



Au va, au va, a casa a treballar (*come, come, home to work*)
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A shoemaker who loves shoes to the extreme of thinking for them (only sells them to whoever fits them), to consider them (absolute superlative), says that shoes have hearts, that they beat when walking (steps). This radical devotion of this shoemaker (who sleeps in a bed-shoe), made me think about things, art (life).

If we think that art is not something useful, but quite the opposite, and that only if it is born useless it can become useful, then we understand that it is born (comes into the world) in the House of Emotion and not in the House of Profession (since uselessness is not a profession).

The concepts of utility and uselessness are very important when creating (ridding), and have much to do with the emotionality of the person doing the thing, giving birth, working, acting or doing, committed to the emotion (very strong feeling, intense affective reaction) or profession (according to the rules and duties), behold.

The useless thing (or art) is born well healthy without complying or obeying rules or duties (indiscipline is the heroine of the super-senses of art, is-by its insubordination to everything-the most useful universal superpower). It is not subjected to canons ("The stairs of subjectivity are not capable of generating canons. The canons deserve pipes" Carles Hac Mor).

If you live to do useless things, well, are you a useless professional? What is a work of art for? Or why do we do it? If we say that art has no practical use because in practice it is useless, how is it that there is someone who does and someone who consumes? Like perfume to smell good, do we put on art to generate good emotions? Or do we need emotions to learn?

Unite art and life to the insurmountable extreme of living within the work; life as a task, is the height of occupation (it occupies everything) useful and useless, profession and emotion.

The reality is lost here, confused in the Duchamp urinal and leaves the line (the Festival of Art).

And when reality is lost, then we realize that it is not the only reality and that it is neither useful nor useless (abracadabra). Defend a unique reality, asphyxia (lose respect for the prevailing reality, open course to other existing realities, before the Sun was a god, now it is a star, before the earth was flat, now it is a round planet in space - by true, the concept of space, of infinity, is not understood-).

And thinking about all this I went to the magnificent exhibition (beat) of Joan Furriols at Anna Belsa's house; the **el quadern robot**, gallery (Barcelona, until October 1). Joan Furriols (Vic, 1937) does some works that I do not know how to explain (of course, the inexplicable can not be explained), has some spools of thread, for example, disguised as iron objects, foams transvestite of heavy material or an army of colored stoppers raised by a stick that look like flags announcing the victory of the useless elements (a very emotional work). Joan Furriols considers things.