

Separation of emptiness

Perhaps, seeing the paintings of this painter, each of us will first ascertain the emptiness. Or even better the act of emptiness. Let it be so. Yes, but what emptiness are we talking about? With little delay we can discern that this emptiness' here does not work in fiction regime. If any psychological condition determined in subjective will of this painter in any style, the human condition of the painting would be arbitrary. There would not be any space to assess the precarious occupation of space. Rather, this emptiness is already signed by a given humanity and civilization. The painting is not emptied from the human behavior. It is not in the table, or in detail, data from or about any abandonment of man. Make no mistake to bring evidence to the contrary phone carelessly left open. It would appear like a track that will mislead a careless investigator. Emptiness here belongs to the momentary sudden disappearance, without any intention.

If we feel a bit of fiction, science fiction if you will, this comes from the way we proposed outside. Inhabited or empty, it is neither human nor natural. The Interiors bears only traces of human age, toy, photo, bed. Even if a child appears, with smile on his lips, with a ball under his arm, with the generous green to his left, we cannot draw the conclusion at all that it is a normal situation. The opening to the outside is always contingency. An outside piece without gravity. A piece of homogenous green call of excessive flight. What comes from the outside is the promise of the flight.

We feel like a third emptiness, first the internal emptiness then the external emptiness. In the third place: emptiness without mediation of extinction, the sudden evacuation. This evacuation is not that of man, or the inhabitants of these areas. Rather is that of an action. I feel like calling the child, to give him the order not to go out. Futile, I know it. At the same time I'm sure he does not intend to go out. It is the same situation of the child in the painting, with the bird. He has found the time unit, because he knew something in advance of it. It is a sign of early maturity of humanity itself. To learn, to know, the people of these places do not have the need for time. Both children repeat the sighting of newspaper reader on the bird that had just entered. The position issued by a man when reading the newspaper equals his gaze to the bird.

Evacuation of the action once again.

Empty the space, for mankind that has been here, means the emptying from action. It is as if the spaces are places of forced intimacy. Sleep, a fictional sleep, it is the second time issued after reading the newspaper. There is no more tomorrow. We can only think of a past time, perhaps. Plastic evidence of something that we will not be able where to place it. This is not fiction, but the fixation of time of the painter. The decline in his psychological becomes imminent. We need rescue from it with emergency. Escape

from his portrait of the plasticizer thorough. Emptiness is the solidification of the membranes separating the three empties.

Here's a certain closure: emptiness was there. The only action of the past can be assumed, was the creation of the blank walls for the assumption of the full. This art trail does not come only from the empty action on emptiness. Humanity that's marked there has no need for knowledge. The child in the photo is a villain that produces empty with the emptiness. He has only placed just a few everyday objects to confuse us. We are full of knowledge, we sufferers. We read everywhere...

Elvis Hoxha