

DANIEL

BERMAN

The theater of human

According to Shakespeare, the whole world is a stage and we are all its mere actors. This notion of *Theatrum Mundi* expresses the sinister idea that humans function like puppets; that, indeed, verisimilitude has a literary nuance. The world has a theatrical consistency. Plato discussed it in his dialogues via the voice of Socrates. Calderón de la Barca also dreamed of it and Balzac delved into it in his human comedy. Isn't that, in a sense, just the struggle of the great Dr. Faust, especially via Marlowe's pen? Isn't that the magnanimous bet of both voices, the divine and the demonic, who will mobilize the doctor's internal theater, who will exert the greatest influence? God or the Devil; the human or Mephistopheles; humanity or arrogance. Finally, it took the arrival of a great master of suspicion to unexpectedly warn us that the theater of which Plato spoke was also an internal one: that man was Sigmund Freud.



First Freud destroyed our unitary idea for us: there is not a single voice in our psychic edifice. There are dozens of aspects, with their own functions and desires, which coexist internally. Later on that bland push Freud gave a more ominous name in 1923 taken from a book by Georg Groddeck: the It.

The It has a shocking resonance. An unknown force that, from the depths, dictates its designs to us. Naturally, like Faust, we are not passive at its outbursts. However, its power is overwhelming; its persistence, infinite. Just as Freud announces: the unconscious implies that the ego is neither the master nor the lord of his own house. The infinity of the human psyche is topical, it is geographical, it is theatrical. Similar to the Taoist body, the inner theater has nooks, caves, mountains, seas, rivers. Sometimes I am Oedipus, jealous, murdering Laius and, without knowing it, closing my destiny; Other moments I am Telemachus, defenseless, waiting like a child for the return of my powerful father. The paradigm of the unconscious script is theater.

Other greats followed Freud: Klein argued that psychic instances were, in effect, homunculi. Donald Meltzer assured that the psyche had the consistency of a geography and that it could thus be understood and analyzed. The psyche is, above all, a place. Joyce McDougall suggested that we think of our psychic caesuras as characters in the purest theatrical style. Each one of us - says McDougall - harbors in her universe a certain number of characters who act in contradiction. Our internal world, with its repetitive repertoire, constantly seeks a stage to project the drama from within.

What is the drama behind the works of Daniel Berman? We do not know, the figures intermingle, they overlap, it is not, in this case simply an interior drama. It is multiplicity, it is polyphonic, different voices that seek to make themselves heard, and the viewer echoes chaos.



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