

Illustration

JORGE DUARTE
(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST)

It is early. The light imperceptibly caresses the silvery and calm waters of the bay. At that hour they vibrate shrouded in the mystery coming from the sea, under the shadows of the olive colored mountains. I hear the growing and hoarse swelling of machinery above the slow cadence of the waves. Then the protesting barking of a dog in the bow of a small boat removed from his water-home, where a boater anchored in the middle of the bay dwells. The animal insists on not touching the land. Finally he dives for a swim and reaches the shore. Now with his barking he urges, awaiting his master's return with the boat. The scene, at the same hour, is a ritual I watch again a year later. In this landscape it is impossible not to think of Jorge Duarte. He was a clandestine lover, faithful and fugitive to Cadaqués.

Cadaqués is a small and curvy, pebbly beach. Sandless. It overlooks a quiet bay where the waves romp without coming or going, another inhabitant of the old fishermen's place no longer there. There are only traces of the trunked-pier tucked against the stone. Those waters extend with the peace of a spineless animal whose form is the space bounded by two rocky, sharp, hooked teeth, guarding its serenity. Beyond, the raging sea gives the coast its ferocious name. Almost on the pebbles the tiny village is white. It resembles a grain of salt leaning against the green of the mountains that blow winds and clouds on its back. Among the peaks and the waters Cadaqués appears lost. It might be thought purposely so, to protect itself from the inclement progress. Boats which usually stop at every Mediterranean port, the ancient Roman lake, arrive to its unbridled water shore. The town line is so contiguous to the coast, that the only narrow path standing on its way, sometimes stops or passes below a terraced house, as immortalized by Salvador Dalí (Figure 2). From ancient times, the waterfront of the Societat L' Amistat building is the distinctive place that dares to extend over the water picking up all foreigners who usually disembark.

To Cadaqués, with the appearance of an ignored town, suddenly exalted by Dalí, Jorge Duarte arrived almost unnoticed. A disciple of the Master, the tilting waters of the bay nested forever in his pupils (Figure 3). Through that emotion he never detached from its



Fig. 1 "Boat in Cadaqués"
Jorge Duarte - Oil on canvas

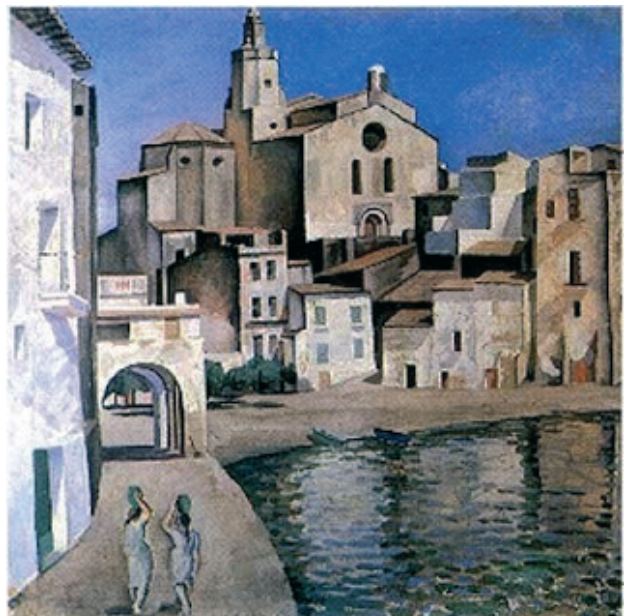


Fig. 2 "Cadaqués"
Salvador Dalí - Oil on canvas

calmness, from the continuous but fraternal patter of the meager surf against the mossy side of the boats. The master had prophesied "stay with them in this place, multiply them. You will be painting the world". I do not know if Jorge ever left the site, even though he has gone.

Faithful and fugitive to that place, he never tried to miss its calm waters and its boats restricted from distances. His binnacle stopped its pulse in the salty winds that smell of shipwrecks and folded scarves, winds that prevail with their storms beyond the shelter of the bay. His gaze was stained blue in the morning and emerald at sunset. The brush outlined boats and more boats, green, indigo, golden and purple. Nobody knew. His multiplied boats always free but alone, were not paintings, but the appalling silence that lit the artist's inveterate passion. A bridge between his heart and his hands.

