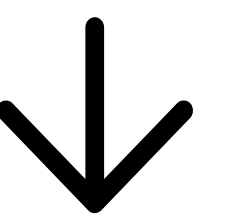




LA NUEVA POSTAL
THE NEW POSTCARD

ROBERTO MERINO / CARLOS BOGNI

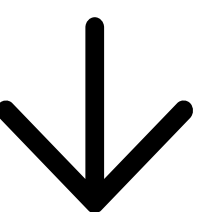


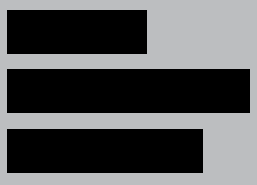


This exhibition was born by chance, as a circumstantial encounter. In a café, while Carlos Bogni was talking with a friend, a couple of tables away was his friend of youth, the writer Roberto Merino, and he approached him to talk.

It was from this encounter that a project was born, which invites us to think about the poetics of the everyday: in those nameless cities that we all recognize, through which we all have passed, in those everyday accidents; the stray dogs gathered in the corner of a square; the flowers, the clouds, the sun's rays; inviting us to stop on that day when we fantasized about waiting for the subway or bumped into garbage on the street, while running to catch the bus.

In *The new postcard* you will learn ways of experiencing image and text, through the gazes and moments of Merino and Bogni, two authors who share a territory and a generation; who discuss, contradict and meet.





THE NEW POSTCARD INVITES US TO READ IMAGES AND TEXTS OPENING QUESTIONS THAT CHALLENGE OUR EVERYDAY, COMMON REALITY.

THE NEW POSTCARD CONTAINS MULTIPLE VOICES, AND AS WE FIND OURSELVES READING IT, WE RELATE IT TO OUR OWN IMAGES, MEMORIES AND STORIES.

THE NEW POSTCARD IS A COLLAGE, A KALEIDOSCOPE, A LENS THAT MULTIPLIES WHAT WE SEE, WHERE WE CAN OBSERVE IMAGES AND TEXTS AS A WHOLE, SEPARATELY, ONE BY ONE, JUST THE STORIES...OR JUST GO THROUGH IT AS IT IS PRESENTED.

LET'S CREATE POSTCARDS TO, PERHAPS, RETURN TO PLACES LOST IN OUR STORIES, RETHINK OURSELVES DIFFERENTLY, OR JUST REMEMBER.

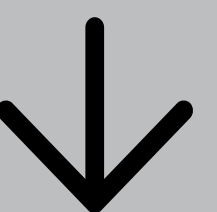
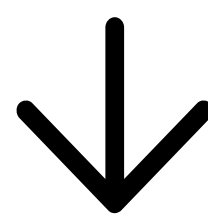




Photo: © Carlos Bogni



El conocimiento de sí mismo no es un camino nítido tampoco una fortaleza del espíritu. Para mantenerlo vivo uno depende de los demás de la distancia en que se ubican en relación a ti. Que alguien no responda en la noche tu llamado a viva voz es una primera señal de incertidumbre. Que alguien te desconozca, que olvide tu nombre en un lapsus que se decepcione de ti en medio de la alegría todo eso te va desgastando es una goma de borrar una niebla espesa en vez de aura. Uno se pone en el paisaje para recuperar el brillo de otros años forzando una sonrisa y demasiado pronto empieza a anochecer. Mimetizado de esta forma sólo percibes el peso de la somnolencia de tus pasos.





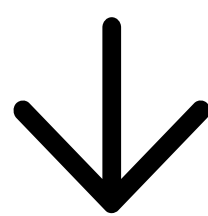
Self-knowledge is not a clear path, nor is it a fortress of the spirit.
To keep it alive, one depends on others and on the distance they
place themselves in relation to you.

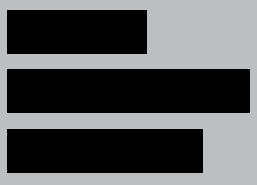
The fact that someone does not answer your loud call in the night is a
first sign of uncertainty.

The fact that someone does not recognize you, that someone forgets
your name in a lapse of memory, that someone is disappointed in you
in the midst of joy, all that which wears you down is an eraser, a thick
fog instead of an aura.

