

PARADIGMS OF PERCEPTION OF THE SOUL

by Massimo Sgroi

The representation of reality is never a perfect duplication of reality itself; it reinvents the language and it undergoes a deep modification in the passage between the worlds of alterity. And the reality is Maya, the illusion; it moves along a chaotic path and folding back on itself continuously; get lost in its excess of presence, in the thousand rivulets that, in the world of the third millennium, compose the contradictory substance of it. It is wrong to think that that reality is disappearing; more than ever, it is so obsessive, intrusive, immanent that it tends to suffocate almost all thoughts linked to imaginary worlds. The true problem is that reality has changed, it has been transformed into a monster with many heads which, despite maintaining its uniqueness, projects different chromaticism of existence in its representation. This is the synthesis of a ruined world whose rubble creates a mapping of the experience so different that no man of the past would ever have the chance to know it. As Jean Baudrillard said in the *Perfect Crime*: "It is not then the real which is the opposite of simulation - the real is merely a particular case of that simulation, but illusion. And there is no crisis of reality, just the opposite. There will always be more reality, as it is produced and reproduced by the simulation, and is itself a model of simulation. The proliferations of reality, like an animal species whose natural predator have been eliminated, constitutes our true disaster. This is the inevitable fate of an objective world".

In such world, as insane swallows, we are continuously migrating between various levels of a schizophrenic perception. Nietzsche wasn't crazy, he just intuited, as if he had torn up the veil of time, the nihilist drift of the global society of third millennium where post-humans wander like mad lemmings looking for new corporal shapes in which to settle. The Art suffers the same fate; lost in a thousand channels of an existing administration and, in the same moment when is defined contemporary; it ends up being overtaken by the dizzying speed that consumes everything in a blink of eyelashes. In 2010, the works of the nineties seem already belong to another time, to another history, to another art. They have already passed. Yet we must escape to the trap of all time, to that frantic race towards nothingness that destroys and burns. We have cleared history to understand that only the memory and the identity can give us a chance to redesign the future. Ernesto Morales belongs to that little crew of artists who have escaped from the temporal trap; strong of an identity immediately visible in his work, he has drawn on the metaphysics blackboard his emotional and formal tension towards the research of absolute ideas, while being aware that they belong to the ideal world and not to the real one. Therefore, the golondrinas are flying migrating through the doors of perception, rather than from one place to another, from one dimension to another different. Then the journey, the migrant culture is inside and outside of us. It's in transmigration from one country to another, from one continent to other, but also between a physical reality and that electronics, between the network, and the implications of virtuality which it assumes, and the relationship with the matter, between the object and the substance of the dreams. Morales paints then on the mirror; on that surface that connects the different worlds, which opens endless possibilities that despite the accumulation of debris of the real, is still constitutes the possibility of human redemption.

The artistic tension of Ernesto Morales is enclosed within those cities, of those urban agglomerates that, like monads in the net, are remain distant from the ordinary management of human being.

Buildings that can enclose the dreams as ideas, following, as Hillman says, the "codes of the soul" that oversee individual vocations of men. As the great American psychotherapist, he thinks that, more than the change of the social body, it is necessary to change our ideas and our vocations. And the mythological conception that emerges from his paintings, provides the rereading of living rather than cold geometry of reason. If it is true that the philosophy of the last centuries has subordinated the myth to the reason, art, at least one outside of the rules of the strategy of the system, has researched the possibility to explore the otherness that, as psychological axioms, always belong to the human species. In artists like Morales the mythical shape of painting shows that there is still the opportunity to

re-read the horizon of the events using the direct perception of the soul even before a sociology increasingly manner.

On the other hand, just Plato believed that the Kingdom of abstract shapes was related to the sensory experience through the soul of the world; this soul of the world is now found, for Morales, in the ideal city from undefined contours, horizon of the events of cows and swallows that wander in a perpetual migration. And in this geometry of the world, there are many souls and the Soul, indeed the soul of the world.

In his painting Ernesto Morales overlaps his history of South American of European origins (Argentinian-uruguayan, to be exact), his being son and protagonist of a culture in perpetual motion to the continuous transmigration of the soul. And, in the construction of his artistic world, he ends up being Demiurge of his own art, where the demiurge is much more than a simple craftsman he is the same organizer of the world, the encoder of a linguistic code which few elements have an endless variability. Almost like a modern alchemist, the Argentine artist repeats his codes without never make them equal ending to sublimate, through his painting, the search for the perfect idea. As in *The Library of Babel* by Borges, its architecture are made to hold the infinity, to be the archetype of the paradox that stipulates that a finished contains the immeasurable, where it is, as Pascal says "the infinite sphere whose centre is everywhere and whose surface is in any place." To do this he moves the centre of his painting toward the dimension of infinity, or to that metaphysics, making the surface of his canvas without limit. And, on the other hand, as in the *Aleph* of Borges, the observer of the framework is contained in the same canvas and the idea of the work is by now in the eyes, in the mind and in the soul of the one who sees. Almost a game of rhyming endless that modifies forever the perception of every single person that meets the visionary of the artistic synthesis of Morales.

