

Flexure

Astronomy

A shooting star falls in your gaze.

What do you do?

The length of the line describing the star in its oscillating route from the detachment from a background of distant stars to the fall in the gaze, can only be judged or measured by the angle of convergence of the eyes on the fugacity of the star, as well as by the focus of the conical beams on the central point of the 3 superimposed drawings."

Juan Luis Martínez, *La Nueva Novela*, Santiago of Chile, 1985, p. 56.

"Ethics and aesthetics are one"

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, London, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1962, p. 183.

Art is a play of orders and disarrangements. When someone or something plays artistically what we are seeing is the exact moment of a disorderly structure to the given system of perception becoming an orderly possibility for a new perception. In fact, what we recognize as art as such is a displacement of the senses. In fact, if we want, if we are prepared for it, what we have witnessed is a touch of an untouchable. A call is touching us. A form of vibration, a song, a whisper upon the skin. The layers are dismantled. Art happens suddenly and rarely, that's for sure. The other "art" belongs to the given order, repeating as a "savoir" what does not interrupt in any way the flux of a system. That "art" works for the maintenance of the order.

On the contrary, dissonance and disruption, the improper question arising, and then the Family father feels the anxiety of misunderstanding, or rather, more precisely, the necessity of calling for an interpretation, a psychoanalytical prescription!

Flexure is the action of bending or curving, or the condition of being bent or curved. The works here are in tension, intentionally they are curving the boundaries of themselves. Like bodies resisting in vulnerable conditions, disorganizing the status quo, these bodies are forming a network for becoming visible.

What is a curve? Its Latin origin comes from CURVUS, which means bent, CURVARE, to bend. A curve is a line which deviates from its straightness, for some or all of its length. A curve is what happens at that event in the line, a gradually, perhaps undetectable aberration, some sort of queerness to the rule. Ab-errancy, a wandering that happens to absolutize itself in a

to the rule. Ab-errancy, a wandering that happens to absolutize itself in a point. A deviation that is an abandonment. To where? To some place, over the rainbow for sure. What is a curve? a phenomenon of deviation from a flat surface. Like the curve you can see when wiggling a pencil with your fingers, or when seeing a night sky in the desert, immersed by a rain of stars.

Why then these group of artists have decided consciously to title their group show as such? I guess the curve here is what they feel when practicing art. I think they are proposing us, the possible passerby, to access towards an inner bending position, inviting us to tighten our ligaments, to become a space for a fold. "The folding is the political in my work" Eugenio Dittborn said to Dan Cameron. In the folding lies then the political because it is in this act where we curve language as such. It is in the bending of our practices where resides at the end the flexure of our understanding of the worlds. Like the bodies and shadows of those families still searching, in the middle of the vast desert, for any potential leftover of their love ones forcibly disappeared. Such a curve makes appear horizons. Or the curved bodies waiting for the opportunity to cross the lines, tracing new pathways.

We see in curves and we inhabit a curved universe. We trace. And we are images: "mais, l'humain est d'image" said, or rather, wrote Deligny in one letter. We are of images, not just of language.

An exhibition is a small institution in itself. Here, Flexure is formed by different bodies questioning touch, tensions, relations, names, times, and perceptions of our over designed contemporary experience of the worlds. What we will see here assembled is a circuit of art attempts. Attempts searching to curve our minds, bodies and certainties. A curve, this flexure, operates in the space that emerges by the contact of the eyes, by the touching of airs, by the echoes and smells that the works are offering toward us. A flexure of the practice of art, curving that word already. Like the curve that we observe the falling star does around the eyeball, these scintillating bodies are forming a vibratory landscape which expects you to feel, finally, again.

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