

CRISIS

Sergio Verastegui

Cactus de verdad y cactus de mentira

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The work of Sergio Verastegui comes from the contemporary quarry of the fragment and its discontinuity, as an approach and as a way of knowing and observing. Let us imagine that meaning has exploded into pieces and that the fragment has its own poetics that is resolved in through a clue process that someone could follow as a way of reconstructing a lost whole. Alas, that everything, in addition to being lost, is a hidden meaning –and in truth, at this point, it is probably a forgotten everything. Perhaps it is this last thing that really complicates the task of a reconstruction of the fragmented meaning, not only for the viewer, but also (or above all) for the artist, who here prefers to double the bet by intuitively choosing to become (more) cryptic. Cryptic, that is to say, as opting for the hidden and enigmatic outline of things, of everything that surrounds the fragment, of everything that overshadows the totality to which the fragment alludes.

As part of a certain ritual typical of his approach, Verastegui has also given the fragmentation to the writing of five poetic texts, which he has called huaynos. Five lyrical lamentations, fragmented and howled in the manner of a blues, although they are really very Andean and in a certain way deepen and enrich the enigma. These are texts that function in the circular reverberation and repetition of certain images: the supermarket –or is it perhaps the market, with its alleged invisible hand?–, the true cacti and the false cacti, and certain historical fatality that oscillates between these extremes, between ethical and aesthetic, between moral and political, directly or indirectly sentimental.

These texts have been objectified by adapting rear-view mirrors, in what would appear to be a roadway aesthetic, but which is actually a nod to reflection, observation and absorbed self-contemplation in a loop of intimacy in search of reintegration, while at the same time, by the way, one watches their back. A reintegration to what, though? To something that at first seems unattainable, like the reconstruction of that whole to which the emigrated artist once belonged.

The work can float on the walls or crawl across the floors in search of its material support, its plane and its inaccessible horizon.

The spaces left by this fragmentation are the dead times or the necessary pauses of silence that finally give meaning to that unattainable and disintegrated whole, and that because it is unattainable it backs the enigma and the secret, of the deep silences that finally assemble the entirety of Verastegui's work. A speculated totality, which looks at itself in the mirrors and through them became words and its own discontinuity, but which in its own enigmatic rituality made of fragments proceeds and aspires to balance and rebirth. The evident pause from which everything –in the work of Sergio Verastegui– can come to resurface and reintegrate in a utopian way, equally broken perhaps, but constant.

-- Rodrigo Quijano