

ROBISCHON

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The Boy: Witness and Marker, 2003 - 2018

Since the mid-1980s I have been using the image of a boy coming of age, still reared in childhood but already self-conscious on that journey to adulthood from which he will not return. This reference has appeared in my paintings, sculpture, drawings, photographs, and writings, and this exhibition is the first one dedicated to the boy as shape, concept, and metaphor.

The boy has been a constant since my years as an apprentice. As I understood him, the boy is wary and excited, and he knows both love and more than he thinks he does. He is somewhat aware of the possibilities and risks that come with pulling away from the land of childhood, but he cannot know the storm ahead nor has he tasted the freedom of his own choice. These boys who are familiar with abandonment might already be acquainted with alcohol and nicotine, as well as with their own limits, but even these precocious promises of future events disappear at that moment. The boy's body and his heart are assumed by the future, though his mind, the chamber of contemplation and understanding as shaped by the past, is likely to lag behind.

Even the use of colors he had seen, he belonged to the world of children, to discipline, to classroom, and the early discoveries of the social order that, and, if he was lucky, to bedtime stories and the shelter of family. But now he is in of never - not of that past anymore and still not of the future. There how can he be better than he does, but it is likely he will prove them wrong, that impulse of his identity, his rebelliousness, his weakness.

Even from the past, but the dissolution of himself will mean him in the future, or what he can withstand, in his presence, is what he fears, and in what he loves.

The appearance of these boys in the work evokes a territory of possibility and dread, of what was and will be, and of the urgency of the now, essential provocations that arise in the making of identity. In this sense, he can understand the boy, or the girl, as a metaphor for a state of transition. It is the in-between. The liminal space of looking and ready, of being an expert of who we were - or someone all that we were - without having a replacement, or the hope of a replacement, it is that state of making oneself with a self-will in the mercy of the continuation of life and time, the boy or girl in the incompleteness of us as well as the illusion of being something else tomorrow - the unfulfilled promise, the rainbow will be so.

