



# MARÍA NOËL



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Book V: Chronicles of the elusive  
Libro V: Crónicas imprecisas

PINTA ART FAIR

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(by appointment only)



2010

... la casa  
... el polvo  
... a veces  
... ventanilla  
... pensand  
... traducier  
... este viaje será  
... che, cierta equi  
... hernández, que ha  
... fuerte es una  
... mundo

... Es la plaza  
... de haber  
... hombre



*[Handwritten text on various pieces of paper and envelopes]*

... Me  
... Calle  
... No  
... de  
... a los  
... man  
... set  
... acco





alabo etc



Una M  
 sumiendo de un...  
 por...  
 hasta llegar a...  
 Una M  
 er...  
 Desp...  
 Cede...  
 a...







*"Comment Parler Peinture?" P. Valéry*

What leads a person to become an artist? I will venture a possible response to that question. Art is not simply the exercise of a creative vocation; it is, rather, a territory, a homeland. I am a foreigner in lands where certain notions that I deem essential, like the preeminence of imagination, have been disregarded. Art is also a way of dialoguing with these times, with that unreliable entity we call reality, with culture, but most of all with myself. It is also investigation... since it makes no sense to make art if one does not await a discovery, some sort of revelation.

It is in the exploration of forms, in the intimacy with materials and the creation of signs that I deconstruct generic reality and reconstruct a universe of my own, outlining as I do my own shape. Each artist creates his or her own universe with its own system of meaning. I intend my universe to incite the honing of perception, the association of ideas and references, and unencumbered reflection...

Freedom is, for me, an essential component of artistic creation, and that freedom is offered to the viewer. The image in my work does not attempt to have a single, set meaning; it is, rather, an invitation to let thoughts wander; it is based on de-structuring forms, on gestures, on the abandon of a liquid matter allowed to flow, on the unconventional use of very simple materials, on the rescue of the handwritten word, which is always so fragile...

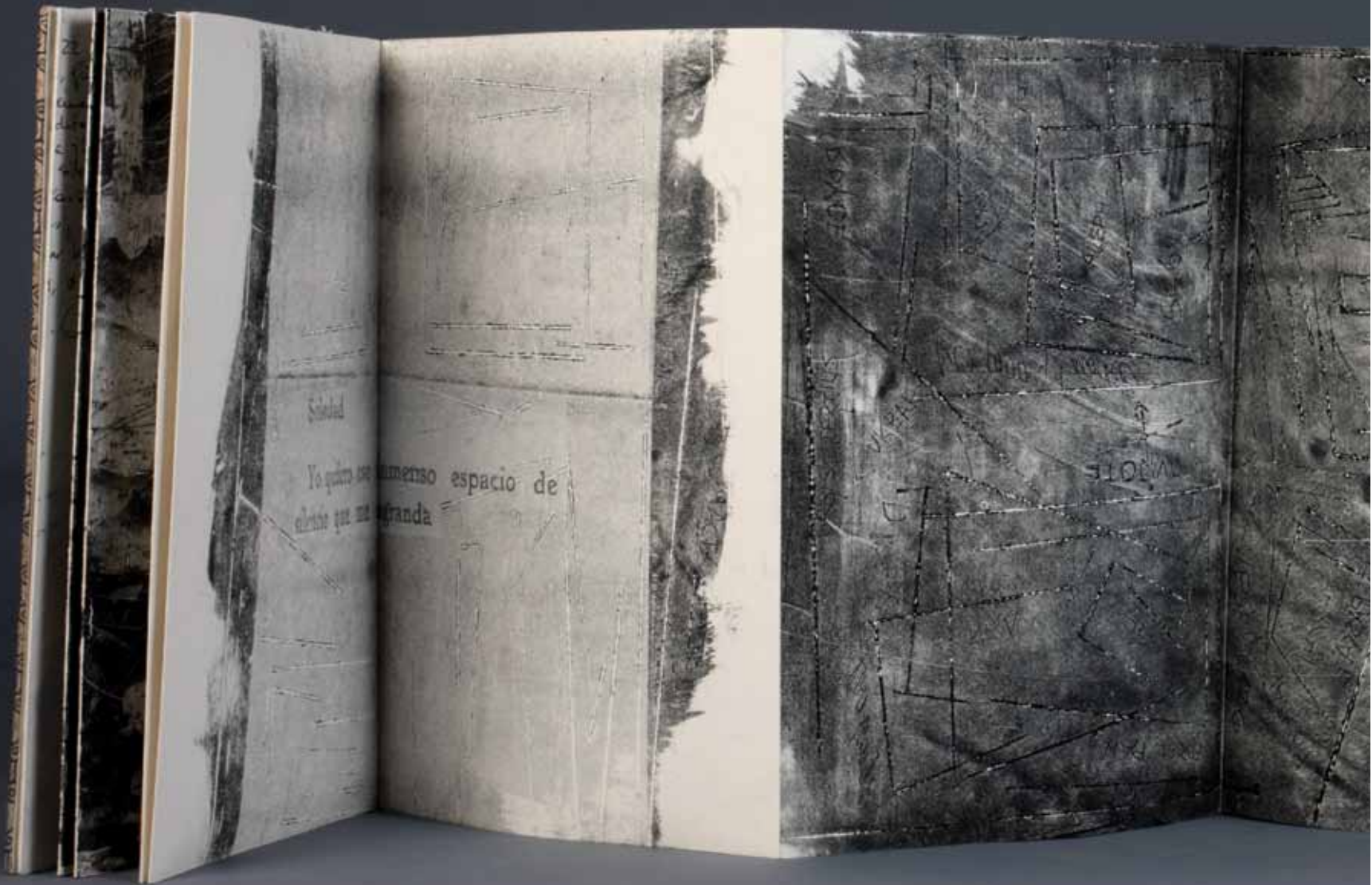
I still understand art as a religious discipline in the purest sense of the word. Art re-connects me to the oneness that my soul longs for; it is through the workings of the material that I come into contact with the holiness of existence, since every painting unfolds before me in a way that remains a mystery. And the presence of that mystery has come to be so vital that I can hardly imagine the day without that time unconfined by usefulness, logic or functionality.

In this territory (the territory of art) there is no fixed geography; ideas overlap, limits are elusive and disciplines merge or are assembled in an ever new and suggestive manner. Thus, a single work brings together literary texts, elements of a musical poetics, photographs and documents that are reinterpreted through lithograph or engraving, ground stone and pigment, the admiration I feel for so many authors, the randomness always yielded by stains, traces of ink, writings, fingerprints, carefree lines, the pleasure of touch and texture... and words, always written words, engraved, crossed out, underlined, words... trying to say what I don't know...

Perhaps that is it... the search for something deeply individual that calls for the invention of a language of one's own. From this point of view, the path of art would be a backward course, a road to be retraced from language to the center of being.

M. N.





Social  
Yo quiero un inmenso espacio de  
ciencia que me agranda





CY BYSSHE  
HELLEY  
D.  
NYSON

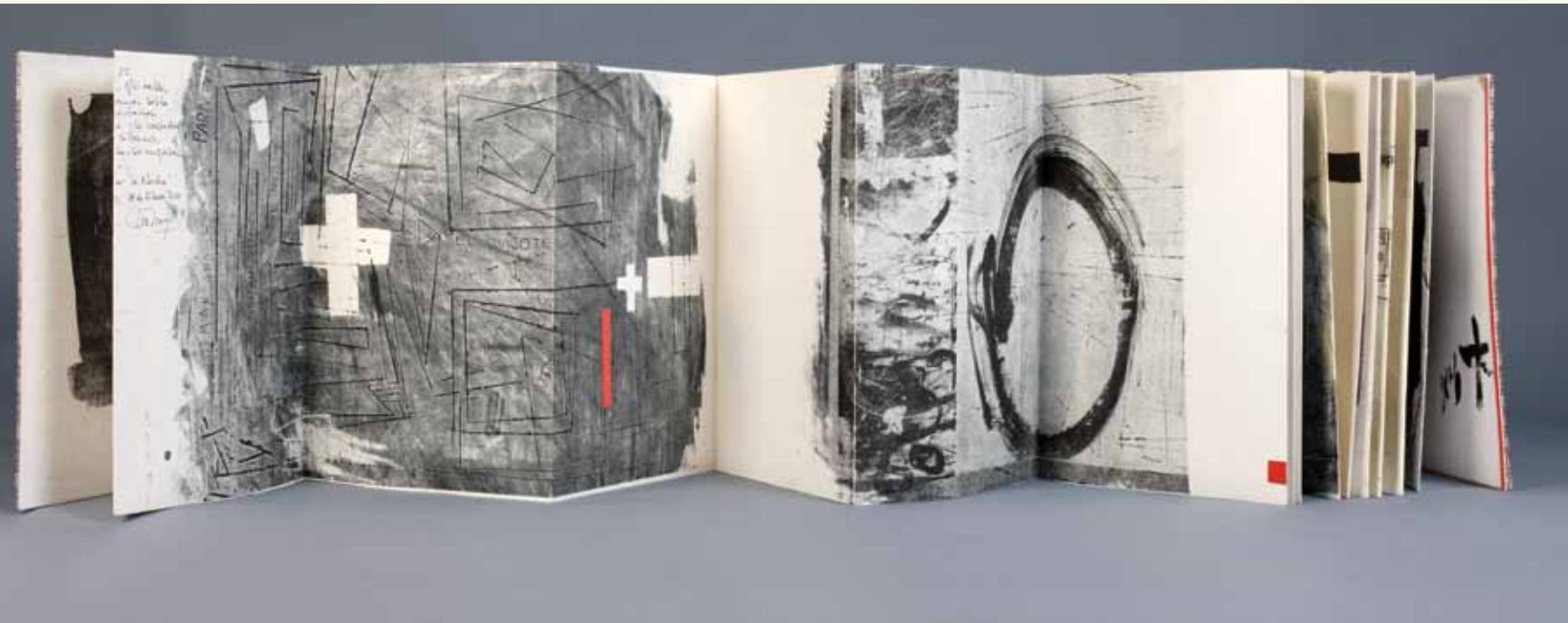


LA MISION DEL SEÑOR EN EL  
SOCIEDAD CONTINGENTE  
San Juan, febrero 1920

*[Handwritten text in Spanish, including the name 'Gustavo M. ...' and a large rectangular box containing several lines of script.]*

I wanted to write poetry in the beginning because I had fallen in love with words. ...I had come to love just the words, the words alone. What the words stood for, symbolized, or meant, was of very secondary importance; what mattered was the sound of them as I heard them for the first time ...

I cared for the shapes of sound that their names and the words describing their actions, made in my ears. I cared for the colours the words cast in my eyes.



What I like to do is to treat words as a craftsman does his wood or stone or what-have -you, to hew, carve, mould, coil, polish, and plane them into patterns, sequences, sculptures, fugues of sound expressing some lyrical impulse, some spiritual doubt or conviction, some dimly realized truth I must try to reach and realize.