You put yourself in the landscape to recover the brightness of
other years forcing a smile, and soon enough it starts to get dark.
Mimetized in this way you only perceive the weight of the drowsiness
of your steps.

** Roberto Merino's Narrative translation*





WHAT IMAGE OR IMAGES FROM
LA NUEVA POSTAL DO YOU
RELATE TO A MEMORY THAT
LEFT A MARK ON YOUR LIFE?

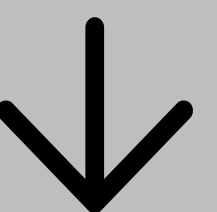


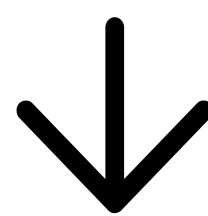


Photo: © Carlos Bogni



Por supuesto, ya sabemos: una dimensión significativa de las cosas permanece invisible. El aliento es invisible: el alma, el espíritu, la psiquis. Esta categoría esencial se revela en síntomas, en epifenómenos. El hombre al que le falta el aire, el poeta inspirado. Cuando hablamos de aura (cfr. concatenación particular del tiempo y del espacio) estamos también apelando a una especie parcialmente invisible.

Digo parcialmente porque en ciertas circunstancias el aura se ve o se vería. La verían los perros, al menos, los niños índigo, los charlatanes. Lo mismo que el nimbo. Pero en la acepción que nos hemos acostumbrado a utilizar, el aura -en una imagen- es lo que todos experimentamos como inminente, lo parece a punto de estar. El aura: estamos de acuerdo en su existencia sin saber qué es, como sucede con muchas formas aparentes del mundo.





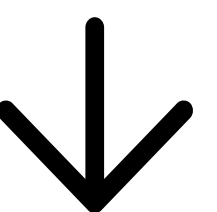
Of course, we already know this: a significant dimension of things remains invisible.

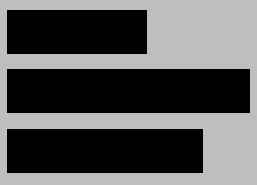
The breath is invisible and so are the soul, the spirit, and the psyche. This essential category reveals itself in symptoms, in epiphenomena.

The man who lacks air, the inspired poet. When we speak of aura (cf. particular concatenation of time and space) we are also referring to a partially invisible species.

I say partially because in certain circumstances the aura is or would be seen. It would be seen by dogs, at least, by indigo children, by charlatans. The same as the nimbus. But in the meaning that we are used to, the aura - in an image - is what we all experience as imminent, what seems about to be. The aura: we agree on its existence without knowing what it is, as happens with many apparent forms in the world.

** Roberto Merino's Narrative translation*





COULD WE MAKE A TOUR
OF THE EXHIBITION WITHOUT
TRYING TO RECOGNIZE THE
IMAGES, THE SPACES,
THEIR LOCATIONS, IN
RELATION TO SOME OF OUR
OWN EXPERIENCES?

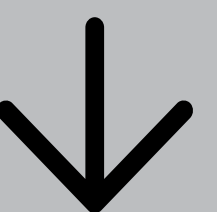
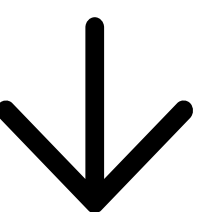




Photo: © Carlos Bogni



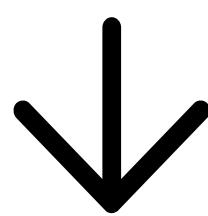
cansado de las calles
enredado con los números significativos
cada día la necesidad de volver
me provocaba ideas fantasiosas.
sabía bien que no era un héroe para nadie
y que si alguno de los míos pegó mi foto en alguna parte alguna vez
no había en ello con el paso del tiempo otra dimensión que la material
los químicos que carcomen el papel
la sequedad que anula el pegamento
y las manchas de suciedad y en general las huellas de los sucesos indeterminados.

