

## GLIMMERINGS MATTER CONSISTENCY

Myth narrates a sacred story, that is, a primordial event which had its birth at the beginning of time; *Ab initio*. Yet, to narrate a sacred event is equivalent to disclosing a mystery, for *personae* in the myth are not human they are: gods and heroes. (Mircea Eliade)

Man, being submerged within its own nature needs to get hold on something. We are surrounded by oceans and civilization, we are being bombarded by information which we are not interested in nor willing to listen to, images we do not want to see. It was once said in future shock that robots and automats would be dwelling one with another, today we navigate in cyberspace; at all times at the edge of utopia. Primeval man made the distinction between two types of time: sacred time and profane time. Sacred time is the primordial original time; time before history - which constitutes real history. On the other hand, profane time is that which is fickle, changeable, all events are in constant process thus it becomes stable. Myths are non other than spontaneous narration of the beginnings of profane reality, therefore becomes its foundation.

It would seem that these constructions are anchored nowhere as they only lead us to the beginning of time and yet, each gives way to generating a new signal in space, transforming that interwoven material into a unity which connects two realities leading us to some other setting and yet leaving us in the same place, perplexed in a fragment of perplexity. (Perséfone, Homero Aridjis).

María Inés Rivera's work for this exhibition shows us her use of four main techniques: etching, dry point, aquatint and gravure. Many times she experiments by drawing on the same metal surface as if it were a painting or drawing on the graph.

Thematically her purpose is to lead us to reflecting on man and his relationship with nature, solitude, isolation in spite of being contained in the fast paced world of today. In so doing Ms Rivera associates the mythical world with fantasy giving forth to a new series of characters sprung out of archetypes of an a-temporal universe with the hopeful vision of finding its centre, a horizon.

Each of these images, have been roaming from a cumulus firmly tied to words which speak in the history of mythology much more than to the well known images. We can refer to them as a continuum; a process seeking the essential with one common centre of coherence: making expression stand out, achieve to break the ties of that which we see by means of the outburst of sign and matter.

We enter a world where each signal is captured and translated into expressive force, by summing up each part as if they were spread out, isles forming an archipelago much like a huge abode for emotions bordering rationality where the feminine and masculine are undistinguishable. We could say that there sprouts the beat of beauty not as a thing in itself but such as the drawing of the shadow (Elegy to a Shadow, J. Tanizaki).

Thus come forth, Artemisia (Diana in Latin) the forests goddess, guardian of both wisdom and astuteness; Aphrodite, goddess of love born from the sea waves froth; Demeter (Ceres in Latin) goddess of agriculture and earth fertility; Hestia, goddess of the home fire with burning coal covered by ashes; Hera, goddess of fortitude, courage and challenges; Athenea, goddess of wisdom, balance and justice; Efestio (Vulcano in Latin) god of the forge or the rebirth of work; Neptune, god of the seas who is seen as suspended over the depths; Zeus, god of radiance, the powerful wise one; Hades, god of the depths and subsoil; Apollo, the radiant god whose statement is 'know thyself'; Dionysius, symbol of constant ebullient emotions; Hermes (Mercurio in Latin) the god's messenger.

Persistently wanting to see, Ms Rivera confronts us to the whisper and proximity of different events, a convulsed whole made of short instances taking us on a journey to a place, roundtrip of a series of instant visions. Nothing is final here. Everything is to be tested and transformed constantly, something to be completed, perhaps due to universal cycles or to changes in our visual perception. Thus, that which was dismembered, that chaotic sum of its parts is what this creative work finally is.

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