

THE MOLDED FACE OF LONELINESS

For spanish version

Inverösímil

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Loneliness has always seemed to be the issue with which the human, individually and collectively, ironically seems to be struggling. We have passed through the years between philosophical, spiritual and physical doubts, the meaning of being alone. Wanting to assume everything that this means, we find ourselves with wounds that are suffered by being in this state, perhaps because of how deep our thoughts can reach us, perhaps because it is to find yourself crudely with yourself and your own world, a construction of your own, good or bad, but own. You assume your own molding. Where does this shaping begin? Will it come from the union of cells? Or in kindergarten when your first colored pencil is stolen? What will it be that begins to shape us? Could it be that our loneliness begins in this formation?

Perhaps we can find the answer on our own feet, on the ground that sustains us. Well, without it no molding would have a place to even exist.



And since we are thematically in Oaxaca, we can talk about Mixtec myths that attribute the origin of existence, without coincidence, to land and water, which are the two main ingredients of Cara de planta's work. His work forms "friends," who seem to remind us that loneliness can be a more figurative process than we tend to accept, as well as the implicit message that molding by itself and together, step by step, is what shapes us. Beyond determining what exact moment is the one that begins it or the one that gives it meaning, our answer is found in the sum of all our elements, being perhaps the same answer to the imminent loneliness; the sum of who we are, what we have done, what we have witnessed, what we have felt ... have they not made us whole?

These "friends" have the peculiarity of having what we point out so much is missing in the objects, a face. That not only appears as decoration of the work, each face truly symbolizes the concept of a face, we can look for the story behind each one of them, just like with a person. Who will it be or who will it have been? What is he thinking? What are your tastes?



Or if he will be angry. Well, being aware that the intention behind its production is full of all these doubts, it is impossible to refuse to seek an answer. The line between object and human becomes narrow, the essence in the object is deep and the company is felt. Cups are no longer just cups, mezcal glasses are not just mezcal glasses and pots become more than just a container for plants. The content of each of these containers takes on personality, not only because of the faces and their great essence; the colors harmonize with the forms, with the origin of their creation and above all they harmonize the very imperfections of the existence of each face. This harmonization allows the company that these friends provide to be true and you find yourself surrounded. Expecting the perfection of something with such great essence would subtract from it.

The company of friends, our friends, day by day is one of those things that seem to be a small gift from life because they add to this constant molding that we make of ourselves, through their own molds and their own sums. Like these friends of living sculpture, you can see in their eyes that they change you and be part of you.

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Cara de planta

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