MAN IS THE SOLE MORTAL .THE REST IRREDIMABLY DIES

It is absurd to face existence with an eternal disposition. Ignoring the ephemeral ends by qualifying life with the terror of deceit. Deceived by our fear. The structured imagination of society does not allow for fraud informants. Then with its disqualification it disregards the heralds of consciousness. A contradiction is to accept that we must assume emotion in the presence of this sordid interpretation of life governed by ancient mysteries. To ordain our actions with the decision of the heart is the biggest drama. So the Being builds a cold, merciless, materialistic archetype. He buries its sensitivity and proceeds with the dagger of reason killing brain offenders. Slaying the hearts of those who react with affection. Modern man does not engage in discerning with emotions, but with the satisfaction of carnal senses.

Thus, poetry symbolizes the maker. Its emotional structure, certainty, fairness and impact expound that no aspect of poetic art can be performed without passion. Art is not exerted on demand, but when it becomes a pressing need to find a way to man's metaphysical despair. And the poetic faculty of art - its substance - suddenly presents us with a dagger to tear and empty the soul of its condemning anguish of ostracism, sadness and pessimism. Society takes different paths towards poetic act. It does not tear itself; it maintains a free emotional inertia. Its machinery is, ruthless, calculating and evil, only to be mobilized by an upholstered fatuous interest, far from the spirit of existence which was also gradually led to rot as an article of trade. In the name of spirit, man's resolution has been usurped by mystics and prophets. Hope has been sought by way of systematic doctrines. His other path, skepticism, nihilism, draws from sense without forsaking the boundary of consciousness. With mystery, but only reaching its certainty. Men have been raided of their spiritual despair, using their deepest feelings, their most basic needs, and their peace of mind, to empty and leave them in the most abstract



Fig. 3 "A boat at Cadaqués"

Adrian Moreno - Photo

poverty. They were forced from the beginning of time to deliver the flesh. Now the soul is also blinded by the interests of a few, forcing them to be part of a society that does not allow easy access to self-identity.

I do not speak of the history of man. I refer to its existence as sense of being. Does it have a sense to enter into life? Then everything is possible. We are led to wander through a history of snares and fears. By tacit agreement the world has resigned to the theme of its origin and, even more disturbing, to its purpose. It is the closest thing to a circumstance without access to a moral explanation. As high as the cause of its presence may be [and unknown] it cannot evade its surrounding tragedy. From the inflicted damage to his mood. From perversions and inequities to the logical human condition. That inconsistency is a game of unscrupulous gods. What we see in the drama of human life is the unjustified pain of enduring without knowing its real meaning. So far the only explanation is man himself. More by fear than by wisdom. Normal man is a disguise of fear. With his word he tries the meaning, with his actions he seeks to be eternal, with his thought he fears his self and society. How to find a better world with its existing masks?

The misery of man is prior to being at that instant. Then he is a lost being. A man dominated by the fear of what he does not understand, knowing his limit. To accept freedom of thought is to condemn this society if we continue with the story we are building. In this iniquity brews the consequence that disturbs and prevents man from understanding he cannot enhance his drama after death.

Icy night in Buenos Aires. I'm lost in this article inspired by the work of Jorge Duarte. Suddenly the phone rings. Unconscious I refuse the call and its confidence. It keeps insisting and I accept. A slow, sorrowful voice takes my fear to leave pain, "Jorge has just departed." I seem to hear in the middle of the surf the barking dog that would not touch the ground. I understand him; humans also do not wish to know their destination. What sense is there to keep writing?

I try not to participate in this theater of the world. When I learned to be myself and take off the mask, I

was spotlighted by my fellow men. Individualizing has been my exclusion, excreted from the scene depicting society as a theatrical vigil. Only man in his sleep, in his true loneliness influenced by nobody, is able to recover his authenticity, away from the world's sedition that occupies the streets. And refuses identities. And denies the being's depth. One is not in life, one is in

a life. Behavior, gestures, words, everything seems to serve the debris produced by human interests.

Duarte's boats are still alone. As he liked them. As reality happens.

Buenos Aires, on the night of July 23rd, 2013.

Jorge C. Trainini