

- 1978 Hôtel de Ville - Grenoble - França
 "Travaux Sur Papier" - Villeparisis - França
- 1979 "Volta à Figura" - Museu L. Segall - São Paulo - Brasil
 "Art Actuel 1" - MJC d'Annecy - França
 "Expo 79" - Musée de Grenoble - França
- 1980 "Communication Poésie" - Rueil Malmaison - França
 "Fête Du Travailleur Alpin" - Grenoble - França
 "Les Travailleurs Et Les Arts - Château de Roussillon - França
 "Salon Eclate"
 "30 Créateurs D'Aujourd'hui" - seleção de 30 artistas, os mais representativos do ano 1980 pela Revista *Arts Magazine* apresentada numa dúzia de cidades da França
- 1982 "Stockholm International Art Expo" - Suécia
- 1983 "Les Larmes D'Eros" - Galerie David - Grenoble e Lyon - França
- 1983 "Architecture Et Arts Plastiques" - Grenoble - França
 "10 Années D'Acquisitions" - Museu de Grenoble - França
- 1984 "Figuration Critique" - Paris - França
 "Figure Figures" - Gare de L'Est - Paris - França
 Galerie J. Massol - Paris - França
 Galerie J. Y. Noblet - Paris - França
- 1985 "Mac 2000" - Paris - França
 "Exposition D'Art Contemporain" - Bourgoin - França
 "1960-1980: Autour De La Figuration Narrative" - Musée de Valence França FRAC RHONE-ALPES
 "Brasilidade e Independência" - Brasília - Brasil
- 1986 "Les Figurations" - Musée D'Art Contemporain De Dunkerque - França
- 1987 "Figurations D'Aujourd'hui" - Paris - França
 "Lineart" - Foire D'Art Internationale - Gand - Bélgica
- 1988 "Carte Blanche A F. Parent" - Barbizon - França
 "Figuration Critique" - Paris - França - Grand Palais e Bordeaux
 "Eros e Thanatos" - São Paulo - Pinacoteca do Estado - Brasil
 "63/66" - São Paulo - Brasil
 "Os Anos 60" - Museu de Arte Contemporânea - São Paulo - Brasil
- 1989 "Musée De La Passion de Dunkerque - Hôtel de Ville - Paris - França
 Exposição dos 5 Ante-projetos dos artistas selecionados para a execução do Mural dos Bandeirantes para o Palácio dos Bandeirantes - Palácio dos Bandeirantes - São Paulo - Brasil

LIVROS

- O Canteiro e o Desenho* - Ed. Projeto, 1976, Brasil 2ª ed.
A Casa Popular/A Arquitetura Nova - Ed. GFAU, 1979, Brasil
Michelangelo: Notas por S. Ferro - Ed. Palavra e Imagem, 1981 Brasil
Le Couvent de la Tourette - Ed. Parenthèses, 1987, França
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ARTIGOS

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n.º 2 - 1976; "O Desenho" - in *Almanaque* n.º 3 - 1977; "Vale Tudo" - in *Arte em Revista* n.º 2 - 1979; "Reflexões para uma Política na Arquitetura" - in *Arte em Revista* n.º 4 - 1980; "Le Pêché Originel et L'Expulsion Du Paradis" - in *Expo: Journal* n.º 6 - 1980; "Le Palimpseste Du Palais Thiene" - in *Dessin/Chantier* n.º 1 - 1982; "Le Beton Comme Arme" - in *Dessin/Chantier* n.º 1 - 1982; "Un Dessin Pour La Porta Pia" - in *Dessin/Chantier* n.º 2 - 1983; "Notes Sur le Cadre" - in *Dessin/Chantier* n.º 2 - 1983; "Le Chantier" - in *Dessin/Chantier* n.º 3 - 1983; "Reflexões Sobre o Brutalismo Caboclo" - in *Projeto* n.º 86 - 1986; "O Ensino do Desenho" - in *Arquitetura e Urbanismo* n.º 5 - 1986; "Le Corbusier segundo S. Ferro" - in *Arquitetura e Urbanismo* - 1987; "Le Matériau Chez Le Corbusier" - in *Journal D'Histoire de L'architecture* n.º 1 - 1988.

