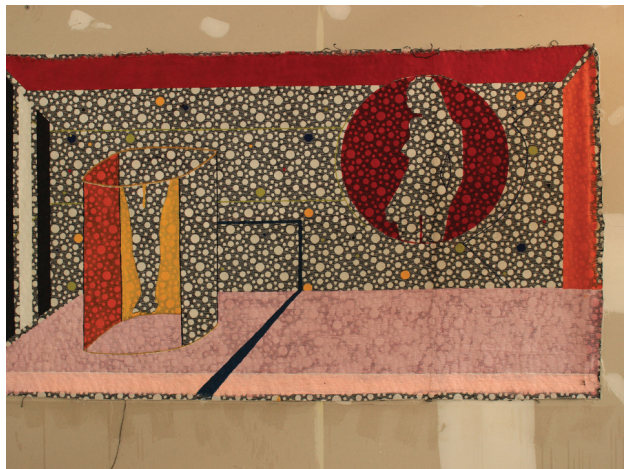


Illustration

JORGE SARASOLA
(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE ARTIST)

His painting surprises at these moments of post-modernism, inserted from the mundane to the moral which obviously drags art, because the history of human societies is merely cultural movements that stain all aspects of the period. Jorge Sarasola detaches from this moment and focuses on creating a work that mimics the calm and confident man of older times. We perceive therein the need to reflect an order that would make man, before the First World War, a being who with his culture would harmonize with the world, Spinoza's Deus, when referring to the Cosmos, to Nature. The words of the artist reveal his creative impulse.

- *Michelangelo said that every block of stone had a statue inside it and that it was the task of the sculptor to discover it. I pursue the same concept with fabrics. Just to highlight what they express. To interfere as little as possible. The fabric manifests in my work. It has its own presence.*
- *Sarasola, I see that you remain withdrawn from the chaos and chance expressed in postmodern art. While your paintings represent an inner aspect, they have that characteristic imprint of the Aristotelian world. Orderly, harmonious, organized.*
- *Perhaps the whirlwind is in my palette of vibrant colors.*
- *It is true, those ordered planes which allow in the spaces the expression of the nature of the fabric are imbued with a flashing chromaticism. Movement is observed. They have no calm despite their linearity. It is the moment that resembles returning to a new order after chaos.*
- *Trainini, you spoke of postmodernism. Perhaps in my work there is reconciliation with Michelangelo's classic natural concept, beyond my permeating it with the abstract of a psychological representation. At that time there was also form. I do not elude it by employing a contrasting color.*
- *Contemporary painting expresses art as color. Art is sheltered in that immediacy where identities seem to get lost and are camouflaged. A few artists preserve it. It is postmodernism. Man now builds modern societies with the same temper of the barbarians, away from the natural and balance, trampling with reason their real existential ignorance. History was written with power and glory. Victory and desire were honored. Man's harmony was dis-*



"Work No. 154"
Acrylic on canvas, 0.95 x 175 cm, 2014



"Work No. 178"
Acrylic on canvas, 144 x 193 cm, 2014

paraged with nature and mystery as limit. The sacred became powerful; it was not the frontier of reason. This is an exhausted world. There is no time for self-observation: Only to run after crumbling conquests. Art is also embedded in this problem, therefore the artist's work is a return to a

world imagined without losing the emotional, deep, expressionist instinct that today rules postmodern human attitudes.

WHEN A SYSTEM IS BUILT, CONTRADICTIONS ARE TOLERATED AND SHELTERED IN THE DIALECTICAL APPROACH

Man's consciousness does not create his history, but it creates the consequence of being thrown into existence. After its appearance the path followed was the result of the conduct tied to ancestral fears. Cataclysm will occur not by a prophetic act, but by a historical construction based primarily on man's anger, divorced from art and altruism. Man gradually separated himself from nature, then assimilated it with knowledge and then confronted it until forcing it to its knees. Man himself suffered its fury. Languages and cultures subjugated. Some speak of an "archetypal rage" as a result of the expulsion of an Eden, recurring man to fear initially born from the greatest ignorance and then from the need to use it to appraise power.

A human being cannot have a destiny different from that with which he is born, but he can build another concept of existence between his origin and death. All other extrapolation to an earlier or after inexorably leads to mythology, to fear and fiction. To man tortured by a recollection that he signed with fear.

We generate ruins with our historical progress. We find it hard to respect our past. We extinguish it. We have a Promethean need to rebuild ourselves without assessing our origin. We cannot choose between "being" and "non-being". Once life is acquired, the impulse which leads us from the start tries to survive. Perhaps fear was man's connivance. A force that does not come from his awareness, since this momentum [determination in Schopenhauer] is universal. It underlies in all consciousness no matter how small it is. This duality of "being" and "non-being" translates to all his acts between what he desires and what he can achieve, between good and evil, tolerance and anger, pity and violence. In this dilemma, enrolled in each human action, the battle between the real human meaning of life and the fictional mythological sense of non-existence takes place.

Then he surrounds himself with all possible imaginations. He recreates a world beyond consciousness, simply because this world does not suffice to make him feel fully satisfied. Myth and science are insatiable shelters that unconsciously rush man to the

Apocalypses he had already prophesied.

All rituals of culture, all acts of faith, all fictions, are not new, but actions of the same scenario where man finds his perception reflected in his own mirror: the attempt to escape the reflex that contains him unable to find out the fate of his condition. Without that awareness he would not know destiny.

It seems that the world today suffers a crisis of confidence. If so, it could be replaced by another system. Man realized that this situation repeated in human history did not absolve him of his drama. This despairs him in his inwardness. And he lashes against himself. Both science and faith were eroded to the same progress. All systems are products of man himself. Genocides and their altruisms. But he could never stop wars, inequities, terrors, slaves, murders. The illustration is insufficient, so is secularization. This brings us to Heidegger when he took distance from humanism. (Letter on Humanism). Man's weapons to destroy his destiny -science and faith-were actually fictitious to enable him to change it. Today his reaction is existential. Unconscious, because it hurts his conscience ...whether he endorses it...or confesses it

It is hard for us to be free. We find it confusing not to follow a group, a dogma, a system. We escape from nothing by not having a defined consistency in our own self. While managing man's life we are free, after destiny elapses men are absent, nothing. With freedom or without freedom ...which tragedy are we to choose? Impulse leads us to existential survival. In its course alienating fear arises. There is alienation to achieve freedom and immortality, to escape from suffering and death. Then we stoop to power (praxis). Eros is between a dictation of its momentum and the inclination to get placidity. Or does everything arise from the domain of a nature to which we belong?

Sarasola shelters us in a different possibility, in a serene creation, as close as possible to reflection and reality, where he seeks to rise above man's own ignominy. With the works he thinks he sees behind this postmodernity that the artist disarms with his artistic surprises, where the canvas expresses its nature. In this position hope arises, where the being-man can be free, master of his time and his ideas. And the canvas may denounce the "aesthetic asceticism" to which Gracian first and then Schopenhauer referred.

Jorge C. Trainini