

Cristina Spinelli
y va y me

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new jörg wien

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Cristina's visual universe brings us face-to-face with the notion of *religare*¹, boiling down the energy of a mantra or a litany into objects that leave the penitent's pleas in the very impressions of her material. I am left only with the peace I feel upon seeing how those legs, just as flesh-and-bone as my own, pray in the silence of my words; they pray eternally, with such devotion to life.

Feeling, sensing that the mystery of the present condenses into the very gesture of the material; becoming aware—not through thought but rather through our flesh—that, in fact, every deed flows out beyond the event. Perhaps this is because my mind starts to linger, dislocated, observing a clump of wax on this ersatz ex-voto which, at a different point in time, was on the flesh of some other woman, and now seems to belong to a saint, bathed in light.

The litany of a spoon shaped in bread-and-butter memory keeps up the motion of praying the beads on an infinite rosary. Could, perhaps, everyday objects pray? That Velázquezan impetus that—according to Ortega y Gasset—reveals to us the Iberian peninsula's greatest contribution to world art history: the presence of the sublime in the everyday. The presence of the absolute in that painting: the old lady frying eggs² with *that* spoon, Velázquez's spoon that feeds its golden eggs to the spirits.

Cristina's pieces somehow cast our minds back to the deep and epiphanic process of observation, of being present: phenomena of the attention span, loving attention to reality, which unburdens the everyday of judgement.

A throat that soundlessly marks out the origins of the universe. The blue chakra, located in the neck, *Vishuddha*³, which in Sanskrit indicates purity, bearing the message "I express", bridges the gap with the azure of the heavens and the purity of the Western Marian archetype. The Spanish Golden Age: Pacheco, Velázquez's father-in-law, in his treaty on colour, suggests blue as the colour of the Immaculate Conception.

The paper recites a chant of presence and fluids to us, seeping into the fragility held within its materiality and the infinite memory of folds it can stow. The idea of a material expressing itself in a different way, a work in permanent transformation, providing different contexts—the narration of a material in mimesis with the cosmogonical material of the universe. Perhaps the entire universe might be the same material recounted in differing ways?

"All fires the fire", as Julio Cortázar said, that sign that shies away from time, at the same time being all times, the first element of the most ancestral ritual, the form around which the first cultures arose. A fire where red simmers—the other colour that Pacheco sets out as a Marian form. Red inflections gurgling.

What goes and comes to you, from the outside or perhaps from within, an occurrence that makes you grateful, since it is overflowing on you, since it is greater than you once thought, like my chickpeas, which finished cooking as I was reflecting on y va y me. Thank you, I'm off for lunch now...

Text: Carlos Romano Silveira
Translation: Thomas Lampon

¹ *Religare*: To tie again. To pull in tighter. To alloy one metal with another. The verb encompasses the idea of reuniting, the profound union of humanity through ritual.

² See *Vieja friendo huevos* [Old Woman Frying Eggs] (1618), Diego Velázquez, National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, UK.

³ See *Vishuddha*, the fifth primary chakra, located in the neck at the level of the throat, associated with creativity.