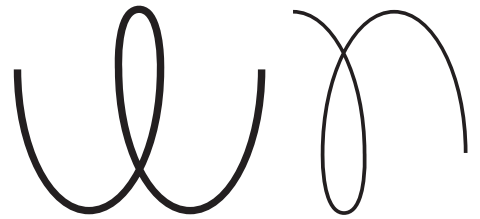


ENG

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several loops and curves.

By Roberto Amigo

Nunca el hechizo / se rompe en las fragancias
[In fragrances / the spell is never broken]
Miguel Fernández¹

The hand is held with a twist of the wrist, barely sustained, it would seem, by a single finger. The vertical axis of the forearm floats, rather than resting on the vigorous thigh. Each leg has its own autonomy, as if one were fighting against the other to open in response to a desire stimulated by the red of the flowers and the lust in the face: the powerful nose is submerged in the camellias' light fragrance. The hat covering the head indicates that winter has nearly ended, when some camellias bloom. Dressed in black like a village widow, alone on the green seats of the bus, she carries the plant with joy. It's as if a loupe had been poised to focus on some detail of Aída Carballo's series on buses. There is an empathy with the lives of common folk that lies between the certainty of the gaze and humor, based on exacerbated realism and bordering on the grotesque. It is also present in the silence of the couple at the bar, lost in thought, between the crossed arms and legs of one and the other, disconnected within surroundings that are almost unreal. In 1976, Marcia's painting takes on color as a structural part of its figuration; it had previously moved within a lower intensity palette, dominated by blacks that later persisted in marginal figures who love one another without reservations. Color may be a vital response to destruction.

Nature is not separated from the human figure, as cosmic unity as much as a notion of beauty. There are angular faces, sweet and aggressive eyes, firm bodies, trunks that are rough, or polished by the current, pointy cactuses in bloom, rivers without shores. Bodies and the earth: yellows, reds, greens and oranges. *Amanecer en Paraguay* (Dawn in Paraguay): a man lying with his back to us, his face we cannot see, but his jet black hair, yes. The nude body is a vigorous play of curves as far as the thighs. Light filters in through slits between wood planks, giving a glimpse of the landscape's green and the sky's light blue. The female body, which is landscape, can be discerned. Shifted to the left rather than occupying the center, the woman uses her fingers to untangle the black hair. Long locks cover one of her breasts, while the nipple of the other is as dark as the earth. On a sculpted face, the violet-toned lips are in tune with the dawning sky. In broad, rapid strokes, nature's green is laid over the yellow.

The nude man facing away in *Valparaíso* is duplicated in copper tones with an infernal gaze;

also in another *Amanecer*, the dark-haired man from the outskirts admires his perfect teeth in the mirror, preparing his local slum smile.

Our disappeared comrades are still at the bottom of the river, inhabiting it. We can hear their voices in the power of painting, like a different city, without silence. The figure's eyes and mouth are infused with blood, the black hair falls into the abyss. This is one of the *Furias* (Furies), female personifications of vengeance, goddesses born of the blood spilled during the mutilation of Uranus. Marcia knows the primitive image of wrath well. A vision. In another painting from the same year, the hair is of blood, and contrasts with the nude nocturnal body in deep blue. The neck stretches toward the full moon, which illuminates the face (head tilted, eyes closed) as if it were to suddenly gain awareness of the immediate. The hands leave prints of the massacre. "Only through furor can an aesthetic program be achieved; painting that emerges during the night can have the capacity for transformation in the morning. Only by invoking the ruthless forces of the past, comrades in barbarian fury, can a new society come to be achieved. Virtue is far removed from happiness."²

In the portrait of a young militant, the background is a red and black Juventud Peronista (Young People for Perón) flag pertaining to the political group Movimiento Evita. Melancholy eyes marked by dark circles beneath contrast with a delicate nose and cleanly clipped beard. The figure is resolved with a Mannerist neck, like a portrait of a young man by Parmigianino, with the attributes of an activist. The arms are cut off abruptly, the hands are the political magazines expanded beyond the stretcher frame. When representing an object and a place—dolls in a stroller in a patio, for example—Marcia has the virtue of stimulating sensorial memory to bring the physical recollection of shared experiences into our present.

Perhaps we should comprehend Marcia's portraits as self-portraits, not in the term's shallowest scope, but in the possibility of discovering her conception of the world in them. Even more so in those elaborated on burlap, empowered figures with class pride, captured *alla prima* as political subjects. The portrayal of an outside existence is integrated into the narrative of her own life, and manages to achieve viewers' acceptance of the artifice.

1 Miguel Fernández. "Camelia de salón". *Las flores de Paracelso*. Granada: A. Ubago, 1979.

2 Roberto Amigo. "El filo del hacha". *El ojo. Marcia Schwartz*. Buenos Aires: Colección Fortabat, 2016.