

*In Pombo's work prevails a joyous understanding of design, the determination of doing things with things, found objects or reproductions at a distance from the storylines of Great Art.*

*Fleeing from the plane as level field for the expression of subjectivity, fleeing from the plane as screen on which mysteries are revealed, Pombo ignores triumphant spirits and the bell of History and cultivates more every day and mundane fantasies.*

*His inclination to overdecoration (we always decorate over something else), his extremely effete beauty strata tune to interior decoration, handicraft and craftwork. His delight in meticulous work, and his tribal spirit, pulsate his neo-psychedelic passion, which he renders methodically, like a schoolboy - a hypnotic trip of trimmed flowers, of little pearls glued to sticks, of varnished pieces of bone.*

*Fan of Jackson Pollock and Michael Jackson, Pombo has transformed the tragic character of the former, that fleshy depth of the wound, into the illusory cipher of tattoo. If the plane sought to be slashed in heaviness and thickness, now the stroke, performing an aesthetic operation (the term was never more exact), brings us back to a surface shining with make-up.*

*This cosmetic calling, his appetite for transformation, his fascination for strange natural objects, degraded elements, the outlandish and fanboy appropriation of the visual innovations of the avant-gardes - these traits so connected to the pedagogical and to popularization, explain that each of his works looks like a component, a part in a series that wasn't, nor will be, produced.*

*It is not by chance that he is also a teacher for children with disabilities, and he knows about mimicry, and about the dripped joys of meaning.*

*Dissonance of understanding, vacuum that levels, with an elegance that is both cynic and indulgent, Pollock's pattern with a textile print... a concerto of vulgarities to speak with art, a plurality of graces in which the cryptogram of the valuable, of the sacred, is nonetheless treasured, behind the dilettante manners, the valuable, the sacred, not enclosed in opacities but suspended in its shine.*

*The ritual of beauty as luxury, voluptuous.  
An artifice.*

Por Jorge Gumier Maier (1989)  
Translation Mariano López Seoane

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Marcelo Pombo. Producción 88-89 (exhibition text).  
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