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Illustration

DANIEL CORVINO

(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST)

Daniel Corvino speaks of current urban life through a generous and transparent proposal, but its subject matter leads us to the depth of having to discourse on human history. These works are in the line of the artists who joined the vocation to denounce the plural suffering of society under the handling of a power that builds a truth suitable for its needs. At the expense of the permanent sampling released by history, these considerations of postponed social classes, who rush to the cities to survive, keep increasing injustices that are disguised in their true humanism. The artist exhibits a use of space where indictment feeds back the vision of history's ruins that have become intolerable and impossible to conceal. There are two aspects in his work, the demonstrations that warn of the need to understand these social processes as an ethical responsibility, and the precarious, unhealthy, neglected jobs, that require integration within a framework of reconciliation among men. This presentation of color intensity and vibrant texture is equally important to the social revelation. In his painting we see the exaltation of the massive, the occupation of space by the large human masses whose growth man witnessed in this historic "inadequate" progress.

EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS HAS AN INTELLIGENCE TO EXIST

Man has built a history for the benefit of some and to the detriment of a number of unquestionably postponed individuals. This historical analysis warns them that they are outside destiny as possible bliss, only wandering in the present interval. Man does not learn from his past. Unable to exclude instinct or to soar to an ethics acknowledged as the value of existence, he has changed his existence into something demoniac. Today his ethics is painless, "the damage is not seen." A disguise that hides his true purposes indifferent from the plural.

The history of mankind follows a parallel with that of people. They build power with the intellect thrown towards their interests. The most fragile people become the use of capital. Thus a hideous story has been linked, turning into fuel the conquest of the anonymous man -at the expense of other people and other men- who seek riches and merits, which include both the material and the will of others. Honor is the social "status" that feeds back the craving for domains. When people lose their fervor to remain conquerors they decline. And their empires will be defeated by others. The same happens when man feels that he has handed everything in his

struggle and becomes overrun by tedium -where time is not pressing- entering into an existential exhaustion. People often leave their stories to pass onto others. Sometimes man decides to end with his history, it happens when he lives a strong introspection with a blurred environment in its validity. Having nothing else to say, sometimes men do not expect the verdict of their actions. They prefer to withdraw from time with tedium before being conquered by failure. Failure is always superior to desire as the great ruler of human attitudes.

In tedium there is incomprehension toward the individual's position. It is the void in which time has stopped to contemplate the existential futility, the essence that stirs us. It happened to Alfred Seidel, German, who committed suicide in 1927 after publishing, "*Bewusstsein als Verhängnis*" ("Consciousness as fatality") and Henry Roorda who committed suicide in 1927 after writing "*My suicide*". Both killed themselves "essentially" as a result of boredom.

Being inside history without analyzing it is to doze in routine. When we observe its recurrence from the beginning of human times we perceive it has no sense or different purpose than the destruction of the systems by other similar ones, than the destruction of man by its neighbor. Using awareness for the interested knowledge brought man within his most basic instincts. He could not climb to the extent that would make him understand that his conscience was too small a limit to accept or not a God, but wide enough to love the "other." Man does not assimilate that he faces an aporia. He thinks he will be able to absorb this fatal sense of history. It is his comfort and his mask. Some people know it because they have always suffered from postponement. Major disasters have not changed: hunger, ignorance, marginalization, terrorism, violence, migration, and environmental assaults; they have always existed. In this postmodern world, whose communication has extended to every corner, acknowledged inequalities have encouraged violence. No longer homelands against each other, but between anonymous men ignorant of mapping, soldiers or battles. Today, amid existential transience man dies unknown by those who defend their interests with the most atrocious instinct. To all, the premonition of "an eye for an eye" will leave us blind. The elevation of man to a spiritual being does not carry prejudice to a religious act- intimate and individual situation- but access to tolerance, solidarity and understanding to accept that there is nothing as dangerous as the certainty of being right.



"Urban Divergence"
Acrylic, 195 x 240 cm, 2015



"Carlitos Arroyo and the Recyclers"
Acrylic, 190 x 190 cm, 2015

Obviously, if man acknowledges the precariousness of existential meaning history has no purpose and becomes a tragedy. His search is transformed into desperation rather than aporia. This latest assignment turns consciousness into a misfortune. Man believes he is giving his everyday history a new meaning, but actually he gets an itinerary without knowing the purpose. Perhaps time suspended in tediousness, within the definition of Hindu

philosophy, may assimilate that all action is negligible in a historical sense, but we add that it is necessary for human progress whose banner should carry that sanctity of the possible, the fervor for others. Everything in history has had the advancement of knowledge. The essential -human behavior- has remained in its primitivism and it is going to draw human presence to a close. There cannot be, however, post history with a man in force. The event is established by the very presence of man. His own future carries him; therefore we cannot speak of an itinerary of historical elevation, but simply of a transcription of human behavior, which also has its mitigation. And this is based on an existential weariness that works in a hidden and fatal way, unconsciously. It elevates man to a conduct without his awareness that it is triggered by a slip between his conscience and nature, settled in the mediocrity of his philosophy and existential tragedy, always forced between two limits, one misunderstood, the origin, and the other fatal, death.

Man cannot break the course of history; he can denigrate it but never deny it, because it is built with his own presence, into his likeness. It will only end with the last man. Although we live in the present, it is inevitable to think about the future, although this belongs to the amplitude of the uncertainty and the continuation of the effort. The catastrophic nature involved is the mark of his genius. If he focused on the possibility of his fellowmen he would allow introspection. He would calm his impulses. Only an animal sick with lust as man himself is, has precipitated time colliding with it at every step. The torments that occurred in human generations have been insensitive to history learning; man cannot reset with its remains, but encourages the efforts to replicate the torments. He considers that exercised destruction has been insufficient. He looks for a system with a uniqueness that eliminates the plural. Surprisingly, men who understand this as a risk try to take refuge in an individual act.

The look of human history leaves a sign in the work of Corvino, although in it we only find debris as in Paul Klee's "Angelus Novus". This will has sustained men since its origin with an overcoming fervor, ignoring the fact of being traversed by failure, which is disguised with the eulogy of the knowledge achieved.

This civilization could only be built by a man who has given flight to his imagination. That is blind to reality. Who has worked hard and reflected little. He who chases faith and carries this banner as a crusader, as a top command derived from the inexplicable. This mystery of wanting to belong to the unreasonable is the supreme essence that makes man persistent in life towards death. The search of nothingness, origin of all, or its intimate understanding, that everything is nothing, has guided his footsteps since he was given awareness. This terrible and sublime work is the meaning of man, the characteristics that were granted to him when it became necessary to assume them. And then cast away for being essentially ignorant. If he had been smart enough he would have stayed with eternity, to the detriment of the tree of science.

Jorge C. Trainini