The best craftsmanship always leaves holes and gaps in the works of the poem so that something that is not in the poem can creep, crawl, flash, or thunder in.

The joy and function of poetry is, and was, the celebration of man, which is also the celebration of God.

Dylan Thomas (from Notes on the art of poetry, 1951)

Soledad.

Yo quiero ese inmenso  
silencio que me agranda espacio de







*...ativo para ...*

*...os dias ...  
...e ...  
...e os ...*

RICARDO GUIRALDE  
**POEMAS  
SOLITARIOS**  
1931 1937

*la*



*...o ...  
...o ...  
...o ...*

*...*





VISION AND PRAYER  
VISION AND PRAYER

†

When  
The wren  
Bone writhes down  
And the first dawn  
Furied by his stream  
Swarms on the kingdom come  
Of the dazzler of heaven  
And the splashed mothering maiden  
Who bore him with a bonfire  
His mouth and rocked him like a storm  
I shall run lost in sudden  
Terror and shining from  
Crying in vain  
In the cauldron  
Kiss  
Light







carí el apuro aburrido de esta vida mecanizada de los  
yaguas... Este es un país... fíjate para visitarlo quince  
días o un mes como turistas, pero nada más...  
Diles a Fernando y a... que quiero que estudien bien  
el inglés para traerlos por aquí algún día para que hablen  
con los boys y con indios pieles rojas, verdaderas.  
— En gran apuro, Me acuerdo muchísimo de  
vos y de este extraño encaramiento.

When

The wren

Bone writhes down

And the first dawn

Furied by his stream

Swarms on the kingdom come

Of the dazzler of heaven

And the splashed mothering maiden

Who bore him with a bonfire in

His mouth and rocked him like a storm

I shall be lost in sudden

Terror and shining from

The once flooded room

Crying in vain

In the cauldron

UNIVERSITY AVE. no tiene no-

de que O fou la Universidad.

Es una calle que a llama en

no sepan por que es "la Universidad", como se

# JOHN CAGE

AN EXPERIMENTAL ART

Nota, lo que me querias, me das para unirme realmente contigo, frangir lo. Si no, como antes de como este, nada vendria vendiendo un por fin a por mi

Even this unsophisticated scheme allows to conceive of certain multiple elements of the situation simultaneously;

$\Delta C$  = ~~change~~ <sup>change</sup> of the composer

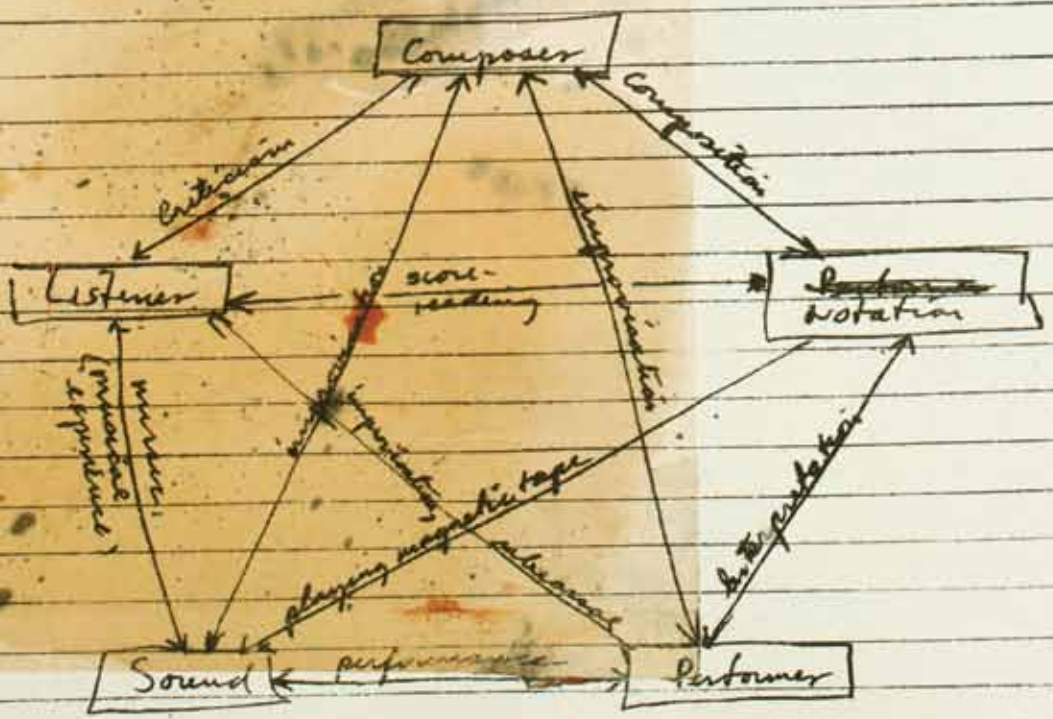
$\Delta N$  = stylistic change

$\Delta P$  = change in performer attitude and skill, may equal <sup>change</sup> ~~change~~

$\Delta S$  = difference in sound between works

Situation = segment of a process at a point in time.

Education = state of a process at a chosen point in time. We seldom find it practical to think in uni-dimensional terms, because of this situationality, this awareness of many dimensions, but analysis never seems very interesting until it becomes so complex that it flows out into experience. We take the experience, and let it go at that. So many relationships.



Places  
ways  
Passages

~ T ~

For the country of death is the heart's size (!!)

I

Must lie  
still AS STONE



That he let the dead lie though they moan  
For his bruised hands to hoist them

To the shrine of his world's wound  
And the blood drop's garden

Endure the stone  
To the blind that to sleep

In the dark  
And the blood drop's

And the stone  
Rock  
The heart bone

But let it break

On the mountain crown

Unbidden by the sun

And the beating dust be blown

Down to the ever rooting plain

Under the night forever falling

Forever falling night is a known

Star and country to the legion

Of sleepers whose tongue I toll

Light through set and soul

And we know to the legion

of sleepers whose tongue I toll

Places

to know all

Mazes

to know all

quarters and graves

Of the endless fall

Now common lazarus

Of the changing sleepers prays

Never to awake and arise

For the country of earth is the heart's size

Passages

I must lie  
Still as stone

A  
X  
a

But dark alone

And the heart print of man

to the burn and turn of time

in the birth bloody room unknown

Behind the wall thin as a wire's bones?

