

BEHIND THE GREEN LABYRINTH

David Perez

"The painter who found his technique doesn't interest me. Every morning he gets up without passion and, calm and peaceful, the work started on the eve continues.

I suspect in him a certain wear and run, typical of the virtuous worker who continues his task without the unforeseen lightning of the happy moment.

He does not have the sacred torment, the source of which lies in the unconscious and the unknown; nothing expects what it will be. I love what has never been"

Odilon Redon

Among all the countless careful drawings of Pamen Pereira there is one that is especially fascinating and attractive to us given the poetic violence that it incites. We refer to a curious and, on par, foreboding self-portrait in which you can observe how from a quasi fossilized skull arises powerfully and vigorously the robust stem and fleshy leaves of a plant as vigorous as it is opulent. A perverse and baroque enigma is drawn through this little floral hieroglyphics who, indirect heir to the already classic theme of the vanitas, offers us a more sensual than botanical reflection on that banner that – emerged as a brutal and excessive erection in the center of the cranial vault – confuses death and life in a quiet and endless copulation whose development is located next to the attentive and blind gaze of that pineal eye described by Bataille in early 1927.

Taking as a reference the drawing that we have alluded to, a drawing whose structure is partially repeated in other works of our author in which, under the well-known plant, the head of a bull appears or the face of the painter Caspar David Friedrich, we could therefore speak of the gestation of a germinative poetic renewer (already present, on the other hand, in previous pictorial stages through the constant references to water and the metaphors of change, growth and transubstantiation) in which in a symbolic way the seemingly opposite and contradictory

elements used in certain paintings are transcended by the force and spell of images that rush flatly

towards the borders of that art of suggestion theorized by Odilon Redon – that symbolist painter of flowers, on evil and perverse occasions – which is noted through his own words conceived it as a result of the extension and "irradiation of things into sleep" that unknown but omnipresent world" to which thought is also directed".

Seduced, as a result, by the fatal attraction of this fiery immaterial world that is imputably populated by our longings and frustrations, we are approaching the enigmatic plant images of Pamen Pereira – images that over the last few years have been linked from a theosophic perspective both to the landscape poetics of German romanticism, and to the naturalistic impulse evident in the work of the German Joseph Beuys – seeking before the same being able to detach ourselves without fear of anything that is oblivious to the troubled domains of sleep and heartbreak.

Through this desired and lucid abandonment, however, we are not obliged to take refuge in irrationality or delusionality some, since our dispossession which facilitates us is that in a fragile but constant way the wet words spoken by Holderlin in our ears resonate at the beginning of his *Hyperion*: "In your schools - I pointed out with unreasonable the romantic poet - is where I became reasonable, where I learned to differentiate myself fundamentally from what surrounds me; now I am isolated among the beauty of the world, I have thus been expelled from the garden of nature, where it grew and flourished, and I august to the midday sun. Oh, yes! Man is a god when he dreams and a beggar when he reflects."

On the other hand, therefore, on the part of the bitter and passionate Judgment of the *Holderliniana*, a judgment that by way of rumor makes us perverse spectators of a nature that has lost by our reason its deepest reason of being, our artist not only wanders boldly between dream and reflection, on the one hand, and nature and artifice, on the other, but, at the same time, immerses us through its obscene photographic enlargements and its shameless close-ups - authentic inserts of hyperreality inside a dreamlike syntax - into a plural space through which it tries to bring promiscuously confluence universes as disparate as sexual, dreamlike, symbolic and rational.

As a result, Pamen Pereira's recent works are configured not as a sacred area full of irreconcilable components but, on the contrary, as the controlled one bets on a reality in which there are no dualities or contradictions, since the elements that make up it act in a close and tangential way. The aim to achieve this is simple: to reconstruct the frayed fabric on which our relationships with nature

are based - conceived on its broader psychological and social side - a fabric that in the worn bottom of its shreds reveals the bottle of our logocentric adventure and the terrifying mistrust that it has engendered.

In this sense, many have been the losses that over the last two centuries we have been experiencing and accumulating thanks to the dominance exercised by the two-sided discourse of the Praying P and the Razón, that discourse that emanated from the field of technoscientific knowledge has tried to fix the unstable through the trap of dualism and unequivocal causality. Many have also been the defeats suffered during this period of time in all the symbolic areas that shape us, areas in which words and images have been slowly and gradually losing their evocative revulsive capacity. And many, as a result of these facts, have finally been the cuts and divisions that have been inexorably populating not only our worldview but also the possibility of intervening in it.

But despite this, despite these losses, defeats and divisions, there is still something in us that, escaping to the self and its polite and tax scope, is stirred against that imposture to which it is called reality and in which nothing is as fallacious as the order that it establishes and on whose structure our purported nature depends. Wounded however, our gaze and fragmented our body we observe these images, therefore, as residues of a strange plant universe that nervously and arterially reflects the epidermis of our inner world, an epidermis transmuted into grotesque and absurd labyrinth no longer shows the firm hand of any divine doer if not the imprint of our fleeting expiration.

Just as Bataille noted in the solar anus, "treesblyze the earth's soil from countless flowery cocks pointing towards the sun," the succulent lay places that Pamen Pereira uses with profusion in his recent works bestize with his velvety and fleshy plant texture – a texture that is as attractive as curiously repulsive – the ghosts of our gaze, ghosts that are known organic and throbbing, since the sap with which they feed sink their roots into that hot magma that shapes the space of our most secret desires.

If in previous paintings and works the symbolic resources used were linked, as we have already suggested, to a language loaded with theosomorphic resonances that did not deny some veiled autobiographical references and which, at the same time, assumed the constant conversion and transformation of the materials that made up the pieces themselves; in its current proposal all this flow of vital elements is stopped and frozen in the icy photographic enlargements used. Faced with a reproduction of reality that becomes so fictional – or even more – than the very referencing reality from which it is

part, the image is covered by a potential dreamlike burden through which we caress the possible texture of our dreams and desires.

Nature, that cultural product – and therefore artificial – that conceptually hides our fascination with what escapes order, shows in Pamen Pereira a spectral sense in which the recent references to housing and the house – that kind of second skin that constitutes our cabin and that acts as a plant in which the fiction of our security is built – do not in any way prevent the turbulent and ghostly feeling to which we alluded can be erased. What surrounds us, what we see and what we are is, as the artist he wrote on the occasion of one of his first individual exhibitions, a real conundrum. From this, his painting tries to face us inside it through the visual friction that the green skin of it asks us through its sweet roughness.

Looking for the touch and pressure of that rubbing, we can only remember the drawing we were drawing at the beginning of this text. In it – except for a hypothetical and unlikely mishap – the skull will continue to be crowned by that sexual botany that, to paraphrase Dante, not only moves the sun and the stars but also the realm of darkness itself. These, because of their influence, will no longer be able to be dark again. Its tone will acquire the plural and nuanced monochrome that characterizes green, that color behind which is hidden the dazzling pictorial fragrance that will fascinate Van Gogh and that, in turn, he will have Bataille write in one of the Notes corresponding to The Pineal Eye: "All the plants of the earth rise into the sky and continually throw into the sun the fluoridazzling sputums of color in the form of flowers, and there is only one obscene Van Gogh among all the madmen to throw into that same sun the pumic sputums of his eyes. The rest of the creatures crawl miserably like great powerless and correct phelos, their eyes limited to a soporific environment."

Lost, then in that soporific environment and wishing, therefore, that our gaze is soaked with the obscenity to which Bataille alluded in his text, we touched our head and our hair trying to feel in it the floor of our hidden self-portrait. She, even if we ignore him, is sure to be there. Waiting for us.

David Perez