs, it would be destroyed. In that way, the cards such as well-known Black Lotus would soon be transformed into paradoxical, impossible, creatures, with no strength or resistance. They would be spiritualized again only to witness their death in life. It is here where the power of dispiritng lies: if we have the ability to name Jeff, to spiritualize its matter, to give life to things, now Jeff is the one who has the ability to dispirit our own. To give back the animist the place of the thing and remind ourselves of fragility of our matter. Isaac spoke about this in *I, Robot*. That our difference comparing to the rest of the things in the world comes from profound and inevitable equality that we maintain with being things. From knowing that, in the end, we are always things. Creatures-artifacts that occasionally have no strength or resistance.

**NURIA FUSTER**

Alcoi, 1978



**Meltd**, 2014

Iron

Variable dimensions



**Perforador**, 2014

Greenhouse, iron and plastic

Variable dimensions.

Action: duration 20'