QUADROS NOS SEGUINTE MUSEUS

Museu de Olinda, Museu de Arte de São Paulo, Museu de Arte Contemporânea de São Paulo, Pinacoteca do Estado de São Paulo, Musée de Grenoble - França, Museu de Tessalônica - Grécia, Museu de Arte Moderna - Paraguai, FRAC RHONE-ALPES, Musée de la Passion de Dunkerque 14 telas.

MURAI

50m² em Villeneuve - Grenoble - França - 1975; 85m² na "École des Buttes" - Grenoble - França - 1981; 200m² na "École Joseph Vallier" - Grenoble - França - 1983.

PRÊMIO

Melhor Pintor do Ano - A.P.C.A. - Associação Paulista de Críticos de Arte - Brasil - 1987.

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Sergio Ferro

INTRODUCTION

Sergio Ferro, who has lived in France for several years, visits Brazil from time to time to show us what he has created there.

His manner of expression reminds me of a treatise on taste with which he is obviously familiar, *The Painters' Scale* by Roger de Piles, written in a time when Tiziano, Tintoretto, Veronese, Jacopo Bassano were the declared masters of *grand goût*, along with Giorgione — naturally, the leading figure of the group.

The idea of scale, then a novelty, is no longer considered by artists themselves, but critics can hardly avoid attributing comparative values, in an area increasingly broadened and comprehensively opened to the intimacy of tendencies which constantly arise and disappear.

I would grant Sergio a rank of his own, since I do not know where to place him in relation to contemporary activities.

Instead of following a tendency, as does the majority of mannerists, he attempts to express himself through a spontaneity which is all his own — what he thinks — with Painting-painting being his only concern.

In a scale, heir to Roger's model, I would assign him a stable position, and, thus, refusing to take up further space, leave lucubrating to "professional" critics.

P.M. Bardi

MESSAGE

For this edition, I should present what I have done. "What I have done" always involves hope. It is understood that I will do more. There is, however, a pretentious side to this expression which disturbs me. It sounds as if I were the source of a body of work which deserves preservation. This embarrasses me and I meet my dilemma halfway — mixing a few recent texts with others, contemporary to what has been done.

I will begin with a short itinerary — a way of acknowledging debts and expressing fond remembrances. Then I will return to some articles about architecture and painting, as I would like to have done them. I will conclude with some notes on the painting I still would like to do.

Sergio Ferro

ITINERARY

Perhaps I have taken little advantage of it, but I had the best training available in art and architecture.

Di Cavalcanti taught me painting. With him, I spent a whole day drawing a ram for the Firma Peixe industry. He was a distracted and healthy Lautréamont. Professor Bardi was the first to encourage me. When I was 14 or 15 years old, he congratulated me for having been turned down by the Biennial International Art Exhibition in São Paulo, and promised me an exhibition in the Museum of Modern Art — if I worked "properly". Twenty nine years later, believing the time had finally come, I went to him. He agreed.

As for the rest, I imitated, in the following order, Gustave Doré, Toulouse-Lautrec, Lasar Segall, Alberto Burri, Robert Rauschenberg, and, to this day, Michelangelo. In theory, I keep running after Adorno.

At FAU/USP, my masters were Flávio Motta, Artigas, Millan. Flávio amazed me. I was his assistant for nine years. His brilliance and intelligence introduced me to the good side of art. Artigas impressed me with his powerful design and style and, decisively, with his unflinching ethical rigor. Millan guided me in the craft. He knew all of its meanderings and possibilities. I followed Le Corbusier and adopted W. Morris as my theoretical godfather.

