

Illustration

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This work without title -the author's denial to give his creation the development of language- reveals the cosmic reality of man faced with the virtuality of his genius. Between both aspects conceptions interweave, emanating from their needs to remain and to be interpreted through progress, through the ethical path and the effort to climb to the heights that also lead to pride and nothingness. Although there is drive and forge in that deeply human creativity, it comes to naught seated on the sand of space-time, evidenced crueler when it tries to climb to the top. Its boundary is that blue abyss from where it originates thrown to the executioner of time. That sea reaching the horizon that serves to persevere is man's utopia always retreating him to the beginning of his being and to his end. That sky is his inevitable metaphysical destiny forcing him to kneel before the immensity and to wonder: Are the gods unaware of man's effort to stay despite being condemned from birth? Why did the gods abandon this world? Did not their hearts wring when they took flight and left behind the story they had built? Why did they leave man without the possibility of fighting for another fate? In these questions we find Fernando Maza's answer to his avoidance to baptize his work with names. They are what they reveal. They are exempt from the adjectives that man invents in his despair.

NOTHINGNESS, FEELING AND UTOPIA

Nothingness is an intriguing word. Metaphysical, even mysterious. It implies a communion of solitude and adventure. Fear and ignorance. The denial involved, situates nothingness beyond its dialectical meaning. Without real clarity. It does not harbor a natural-material sense, but it is understood that the spirit of "nihilistic" denial conveys the scariest feelings to the state of man's conscience, because it implies the "being's loss of consciousness" the negation of his identity.

Nothingness has no continence within natural order. In this physical context there is no loss but "transformation of the being". Differentiation of the material status as subtle evolution. Like other lexical uncertainties: origin and end, nothingness lacks absolute meaning. Neither the concept of void can be applied to its understanding. Thus, within the uniqueness of things, nothingness is a misleading word. It simply does not exist as such. It belongs to the frontier of human drama. Nothingness is like God, they are inexplicable, but have been necessary for the architecture of human history.

In the sense of "loss of identity", nothingness is part of the existential anguish. It conveys the absolute-negative final stage of identity, as end point of the transience of collective memory. "Nothingness" is reached through the discursive nuances of oblivion. The "being"



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is not awaited by anything, but oblivion. Nothingness cannot even be imaginable. Oblivion is the loss of reminiscences stored in the memory, the last step before the final denial. The ability to forget is also a faculty of the brain. It entails making life tolerable, that state that man turned in demented when needing to find an explanation to justify it.

Nothingness has no synonym or interpretation. It stands in itself; it depletes in its non-materiality. The definition is the replica of its word. It cannot be quantified. Nothingness is prior to the first God and thus, a physical incongruity. It is an alienating condition that has led to the need for an original God to explain it. And atone our sins. There should be nothingness for there to be a God. To be God was only possible with that nothingness. Nothingness has so much "emptiness" that it had to appeal to the divine to have the materiality - us included -for a possible explanation of existence.

There is no place for nothingness in man's consciousness. He cannot assume it or terminate his conscious-earthly task; continuing it post-mortem through faith. Moreover, the predetermined end in the Revelation is an open door to the permanence of his work. Life is for man only a different instance of consciousness. In his dementia he is able to engage in all utopias, to believe that devoid of his body he can remain in possession of his identity. He is unable to accept the anonymous membership in nature's physics. All man's determination is an exhortation to the chimeras and fantasies that built the most fantastic fictions. Everything about him is a way to counteract oblivion. Even the Revelation rescues this obsession in the final judgment.

The continuation of his adventure is the crucial element of human life. And man lunges with the same irrational pursuit: to close his eyes to the evidence of his-

tory, to the vanished past. Man disregards this teaching to undertake the explanation of his origin. In that rampant posture he has taken fear, ignorance and vanity as weapons. But in his privacy man knows they are mere costumes representing his dramatic inconsistency. Just looking back, to yesterday, man should put an end to the utopias of adventurous worlds. If he were to touch that point, surely, he would no longer be a caricature of himself. Devoid of passion for tomorrow, for the ambition of his continuity, he would no longer be what he is. If he were to assume the ignorance on the future, accepting the story that contains it, he would no longer be afraid. Just as there is no possible escape, there is no sense in being afraid. His vanity would collapse, to give way to the only possible sense: the pain of knowing that "he is". The pain of knowing that "he will not be." If we disregard this material/ spiritual inconsistency we will be unable to appeal to the only logical weapons of our real condition: indifference and irony. Man is held captive inside his myth. His inability to escape his fate was handled with delusion and hypocrisy. Those who deviate from this behavior are considered outcasts, exiles, stateless. Dispossessed.