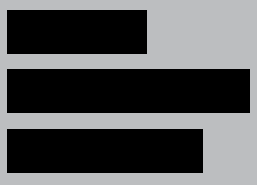




tired of the streets
tangled with the significant numbers
every day the need to return
gave me fanciful ideas.
I knew well that I was a hero to no one
and that if any of my people ever pasted my photo
somewhere sometime
there would be no other dimension to it with the
passage of time than the material one
the chemicals that eat the paper away
the dryness that nullifies the glue
the dirt stains and, in general, the traces of
indeterminate events.

** Roberto Merino's Narrative translation*





SOME THINGS ARE INVISIBLE AND
DON'T MATTER TO US; PERHAPS
THEY SHOULD MATTER TO US.

SOME THINGS ARE INVISIBLE
AND ARE PART OF US, SAYS
MERINO: THE BREATH, THE SPIRIT,
THE SOUL.

WHAT IS THE INVISIBLE FOR YOU?
THAT WHICH WE KNOW
THAT WHICH EXISTS BUT
WE CAN'T TOUCH.

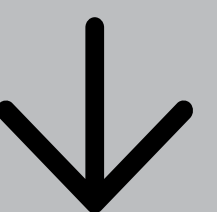
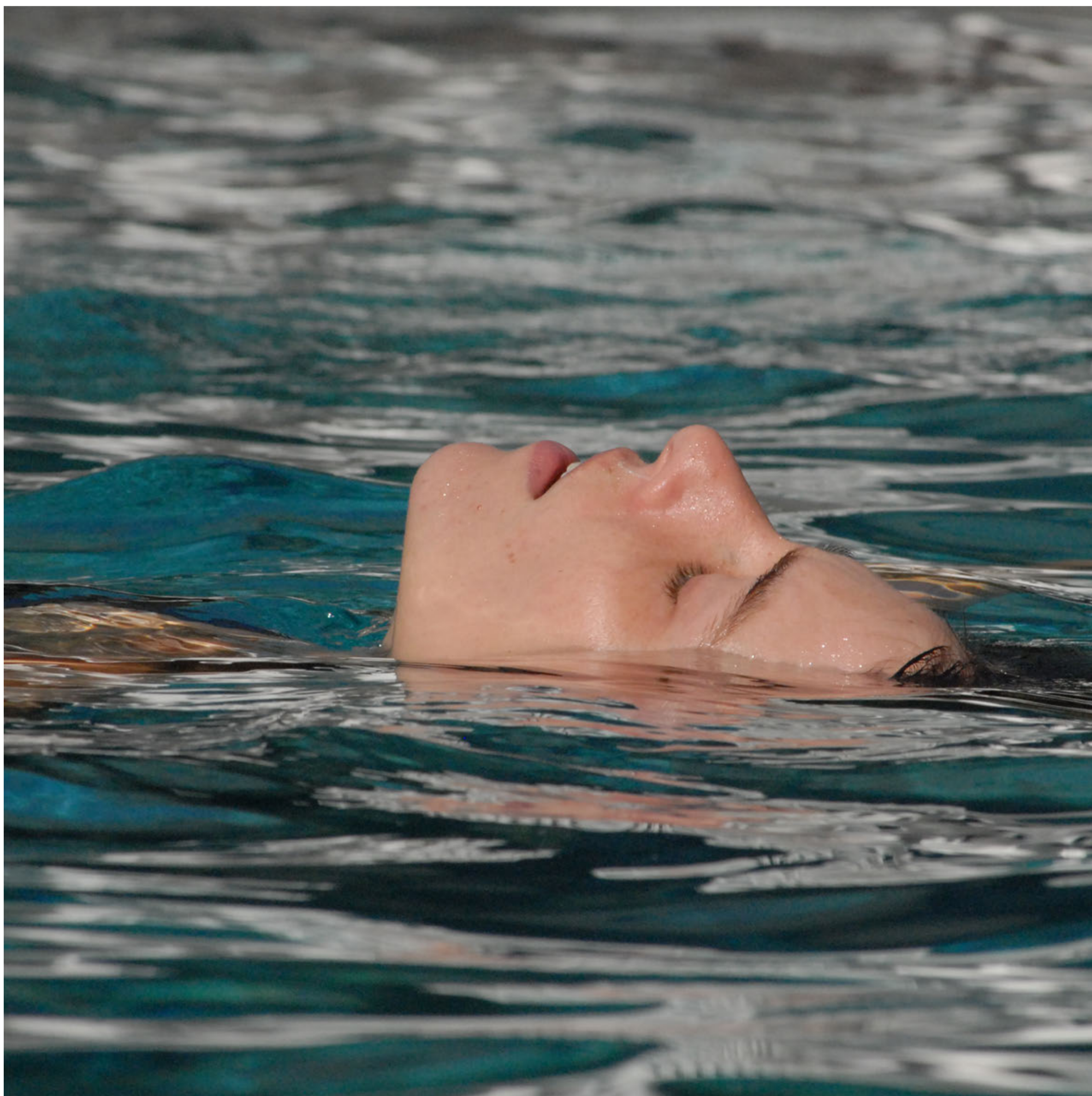


