
THE FOLKLORE OF THE LIVING | Carlos Herrera

To think the story of humanity through the perspective of artists has given us a point of view of who we are in this world, ever since prehistory up to our days. The folklore, the word, the art.

In times of reshaping of our world history, artistic manifestations are eloquent to revisit and rethink ourselves. Analysing the expressions left out of society's mainstream, and toppling theories that historians and spokesmen have known to ill-write due to favouritisms of a certain time –or perhaps because of not having free media for a society to manifest its way of thinking, allowing itself to be perceived–, could be possible engines to narrate humanity's history in a collective –or, why not, emotional– way.

Recovering the emotions of tradition and folklore of a society immersed in an industrialised and gentrified world is a poetic task that, when manifested, deserves to be contemplated.

The Winding Tale

The Chilean author Augusto D'Halmar (1882-1950) describes "Juana", a young woman's character in his costumbrista novel *La Lucero* (1902), in a realistic and critical way: "[...] She was a pariah, an orphan, and could not even imagine what her eyes might see the next day, what her lips would tell, what her ears might listen, nor where her feet could take her... She was almost afraid, as if her body were a stranger that could do her harm..."

These eloquent lines accompany the painting *Niña de campo [Country Girl]* (Oil on canvas, 46 x 38cm) by Chilean artist Inés Puyó (1906-1996) at the National Museum of Fine Arts in Santiago, Chile.

This narrated image was a huge stimulus at the moment of thinking this exhibition. A sort of omen or key that became a mirror to the emotional world of this young artist. The depth and emptiness in the look of his characters, the gestures of weariness and rest, the simple spaces and the crystallised pause that precedes to a perpetual construction within ourselves. Images of shared universes.

The Leap of the Soul

The artist Ulises Mazzucca expresses what could be seen as intimate constellations of a generation that is trying to recover the bond of what each one considers their own –differing of that belonging to others– and is willing to share, or at least leave in plain sight to create a collective story.

At first glance, one could read these works as a travel book of romantic lyricism, picturesque, and we could even stay on a surface that recognises the sensitivity or temperature of a tame author. Nevertheless, in each of these manifestations, the author transgresses the formality of the act and floods us with emotion, with what strongly crosses his soul, with his own self-construction.

The skin is his territory. Blood flows through paths full of fervent stories, of marks so private as the ones only you know about yourself

The lights and shadows tell us of the temperature of the place, of the characters' moods, of their wetness and smells. In their tired faces, the passage of smoke and sweat of who predates on desire inducts us into the edge of a slumber that, when ended, becomes art.

The angst of being alone under a bed, or on a chair watching time go by in pyjamas, reminds of the deep heat of a night of shortages in which even the cicadas seem to die of thirst.

There are no love stories in these pieces, only underwear torn by the sweat of those who walk in the same place, in the same home with shut windows that knows not of exteriors, nor walks in the sun nor green squares. The warmth of the nap, the creak of the floor, the silent street, the basic games, the encounter with oneself in horizontal position, the unexpected, and the heartbeat are the rhythm of a simple story that strongly knocks the door to invite us into the sensitivity of this young artist.

In his exhibition, titled *En su rodilla un polvo cobrizo [On Their Knee a Coppery Dust]*, we will experience the certainty of knowing about ourselves the limits of desire, and the strength as a consequence of the endings.

How long has it been since you haven't thought of an ending underneath your bed?

Carlos Herrera

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For Ulises, a brother from the Argentinian coast.