Over the ghost and the dropped son

Opening and the dark run

That I can hear the wump

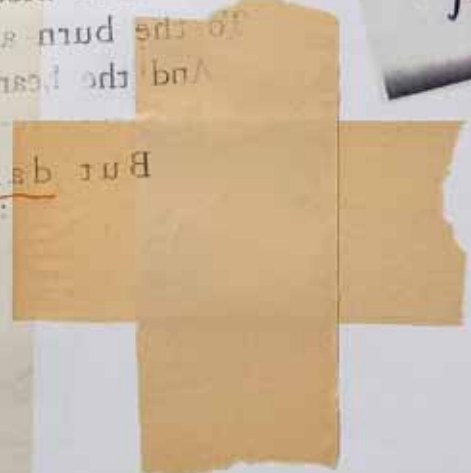
So loud to my own

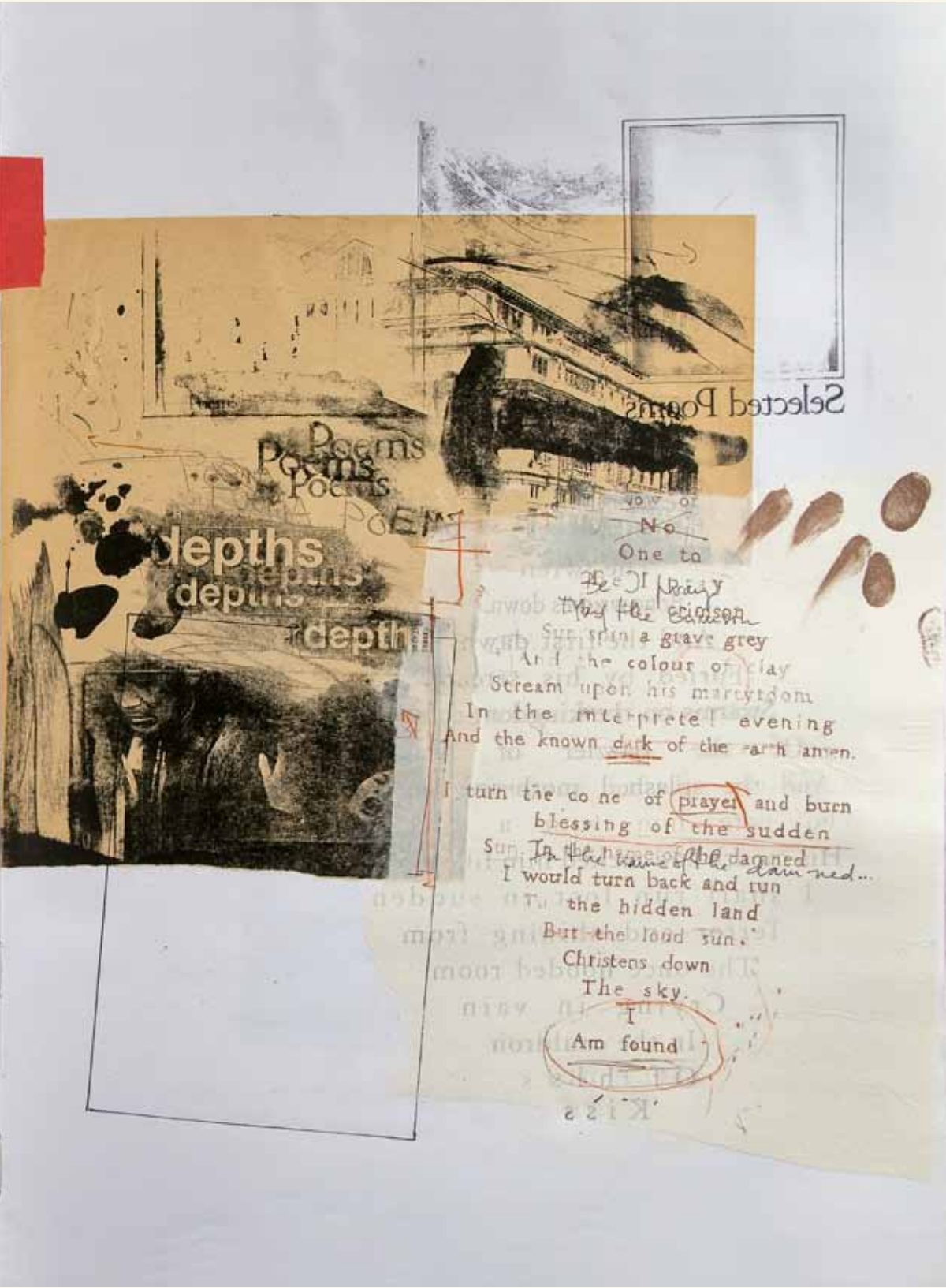
In the next room

Who is born

Are you

Who









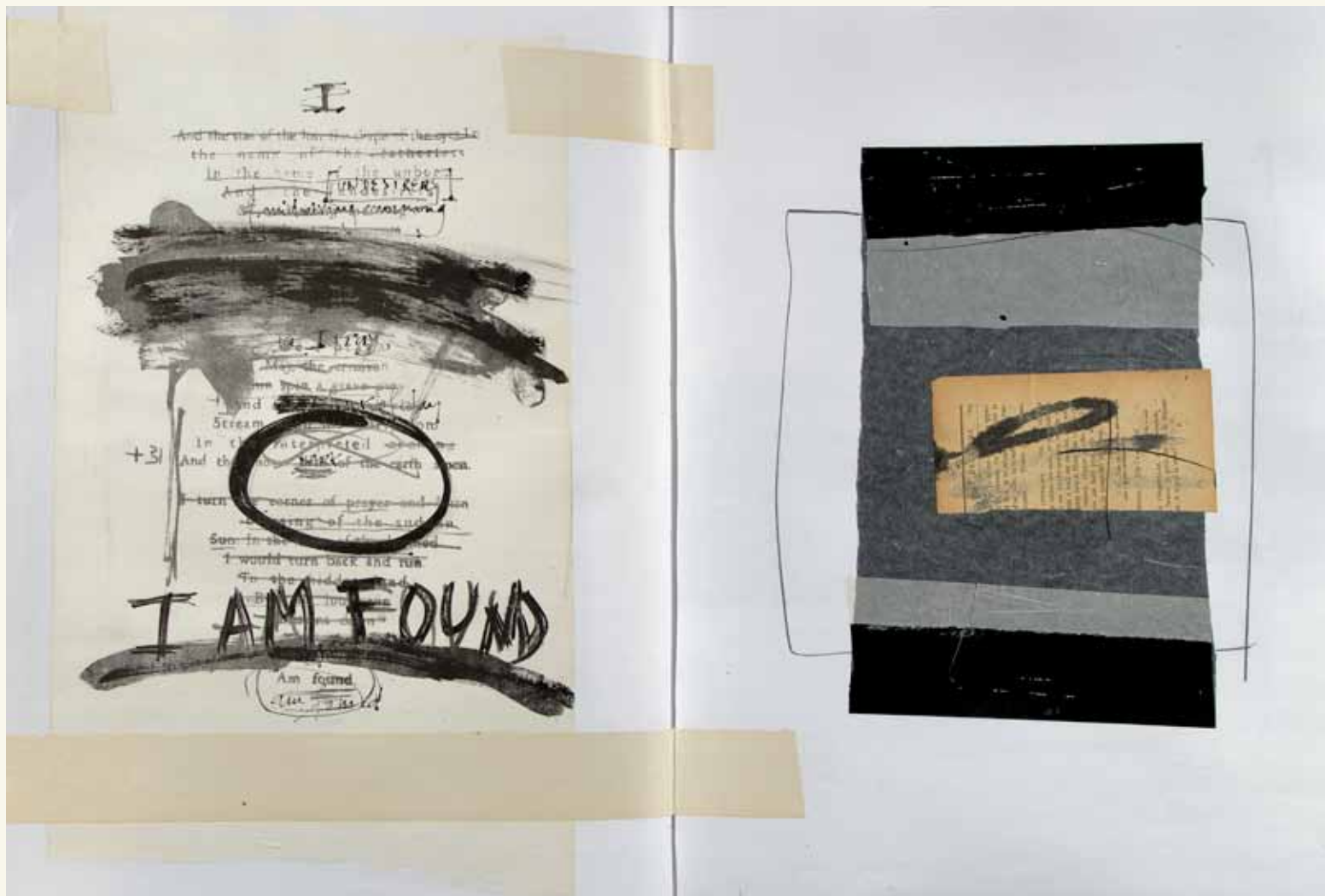


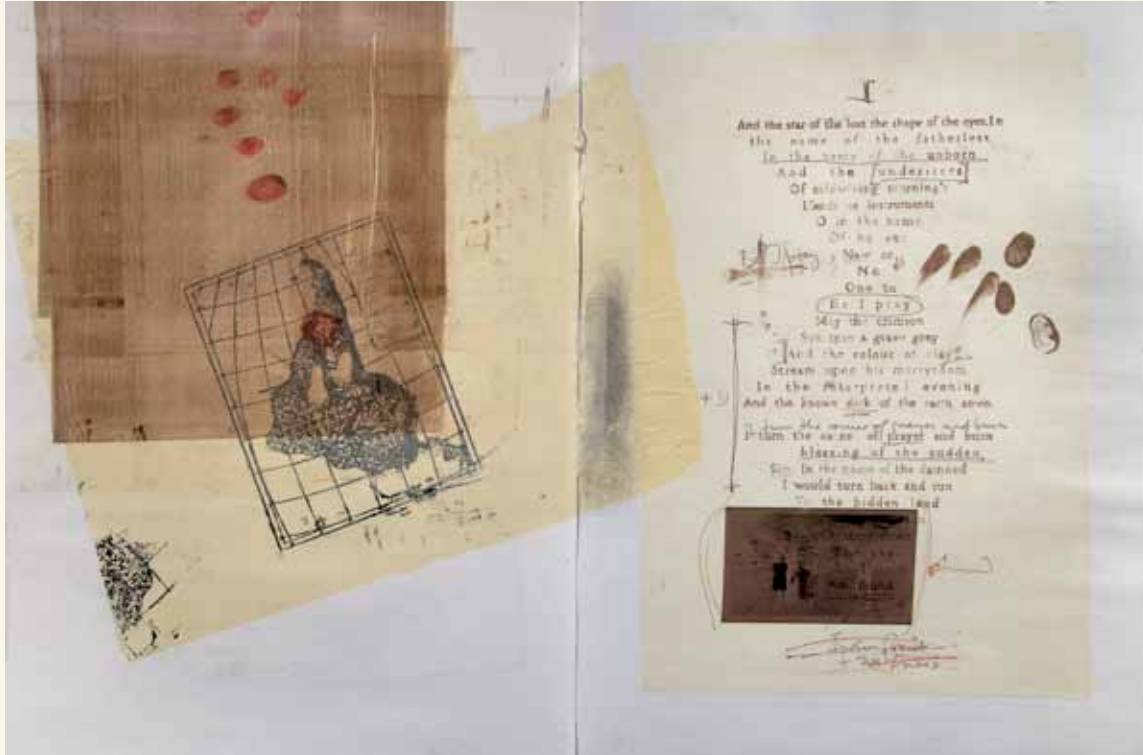


IV

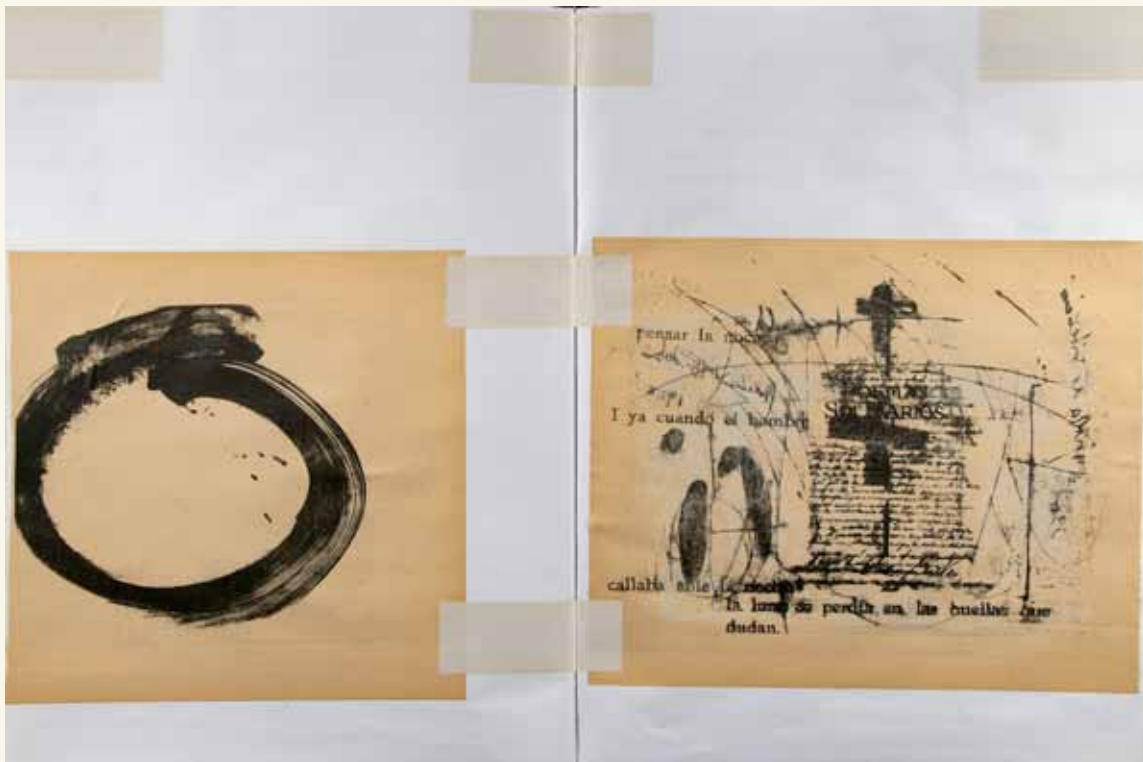
When  
The wren  
Bone wither down  
And the first dawn  
Furied by his stream  
~~Swarms on the kingdom come~~  
Of the ~~hazler~~ of heaven  
And the ~~plead~~ ~~mothering~~ maiden  
Who bore him with a bonfire in  
His mouth and ~~rocked~~ him like a storm  
I shall run ~~lost~~ in sudden  
Terror and shining from  
The once hooded room  
~~Crying in vain~~  
In the cauldron  
Of his  
Kiss







