

Amara Toledo / José Luis Valverde

Un lugar donde los árboles lloran

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Damos oídos a los acordes de nuestra historia mestiza.

El cante jondo del romancero.

Al sortilegio que siempre acecha.

A la muerte que nunca sobrevive.

In a moon full of feeling we welcome the symbols that make legends our skin.

Under the dogma of literature and its cosmos, under the influence of all the magics, we discover the extraordinary place where the trees weep.

We start our way through what is its entrance, a great altarpiece of sculpted knowledge.

Three dry knocks on its door, its famous smile, the sovereign of mystery, lets us pass and with its unreadable expression, indicates the landscape towards which we have to look.

Far away but intimate, we find in the plausible medium of painting, the plastic dichotomy of a well-matched romance, a love affair that far from being an affair, clings to our world as do all stories that were once sung.

The work of Amara Toledo and José Luis Valverde runs through the common obsession of narrating the landscape, which, whether physical or historical, extends over a vast lyrical surface constructed through fragments and allegories with multiple meanings.

These modern symbolists seek the pure interpretation of poetry through this eternal landscape, which, hermetic as the artist's studio, creates a pattern of clues to reach the conclusion.

In Valverde, we find this wasteland as the place where events take place; a narrow and primitive space of fertile land, where a midnight bacchanal dances through the candlelight. Window after window, we find the truth beyond this great masquerade and in an infinite loop of paths to cross, the elements take shape in the symbolic metaphysics of this great tableau.

In this place of dream, Toledo shows us the poetic story of what was a love betrayed in all its splendor. Threat and poison coexist on the borders of what could be a fable, where an immense blinding light of a lethal nature ends up being our hope of death rather than a tragic end.

We find, in the painting of both of them, the great legacy of late reflection, which with its mourning for reason, invites us to feel the passions of life. As profound as they are sincere, the impulses of these artists flee from the "spell that always lurks" among the twists and turns and shreds of pictorial resistance to narrate their vision of reality.

And in this great landscape of the eternal source

that souls weep, we sharpen the knife that reality paints, we advance along the path indicated to us by its smile and we embrace the truth, which always shines.

Victoria Rivers