Man is a contradictory being. He can talk of endless time and nothingness. He cannot assume the magnitude that means accepting the "void" of nothingness. He does not tolerate "not being" in the strict sense of memory. Although the latter can build a history that is the exact replica of his own destiny. A macabre story of endless disappearances, tragedies and horrors, as of helplessness and suffering to give the existence a sense of which it is exempt. This watching past knocks down any hint of utopias at all moments. It turns into an irrational act all adventure to be undertaken. The alchemy held by man in his reasoning, is to dilute the rational sense that his conscience dictates in relation to the non-sensical life project. And if we question this "logical" view we should accept that we transform the memory of history into an absolute waste. We retrace our fantasies corrupting consciousness, of which we boast to differentiate ourselves from the rest of nature. However it is at this point, that hypocrisy is exerted to endure fear and horror.

The feeling of being immersed in void is also intoxicating. It takes away sins. It is to feel unchained from the many struggles that keep us tense, on alert. The conviction that everything we are and do belongs to a destination without project and that the void to which we add is as alien as ourselves. Nothingness gives us the feeling that absolutely no being matters, that we are irretrievably free, if only when we experience it, because immediately after, man's maelstrom continues in his madness to twist the final verdict of his vanishing fate. In this case, destiny means, only afterwards. A time in the future. Tomorrow. Not intending to establish any pattern in the sense of the future. It is just departing. From nothingness to nothingness, the intermediate bridge before and after the being, it is the image we have of our self. It is simply a fragmentary and superficial idea of our body-soul structure. In this representation, it is difficult to imagine the self in the void, taking part of it. We have always considered our "self" and nothingness as opposing parties. Such as life and death. As existence and non-existence. Feeling part of it terrifies

us. We cannot imagine not being. Our delirious way of life stems from there. Only a few can endure this cruel vision, and feel totally free. And there are those who arrive beyond skepticism, those called ironical. These carry nothingness with them as a blessing because it takes away the guilt, but also as a punishment, because they are withdrawn from sensations.

To dispose of the matter, in order to live only with the highest spirit, means absolute abstraction of everything except the breath that keeps our existence. It is a cutoff point of life, since without the matter which determines us, how are we to treasure that we exist for nothingness? How to understand life without physical, affective or emotional needs? Our current architecture would lose meaning. We have differentiated so much that when rotating in the evolutionary circle we have condemned ourselves to bear an awareness of the "self." Some may disagree with this evidence, but the fact of being dependent of the individual, collective and cosmic matter to the point that the spirit subordinates to it as well as to the most primitive dictates it shelters, reminiscences of the grim birth, invariably brings us closer to the truth. Our own documented history may be taken as proof. Bear in mind that with writing man began to certify his tragedy.

If we were to reach that state of merely existing without degradation, verging in the absolute, what would be the purpose of time? And that being, without time or matter, what purpose would he bear? This situation of permanence makes sense in the present circumstances, as catastrophic as it may be, as long as we are prisoners of the structures we possess. We cannot turn back, nor it is possible with the attributes of body and soul that we possess, matter and product, to install in the way of the gods. We are condemned by what we are.

Since we cannot be what we have imagined and concocted, we must assume that nothingness has the shape of the universe. Vigil stops our time, but strangles our souls. There is no beauty in the dead, only devastated misery. If you feel you are not, you will not feel pain. Or identity. You will be everything and nothing at the same instant. The closest thing to God-time. Away from the excitement and thrill. This is Fernando Maza' denounce with his untitled work. Suddenly, we lack words to express thoughts or feelings. And nothingness is one of them. It disaffects man of his structure. There is no word that can reasonably express this stage beyond the sadness and loneliness that prevails on us. They are an approximation, not close to nothingness. This is similar to fatigue, but it is the right expression. Because if so, it would be an answer to certain events. As a revenge. This can be called tedium. Nothingness is a state of deep thought and feeling that takes away the meaning or intent of afterwards. It is like discovering the truth that was stalking us, and suddenly decided to embrace it as the only real liberation to which we can reach. Nothingness needs no repentance. We are received as we are, without prizes or punishments. But in return it devours dreams, and we are declared unfit for the nonsense called life. It does not establish a capitulation with hope; it is the renunciation to utopia.

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