By the end of my second year at the university, Rodrigo Lefèvre and I opened an architecture office. In order to bypass the regulations governing the professional council for engineers and architects, we bought the signatures that legally sanctioned our projects. At times, we worked with other colleagues: W. Hermann, G. Serra, Julio Barone. We then associated ourselves with Flávio Império and worked together as a group for a long time, always under both the wing and weight of Luiz Kupfer's friendship and criticism. Our radicalism, based on no one less than Marx, *s'il vous plait*, brought all of our habits into discussion. Today, it is difficult for me to distinguish who first proposed what to whom. To attempt to do so would contradict our manner of doing things. I was the cockiest member of the group. (I was part of the Second Seminar on *Das Kapital* — held downtown at the old university building on Rua Maria Antonia — recited Giordano Bruno, listened to Schoenberg, and wore a crochet necktie; in short, a typical gadfly). Rodrigo kept us anchored in reality and Flávio would only stop creating out of sheer exhaustion. Thus, I learned architecture with the best — and dearest — minds available.

When I try to write about the past, something gets caught in my memory — precisely at a point when torture became routine. Then one found it necessary to forget in order to not betray, and I forgot plenty. However, since I have never separated politics from art or architecture, I have also included here those dear friends — dead or alive — from that time of struggle, to whom I owe a lot.

I do separate, however, the craftsmanship of art from manufacturing production of architecture. I hope that my texts justify this particular idiosyncrasy.

Sergio Ferro

PAITING

Picasso: "... painting... is both a weapon of offensive and defensive war on the enemy."

Our enemy is well known — the forces and ideologies which hinder the process of liberation. Today, frightened by the timid achievements of the past thirty years, the enemy is meticulously organizing and arming himself in order to prevent new experiments.

Painting — a special configuration of the essential reverberations arising from society's transformations and resistances — in order to better serve as a means of raising social consciousness and, therefore, to serve as a weapon, swiftly searches out instruments capable of expressing the aggravated conditions of the country and its external links. It rationalizes and directs elements of language, stretching them to the limits, in an attempt to confront mechanisms of cultural penetration which provide ideas distant from those we need. It also seeks to effectively translate the violence of directives imposed upon us, and to protect the characteristically human levels of action and life which are still possible.

"Imported" and domestic design and style are analyzed, purified of commitments to either their origin or tradition, and then incorporated into our arsenal. A part of them remains untouched — that which points out similar problems, here and there, now and then. The rest is re-elaborated — as happened with, for example, informalism and Pop Art.

Informalism emerged to give witness to the general discontent, alienation, and disillusionment that spread through the Western World. It operates by way of a double reaction: distancing from a chaotic world (in plastic language, the elimination of in-depth space), on the one hand, and, on the other, uncontrolled manifestation of subjective activity to compensate for growing reification (in plastic language, materials, paste up, loose and unfragmented graphism). Yet, it fails to move beyond the denunciatory contrast, and thus unconsciously takes side with the real causes of these contradictions, through the magnification which makes them absolute and insurmountable.

Pop Art updated countless possibilities of language. The use of slices of reality — objects, collages, photo montages which present in its unabashed nudity the very event or its mechanical reproduction, a sort of exalted "naturalism" — allowed for greater critical accuracy, and broadened the plastic vocabulary by introducing the ambiguity of a fact which is both a symbol and a significant form. The necessary equipment for a more adhesive and inclusive form of art had been elaborated. Yet, Pop Art respected its commitments to those who promote it and refused to articulate, within a clear structure, the scattered visions of a foreboding and ridiculous reality. Thus, it became lost in irony or superficial nightmares.

The new painting appropriates the progress made by these and other tendencies — new figuration, magical realism,

neo-dadaism, and all the others into which official criticism subdivides this single, though complex, movement of hostility towards the present conditions of existence. At the same time, however, it clarified the confused warp of concrete movements by creating a space capable of reflecting appearances and discovering the foundations and reasons that generated them. Conscious of their meanings and implications, it employs these new elements.