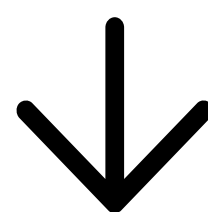


Photo: © Carlos Bogni



Finalmente un hecho policial. Una muerte de la que nunca quedó claro el motivo. La seguidora de un narcisista que se inmola ante la indiferencia de quien debiera haberse conmovido. El color de las ondas es indefinible y su movimiento es hipnótico, en ellas se superponen como transparencias el azogue, el follaje, las flores, los rayos del sol, las nubes. “La tonta Ofelia flota como un gran lirio”. Revisar la simbología de los cursos de agua y de las aguas apozadas.

Parece que la conversación de Elizabeth Siddal era un parloteo, un exceso de enunciación, pero lo que ahora se escucha es la cadencia indiferente del agua, la forma en que choca suavemente contra la orilla.





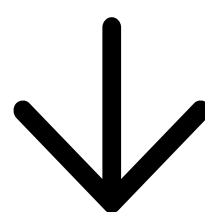
Finally, a police event. A death for which the motive was never clear. The follower of a narcissist who immolates herself before the indifference of those who should have been moved.

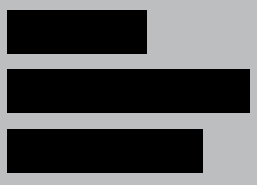
The color of the waves is indefinable and their movement is hypnotic. In them, the quicksilver, the foliage, the flowers, the sun's rays, and the clouds are superimposed as transparencies.

“Foolish Ophelia floats like a great lily”. Revisit the symbolism of watercourses and of standing waters.

It seems that Elizabeth Siddal's conversation was chatter, an excess of enunciation, but what is now heard is the indifferent cadence of water, the way it laps gently against the shore.

** Roberto Merino's Narrative translation*





LET'S THINK ABOUT OUR
RELATIONSHIP WITH
LANGUAGE, WITH WORDS
AND WITH MOVEMENTS,
TRYING TO FIX THEM, TO
REMEMBER THEM STATIC,
AS SUSPENDED MOMENTS:

A GOOD-BYE.

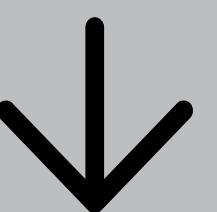
AN INSTAGRAM POST.

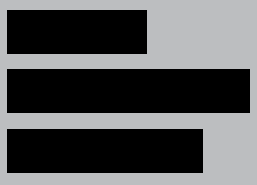
A CHRISTMAS CARD.

AN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

THE EMAIL THAT
YOU NEVER SENT.

A NOTE ON THE MARGIN
OF A BOOK PAGE.

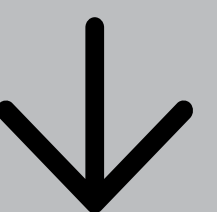




WHAT IMAGES WOULD BE
PART OF YOUR COLLECTION
OF POSTCARDS?

LET'S CHOOSE A FEW, THEN
LET'S READ THEM, THEN LET'S
SHOW THEM TO OTHERS,
AND LET THEM TELL US
WHAT THEY THINK OR THEIR
OWN MEMORIES STEMMING
FROM OURS.

THEN, WE CAN SWITCH ROLES,
LOOKING AT AND COMMENTING
ON THE IMAGES FROM SOMEONE
ELSE'S POSTCARD COLLECTION.



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CENTRO

CULTURAL

LA MONEDA