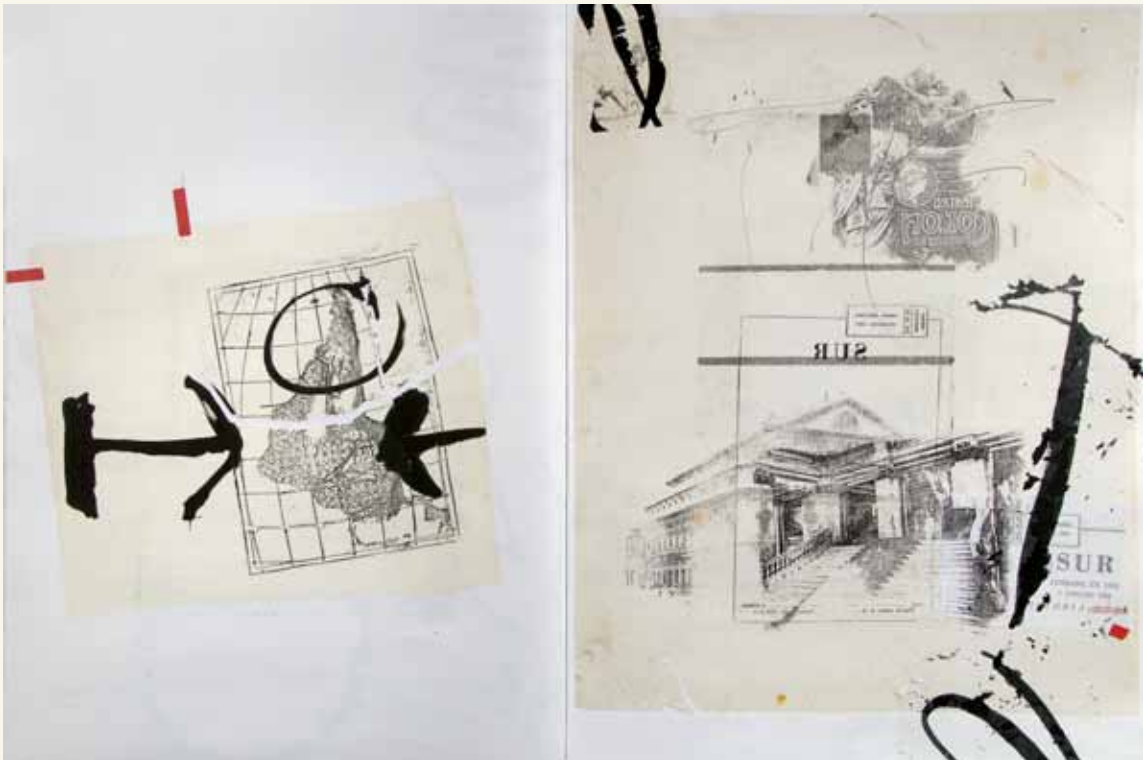
15.



16.



17.



18.



Q. K. D. A. A.

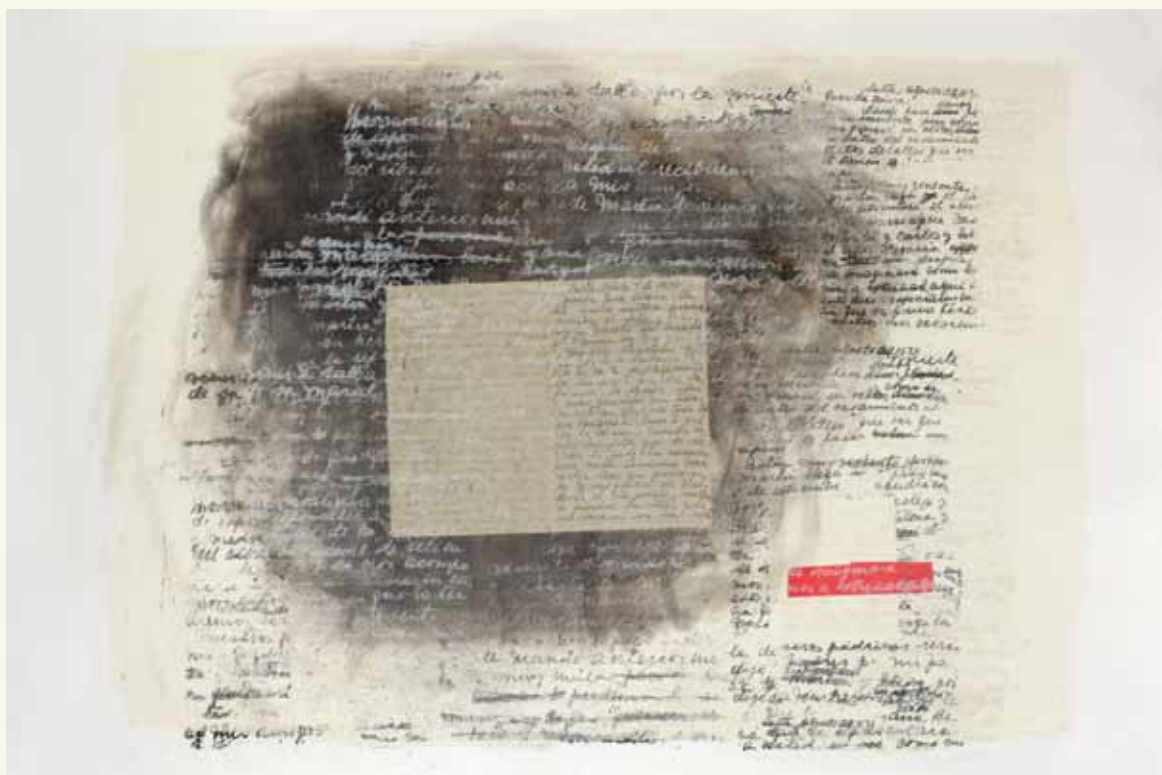
H. H. H. H. H.

[Illegible handwritten text, possibly a list or notes]

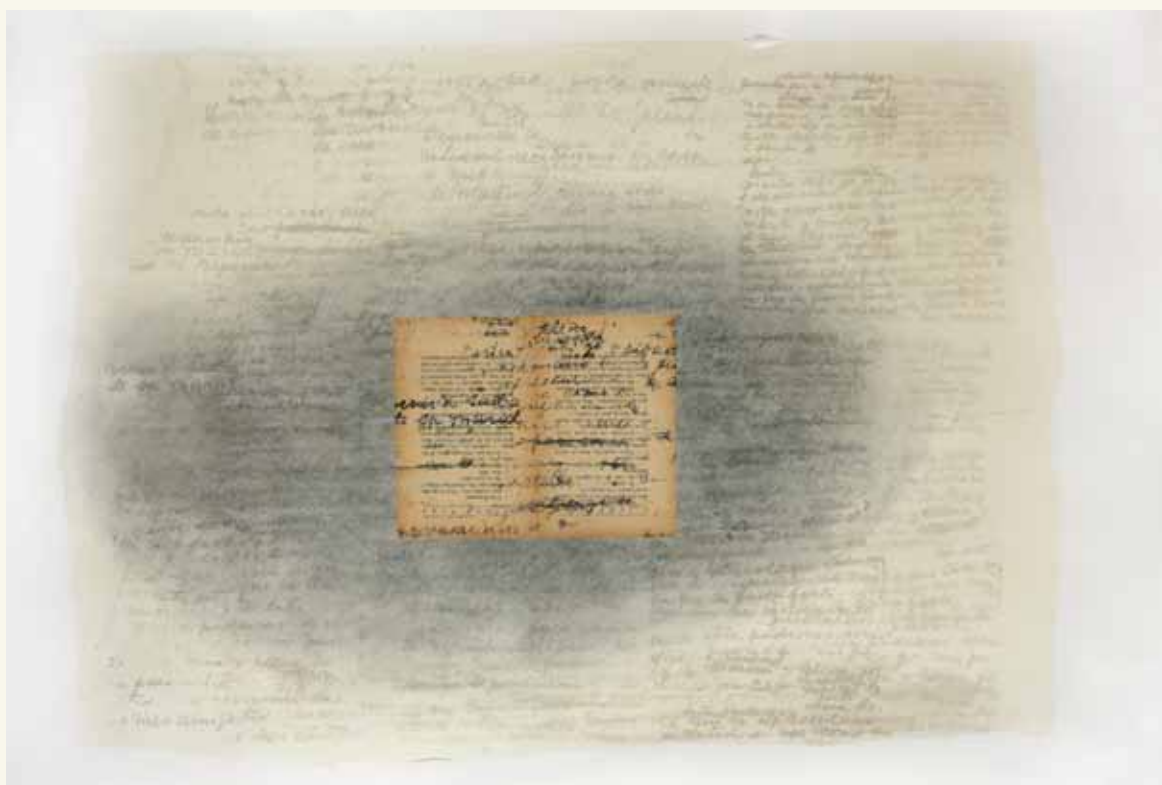
[Illegible handwritten text, possibly a list or notes]

[Illegible handwritten text, possibly a list or notes]





20.



21.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, partially obscured by a faded photograph of a large, multi-story building with a prominent tower. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and overlap.



Handwritten text in a cursive script, partially obscured by a faded photograph of the same building as above. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and overlap.



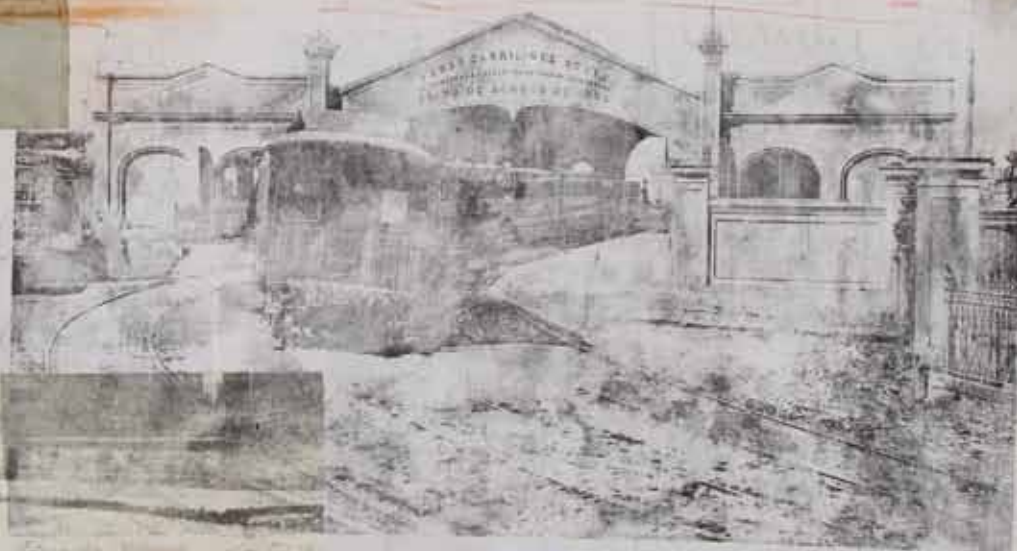


San Juan de los Rios

Handwritten notes and sketches of architectural plans, including a floor plan with rectangular rooms and corridors.



Handwritten notes, possibly describing the location or context of the site.



Handwritten notes, including a circled section that appears to be a small sketch or diagram of a person standing near a structure.

