



VOL 82 N° 4
AUGUST 2014

Illustration

PEDRO ROTH

CONTEMPORARY NATURALIZED ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST [B. BUDAPEST]

It was March 1944. Budapest, allied to the Axis Powers is suspected of collaborating with the Allies and is occupied by Germany under the “Margarethe Operation”. Six-year old Peter Roth and his mother were sent to the ghetto of Pest because they were Jewish. His father sent to forced labor flees one night to see his family. Peter recalls that at that age a policeman in search of the fugitive puts a weapon on his temple. The father gives in. He would never return from the Auschwitz Holocaust. His uncle, Matias, is taken prisoner fighting against Russia. While facing the firing squad the Jewish officer in charge of the task realizes he is also a Jew, then saves his life. After the war the surviving family ran into exile in Argentina. Here Peter develops as a filmmaker, photographer, artist, writer, and humanist.

-Peter, your work reflects the contradictions of man, but I see color, life, hope. I do not perceive in your painting a dark being, that who made Adorno say “you cannot write poetry after Auschwitz.” The figures you create are bright.

-We are beings immersed in imperfections. In its variables man accomplishes existence. Hatreds and affections allow self-perpetuation by mastering and building illusions according to his power. In Christian theology even God suffers. Then we take pity on him, acknowledging our imperfection above the uncertain, misunderstood genesis.

- Facing nature, man is a contradictory creature. A bad dream of the universe. We hate those who remove illusion. We exist through the grays of pain.

-We are used to mask pain, to camouflage it. Love ends up being a suffering gradation.

-Peter, in your idea, the possibility of transformation into another being is the journey observed by Kierkegaard: ethics, aesthetics, spirit. What Simone Weil expresses with “reality, at the center of the human heart, is the longing for an absolute good.”

Man has matured, he needs a new history, more reliable, a new world in which to live, a new eternity to believe, the “reward” is to be eternal, without fear of death. The mystery is still there, intact.

MAN SEEKS HAPPINESS IN THE ABSOLUTE

Only he who reaches the bottom of the mundane can be essential, because he succeeds in getting rid of anger. For he has gone beyond pain and desires. He is not only existent. He knows that by re-entering hope he returns to the invalid times, when life is incandes-



Untitled

Acrylic on canvas, (70 × 100 cm, 2013)



Untitled

Acrylic on canvas, (70 × 100 cm, 2011)

cently consumed misdirecting consciousness. Getting to the end of what is essential is to interpret the peak of loneliness. Accepting that we are but a tendency to exist that fails to crystallize. Changing as fire, never knowing what shape it holds. Our small magnitude in the vast cosmos gives us a rare sense of eternity. We do not realize that the abyss is always observed by different eyes. Ephemeral. Just a flash in infinity. We are at distance to everything, to the beginning and end of

what we perceive. To fear and to omission. By overcoming misery the essential emerges to accept the brutal indifference that encloses us in an incomprehensible space. This geography is eternity with the last glimpse of consciousness. Prior to nothingness, we still have a flash of distress to realize that we are the center of emptiness. A potential to be, supported by knowledge based on a thin balance between our own behavior and the hidden forces of the cosmos. We will be lost wreckage in the tragedy that the most distracted soul could never imagine. What will be irretrievably lost is what we should have never acquired: thought. So far creation was tolerable.

We call imperfection the natural condition needed by the world to exist. How can we accomplish it otherwise? Imperfection has been the pride of man to endure. In that contrast he persists. Fighting to keep existence, because immortality cannot be lost, being merely a lack of awareness. Disappointment accumulates since the conscious act perceives the reality of the world. Then it undresses the natural innocence of birth, providing self-centeredness, that hidden in the bowels, mimics a need to succeed over the aspirations of others. We surrender to the dissolution of exploiting our "others", accelerating doom against nature.

