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Illustration

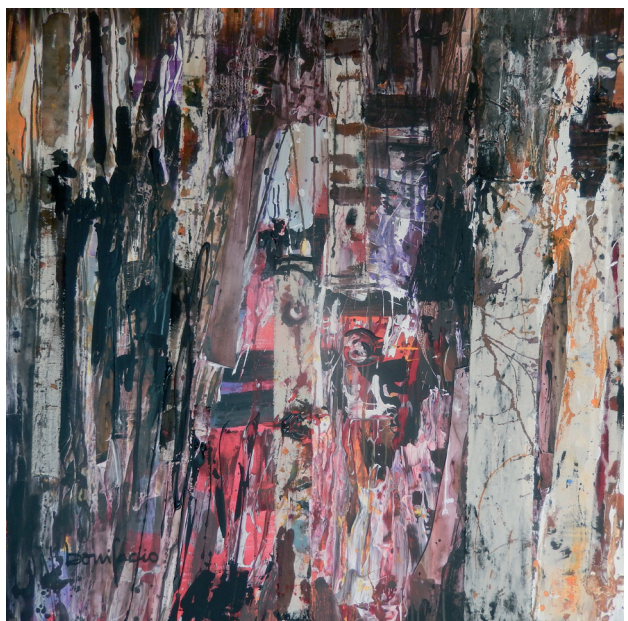
GERMAINE BONIFACIO
(ARGENTINE CONTEMPORARY PLASTIC ARTIST)

The work of Germaine Bonifacio introduces us into an emotional act but plunges its motivation in the deep cause of modern man. She drains in an initial tear to constitute herself in the painful hue that gave her origin. Each painting is a fragment, reinforcing that portion of experience depleting in art, which is also used to preserve consciousness. Signs, symbols and thoughts are sought in anathemas to avoid being denied at all costs by the rest of human beings. The idea is disguised to avoid condemnation. Everything experienced in the emotion of creation is part of this contradiction. Allowing endurance and defeat of borderline situations. Overcoming precarious moments. Without this dualism life would not be possible. Contradiction is an act of faith, a lifeline responding to such mysterious needs that may be considered mystical or at least misunderstood. In its genesis the artist denounces with her works the two solitudes: the existential and that of men.

The event of birth is dark to knowledge; no prior feeling is hauled. From the unconsciousness of oblivion everything seems to be an event devoid of history. At the other end of life, death is a fact provided with a fragmented chronicle bound to the subject's memory. That future experience already endured is the project. It is the final destination of any road map during existence. This is the momentous issue of philosophy. Without death she frays. Philosophy reaches its doors with rational and conscious impossibility. So she devotes the power of earthly existence avoiding nonbeing and its irrefutable derivations: What is the meaning of a being with human consciousness? Why the origin? What exactly is death's project? There is nothing absolute in reasoning. In any case we can talk about the awareness of nothing or unawareness of matter / energy. The project of being is limited. It opens up to a point. Then it hopelessly seals with a dark line that is entered with the fear of losing consciousness, which certainly disables fear. This is an understanding freed from the knot of nature. To shield us from our thoughts we create gadgets that help us not to despair. We find shelter in doubt and faith. The first is skepticism and the second hope. And we wonder with her along its absolute limit, which we cannot escape. Prisoners between two certain points, birth



"Plum tree blossoming"
Mixed technique on canvas, 150 x 120 cm, 2013



"Alienated"
Mixed technique on canvas, 140 x 140 cm, 2013

and death, there is also a freedom left to us between them that is not absolute. It is limited by the neighbor, the banquet. In these entities of maximum rational existence, human dignity, its morality and ethics, is inserted. With it we must take the reins of our instinct, feeling and reason. With feeling the subject expresses its deepest subjectivity. Reason and instinct belong to evolutionary development. With feeling only the flimsiest perseverance which man can reach in his old struggle to be persistent is left.

We need to know what is the inaccessible. The point of non-being at the limit of consciousness is the unreachable. Further afar skepticism and faith do not return any interpretation to our rationality of man, always positioning himself in the light. Anthropocentrism that kept tearing at each step of his knowledge. The coveted causality revealing he did not inhabit the center of the cosmos, neither was he a finished product of nature, nor the absolute master of his actions, unable to take refuge in determinism. That hegemonic ubiquity claimed by the Illuminists is extinguished. Its fear quieted through reasoning, enabling him to pierce the border of death. Doubt and faith pitied man. No room for denial. This is part of faith. In this case the non-being is incompatible with the rationality of nothingness, where denial starts. It is only negative faith.

History is a linearly imagined fact, supposedly decisive; confounded with its continuity, which is established through evidences and events reasonably unpredictable. And this has been the greatest human utopia since individuals, societies, civilizations do not chain up in unswerving lines. They break up into random processes and uncertainties. Philosophy usually poses these problems, as the topic of death is impassable. The observance of the power systems has occupied its spaces. The fundamental questions that explain birth and death have been clouded by the awareness limited in the comprehension of these dilemmas.

With power man desperately seeks to find his last refuge before the inexplicable, of gaining access to death with reason. The artist still struggles for immortality, but now his work reflects postmodern world. Societies take refuge in totalitarian states. They always return to them. They unconsciously need a leader in the flock to take calm refuge in their decisions and to see in him their own project. Man generally copies, disdaining the project that is open to freedom. The artist has understood the world of today; therefore his works are not cyclopean but circumstantial, with disappearing, fleeting, unthinkable events. The world today is skeptical of utopias that fed the sixties' social transformations, as for example the French May. An even a more utopian techno-capitalism took care of conducting the innate search of

power desired by man, emptying of all content those social processes. Sheltered in short, successful stories in the use of truth / power which fabricates accuracies, the necessary complementarity of the social equation divorces. Self-freedom and social justice lie isolated in speeches that are fighting for the truth in spite of the anonymous. This current trance of hopelessness and transience is denounced by the art of postmodernism. While other utopias are searched in this medieval interregnum art becomes emotional, expressionist, subject to a deconstructive and inconclusive order-chaos. Its pursuit is to denounce that by walking away from utopias man loses the emotional sense to conquer his tragedy with power. In this evolution the horizon should be to change the political, economic, institutional regime of the production of truth.

A society cannot be built with the success of power. It is only possible to use the truth emanating from power to succeed in another power. Humanism must start from man; it is not incorporated in his idiosyncrasy. It is based on the open man, projected to his neighbor. Man must first exist and thus be. This is not declared by a humanist. His anthropocentrism has been part of the power that has de-hierarchized human and nonhuman periphery. He should appraise that he lies in the cosmos in a state of insufficient awareness to understand his true nature. The present contains a human limitation that is only understood by a few, those who understand through feeling. Those who use instinct and camouflage to the extreme that is to reason, end up dehumanizing that attempt called man. This state of insufficient reasoning leads individuals to different positions facing existence: skepticism and faith, specifically doubt and belief, as nihilistic denial is embedded in credibility, albeit negative. With reasoning truth is just an approximation.

Germaine Bonifacio picks up sensitivities without knowing herself. One agony leads to another and is the power of her creation. She attempts to be. To explain herself. To empty at every opportunity without leaving even a single iota of her emotion hidden. Her paintings are small stories in extension, discontinued, nonlinear, subjected to breaks and unrelated to persistence. Circumstantial. Betraying the disruption with historical linearity. Fragments of the earthly man. In the artist's work a story of the subject is identified, sum of randomized temporary events. The individual no longer suffers for not building a continuous fact, he fits to the events. Postmodern artists are introduced in this insidious conspiracy by our existence, whose outcome is yet to be revealed.

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