

Painting *

“ It is doubtless that some deep mind levels guide science men or artists to experiences and thoughts which keep appropriateness for those problems that in a way are theirs, and this guide seems to act much earlier than science men or artists can have some conscious knowledge of their goals”.

Gregory Bateson
(“Steps to ecology of mind”)

Within Arts –which are illusion and provocation – beautiful and horrible, true and false, good and evil have not got territories and distances of their own.

Opening a gap, offering a place, inviting to a dialogue which, I infer, it is fruitful because all poiesis (biological, poetical, scientific production, etc.) is closed when rigor does not temporarily transfer to imagination and delirium as a source of innovation and knowledge.

Painting is not only representing but also banishing the supremacy of the objective that leads advertisers, for example, it is expressing your own without taking as a model the appropriate and focusing in the media deviating the finalist tension.

To know how to paint, in many moments before and during, one has to stop to see, to see each other. Completing. Keeping distant, judging what is lacking, and what is exceeding with passion but without dramatic character. Feeling free, allowing delirium, guiding it with technological bareness of the paintbrush, cloth and colours. Accepting failure, trying again.

In my opinion, it is important to rescue the artist's trade today in between the conceptual snobbism which displaces easel painting from its area.

Words are not needed to mediate between the artist and his public, the paintings are here. They are the mediators.

*Everything that I say and write as regards painting and the act of painting could be included into that genre that the Greeks called **Ekfrasis**, literature not referring to the explanation of the so-called message but to the artistic **Poiesis** Why to inquire what the painting supposedly say or what their creator wanted to say, in the message semantic field this is not the most important thing. The paintings do not talk, they are art objects which can be read in one or infinite ways. The text of the painting does not require an observation with supposedly expert knowledge to see the painting. Mediation is not needed to taste a dish. Sensitivity and subjectivity. Art belongs to preference kingdom.*

As you can see, I have my own reservations concerning this literary-journalist-advertising genre called review every time it tries to know where to observe a work of art from, hiding its function as regards the market they live on and some other things of no subjective importance concerning their own postponed desires.

Artists do not replace words with their work of art.

Their speaking condition allows their silent and paradigmatic discourse. Painting is the words and syntagm rest. The text of the painting is an icon, its efficacy comes from an image which of course, becomes idea and it is represented. But it is not composed of words; the name, if it has one, is later than its birth.

That is why a work of art does not have its own reality coefficient; it belongs to a link between the artist, his internal world and that thing we are used to call external world and it is completed by the other's view, but it does not look for consensus in this inter subjectivity. Perhaps, it does, like everybody, success. Paintings are not there to be analysed. They are the result of a scouting attitude in search of beauty (the artist and his public's attitude), and in Aldous Huxley; s words, the lost grace. Every word surrounding them is ours, and showing something belonging to us up.

An object, mediator in two ways against dualism excesses: the first, which splits a body reality from a psychic one and the second, the one which splits us from the other. That beauty scouting is a style and one's own aesthetic scouting. The attempt is to come closer to a recovering of a knowledge to which we belong more than the dialectic building up of a truth through an overwhelming reflexive chain. That is poetry, a necessary condition to define art today and split it up from manifestations which have lost their way and which favour the market. From which I have said, it should not be understood that we, artists, work only because we love art, we are in the world, we need to sell to live and keep on painting, which is our way of living.

The habit (and I add area) do not modify, neither the monk, nor the artist. Only discipline, the daily clinic approaches us to what we dream; as long as we are from power obsession, of who we should be, possessing and we focus in doing, existing and sharing.

Marcelo Rizzo 7/04/06

**summary of "Mujeres"("Women") exhibition by Luz Aramburú, an artist from La Plata, at Espacio de Acción Lacaniana (La Plata).*