

## **El medio de la nada**

### **AMADEO AZAR**

#### **Channels, Causes**

There has always been a curious and somewhat naive fascination with tracing, in artists, the providential origins of their work: identifying the exact moment when the first step occurred, the infatuation, the placement of that foundational stone which, had it not existed, would have left the abundant unfolding without all that followed—an artist without a core, a gallery without an artist, a wall without a painting, and so on. Part of those possible causal vehemences, those enchanted signs of an intimate sensory baptism, are what we see emerging as a late germination in *In the Middle of Nowhere*, Amadeo Azar's beautiful exhibition of watercolors.

In it, Amadeo conceives and projects an unequivocal coordinate that departs from the very center of his being, gathers his most cherished questions as if they were secret belongings, and threads them together like nuggets that have been treasured and cultivated alongside his vital experiences; he then releases them like an arrow toward the three-dimensional space that prevails in the gallery. In this way, the countryside he knew as a child and that stirred his vision, and his continuous, persistent readings about the Limay River—where he found his footing as though it were some kind of cardinal key or respirator—seem to awaken today in images that, in truth, had never fallen asleep. This exhibition is a compilation of lines of meaning such that, if we were to follow them closely, we would obtain a guarded world map: the testimony of a pathos impossible to subdue, the score in which Amadeo becomes so as to read himself.

#### **Mariana Obersztern**

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