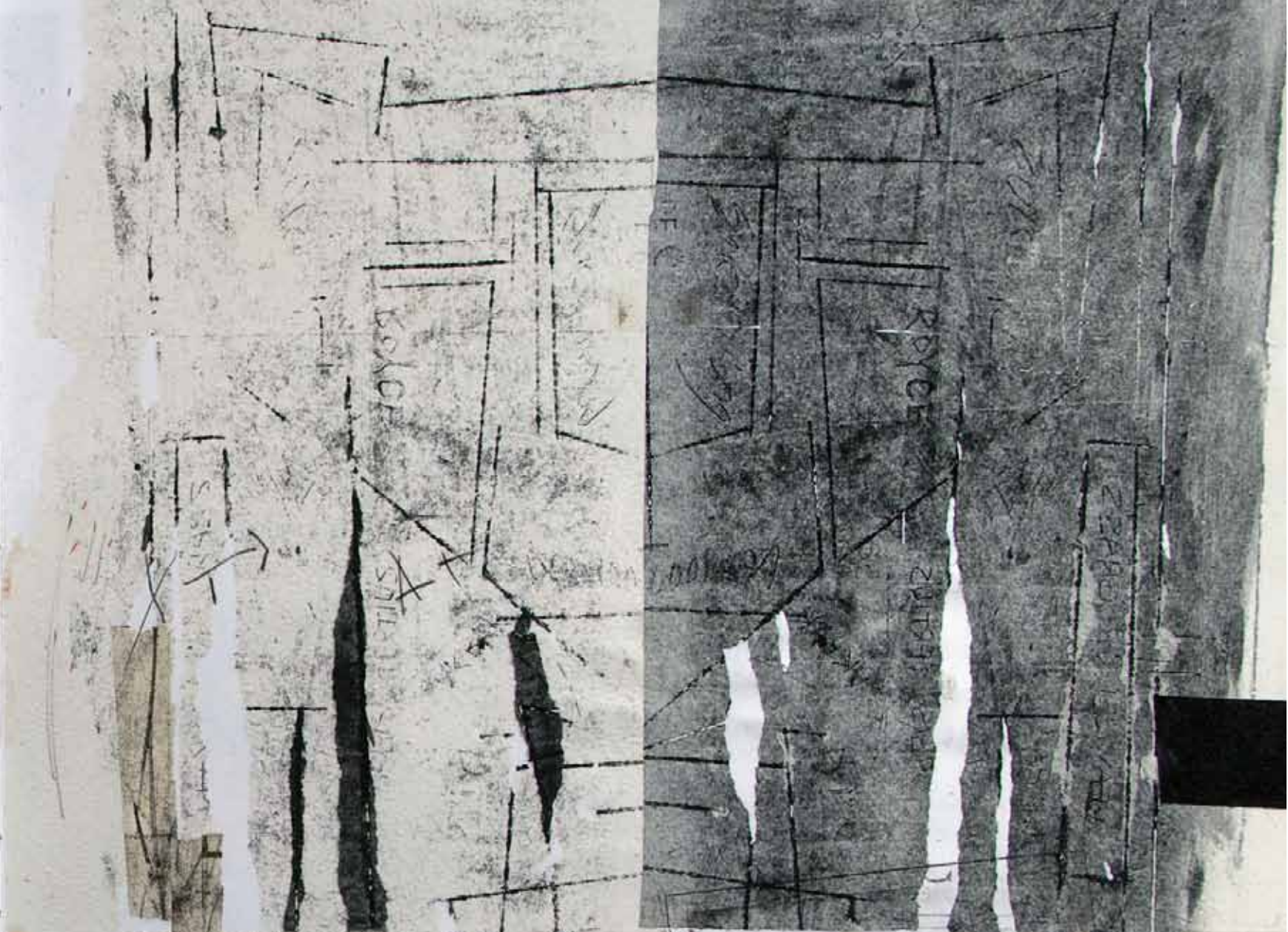


Handwritten notes at the bottom left, including the word 'arquitectura' and other descriptive text.

COOPER'S BRIDGE

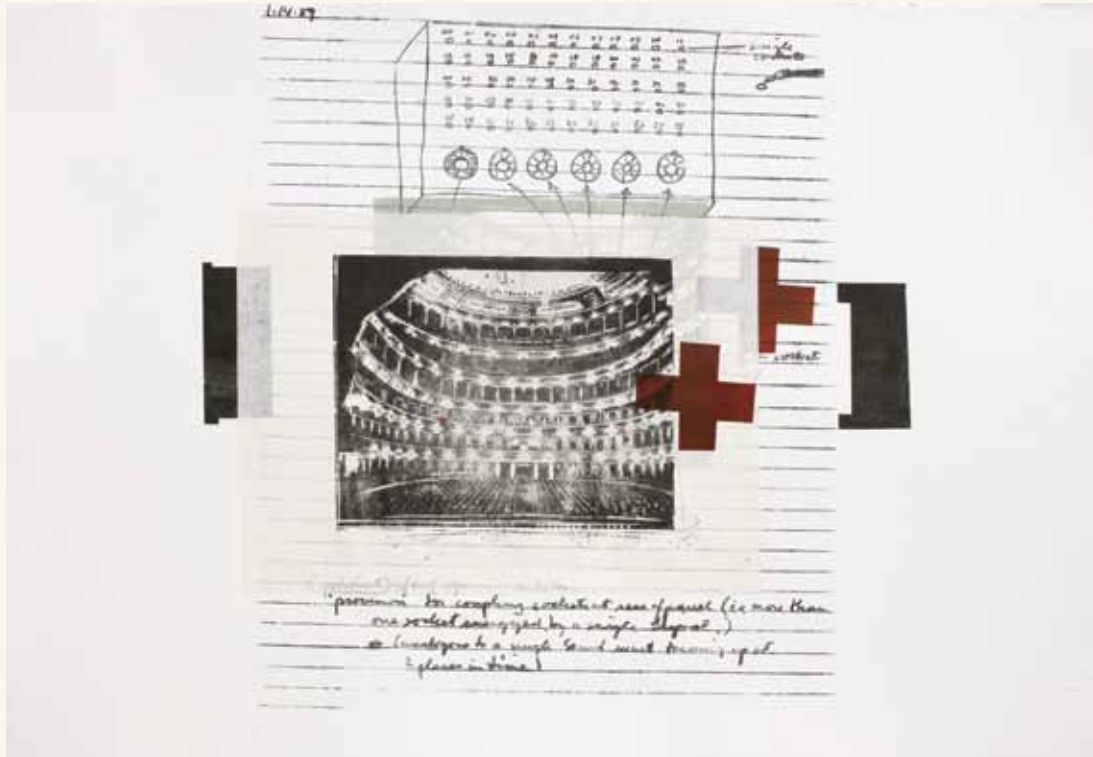
MATH



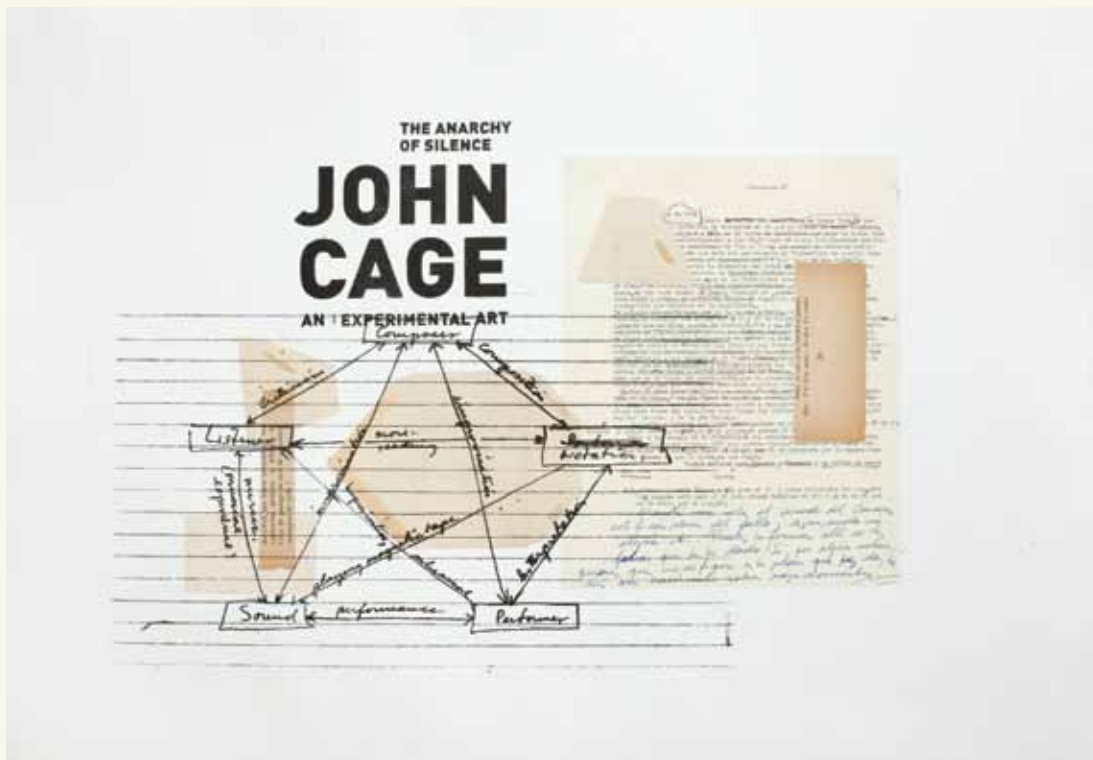


Peemur





24. Teatro Colón & John Cage



25. To John Cage III

# IMAGINARY LANDSCAPE NO. 1

*for String Quartet*

PLAYER 1  
PLAYER 2  
PLAYER 3  
PLAYER 4

*pp*

John Cage  
(1930)

*Place bottles over strings between the following staves:*

*the following*

*Place small screws (in addition to above)*

*AIR MAIL*

*the following*, in such a way that they give a

*metallic rattle sound.*

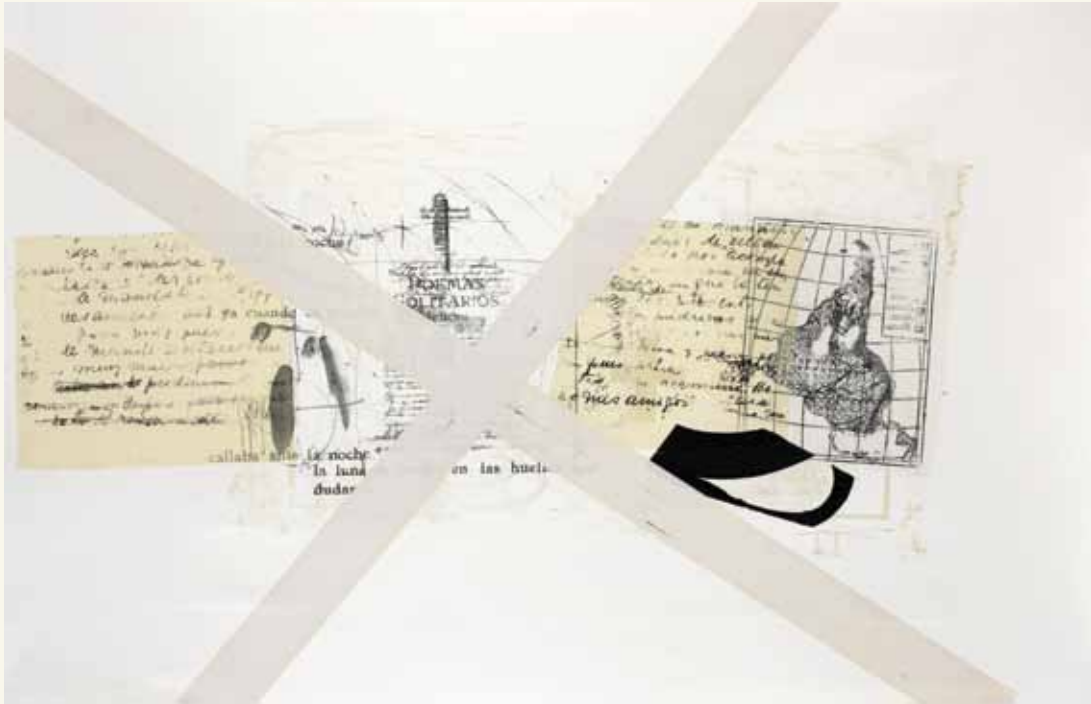
*Notation:*  (as usual on ~~recognition~~)



26. Imaginary Landscape I (detail)

Originally, we had in mind what you might call an imaginary beauty, a process of basic emptiness with just a few things arising in it ... And then, we actually set to work, a kind of avalanche came about which corresponded not at all with that beauty which had seemed to appear to us as an objective. Where do we go then?... Well what we do is go straight on; that way lies, no doubt, a revelation. I had no idea this was going to happen. I did have an idea something else would happen. Ideas are one thing and what happens another.