Dispecialization, therefore, no longer pursues the permanence of vague and inconsistent values, such as in Tapiès. When it is used, in all or in part of the pictorial field, it is to emphasize the dead and static nature of obsolete formulations and institutions. The unrestrained demonstration of a frustrated active inner existence — exhausted and satisfied by mere exhibition in a Fautrier — is now understood as a motivation for lively tendencies capable of causing transformations, gaining in sense what it loses in exacerbation. The symbol-image of Pop Art, gratuitous and indifferent in Rauschenberg or Jasper Johns, is oriented, intentioned, and hierarchically arranged in space. The multiplicity of meanings it conveys, from the momentary and external ones to those which are ideological and structural, is emphasized, understood, and critically employed in all of its dimensions.

The result of this procedure, complemented by the intervention of direct and intuitive formulations, does not intend to create the illusion of a simple unit. The juxtaposition of discontinuous resources, the simultaneous presence of reflection, reaction, judgement, and proposal obstruct all environmental harmonies or synthetic meanings. Painting becomes fundamentally open, as form and thought. At all levels, it involves the spectator's creative participation. Bound to the present, it avoids enclosure, self sufficiency, and definite configurations. Instead, it includes opaqueness and uncertainties, while accepting the responsibility of a posture.

Sergio Ferro

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VARIATIONS ON MICHELANGELO: WHY?

Why variations and why Michelangelo?

For one who sees history as a vector in progress (and order), art, as a reflection of experienced time, can change daily. This is what lies behind the "isms" and the avant-garde.

To observe history in such a manner, however, is to allow oneself to get enmeshed in the bourgeoisie's projections. The vector in apparent progress wants to diffract (that is, to shatter) its desire for permanence and the immobility of its power.

On the contrary, if history is considered as a sequence of more or less homogeneous blocks — internally contradictory but impregnated with meaning and characterized by different modes of production — then art should be different, turning itself toward the structural determinations that shape these blocks.

Specifically, there are moments when the expected and/or necessary changes cease to be superficial adaptations and become turbulent ruptures which strike to the very roots — moments, therefore, in which to take stock. And in these reviews, yesterday and today count for very little. What really matters is that which was determinant for the period.

But an inventory is not a program. The concern should not be so much with "what to do" (tomorrow) as with what "no longer to do" (today). Novelty cannot be programmed and only "another way of doing things" should propose it. Waiting for the old is still the program. At the moment, the "doing" bears some relation to a "determined negation" — undoing what was unwantedly done, refusing and clearly locating what one no longer wants, attempting to preserve what may perhaps be useful. As for knowing where to go, only those who are already on their way will have the right to make a suggestion.

Variation is not an altogether correct name given to what desires to be a step at the negative moment.

Now, who better represents art for us from the XVI century onwards — that is, from the advent of capitalism — than Michelangelo? Naturally, Picasso is not very far off. They share the same image of the artistic genius, master of a special, mysterious, and intransmissible knowledge, and upon whom the aversion to tyranny frequently imposes exile.

Nevertheless, as a type, Michelangelo is more pure. Yet, this does not prevent him from considering himself a combined result of grace and gift, hegemonic by virtue of his merit, not of his posture — a defense still adopted by all artists of our period.

It is necessary to stand back from this image. For us, art can be a dimension of work. The artist is the craftsman whose work, unlike that of the majority of people, is not alienated. But he is also the one who, for this very reason, deceives himself, believing he is free while surrounded by domination. In fact, the scar that disfigures every worker under bourgeois rule can be seen in the artist as well. But, once again, the idealistic inversion intervenes, in a world turned upside down — superficially autonomous in the immediate production process of the work of art, he serves as a pretext to prove that the system knows how to preserve talent, in order to justify the heteronomy to which all others are condemned.

But, if W. Morris' definition that "art is man's expression of his joy in labor" is adopted, as I believe can be done, then the artist's criticism should seek to generalize it rather than to abolish it.

As long as autonomy in the production process — a condition for joy — is not everyone's right, it is necessary for art to be presented as work — in which joy is virtually non-existent, thwarted by common suffering.

It is evident that, in order to do so, one runs the risk of adopting stances that are uncomfortable and easy prey of irony. As an example, to substitute the idea of the "artistic genius", for instance, with the reality of the craftsman who patiently studies and proposes to work on previous experience — necessary conditions for the apprentice to become a master. Or to abandon up-to-date means of production, such as photography, for a more naked display of production itself. Or, further, to reject allegories in order to clearly emphasize that art is not message but rather displacement of signifiers.

