

ANDREA BORSUK

Slip Into Silence, 2011
oil on wood panel, 24 x 36 in.



courtesy, the artist

ANA MARÍA SHUA

Perhaps

If the elephants hurt and the big top tastes bitter, if the snakes make the trapeze break out in a cold sweat and the tigers devour your memory, if you can hear the cries of the magician asking for help but no one can see him, if the lion tamer whips the horseback rider and there are no clowns, most of all if there are no clowns, it's best to leave quietly, without anyone noticing you, perhaps it's not a circus, sometimes it's better not to ask.

The Innovative Trapeze Artist

As the years go by, the trapeze artist is conscious of repeating, of plagiarizing, himself. As with every artist, this awareness causes him grief. Seeking originality, he launches himself without a net, without a safety wire, and finally without a trapeze. But what is a trapeze artist without a trapeze if not a bloody heap on the sawdust of the circus ring and even then, what a shame, nothing original.

Like Hercules

“Just like Hercules!” say the well-read spectators when the strongman lifts a horse and rider with one hand. “Like Hercules!” say others, when the strongman stops an advancing semi-truck with his chest. “It’s Hercules!” exclaims a young lady who thinks she recognizes him as she watches him handle a bull and lion with his bare hands.

But it's not Hercules. Tired of his boring and secret (but necessary!) job, Atlas has decided to try the easy feats and applause of the circus. At exactly 7:00 p.m., when the first star comes out, the heavens will permanently fall.