

Four [Cuatro]: Leandro Katz, David Lamelas, Marta Minujín, Horacio Zabala

To think is to discriminate. Had we not been able to extract discrete units out of the amorphous magma of chaos, we would never have thought. We don't know how the humans of the Paleolithic age managed it, but we do know for certain that some thousands of years ago, from the nebulous meaninglessness of the real that extrapolated basic meanings that later acquired the abstract power of we now call ideas.

Marta Minujín gathered ashes from the volcano Puyehue in the region of the Villarino and Faulkner lakes and also took photographs documenting the effect of the volcanic ashes on that territory. She was deeply moved to see the multicolored landscape of the Patagonian Andes transformed into a monochromatic nightmare. Her installation is a visual reflection on the overwhelming power of nature when it manifests itself in violence.

Leandro Katz inscribes into the flask of volcanic ashes the opposition that founds the very meaning of the human: Eros and Thanatos. The power of life and the force of death. Out of the four colors related to fire, Katz composes a visual score that has the energy of an opera yet that is as subtle and ambiguous as a symphony. It gives the viewer a chromatic repertory and a play of associations that may be switched about and interchanged. It is a chess game in which the warm colors, a flame, and a set of words (tragedy, drama, comedy, farce) sketch out an aleph of sense.

David Lamelas's work seems so simple and so explicit that even to speak of it seems to overburden it. Two clocks marking different times. Yet nothing is so simple or so explicit. Lamelas's work presents a reflection on the whole of this exhibition: it shows the interval, that space between two different moments and between two objects. In that hole between temporalities and spaces is constructed the discreet plot of our tragic fate: our being unto death.

Horacio Zabala presents works from his Hypothesis series. These works put monochromes into relation with signs. They lay out the conceptual map of a visual thinking concerned more with syntactic correspondences than with contents. It is a visual-conceptual logic that in its essential emptiness ends in a poem. Its music, so hushed, functions like a machine for imagining.

Daniel Molina