Schematically, the process of distancing oneself (negation: denial which does not ignore what has been negated) can be broken down into three different acts (which, of course, are all mixed together):

1. Quasi-copy: absorption, but without the proper disappearance;
2. Didactic mannerism;
3. "Négation" itself. For example, Michelangelo always concealed the preparation of his works (since genius should be inspired); he burnt most of his sketches. For us, the point is rather to emphasize the process whereby the work is produced and to use the *non-finito* not as a symbol of the idea's transcendence but as an index of the very making of the work. As another example, it is necessary to break down the composition and expose the illusion of soothing senses, to mark what resists signification and the law, what discloses the subject's position in art — principally in Michelangelo.

There is more, but one of the things to avoid is an excess of explanatory discourses on art, since its substratum is the very labor that produces it.

Sergio Ferro

SERGIO FERRO

He has always been like that. The same, only in the intensity with which he seeks to unveil the new. He comes very close to it. He draws lines, etches, models, scrapes, paints, erases. He searches for the subtlest passages between the reliefs that spring from the canvas and the blue of greater depths. He is as precise as a graphic worker. His postures befit a diligent laborer. He paginates the impossible. He explains the laws of the human body's inexplicable beauty, which is not only in the body but is in everything surrounding it, by way of rigorous calligraphy. Out of ambiguities, he produces beauty; out of beauty, bitterness; small children's dreams. Ships, dinghies, the pennants of the men and boys who belong to him. Fantastic collages of beings and things that come from many parts. And they are all together because someone wished it so. The collages carry fragments from other universes. They are not there together due to an arbitrary gathering that generates a monstrosity, even though they lean against one another, with no master line in evidence. There is a tireless search for solidarity. And the thoughtful sensitivity that unifies all permits, through art, an encounter within a space never before seen and as yet unfelt. The most delicate of colors, the most sensitive line, a fragment of cloth, of paper, or of a wall, everything rests there as if it were waiting to be seen. Even the

wounded bird. The unexpected love, the unexpected life, the pain of beauty, all emerge. He has always been thus, as if he were coming upon interminable paths. Figures lost in the night of a sad city were found even in those first drawings we saw in 1952. But he has always been like that — by his works, by his labor, an artist we want to deserve.

VIII/71

P.S. to the text of August 1971

Sergio:

In the torrents of water in the streets, there now rushes an imaginary paper boat, recalling children's dreams once more.

Life was news.

People read about the day-to-day life here and there. People read a lot!

Journals, the daily newspapers connected us with the world.

It was our every-day life and our daily bread, now converted into a vehicle of memories.

Afterwards, in the theater, São Paulo was summed up. It was portrayed in *Macunaima* as a conglomerate of people reading the newspaper. The artist-painter himself, author of the compiled texts, from time to time attempts to revive scenes frozen into clichés. He seeks to restore or reestablish moments of life already gone, beyond the simple act of seeing — which already in itself is a lot!

In the *Boat* painted by the adolescent in the '50s were the germs of a life project, of a long, patient, and meticulous work of an artist and a master.

The years spent in distancing, study, concentration or turbulence, indicate the crossing, even though it be in Caronte's boat — a figure that Miguel Angelo (Michelangelo) painted in the *Universal Judgement* (sic). Thus one recognizes once again the effort to come closer to people. Now the figures are surrounded by the "aura" of History. Confronting them, this primordial desire to overcome distances — which turns a simple paper-boat into a desire or a design to approach the Sistine Chapel, painted by Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475-1564). The somber galley, at times a ship out-of-space, seems to have been smudged by a blaze, as a poet noted. It is the black patina over the maelstrom of flesh and blood.

Has mourning become internalized? Or are the reclusions due to obstinate and wearisome activity? And thus, through the coming and going of the waves, the ship returned — now a spectral caravel, a spectrum arc, resting on São Paulo's ridges.

