

Illustration

ANDRÉS GILES
(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST)

In that small place packed with trees the afternoon seemed to have hastened their shadows. Beyond that stillness, the glow of the sky was a warm mirror in the enfolding geography. Both abstract artists expounded their dialectical search to assert transcendence. The steaming coffee between us tilted its curls away from the air forced by the alternating voices. After a while I required “why not talk about motivation? After it, that is the idea, comes creation and then reasoning”. “Germaine Bonifacio replied immediately “mine passes through existence.” My interviewee, Andrés Giles, shuffled his legs recklessly. All his body exuded the gesture of a man out of harmony with the world. Walking in and out of it for the anecdotal. His art was evidently depersonalized of the mundane. He took a long time to say “I just like it”. When we left the raging sunset was beginning. I understood that the artist is harassed, forced to escape through the cracks of history that leads to progress, to try to save the man.

History is not epic, it lacks the heroic sense. It is only so in some circumstantial facts that manage to break away from human mediocrity. Indeed, not only is it deprived of a course, but it progresses tied to the primal instincts of survival and procreation. The artist moves away from daily evidence but under lies init. In that contradiction of daily belonging and exile to an ordinary, prejudiced and fraudulent history, he deconstructs contemporary art. He denies formality but bonds to the “existential” act because ultimately, without it he is nothing. Thus, he constitutes himself in the penultimate bastion that man unfolds before the meaningless chronic, for the last trench of those transgressing the wreck age of history is the vagrants’ place, those tied to natural order.

Art in its rebellion to the historical fact imposed by the “society of eternal men” suddenly becomes a risk. Man corrupts nature. He brandishes reason under a dialectic resort that refined “progress” to camouflage instinct in his pursuit of defending Illuminism. Feeling is subdued for being passionate and obscene. It is barred from natural order. Pragmatism that leads to the material is privileged. Movements often called revolutionary banish or limit art. Considered the heritage of dominant classes, its legacy is excluded, reaching man from its most obscure origin. Absolutism in



“Abstract 2”

power tolerates the art that serves its purposes, ignoring that the true value of its character lies in its accusation of the real. Postmodern art is not an aesthetic rebellion, a rejection of the world of Illuminism, but the artist also draws the banality of recognition in his desire to be different. In creation he opens to the universe, to interpretation, to surrealism. He models a dissimilar world albeit being detached from the society that contains him. He unfolds his life in a visceral rejection of history, to remain an observer only subsisting in his material need. Instead, the vagrant does not speculate, but he is neither a creator. That is an indifference to the gods.

In classical art, scene is selected, framed, given

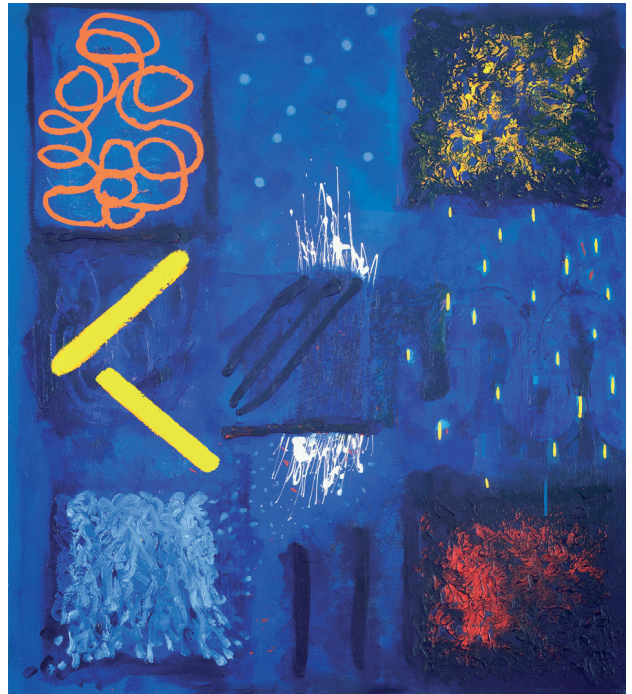
eternal stillness. The abstract is not a limit to its universe; when it opens trying to expand, it runs from the fabric to the observer's imagination. It possesses fear, motion, deconstruction. It hides its objects and empties its feeling. The style it entails is not historical but a complaint, a cry to the "existential act" forcing the author to move between the world of the ideas of nature and the imagination of men, contrary to the unit that chases man threatened to lose his identity.

The artist by escaping from reality and attacking the system becomes disobedient. Indeed, totalitarianism enslaves to continue in force. It spies, judges and condemns the freedom of art. Only those who bend are supported, since art can become a risk to dogmas it does not contribute to the sense that man desires from history.

The present opens to two gates. That of tomorrow reflected in yesterday's history. The artist moves in and out of the path that leads to the same wreck age. He denounces whether on the road or at its side. He inhabits the contradiction of belonging to the two worlds simultaneously, the world not possessed by saints or vagrants.

Technique -light of Illuminism- isolates man, although admitting the bourgeoisie of progress, enslaving the masses to a project that escapes into the future. History declares human loneliness in the presence of its great tragedies, where consciousness overwhelms and humanism is a utopian dialectic rather than a quality of man. Faced with it gods are nonexistent, feeble-minded or perverse. History seems doomed to repeat itself. To fret for the same vicissitudes. It is the mirror that always reflects the renewable drama. Men rest alone. And this is perceived by artists. Idealized history belongs to men in whom humanism is an adjective which does not repute, it only traffics and gesticulates the powerlessness of its existence. This chronicle of a cruel injustice betrays a cruel humanism where true humanists, resembling the stars sailing through the blackest of heavens, stand out from time to time. They are rips of light on a canvas of evil. To the extent that Adorno decreed: "You cannot write poetry after Auschwitz." (1) The dilemma is that both reason and the art can be used for man's most repulsive purposes, but to reject them implies an act of barbarism.

Andrés Giles is in attentive to this world: "I have no vocabulary to express what I feel. I use hermetic symbolism in its conception, open in its contents because it is my feeling. "That reminded me that Heidegger left "Being and Time" unfinished because he lacked words to express himself. (2) I appreciated that in Giles, denied to this life proposed by humans ascribed to a chain of catastrophic events born of instinctive historicism. Then he adds "I do what I like." He rips the veil with the idea and charges against dialectical progress, history's wickedness. The storm of evil is dragging us to the same principles that built it. With



"Abstract 3"

the enlightenment of reason and its dialectic we believe we are in favor of man. Art with its attachment to the a esthetic nature moves the meaningless of history, its apologies and denials. Art is erratic, apocalyptic, it returns to itself with the conviction of the guilty visiting the place of his victim. But Giles also assimilates "after apprehending the idea I face another challenge: to ensure survival in the market through dialectic." I was distracted for a moment. Andrés disappeared with an imperceptible goodbye, true to Nietzsche's motto "No artist tolerates reality".

Andrés Giles is doomed to update the present. To join the past and the future in the presenttime. To remove utopian dreams. To avoid painful memories. The void of nonbeing surrounds and encloses him. Choking every breath, waiting for that to be the last. Revealed truth is more heinous than all the lies endured by human beings, holding them is more tolerable than any other time of rebellion. Transiting the instant where being and non-being are melted, not envisioning in which side is fullness and where is nothingness. Close to the vagrant.

Jorge C. Trainini

REFERENCES

1. Adorno T. Dialéctica negativa. Madrid: Akal; 2005.
2. Heidegger M. Ser y tiempo. México: Fondo de Cultura Económica; 1962.