

Illustration

MIRTA NOGUERA

(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST, BORN IN BUENOS AIRES)

Three foundations take part of Noguera's art. Colour on her palette, natural subject matter and social commitment. Her great-grandfather was an Indian; she has no doubt in expressing *"I have the tendency to go to humble places. I feel that the integration of these settlements with the landscape is part of the same environment"*.

-Is your vocation related to the technical part? or does it entail another search?

-The artist may not be distanced from the philosophy that his motivation entails.

-Colours are impressionist. They stand out over shapes.

-I like impressionism, but I do not use palette knife, my strokes with paintbrush are long. I see colour as a special reference of my stimulus. Over them, I create text. I travel permanently throughout the provinces. I have loved the peace that hicks have in the places where I stop.

-May things that discern from the native be a discouragement?

-Absolutely not, they represent a link to the laws of nature.

-With this judgment, the dichotomy that involves life as a material project is established: to climb progress or be blended into the natural order. The explosive development of logos has not faded anguish from man, but stressed differences among peoples and attacked nature. *"Dasein"*, a word used by Heidegger, obtains its conformism in the ability to be blended with *"existence"*. (1)

-I do not try to hold on to a school or system, but to express tendencies. Obviously, ancestors continue going around. That is why colours predominate in my works. The Indian streak in my blood never lost that flow which is found in nature. Atahualpa left us a beautiful prayer *"Man is nature"*. And he always has a palette of shades even in the most monotonous and homogeneous places. I go to the place where forest and mountain converge with the wood and stone of the houses.



"La calle de los enamorados"
Oil on canvas

MAN IS AN ANIMAL TRAPPED IN A CONSCIENCE

In a sea called space, in a place called earth, in a pulse called time, man is driven by mysterious forces. Adrift. Impossible to escape from these influences or his conscience. Prisoner of such mysterious and deep thoughts as the universe which is a wretch that moves that ruling to his descendants. Bereft of origin, it asks for his finiteness. He wanders around imagination. He takes comfort with utopias. Man has no maze where to go. He walks over the abyss. His space-time references are death origins. Lights of distant suns suggest impossible distances. Without them, darkness would not be a lament, but an understanding.

The development of humanism awakened the hypothesis of light which will be spread improving its holder and social reason. (2) However, the superior knowledge – logos – was always consolidated over instinctive bases named principles of self-preservation. The development of an objective world is carried out by the own man with his subjectivism named reason which is subverted to primary concepts of power and fame, proved by the same history. (3) The cognitive progress and its consequences, in purely structuralist

terms, may not be analyzed. There is a primary forge that becomes from “being”, from the essential man, from “Dasein”. And this is instinctive in its last decision no matter the illustration it drags. It culminates in a purely selfish act. The gene that leads us is present in each logos action. In this mold that projects it, after the Great War in 1914, the process was became accentuated while technology speeded up the construction of a globalized world. Today, this technocapitalism is built in the true knowledge pattern. The social reason did not find any solution to the attempts to avoid itself from structural marginalization. *Death of God* by Nietzsche; its place was taken by the progress which was within the reach of man, holder of knowledge and illustration. However, marginalization which has not ceased in history and the use of its interests that impoverishes and misappropriates the will of consciences is placed in the rear. Progress does not differentiate by the essence but by its consequences. In these, people’s consolation and fear are put together and they underlie with the need of glory and power of others. From these axes rise a combat line between the rational and the instinctive, but also cultural signs that wander as superior manifestations emerge. (4) Art was built in one of them. But, has it been the result of its development? or is it engrave in its deep and dark origin? Cave culture shows that art emanates as an independent need to its strict survival. It implies a search for an explanation in order to give a sense to history, to justify the fate, to get over from the fact of being a damned to nothing.

There is nothing without a limit. You always go beyond. It is the mark of human appearance. When forcing this situation, there is loss. Instinctive passion makes existence, erases modesty, sacrifices its own species and also threatens, modifies and destroys its environment. Instinctive passion falls inevitably in hell where it gets used to live with an impulse that takes off future possibilities. This passion is always protected by deceit when thinking that fates always happen to others. When the ability to go back or stop is lost, passion will gaze at the final tragedy originated by its own actions.

The artist knows how to get rid of this worldly anger because he has pierced pain and desires. He does not want to be present any more. To get through means to return to invalid times, to the moments where incandescent life is consumed. To arrive at the extreme of the essential is to interpret the prime of



“Paraíso”
Oil on canvas

solitude. We are a tendency to exist, amorphous as fire. Different eyes gaze at our small magnitude in the huge cosmos. Ephemeral. A flashing in the immensity. We are a distance to a whole, at the beginning and end of what we perceive; fear and ignorance. Going through misfortune is the essential, the amazing indifference that contains us in an incomprehensible space. This desolate geography is eternity with the last sign of conscience. Before being obscurity, we still have a glare of sincerity to assay that we are the conscious centre of nothing. A potential to be held in a knowledge placed in the thin balance before the own behavior and obscure forces of the universe. We will be lost rubble in the tragedy that the most innocent demiurge has never imagined. We are in the time due to a nature lapse of concentration. What we will inevitably lose is what let us at halfway: thought. Up to here, the invention was tolerable. The artist interpreted Dostoyevsky’s words: “*Men are alone on earth*”.

Jorge C. Trainini

1. Heidegger Martin. *Ser y tiempo*. México: Fondo de Cultura Económica Ed; 1951.
2. Adorno Theodor, Horkheimer Max. *Dialéctica de la Ilustración*. Madrid: Trotta Ed; 1998.
3. Benjamín Walter. *Conceptos de filosofía de la historia*. La Plata: Terramar Ed; 2007.
4. Trainini Jorge. *Informe sobre el hombre*. Madrid: Prensas, S.L. Ed; 2010.