VIII/81

Flávio Motta.

Motta, Flávio. "Apresentação" in Ferro, Sergio. *Michelangelo, Notas por S. Ferro*. São Paulo; Palavra e Imagem, 1981. p.7-8.

ON THE STEPS OF THE PASSION

In painting, I try to take up Klee and Kandinsky's posture — certain that I cannot achieve their stature.

The instruments are different. I do not believe it is still justifiable to limit oneself to the basic components of plastic communication to be able to assert the necessity — or the historical possibility — of any kind of lucidity in their use. Today, as Adorno has already demonstrated, all-encompassing esthetic reflection is a moment of art.

The theme — The Steps of the Passion — is a pre-text, as Russian folk tales were for Kandinsky. (Only due to the stupidity of the critique is he always classified among the "abstract" painters, an illogical category.) And this is not incompatible with an effort towards orthodoxy. In the absence of commissions of a social character (not to be confused

with the so-called public commissions) derived from an undenied symbolic substratum, all that remains for us is to become immersed in the collective memory — reinvigorated by Liberation Theology, one of the rare hopes for my country.

The exercise is clear — to select simple means suitable for the “message”, trying, for each and every stroke or texture, each and every graphism or *trompe-l'oeil*, to be conscious of their syntactic and semantic implications. Their articulation in “strip” (or “graphic novel”) form invites observing nuances.

Simple means — raw linen canvas, white, black, natural earth tones. The other colors are reserved to mark the secondary characters (Mary, Simon, Veronica, etc.). Simplicity is a corollary — the desire to control everything, from the mimetic effect to the friction of the charcoal pencil, from the scale's impact to the stretching of the canvas, imposes a reduction of the elements to be controlled.

Suitable means — once the symbolic space (Christ's sacrifice) was (arbitrarily) defined, I would only have to freely dispose of the iconic and “indicial” reserves accumulated throughout art's history (our dictionary), having these components converge on the desired end.

My procedure, therefore, is radically opposed to those which are valued as fashionable. Neither poor “conceptualization” (of the type represented by Mertz's excrement), nor the pretended savagery of second rate actors who believe themselves to be free (the spontaneity of Combas and Co. grows — everywhere, from Hong Kong to Curitiba, produced by the same media).

After the radicalization of its forced “autonomy” (with the 1910/1913 Picasso, Malevitch, and Pollock), art must necessarily externalize itself (which does not mean it ought to make it to the streets) — under the risk of falling into regression or autism which threatens it today.

Owing precisely to its isolation, art reaches its own self consciousness and can assume its history in the present — as a treasure to be critically utilized in its movement of return to its latent “other”, man's society. The anachronism — only apparent, I hope — of my models (Michelangelo, the *regatino* technique ...) stems from that: from the right, if not the duty, to use the means open to knowledge. The broadened rationality (which by no means implies the hegemony of bars and triangles) bears witness to art's democratic vocation, hindered by the social relations under which we still live.

Only a separate (and, therefore, expropriated) form of art required the furors of geniuses.

Sergio Ferro, 1986

MY VAN GOGHS

I have often used Van Gogh. From his painting, I only imitate his manner of using the strokes of the brush to form signs to be read as indicia. He helps me more as a theme — a mythified artist, made pure and naked again, as Adam was before sin, a hat with dynamite-candles on it to clear the darkness away; the Vincent Willem portrayed by Kirk Douglas.

He paints, brattishly throws his brushes down, rips the canvas, takes a nap, carefully arranges his model, and so forth. The old recourse to the technique of painting about painting, an approach recommended whenever art disagrees with its function, from the second *Don Quixote* to the *Faux-Monnayeurs*. Picasso shut down his world with painters endlessly painting.

I chose Van Gogh because he wanted to be a minister, he sank himself into the pits with the miners of Borinage. He lost his faith, of course — but preserved his ethical commitment. And art, I believe, is no longer esthetic recreation but — a noetic task — ethical knot, begging forgiveness for the pretentious cacophony.

