

# Illustration

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(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST, BORN IN BUENOS AIRES)

## CONVERSATIONS IN THE ART GALLERY (V)

In some places of Buenos Aires with stories forgotten by the senses and cherished by the stones, we still perceive in the silence the shielded scent of eternity. Recoleta is one of these places, where the vaulted branches with their steps to emptiness softly hint time with a faint undulation. At their canopy, window breezes often sing, sifting through the gigantic winged chords that cling from the trunks. They tell old stories from river sailors first hidden by the city and then gradually forgotten. Its fragrance of salt-less harbor, at the expense of not eroding wood and bones, only spreads on its way the hoarded dreams of so many immigrants descending from the ships. Ghosts that leave the innocent existence of man in his ever failing attempt as illusionist. In this spot the streets of the city vanish. The inhabitants live entwined with the past projecting above the walls of the cemetery, as if they were still raising a toasting glass though being its silent dwellers. From this spot we see the streets leading like somber tunnels to the maddening city center. There we were.

- *Do you belong to any artistic movement?*

Susana González Heissenberg pushed her hair backwards disclosing the angular edges of her face. Her lips curved convincingly an instant after the thought. It came from her spiritual need, much deeper than the spoken words. - I do not adhere to any style. *I do not attach to any artistic movement. I am not dogmatic. I turn to a topic with a motivation and a strategy until I exhaust myself in those ideas. And move on to others.*

-You seem inclined to represent time-space, the transformation which is not perceived in daily existence. Your work has the mark of ceaseless change. A movement that stirs awareness. What do you think of that?

-There is an imperceptible point in the order of the universe. And this is paradoxical because it is a continuous event, without pause, infinite. It is the imperceptible but essential transformation, that which explains it all. However this point remains concealed to the senses. That feeling of stillness, of eternity owned by the objects, offers the false image of their unchangeable condition. Rising unalterable.

-*I can see a deconstruction of the forms in your work.*  
She balanced slightly to show me details of her paintings adding in a synthesis: *Of light and color as well.*



"OM"  
Mixed technique, 0,60 x 0,50



"Timeless Vision"  
Acrylic, 0,60 x 0,80

*-Exactly. Figurative decomposition hauls light and color. Visual flicker stems from all those models at a point that appears to change in that same instant.*

*- Besides giving movement to the piece, it gets rid of agony. As if every trace were at the same time dying and being born.*

-Your work, Susana, is an image which approaches reality but hard to acknowledge with our senses because it fades from the idea of certainty man needs to sooth his anguish. Thus, life becomes a continuous adaptation of what we understand and which always surprises us due to its absence from human consciousness.

**What is there behind a work of art? Subjectivism full of accusations and fear. Of labyrinths where man strolls with his symbols through the external world that observes him.**

Recoleta extends its days as a warrior at rest. It has left aside its weapons and lives from its honors. From its medals and scars. It blinks its past knowing of time inexorability. It understands that more battles would fade away its chronicle and that life is forever unreasonably lustful. It does not desire any other recollection than the one it treasured. Its own remembrance persists in the engraved geographies of the tombs that extend beyond the brick colored walls of the cemetery but continue to be surrounded by heritage cradles; there where each day life seems to stroke lazily its history. It does not seek to be, it already is.

And it is peculiar this place, as if not belonging to the city. The continuously renewed speed of the city sides at the top of the streets that die in the greens crossing the open ground. There, Recoleta gently surrenders to its apologies and rejections, to its sword-armed patriots and to the ones who robbed them of their glory, those who wanted to be in death next to whom fearlessly conquered this land. As in life, after death we also try to steal the benefits of honor. Lineages seem to detach from the heroes' vaults as a safe conduct for the life of their descendants. Similar to a sacred river that purifies merely by the immersion in its waters. And where pilgrims go just to obtain their blessing. Inside its walls and battlements the streets of the dead hold epic and other stories that silent death at first abides and then forgets. Everything is real in this still city and imagination follows its course in the outside world. In its territory man and earth are in the precise point where the clock narrows only allowing the drop of one grain of sand at a time. In that instant where imaginary life joins the emancipation of death. Where the passing occurs in the eternity of an instant. Recoleta is irredeemable. It lives undisturbed in different times. There lies her immortality, in the warrior's leisure which no longer depends on history. Recoleta is a foreign place for the city of Buenos Aires. It is detached of the maddening experience, of its disquieting course, of fleeting characters seeking to bathe in eternity.

*-When one introduces itself in the quantum, in the conceptual revolution that changed the interpretation of the universe, meaning is found in this "tendency*



"Ergon"  
Acrylic, 0,70 x 0,90

*to exist" it has, as it is impossible to define all at the same time as Werner Heisenberg would say in his "uncertainty principle". Incidentally, your idea is to show the uncertain, the momentum in which one "is"...*

*...Or more precisely, the step of what has been to what will be – interrupted the artist.*

*- I stop at this point in the itinerary of form, light and color. Nothing is defined and everything can be defined. I extrapolate Mario Benedetti: "There is so much always/ that never arrives". Poetry can explain emotion, the change of spiritual condition possessed by the cosmos, because consciousness belongs to it.*

*-We are always about to be, we try it at every instant.*

*Shall we move to perspective? - I asked while I took in her last phrase – There is in your paintings a sum of perspectives that keep ceaselessly breaking the figures in a before and an after.*

*- There the effect of the cosmic event of transformation is achieved, without pause, which I have tried to convey to my work.*

*With reference to subjectivism. We are all participants. There are no spectators because interpretation is always subjective. It is the characteristic established by consciousness, the rise of the "self" to accuse and judge the outside world.*

*There is no other possible interpretation. We live prisoners of our own truths, in spite of reality.*

The morning wind had already herded all the clouds once they had emptied their bellies from water. We went into the street to shelter under the shade of the old gomero tree, where space opens as a prayer to the limit of Recoleta churchyard. Now the clouds appear as islands gradually separating. Wind commands. At this moment we are the most liberated human beings, who can understand that we are not afraid of "nothingness" because it is an imagination of fear, the moment of change.

**Jorge C. Trainini**