John Cage: What are we doing? 1961



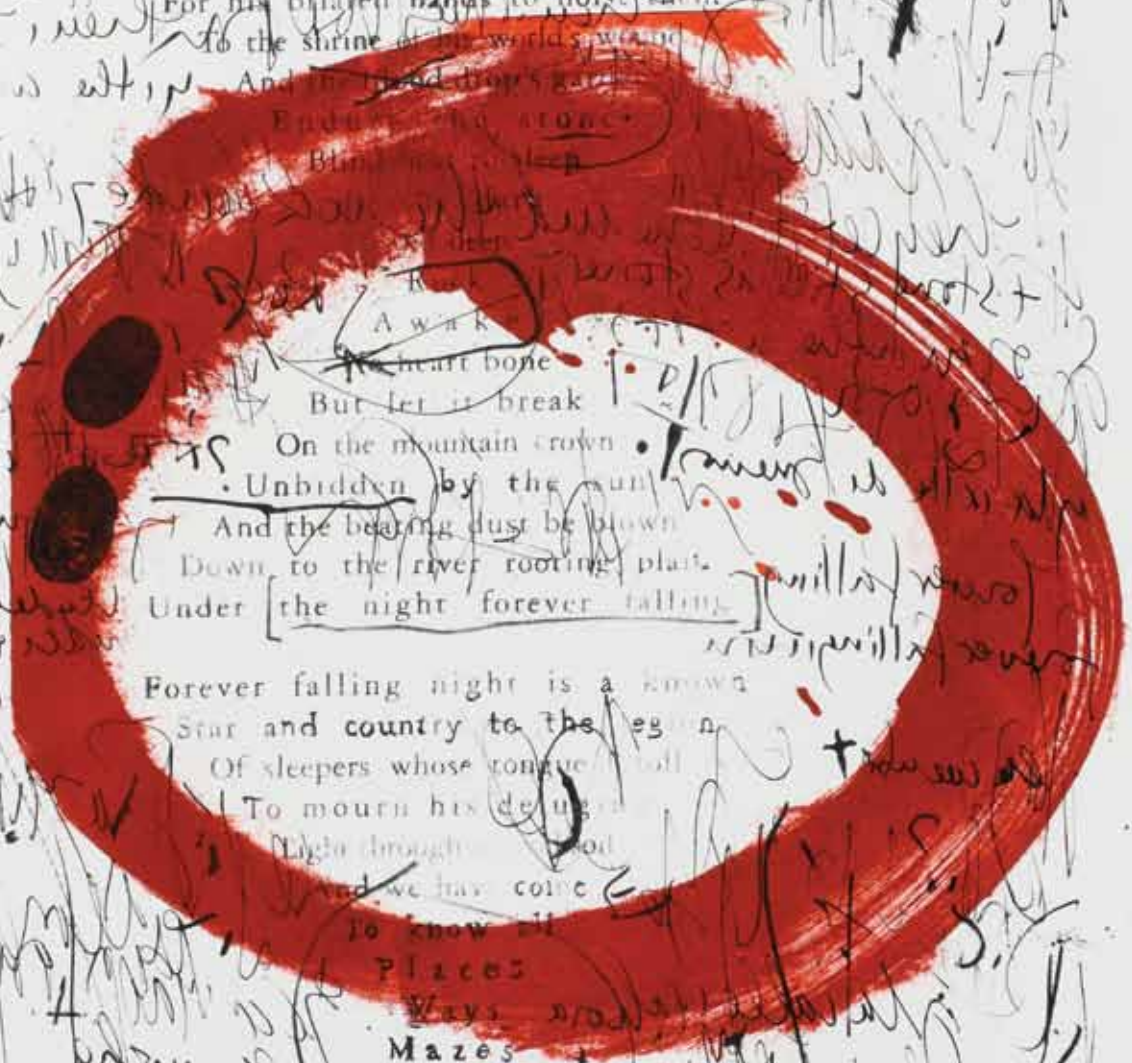
27. Sur & Poemas Solitarios I



28. Sur y Poemas Solitarios II



That he let the dead lie though they moan  
For his braided hands to hoist them  
to the shrine of the world's waiting  
And the dead does guard  
Endless stone  
Blindness sleep



A wake  
heart bone  
But let it break  
On the mountain crown  
Unbidden by the sun  
And the bearing dust be blown  
Down to the river rooting plants  
Under the night forever falling

Forever falling night is a known  
star and country to the legion  
Of sleepers whose tongue toll  
To mourn his deuce  
Light through  
and we have come  
to know all  
Places  
Ways  
Mazes  
Passages  
Quarters and graves

Of the endless fall  
Now companions, Lazarus  
Of the charging sleeper, prays  
Never to awake and arise  
For the country of death is the heart's size

POETRY  
DANCING

THE NIGHT

Must lie  
Still AS STONE

2010 : Year of the bicentennial of Argentina 's revolution for independence.

I received an invitation from Jagged art for a show in London while I was immersed in the corners and passages of my series on labyrinths. The gallery proposed that the exhibit be in some way related to Argentina and its history. This is how the cycle "Tales of Migrations" came into being.

In search of inspiration, I decided to visit the National Archive in Buenos Aires, a murky building with the fading glamour of the 20s. I leafed through hundreds of photos of old Buenos Aires and selected a small group which stood out for their quality and aesthetic criterion. They were all shot by the same photographer, and, to my surprise, he was an English immigrant... Alexander Witcomb. Alexander Witcomb (1834-1908) was born in London and arrived in Argentina as a young man. He founded the first large-scale photography studio, which was to live on for generations. He was also responsible for the first art gallery in Buenos Aires, and I believe I'm not mistaken if I say that his is the most interesting visual testimony of our social, architectural and political life during the 19th century.

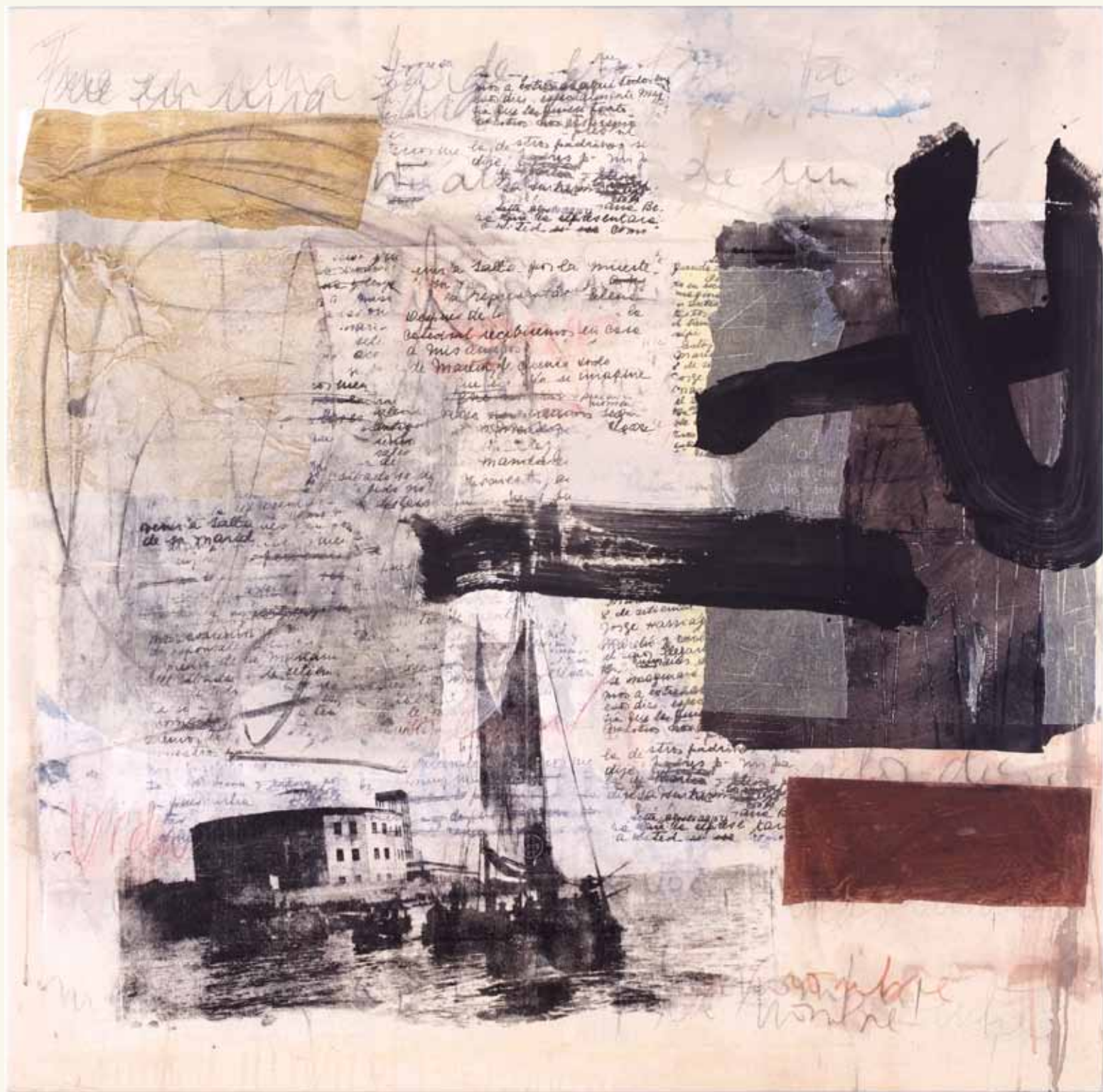
It was fascinating to read journals and letters and to make up the stories of people leaving everything behind and setting off to an unknown land, with fears and uncertainties as their only luggage.

