



Vilanos.
Vilanos.

El nido de la *Urraca Sabia*. Objetos encontrados por Antonio Pérez

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The nest of the *Wise Magpie*. Objects found by Antonio Pérez

Los demás ya no encontramos objetos, encontramos lo que Antonio Pérez no ha encontrado o en el mejor de los casos encontramos *Antonios Pérez* por ahí tirados. Joseph Beuys dijo en una ocasión: “Nosotros tenemos que insuflarle vida a las piedras para que no estén por ahí tiradas como si fueran animales muertos”.

The rest of us do not find objects any more, we find what Antonio Pérez has not found, or, at the best of times, we find *Antonios Pérez* left lying around. On one occasion Joseph Beuys said “We have to breathe life into the stones so that they are not left lying around as though they were dead animals”.

Antonio Pérez es un hombre contenedor, contenedor de amigos, contenedor de recuerdos, contenedor de libros, contenedor de objetos. Es un hombre que no se contiene, dice lo que piensa. Es un hombre que ya ha pensado lo que dice. Es todo lo contrario al hombre fuente, al que se exhibe, al que se derrama, al incontinente, al que se vacía.

Antonio Pérez is a container man, container of friends, container of memories, container of books, container of objects. He is a man that cannot contain himself, he says what he thinks. He is a man who has thought about what he says. He is the complete opposite of the source man, who shows himself off, who spills out, who is incontinent, who empties himself.

Me permito hablar de él porque lo conozco desde que nací aunque solo lo he visto una vez durante unas horas hace sólo unas semanas. En cinco minutos me di cuenta de que ya nos conocíamos. Estábamos llenos de lugares comunes o eso quiero pensar.

I allow myself to speak of him for I have known him since I was born although I have only seen him once for a few hours only a few weeks ago. In five minutes I realised that we already knew each other. We were full of places in common or that is what I want to believe.

Es un vago constante, dice él, persistente. Un vago que no se cansa de indicarnos con su dedo índice el camino. En silencio, pone en valor lo oculto, desvela algunas virtudes y desnuda nuestras miserias.

He is a constant wanderer, he says, persistent. A wanderer who does not tire of pointing out the way to us with his index finger. In silence he places value on what is hidden, reveals some virtues and lays our meanness bare.



Es la inteligencia del sentido común, de lo que no necesita explicación, de lo evidente, de lo intuitivo, del conocimiento inmediato. La de los sabios no la de los maestros.

It is the intelligence of common sense, of what needs no explanation, of what is obvious, of what is intuitive, of immediate knowledge. That of the wise and not of the master.

Si el sentido del humor es la capacidad de reírse de uno mismo, ha conseguido poner a prueba a media generación de artistas contemporáneos. Algunos se han reído más que otros, a más de uno le ha sacado los colores, le ha dejado en pelotas: “En mis paseos a la búsqueda de objetos he encontrado Sauras, Tapies, muchos Tapies, Chillidas, Beuys y hasta Picassos, pero nunca he encontrado un Rembrandt ni un Velázquez”.

If sense of humour is the ability to laugh at oneself, he has managed to put a generation of contemporary artists to the test. Some have laughed more than others, and more than one has been made to blush, he has stripped them naked: “Along my way in the search for objects I have found Sauras, Tapies, a lot of Tapies, Chillidas, Beuys and even Picassos, but I’ve never found a Rembrandt or a Velázquez”.



Su sencillez es de acero inoxidable dice su amigo Rafael Conte. His simplicity is made of stainless steel according to his friend Rafael Conte.

No sé si para construir un universo como el de Antonio Pérez hay que ser un Artista o un anti-Artista, algo canalla, travieso, indecoroso frente al decoroso, incómodo frente al acomodado o ateo frente al beato, lo que si tengo claro es que hay que ser profundamente comunista, desprendido y sin complejos. Por supuesto, nadie está hablando de política.

To construct a universe like that of Antonio Pérez, I do not know if you need to be an Artist or an anti-Artist, a bit of a rotter, mischievous, unseemly against the seemly, uncomfortable against the comfortable or atheist against the pious, but what I do know for certain is that you must be profoundly communist, detached and free from complexes. Of course, nobody here is talking about politics.

Como en la fábula los animales hablan y nos explican las verdades universales de la manera más sencilla, ¡qué difícil! Una urraca sabia, espero que Antonio no se moleste, se ha encargado de colmar de verdades universales, de objetos con brillo propio un hogar de Cuenca, una fundación, una casa encontrada.

Just like in fables where the animals can speak and tell us of universal truths in the simplest way - how difficult! - a wise magpie, I hope Antonio does not mind, has taken it on itself to fill a home in Cuenca, a foundation, a house it has found, to the brim with universal truths, objects that shine on their own.

Visitando a Antonio Pérez he apuntado los siguientes conceptos sobre los que volveré: lo crudo, lo inmediato, lo primitivo, lo elemental, lo claro y he apuntado otro sobre el que ya no volveré, lo sencillo.

Visiting Antonio Pérez I have noted the following concepts to which I will return: rawness, immediateness, primitiveness, essentialness, clearness, and another to which I will not return, simplicity.

Para entender con plenitud el mensaje de Antonio Pérez, su ironía, se hace imprescindible una sincronía cultural. Es preciso conocer el origen del objeto, su estado original y su alter ego, a lo que hace referencia. Entonces, en ese momento, se produce la complicidad entre Antonio y el espectador.

To fully understand Antonio Pérez's message, his irony, a cultural synchrony is essential. It is necessary to understand the origin of the object, its original state and its alter ego, to what it refers. Then, at that moment, complicity between Antonio and the observer is produced.

El miércoles 29 de abril una pequeña cohorte de rastreadores llamamos a su puerta, a su Fundación en un antiguo convento de las Carmelitas, otra ironía, una puerta encontrada, encontrada y arañada. Comimos. Ana y Gema se llevaron dos meninas que Antonio descubrió en los golletes de las dos botellas de vino que cayeron, nosotros nos llevamos la mochila llena de lecciones y una misión, guardar el secreto de lo que allí vivimos como escribió Ramón Chao: "Nos queda el inasimilable Antonio Pérez. Por eso no hay que divulgarlo, vulgarizarlo. Callar la existencia, su obra, lujo para algunos amigos privilegiados, perseverantes, tenaces". Es evidente que no he podido contenerme.

On April 29th a small cohort of trackers called at his door, at his foundation in a former Carmelite convent, another irony, a door that was found, found and pulled in. We ate. Ana and Gema came away with two meninas that Antonio discovered in the necks of the two bottles of wine that were emptied; we came away with our backpack full of lessons and a mission: to keep secret what we experienced there, as Ramón Chao wrote, "We are left with the Antonio Pérez, who cannot be assimilated. Which is why he should not be divulged, vulgarised. Keep quiet his existence, his work; a luxury for a few privileged, persevering, tenacious friends". It is obvious that I have not been able to contain myself.

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