Production engineering (today the leading edge of the objective spirit, which for some time now, confused, has gotten diffused) has taken from work the surplus, the overflowing that tempered necessity with autonomy. A surplus which could even blossom in art, when the effort spent for nothing (but determinedly!) opened yet another corner for liberty (thus determined). Production engineering only admits surplus labor that flows into surplus value.

Surplus doing became a privilege and changed regimes: the unnecessary lost the traction of the useful. It became the

object of the masters' fruition. The *pulchritudo vaga* debased the *pulchritudo adhaerens*, as Kant noted. As a result, whenever the princes that be shorten their commissions, the servants of "vague" (free!) beauty become melancholy in the undetermined emptiness. Some sit the girl on their knees and insult her. Others curl up, hoping that from within the roll a filling might rise in the area of the navel, vestige of the lost matrix. I belong to this second type.

I adopt any theme, of sundry pleasure, such as Van Gogh. And, with what still befits us in terms of ethical pulsion (its representation), I fulfill what I believe to be today's tasks. My Van Goghs attempt to preserve some plastic signifiers, humble cunningings of the craft, bits inherited from those who once created. They do not proclaim great messages. They are waiting rooms.

Sergio Ferro

FREEDOM IN ART

At least since Vasari, the affinity among the arts is an intangible postulate of the critique. Authors coming from all horizons gathered around what had always seemed to them an evidence, the belief in an in-depth continuity among contemporary artistic products.

Even Adorno, who dealt with the fundamental concepts of materials and of technique in his *Esthetic Theory*,¹ and, therefore, accurately valued them, indifferently passes, in this text, from music to architecture and to painting, without further questioning their productive peculiarities.² And yet, his critique of Wagner's treatment of the orchestra³ could have led him to another approach, at least in architecture. He seems to consider, however, that at each historical stage the ensemble of techniques and materials peculiar to it is similarly oriented, since their products are immediately comparable.

To avoid abusive syntheses, analytical rigor dictates that, for each branch of art, their specific production procedures be observed. If, in certain periods of history (especially before the Renaissance), the analogous organization of production from one branch to another reduces their determining weight, today their heterogeneity cannot be overlooked — it marks the works of art in a different manner. The craftsmanship of painting is neither equivalent to the manufacturing practice of architecture, nor is it to the industrialization of drawing.

This concern is even more useful when formal results are apparently very close to each other. What in fact would lead different productive procedures to the same type of solution? Yet, the critique allows itself to be fascinated by convergence. The latter seems willing to demonstrate in an irrefutable manner the postulate about the community of the arts. The impact of formal congruence on each artistic domain reinforces a sort of authenticity presumption that diverts analysis from and demobilizes the study of the conditions of production. The tendency towards homeomorphosis provokes a current of illusory reciprocal legitimation which makes us admit these forms as faithful and directly interchangeable emanations of the objective spirit. Identity of appearance becomes the guarantee of their witness. If they speak in a similar way, what they say is true.

In the case of architect-painters (or sculptors), forgetfulness of productive impositions is almost a general rule. Will the power of genius displayed by a Michelangelo or an Aleijadinho or even a Le Corbusier not be sufficient to overcome the obstacles of productive heterogeneity, and to find solutions which are both convergent in their forms and valid in the two domains?

.....
"It became evident that everything which concerns art, both in itself and in its relation to the whole, is problematic — even its right to existence. The manifest infinity of what has become possible and offers itself to reflection does not compensate for the loss of what could be done in an unplanned and unproblematic manner. This broadening of possibilities proves itself to be, in several dimensions, but a bottleneck... Everywhere, the artists' pleasure for the recent conquest of the realm of freedom is smaller than their desire, also fragile, for a new alleged order. For absolute

1. Adorno, T.W. *Tbéorie estbétique*. Translation by M. Jimenez. Paris, 1974. cit. p. 28-29 and 280-287.

2. Ibid, p. 65-67.

3. T.W. Adorno. *Essai sur Wagner*. Translation by Hildebrand-Lindeberg. Paris, 1966, p. 214.