Compared to his previous works the new works of Morales are moving towards an even more dreamlike, more metaphysical, tending towards the absolute. Missing the contextualisation of cities, the geometry of the crosswalks or signal indicators, they become even more immanent, impregnable and, in some ways, virtual. A concept of virtuality, though, that draws much more the philosophy of Plato (for example that of the myth of the cave) or the God's attributes as defined by St. Thomas Aquinas that not the technological functions of contemporary networks. Moving, on the other hand, the discounting of virtual, and therefore its materialisation, in monochromatic blue crosshatch, yellow, red and green translates on the surface of the canvas the many artistic possibilities of happening; a case that for the detonator of another happen and so on in an endless series of quirky rooms.

In any case, the Argentinean artist has very clear his affiliation, his identity, his historical and cultural memory; the golondrinas and cows become metaphor of migration itself, being linked in the reality of the Argentine people, such a endless navigation from one place to another. The first by instinct, the second for the human will. In this way, fate and will coincide in the affirmation of the impossibility of human beings to be permanent sedentary. There is a deep awareness of the contemporary in this; a certainty that comes from the careful observation of what is continually wandering in places of the man of the twenty-first century. It is an accelerated process which is realized both on the physical plan and on the electronically and, of conversely, immaterial. On the other hand, the technologies of cyborg are the exact opposite of the permanent immobility of the individual and, if they are not moves on the physical plan, they are, more often, on the immaterial plan. The whole world is in a room and the room is contained throughout the world. It is the paradox of Borges that repeat it this time actualized by a technology.

In Morales, though, the sociological meaning of this vision does not almost exist at all; he makes it descend, in his more rarefied construction of the world, from a type of conception that goes beyond the relationships and the physical parameters. He remember maybe more the *Wanderings* of Françoise Lyotard when the thought "progresses through the clouds; the touches like riddles; they are there, but what they are, their raison to be, isn't there". It is the acceptance of exile where the real exile is what the man has against himself, in a symbolic estrangement that makes him live perpetually suspended

between the worlds and never in the same place. Strangers to ourselves we live in the dizziness of corporeal dispossession and we are, by circumstance exiled from ourselves.

It is not coincidence that, in his hermeneutics ability towards the events of the contemporary living, Ernesto Morales has moved his pictorial formal glance towards the depletion and the disappearance of the image and where, the few fundamental elements, are increasingly distant from this image and getting closer to an abstract idea but, no less necessary of those manipulated by an obscure sociology of mass. It is the triumph of the memory and the identity, of the objectivity of the ideas against the empty glare of the world of fiction. It is the immaterial scene in which it overlaps Genoa or Naples to Buenos Aires, to stay in the contextual theme of this cycle of exhibitions, but it can also be Los Angeles, New York, Shanghai or any other city of the world that are a source of an infinite migratory flow. The nomadism of the human being now belongs to the daily perception and relocation and derealisation of the inhabitants of the planet Earth are a fact so axiomatic to render obsolete the remembrance of permanence. However, the real nomadism of the third millennium is a cultural nomadism, a form assumed in the minds of modern androids for which everything belongs to us and everything is part of our experience. A young man of the third millennium listens to music following some African stylistic overlapped to those Europeans that are facing Asian ones, without having even the awareness of what he does. It is a continuous reset an identity buried under dominant sociology and, often, strangers to us. And if it is true that the global village offers endless possibilities, it is equally true that the defence of their membership is one of key points of the survival of the human being as such.

This is not about being nihilist or luddites, the problem is to defend a statement while being permeable to those that have large openings that allow new forms of communication. The artistic project of Ernesto Morales explores the infinite possibilities of the migration by tracing it back at that common territory that all human beings have; that land of ideas and of feelings that belong to the no-place of the soul. Morales is a visionary, a restless migrant of the existence, an artist that in front of the pillars of the knowledge of Hercules decides to overcome them, at any costs. For his search of human and artist truth are worth the words which Dante attaches to the extraordinary Homeric hero Ulysses, archetype of the restlessness that bring man to follow a vision just for necessity:

"Or brothers, who through a hundred miles have reached to the West, to this so inconsiderable eve of our senses that remains, don't choose to deny the experience, of behind the sun, of the world without human beings. Consider your seed: you were not made to live your life as brutes but to be followers of virtue and knowledge ".