

JOEL

Subjects of humanity

MERINO

What I fear most is not the unknown, it is not the everlasting gods that exist above us all, it is not the cosmic entities whose vast appendages effortlessly move thousands of galaxies at once, it is not the lassitude of reality; I am much more afraid of our humanity, our humanity follows, traps, and oppresses us. Humanity is the measure of all things for each of his servants, he governs over us in every aspect of our life.

In a more conventional sense, our humanity and that of others is the origin of our anguish, both our sadness and our greatest fears are usually socio-emotional, and the awareness of death is both our original sin and primal gift as people. We fear other humans, the rejection of our loved ones, the violence that the muscles, bones and cartilage that are not under our control can exert over us, and the disinterest and cruelty that represents being the insignificant components of the social machine.

The architecture of our human kingdoms, of our cities or towns, is just so weird, surrounding us with artificiality. Those colossal buildings and thousands of identical houses serve only as slaves to efficiency or superficial seduction. There are ads and



billboards that show perfect faces and bodies, which appeal to our hidden libido. Those impressions of people without essence and their libertine smiles serve to maintain the status quo; and so, little by little since we left the cradle we have been falling in love with banality. But banality is always disappointing. Don't you long for the warmth that only humans can provide? The distance between the ego and that otherness is measured in humanity, it is the only thing that we can attest to possess in common with each individual on earth, that which keeps us from truly understanding those everlasting gods. We need to become infatuated with our own humanity again.



Joel Merino's pieces advocate for a far gentler world and a different human appeal. An allure that I do not wish to possess, but to embody, for the first time in a long time I wish to be before I wish to possess, I want it with all my might. In his art I see honest faces, not merely impressions of pornographic humanity. They allow me to experience familiarity, and a deep nostalgia for people and stories that I do not know, but recognize in their humanity. Even in their tired looks, there is a deep peace in observing pain that I can admit to having myself; and for that I am grateful.

Humanity can also be silky and gentle, humanity can also be honest, human is everything I am and human is everything I long for. The affection and understanding of our otherness, that delicate closeness to other people's bodies, those intriguing words that may come from someone else's mouth, the sensitive understanding and appreciation of our own essence, all of this is human and essential to live. Art is usually a way of finally observing what we sometimes cannot help but ignore, of safely fastening ourselves to reality, Merino's pieces are a great example of that.

Please ignore for one second the pain of living, the tiring weight of consciousness, and the limits of your own cognition. Forget about the violence that has been exercised over you, the inconsiderate way you have been allowed to experience life and the cruelty with which your scars, external and internal, have been ignored. But be sure to remember and please pay attention, whenever you feel you may need it, to that trace of gentle, warm, flicking humanity.



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ENGLISH VERSION



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