Man acts with an instinctive need, disregarding the debris left at the foot of his own history, determined to forget who he is, flooding his intimate disappointment with fatal conquests. Generations evolve with a growing need to climb to triumphs and honors, devoid of any insight, bent on bringing emotional instability to become isolated from the natural. His real success is to procreate, stay on the land, and build on mud where the traces of his ancestors lie. In that mud he accelerates the process towards greater isolation. Man does not progress; he sinks into the ignominy of becoming the executioner of his own children, with no regrets, but with the messianic zeal to fill the role of a demiurge albeit unable to create a new source or to understand it. Just prying through nature trying to imitate it. Also trying to destroy what ignorance does not understand: the reason of his existence. Man does not invent the world, he tries to condemn it by not acknowledging the ignominy of his small conscience.

We do not understand the cosmos, or the meaning of life. Rebellion to this despair is the decline with which man acts compulsively. In the universe, he has turned into an epileptic toy. Who told him he should be a prophet or carry the doctrine of a universal code? A lust sick animal, the last human eyes that see the world will behold it burning as he sinks in the land he turned into mud. Man cannot explain anything, so that may be the reason of his self-attack. History and its project are mirrors in which he registers the present image. He knows that in post-history he will find the same waste that denotes his experience.

The essence of man has always been the same ordeal to survive his days. To obtain the morning sun to reinvent himself and twilight to grant him rest to return to his utopias on waking. Man has endured this life in search of the adjective to essence. Thus, as the star that burns and survives in its own decline, man

consumes himself in these aporias that are allowed by the qualifiers of the essential.

Intelligence does not make us happy. Candor is achieved through reflective exaltation, and through its interlude with affection, land in conflict that hurts and pleases us, which according to its shifting preference makes existence bearable or despised. Affection sometimes binds us to tolerance or else precipitates us to abandonment. Being inaccurate, it becomes a cult. When it becomes a negative or positive absolute it ends in decline. Accuracy takes away mystery, sense of struggle, but does not tolerate on the other hand, impurities. Love is despised through time because it reveals the inevitable randomness of man. That uncertainty gives depth to a biography based on the actors' essence. A personal stamp in relation to the nature which constitutes us. Only idealists think that love does not fluctuate, crumbles and emerges in an endless sky. Its perpetuity is fantasy, perhaps imposed to be able to emerge and not die to of suspicion before birth.

The turbulent chaotic passing of the universe is a mark left in its material constituents. Its persistent forces of destruction and self-organization are an endless battle in which everything is transformed. Man is no exception to this. Despite his imagination and tears, of the pain of seeing his being and affections evaporated, his analogy with nature is fatal. There is no other exit than to be consumed in this fire in which we have placed the theological as a huge canvas for tears. We live in the midst of that fire and its dust, not intimidated by our deeds, in our belief of thinking ourselves external to fate. Supermen amid destruction. We cannot avoid acting out of "being and existing," the only dignity we may brandish. Instead, we tend to honor the man who begets, thinks and annihilates always with contradictions to other men and to the natural order.

Rembrandt's light is brightness. The contrasts are the shadows that surround the clarity in the supreme intention of finding God in human form. In Rubens figures dance in the light. This is heavenly. It is spilled from the abyss, dressed as basic principle. In the Impressionists light clings to every shadow, every object. Man is good and evil at the same time. Glory and tragedy. Saint and sinner. A world that from self-consciousness builds within itself. In it God is a contradictory principle. Devoid of mercy, God is the same land where man struggles to endure with his own contradictions. The world that is imposed is expiation. Saints depart from it to bear themselves. The shadows lie next to the virtues. The battle between conscience and need debates every human act. Effort is the brother of distress and injustice, but as men, they cannot appeal. Pedro Roth's work wonders as expressionist but exempt from revenge, that revenge towards the beginning of its existence. The masks of his characters give them away, redeemed and exalted. Then he can write "Truths mutated into scientific ... The mystery became the undiscovered and that which is not clear is just a matter of time. It is difficult for an artist to fit in this world".