

## **In the surroundings of the white: Candor**

*"Into the white. And there ain't no day, And there ain't no night".* It was the interpretation of Kim Deal of the Pixies with that so personal voice, worn out and consumed, from the Bostonian underworld of the eighties. Her cracked and dark words invited us to, paradoxically, go deep into the white, into the total brightness, into that almost mystical blindness that invades everything, and at the same time denies it all, that place where nothing matters and senses lose their capacity in the pursuit of an annihilating extreme calm. Inside the white. And there is no day. And there is no night.

In Candor, the white takes up again these demolishing connotations, it is not conceived simply as purity, virginity and other archetypal adjectives associated with it. Here it manifests itself as counterpoint and encompassing of the black, the other side of the coin. The need for this purity emerges from an own contamination or someone else's before, from the requirement of a larval refuge in order to access the peaceful metamorphosis of being. In the surroundings of reality, a borderline space is drawn, a protective and anaesthetic membrane from the necessary pain for survival, not physical or physiological, but rather spiritual – of the characters living there. A kind of limbo where the grace and guilt are beyond question, this is neither the peripheral location of Catholic hell, nor that Dantesque space of restlessness awaiting salvation. In that forest of brown (earthy) colours, a female figure walks and walks, repetitively in circles, without anxiety, in an entire ritual of purification, searching for a rest not too far away. The old idea of catharsis, liberation from the burdens of memory or experience are perpetuated in these loop images where the background and the figure tend to unify in a searched and owed equilibrium, in an ethereal absence of the being outside of time or within its folds. Neither beginning nor end, ouroboros accentuating the idea of the eternal return.

And in contrast to that circularity: the cubes. The room is full of them, pure, perfect, scattered all around, as if they were evidence of a hobby of giants, one, two, three, in a pyramid or windingly laid out, an enormous hand that we do not achieve to imagine seems to have disposed these pieces of a giant puzzle following certain schemes prohibited by our comprehension. In some of their surfaces we find arms embracing legs, parts of a female figure repeated endlessly. A game of synecdoche, the part for the whole, women corseted inside this pure geometric form of strong symbolic connotations. Since yesteryear both the circle and the square gathered hidden meanings that allowed a metaphysical, philosophic interpretation of the universe, uniting the macro and the micro. Thus the circle has always been linked to the sky, to the divine, while the square responded to the material and human vision of the cosmos. This woman is locked in that terrestrial materiality symbolized by the squared geometric shape, and perhaps corseted in and by a society too dazzled by its prejudices to appreciate the differences in it and which simultaneously enrich it. A modular and standardized reality where what is different has no space, where everything has to conform to a precise and devastating norm. It is no coincidence therefore that the fragmentation of the body seeking its proper space is strongly evident in the

video sculpture of Amavisca: a woman born in a subtle glow of light is decomposed on the cubes that support her, while vanishingly walking in a hostile nature, the sole object of connection with the landscape of reality.

This woman is experiencing a quiet trance related, if anything, to the dance of darkness, the dance of death of butoh which in a brutal and at the same time serene way, more individual than collective, explores the manifestations of violence, of eroticism and of death: bodies painted in white, slow movements, tensed and twisted postures that combine the conscious and the unconscious, the outside world with the inner one. Tatsumi Hijikata, one of its creators, recalled that his art was intended to retrieve the initial body, "the body has been stolen from us." And in this process is (are) the main character (characters) of Candor.

We return to the white, this time not as a colour of innocence or of fleeting limbo, but rather with its most dramatic nuances, with that sickly aseptic tone, hospital sterile, mandatory resting place, related to physical or mental illness, or to insanity. What at first could have suggested a dilemma between purity and madness ends up becoming a possible equivalence. And that repetition, prominence and muffled suffering of the character in the bright white ends up in abstracting and elevating it in a subtle ceremony into an icon. Maliciously, in front of one of the light boxes on the floor, the artist has arranged small objects, papers, and the ritual is voluntarily or involuntarily completed by visitors through a participatory and interactive action, that of bending down to gather those remnants before the image. The artist makes divine the human figure in these light boxes, they appear like small altars, although once again there is a heretical dichotomy, if possible, those same altars, the cubes, serve as furniture, we can sit on them, lean on them, allowing perhaps a symbolic desecration of the already established, or may be simply proposing a parallelism with those medieval virgins that only served as a divine throne, objectified without further importance than upholding something or someone supposedly superior, more important.

The woman in the photographs of Amavisca oozes innocence and tenderness, feelings born from misunderstood incomprehension, of the extreme sensitivity and empathy for the need for shelter, her suffering is evidence that the icon has a hidden other side, common with other live beings, she suffers and feels like anyone else. Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his Annunciation showed us a human Mary, terrified at the visualisation of the events that prophesied her, but even within that aggressive brightness that situated her at the edge of reality, besieged by a thin thread of sanity, she continues giving off candor.

In this work of Amavisca, the idea of homage to the feminine is appreciated in every detail, the tragedy of the world, its injustice and its consequences keep being evident in his "at the limit" characters. His previous Beauty Lost or Shedding Reality also contained this heavy load of Shakespearean characters, Ophelia, classics, a constant in the poetic of our artist who with his current Candor demonstrates a valuable aesthetic maturity, a very concise well-rounded

concept that achieves knocking us down, inviting us to windingly go deep into or irremediably sink in that glow of white.