## `I burst with laughter I die of sadness ´´

## **Txomin Badiola**

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## CarrerasMugica

- —Do you have a title for your exhibition?
- —Yes, of course!
- —What do you mean 'of course'?
- —Because they've always had one.
- —So, what's the title of this one?
- —I burst with laughter. I die of sadness.
- —(...) —(...) —Oh!
- —Oh? You don't like it.

—I'm not sure ... it's just that your titles are usually ...

-(...)

—Ìt's strange.

-If times are strange, working circumstances are strange, the possibility of doing anything is strange, I don't see why the title wouldn't be strange.

-It's not just that it's strange, it's not what you'd expect from you.

—So, it's not what you'd expect from me! What is it that you would expect from me?

—Something more serious, more incisive.

-It's as serious and incisive as I could think of.

—It's a little ... Fuck you!

—Mavbe, but it would be me who's most fucked.

—Why do you say that?

—For my last one here I wrote that whenever I have an exhibition I always imagine that it will be my last.

—It scares me when you talk like that, though I think you're laying it on a bit. I'd like to think it's just your way of talking.

—It was nearly true.

—What?

—That it was my last. In the five years since the last one. I have done nothing.

—That's not true.

—I mean nothing material.

—Well, in the end, it isn't true.

-Six months ago I was sure that it was all anything but *vanitas*...

over, and it didn't feel so bad.

—I told you you're scaring me ...

—Scared? There's many ways of doing things, and many things to do. I'm scared of the conventional routine forced on an

artist in order to be considered as such.

—What has that to do with the title?

—Isn't it obvious?

—No, tell me why it should be.

-It's just that, at least for me, right now, in art and in life, I want to laugh and to cry at the same time.

-OK. go on.

—It's like a fit of hysteria at the end of an impossible train of thought.

-But that could block you, and we are talking about the title of the exhibition of a series of works you have made.

—I know, it sounds contradictory.

-That's productive in one way.

—I believe that I've put hysteria to work. If you can no longer listen to your mind you have to listen to your body.

—How does that work?

—Without thinking, letting yourself go.

—(...)

-Letting yourself be carried along to wherever and by whatever.

—By whom? Why?

—Something that serves to set it in motion and then take charge of the convulsion.

—In that case ...

—In that case, that something was images from way back that you could sense had a destination that they never reached at the time ...

—...because they never found a way that would let them.

—Until now. And, what is it that you have found at the end of the road?

—The ghosts of what is to come cannot be

—Hold on ...

—...because in the end we all know our final destination.

—You're scaring me.

<sup>-(...)</sup> 

They are nine sculptures, though some of them don't look like it, two of them made of various freestanding units. The one that gives its name to the exhibition is made up of five elements that come from another one made five years ago. Each one is independent, although taken together they form a kind of poem: I DIE WITH LAUGHTER OF SADNESS I BURST I BURST I DIE I BURST WITH LAUGHTER OF SADNESS I DIE. *Ardor y manía* (Ardour and Mania) is at once a three-dimensional version of previous ones and a reorganization of elements from a piece from eleven years ago. In the gravedigger's monologue in *Hamlet*, the prince finds the remains of the court jester and laments ("Alas poor Yorick!") that someone who embodied happiness, joie de eleven years ago for another project) glimpsed between a collapsing architecture—in which two people (one of who is Andre) on dying left their own skulls to two theatres so that they could use them in the scene of the famous monologue on the vanity of life. *Bastardos blancos* (White Bastards) are four pieces that recall another four from the previous exhibition but at a point of increasing evanescence. *Monumento y De los udam* (Monument and On the Udams) are countermonuments at the service of an improbable posterity. *Flujos, mutaciones, filiaciones* (Flows, Mutations, Affiliations) is a piece that did not make the cut for the last exhibition because it was waiting for this one, its rightful place. Winckelmann and Lessing are two figures from the Enlightenment who knew that art could well be the unconsciousness of history. Malevich created an icon with an internally torn serenity, structured around a funeral artefact. Finally, *Esos desechos* is literally just that, *those remnants*, a series of discards from different periods put to work in their will to exist.

*Txomin Badiola lives and works in Bilbao. He has had solo shows in museums like Palacio de Velázquez (MNCARS, Madrid), Centro Pepe Espaliú (Sevilla), MUSAC (León), Musée d'Art Saint-EtienneMetropole, Saint-Etienne and MACBA (Barcelona) among others. His latest work has been Malformalismo, a book published by Caniche.* 



ALAS POOR ANDRE, 2010-20. Wood and partially painted and printed steel construction. 240 x 250 x 250 cm.





*NO ME TENDRÁS POR INOCENTE*, 2016-20. Wood and steel construction, printed materials and rope. 245 x 220 x 147 cm.





*NO ME TENDRÁS POR INOCENTE*, 2016-20. Wood and steel construction, printed materials and rope. 245 x 220 x 147 cm. (details)



*NO ME TENDRÁS POR INOCENTE*, 2016-20. Wood and steel construction, printed materials and rope. 245 x 220 x 147 cm.





*ESOS DESECHOS*, 2018-20. Framed photography, partially painted wood, print on paper and galvanized steel. 210 x 47 x 10 cm.





ESOS DESECHOS, 2018-20. Framed photography, partially painted wood, print on paper and galvanized steel.  $210 \times 47 \times 10$  cm. (details)





BASTARDO BLANCO 3, 2020. Plaster and stucco wood, aluminum. 68 x 60 x 17 cm.





*MONUMENTO*, 2020. Stuccoed plastic and wood, partially painted sawhorses and aluminum sheet, black fabric. 220 x 139 x 95 cm.





*MONUMENTO*, 2020. Stuccoed plastic and wood, partially painted sawhorses and aluminum sheet, black fabric. 220 x 139 x 95 cm. (details)



*MONUMENTO*, 2020. Stuccoed plastic and wood, partially painted sawhorses and aluminum sheet, black fabric. 220 x 139 x 95 cm.





*DE LOS UDAM (LO QUE EL SIGNO ESCONDE),* 2010-21. Partially painted wood assembly. 163 x 91 x 100 cm.







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ME MUERO DE RISA ME PARTO DE PENA, 2020. Oil paint and collage on printed paper. 153 x 111 cm. each







*ARDOR Y MANIA*, 2010-21. Wood, printed steel, rubber and oil paint on paper construction. 116 x 100 x 12 cm.



*BASTARDO BLANCO 4,* 2020. Plaster and stucco wood, aluminum. 75 x 57 x 17 cm.





Installation view





BASTARDO BLANCO 2, 2020. Plaster and stucco wood, aluminum. 59 x 75 x 27 cm.



ALAS POOR ANDRE, 2010-20. Wood and partially painted and printed steel construction. 240 x 250 x 250 cm.





ALAS POOR ANDRE, 2010-20. Wood and partially painted and printed steel construction. 240 x 250 x 250 cm. (detail)





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## CarrerasMugica

www.carrerasmugica.com

info@carrerasmugica.com

Calle Heros 2 / E-48009 BILBAO T. +34 944234725