

INCITATUS

Allan Villavicencio



We are riding among human catastrophe. In the face of heaps of erupting ruins, two strange characters wander, and at the same time take shelter in the cities and their architecture to rescue the constitutional poetry of the civilization that we ingenuously try to elucidate. Both artists lend a hand to a primitive structure of reason: the painting. The one that has historically accompanied us to resignify our existence. Because it is not the same to paint as it is to think through the pictorial as they do.

Through color, Aníbal and Allan investigate the predominant experience in order to generate critical gestures in the contexts and supports in which and with which they work. From the latency of the imagination they cavil the world through the painting and its supports, which remind us of the walls of Austria blocking the Syrian and Greek diaspora, the walls of the Río Bravo, the false oases of mass production capitalism, as well as the walls and prevailing oases of the “establishment” of art... the cells of existence itself.

Two artists of different generations whose meeting point, among others, is the exploration of material in order to reconfigure objects and, thus, the hegemonic history that they represent. With their close-to-primitive methods,

Aníbal Delgado (Guadalajara, 1949) and Allan Villavicencio (Mexico City, 1987) underpin commentary about current society and the history of painting. They sediment the picturesque in their complimentary attitudes of *flâneurs* and visual hermits that trace the adhesion of the painting to daily life in order to influence the world of ideas.

And before this panorama, what are the aesthetic values of the pieces we will discover? What impact will the works have on the visitor? And above all, what will we be faced with? Each one of us will have to make ourselves responsible for the possible answers. To find ourselves among the catastrophe a feast summoned by the imagination to quit being race horses and stop for a moment.

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Translated by Kate Saunders