I started by digitalizing some of Witcomb's images and transferring them onto lithographic stone, having first sanded the stone in order to have a rough surface which would result in a more imperfect print, a print with a charcoal texture. I liked including for the first time in my works fragments of real life, documents, hints of bygone times...

Some old family letters which had been in my studio for a long while, waiting for inspiration to put them to use, were included on a whim, and my grandmother's handwriting describing slow everyday life in Salta conversed with the characters in Witcomb's photos. Envelopes and mail stamps added the scent of distance and solitude. I found myself writing a sort of diary, using calligraphy as a first layer on the canvas, describing imaginary landscapes and reading to myself in my own charcoal words the call for adventures and hidden desires.

This cycle speaks of change, of openness, of expectations, of hope...but, foremost, of pushing boundaries...





30. Oda al Mar Dulce





Amos... los... de...  
Hija



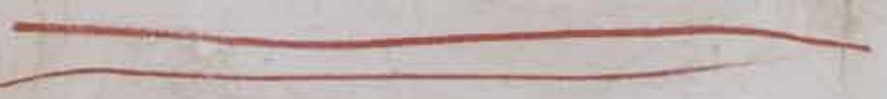
Fotografia Wilcom

cade

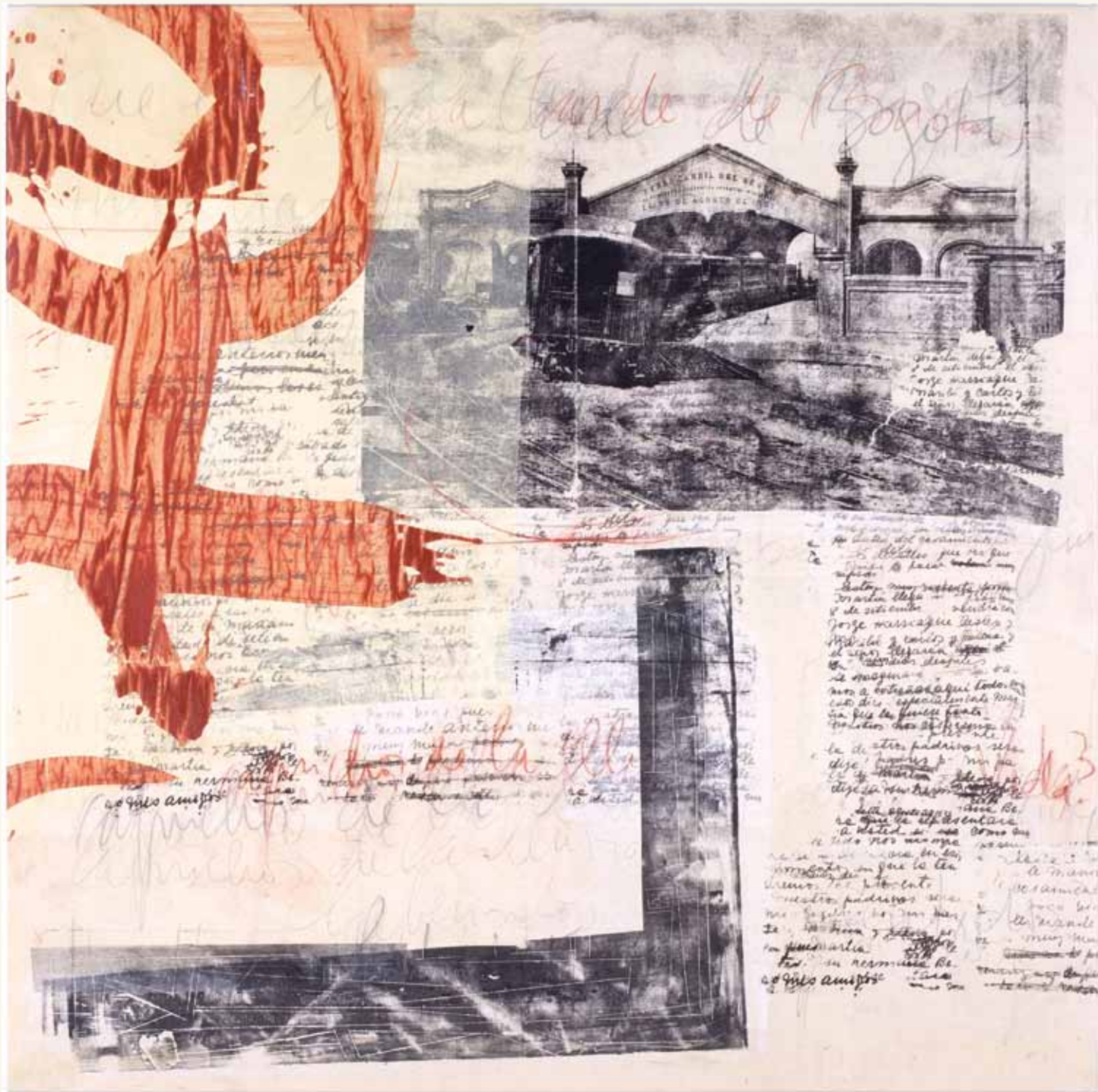
Fiering



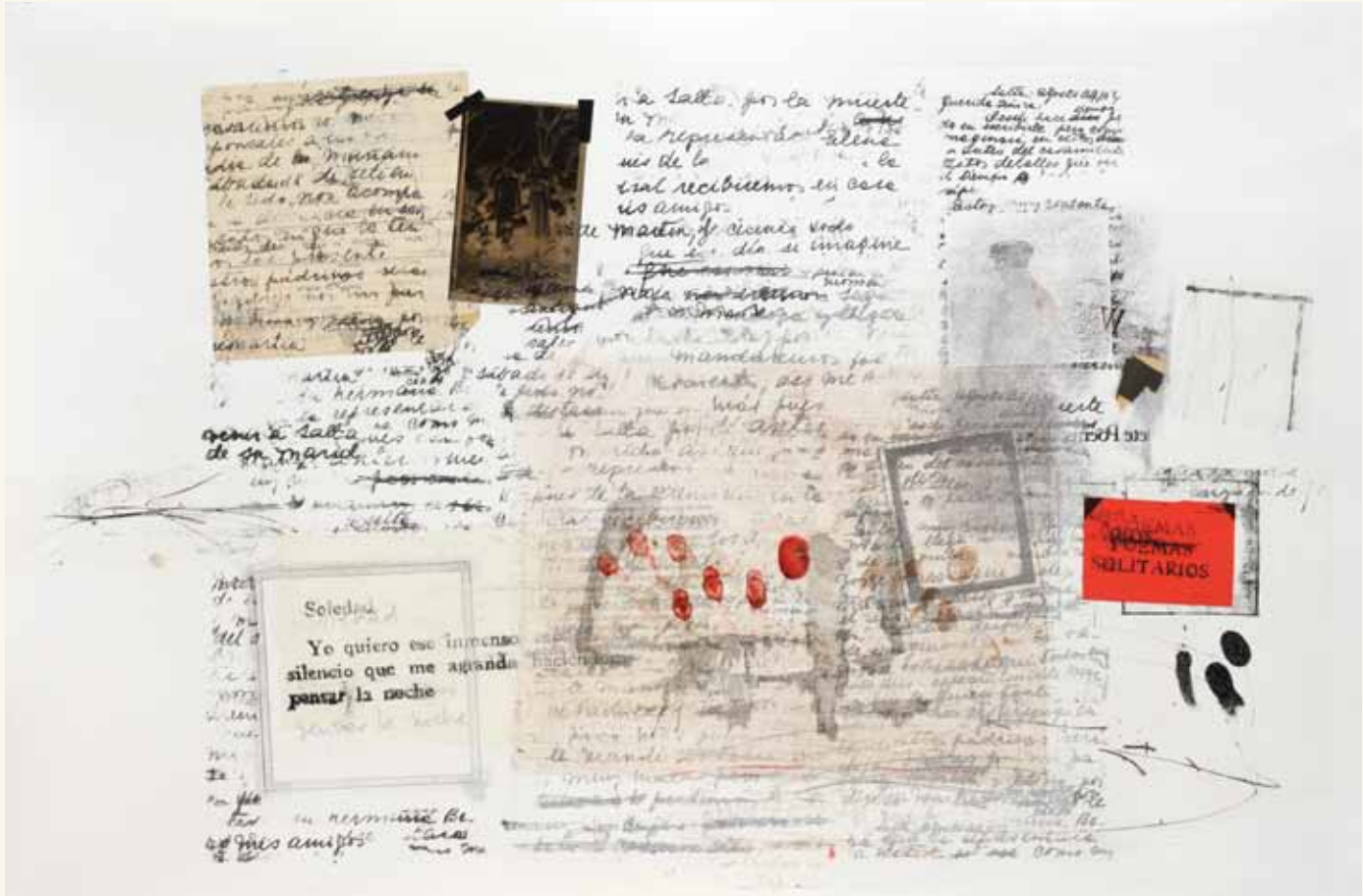
o...  
—











I have been after an adventure all my life, a pure dispassionate adventure,  
such as befell early and heroic voyagers.

R. L. Stevenson

Y fue por este río de sueñera y de barro ... J. L. Borges





20 de Mayo 2012  
Luz y libro,  
escrituras,  
el grado en cartas  
de los y ban y ban  
de sexto Puntos Aves,  
en la casa de Pío,  
de las cosas siempre  
de las cosas de las cosas  
de las cosas de las cosas  
de las cosas de las cosas







I loved the night  
[dark blue top heaven  
hues of deep spoil  
unplugged  
unlike a desirable  
+ pop  
superior  
way  
with a dark hemisphere





internó en un estuario... más anchos del mundo, por lo  
cual le llaman... Mar Dulce, el único Mar Dulce que  
existe sobre la Tierra, y este presuntuoso geógrafo  
ron lo del mar por río, y lo de dulce por de la Plata. El nombre  
se hizo leyenda, y a Solís se lo comieron los indios. / No. 11

La historia occidental, por supuesto, ha dado sus primeros  
pasos por esta latitud americana. Marcó los suyos en 1536 don  
Pedro de Mendoza, quien realizó la primera fundación de Buenos  
Aires. Una inmensa soledad de agua y tierra. Una veripecia

En un principio, los indios proveyeron víveres; pero  
traición de los españoles despertó encono de flechas de fuego,  
y la pequeña aldea ardió. Fue borrada. Por las aguas por donde  
ieron se fueron los fundadores, y otra vez volvió la inmensa  
soledad. Que a iniciación de la guerra entre indios, españoles y  
argentinos que duró más de trescientos años. // ¿? ¿Qué fue todo

aqueello? una espantosa tragedia que inaugura un segundo tra-  
mo de las fundaciones en nuestra tierra, pues la anterior fue en  
San Julián en la Patagonia, por Magallanes y su gente, en  
1520. La primera Buenos Aires, una población fantasma, un  
espejismo que fingió la nada de una inmensa soledad de tierra,

Soledad de  
Una inmensa soledad



7 MAR Dulce:  
(Costa la Plata)



LA TIERRA

**N**ADIE escribe fechas en el a  
toria de los hombres sobre la T  
los descubridores y los conquist  
tologías, de miedos y esperanzas

En el 1516, Juan Díaz de  
internó en un estuario o en el  
cual le llamó, justamente, Ma  
existe sobre la Tierra, y que  
ron lo de mar por río, y lo de d  
se hizo leyenda, y a Solís se lo

La historia occidental, por  
pasos por esta latitud americana  
Pedro de Mendoza, quien realizo  
Aires. Una inmensa soledad c



agua; pero el agua escribe la historia. Por la mar océano vinieron navegadores con el magín lleno de miras salvadoras, ardidados de fe.

