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Pellizcar un vidrio
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Folklore in the era of actualization

As in a trance, extreme fatigue produces physical and mental lagoons. The proximity with the paranormal state that results from fatigue and extenuation transforms reality in a space without order, where the physical and mental forces that hold us like productive machines melt. We become operators without vigilance, uncontrolled, acting on instructions distinct from those of the hyper-production and consumerism. We are on the edge of formal erosion, with our language floating over the limit of our wakefulness.

If we are neither hunters nor gatherers, if we don't participate inside the production, circulation and consumption cycles, what are we then? To begin, we are a state, an existential condition that holds us to life and allows us to act. But there is also this idea of being channels or mediums, intermediary bodies between fundamental binary questions – material and immaterial, form and spirit, stable and unstable, etc. In this case we would then be like a wedge that is inserted between two surfaces, filing the space with something that isn't from one or the other: the whistle of a *tombo*⁴ to a *choro*⁵, the sound of a flute played when a condor is in flight, or the first child, who breaks the couple's symmetry and whose symbol is in Oedipus's tragic figure.

Fatigue empties us, and being exhausted is being in a process of disablement. One of the many perversions of late capitalism is that it has turned us into witnesses of how the tools that allow us autonomy of the body – the body as an independent agent – discharge before our eyes. The percentages of energy, the charging and recharging of devices, are writing a new somatic metric, while we understand that the autonomy of the body is, in the end, an illusion. We are where the body was during the industrial revolution inasmuch as particles of a great omnipresent mechanical gear assembly. We carry the factory within us in the form of extensions, vapour and electricity compressed today in the perfection of a rechargeable electronic cigarette. In this hyper-actuality functional objects depend on support systems in permanent state of extinction. This is a strange and perverse plot twist of what Baudrillard defined as "antique object", utilitarian objects that have a codependency relationship between their original function and the symbolic and mythologic charge they acquire when they move in time and lose their utility. Or is it simply another form of understanding the object as a sign of its environment?

⁴ Policeman

⁵ Thief

We know the soul moves in time and we know that oral and manual transmissions are the natural recipients of this floating spectre (or consciousness). The simultaneous exercise of transmitting and re-animating – a melody, a narration, a shape in clay – is what allows us to break with temporary horizons and tear away the present's structure. And it's just that there isn't transmission without interpretation, in the same way that there isn't reorganisation without an agent that destabilises the disposition of the elements. Interpretation is the wedge that divides the past from the future, it is a way of updating what, following with Baudrillard, we could call the mythological dimension of the object.

And this is how we arrive to the rustic room where Adolfo Palacios sings *Respuesta Funeraria*⁶. The Andine world manifests all of its gravity through this blind singer who recites folk songs in Quechua and Spanish while diligent musicologists record him, the same who will proceed to transcribe and translate his verses. But there are distortions in the process of dubbing; for moments, Palacios mixes and hybridises both languages, generating zones of chilling confusion (in the album's leaflet this is listed as *undistinguished lyrics*). The ethnographic scaffolding is destabilised and we enter into what could be called the canon of the irregular, the place where the eccentric or the non-systematised inhabits. The emotional charge of Palacios is a smoke cloud moving to the interior of the opaque cabins of language. It is also, as its title indicates, a response. We could say it is a response to the mediation systems linked to the transformation of experience in data (a way of civilising the experience?) or an example of that which manifests in the profound opacity of syncretism.

A flautist interprets "El Cóndor Pasa" for more than three hours. As the interpretation advances, the fuselage of normality (or what we could also call the recognisable) dismantles, and fatigue sinks in. The melody, a standard of Peruvian folklore, becomes disfigured. José Vera Matos has decided to only film the last minutes of this performance of resistance. Where we could before recognise a traditional melody we begin to see cracks, and, inside them, the discontinuous. Interpretation ceases to be a tool of mediation to become a portal to what inhabits without a fixed time or substance.

Armando Andrade Tudela
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⁶ Track no. 5 in *Traditional Music of Perú, Vol 2: The Mantaro Valley* (Smithsonian Folkways Recording).