Solís dejó el oleaje salobre y se abrió más ancho del mundo, por lo que se llamó Mar Dulce, el único Mar Dulce que presuntuosos geógrafos TOMA el nombre "dulce" por "de la Plata." El nombre lo tomaron los indios.

Magallanes, ha dado sus primeros pasos en América. Marcó los suyos en 1536 donde se hizo la primera fundación de Buenos Aires, de agua y tierra.











I hold you with?



pensé à l'alt  
de sa marie

pensé à l'alt  
de sa marie

Messieurs  
pensé à l'alt  
de sa marie

pensé à l'alt  
de sa marie

pensé à l'alt  
de sa marie

pensé à l'alt  
de sa marie

pensé à l'alt  
de sa marie





*[Faint handwritten text in various languages, including Spanish and French, partially obscured by black and red brushstrokes.]*

*[Dense handwritten text in various languages, including Spanish and French, partially obscured by black and red brushstrokes.]*





... de los españoles de  
y la pequeña aldea ardió. Fue  
ieron, se fueron los fundado  
soledad. Fue la iniciación de la  
argentinos, que duró más de t  
aquello? Una espantosa tragedi

mo de las fundaciones en (nues  
San Julián, en la Patagonia,  
1520. La primera Buenos Ai  
espejismo que fingió la nada o

*con espejismo fue fingido*  
*Un mensa Soledad de*  
*Un mensa Soledad*  
*Buenos A*

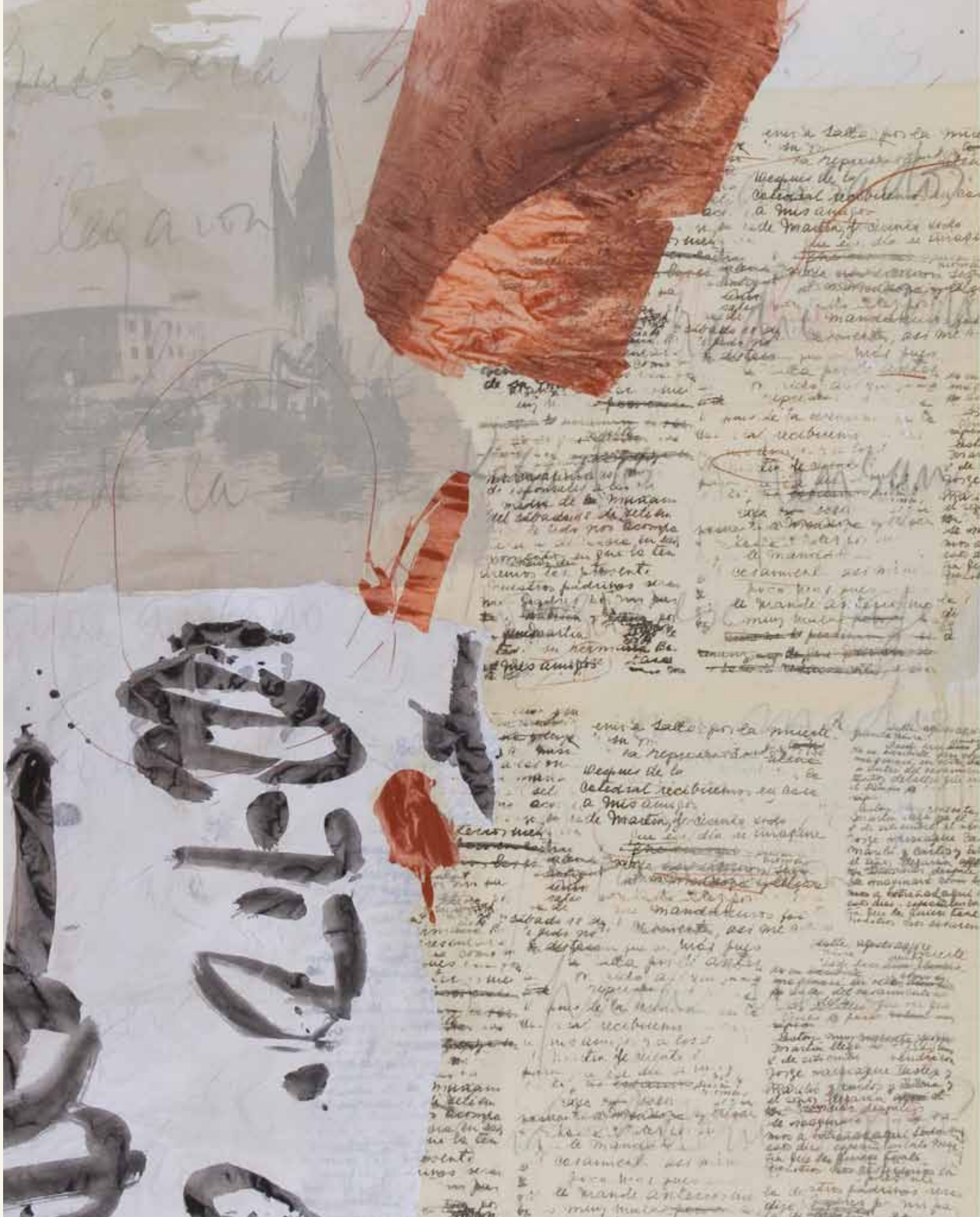


apertó encono de flechas de fuego,  
borrada. Por las aguas por donde  
pres, y otra vez volvió la inmensa  
guerra entre indios, españoles y  
rescipientes años. ¿Qué fue todo  
lia que inaugura un segundo tra-

tra tierra) pues la anterior fue en  
por Magallanes y su gente, en  
res, una población fantasma, [un  
le una inmensa soledad de tierra

o la salida de una  
tierra...

ines





...de gran  
...de gran

de gran

...de gran  
...de gran

...de gran  
...de gran

de gran

de gran

...de gran  
...de gran

...de gran  
...de gran

de gran

...de gran  
...de gran

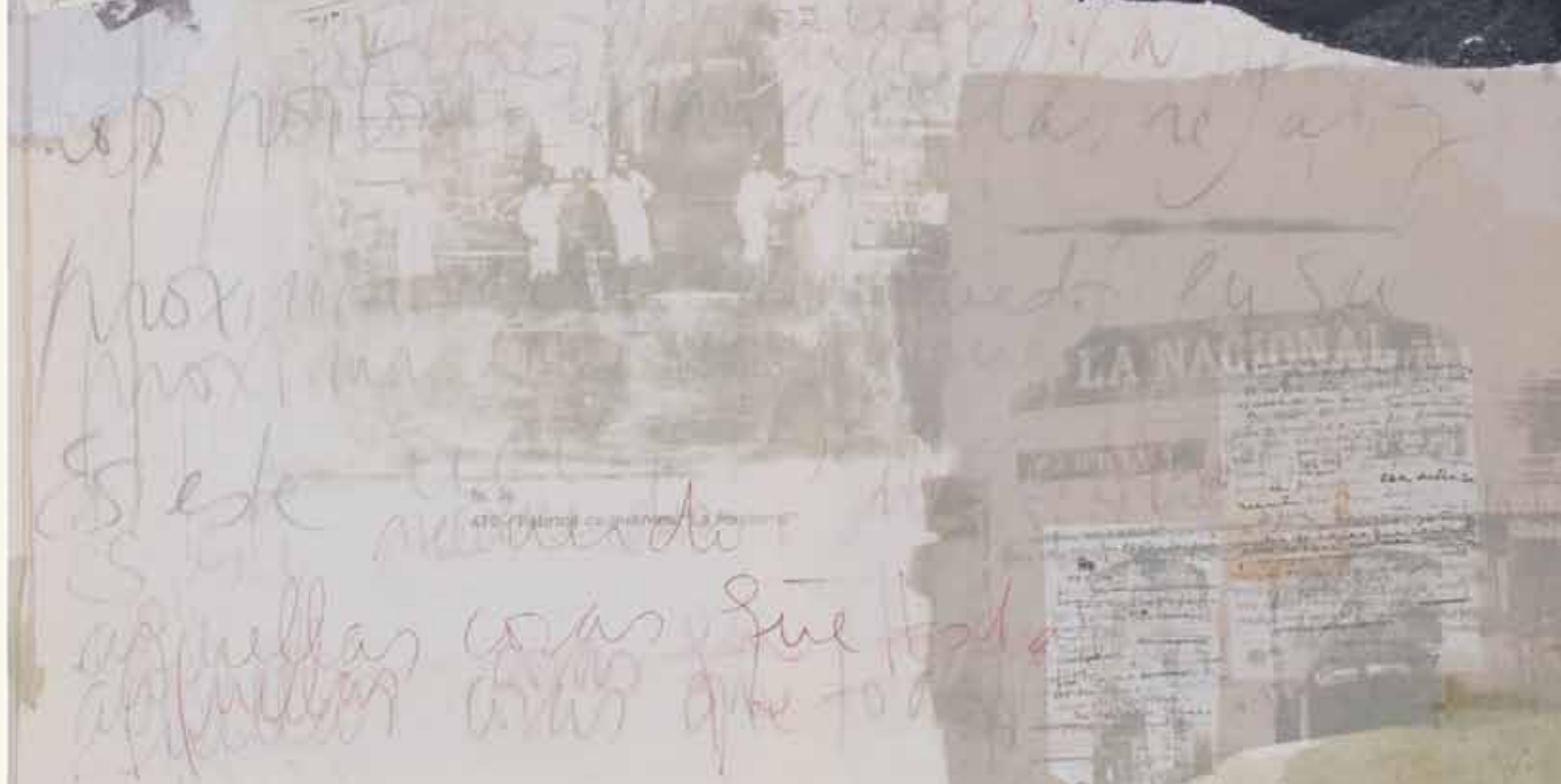
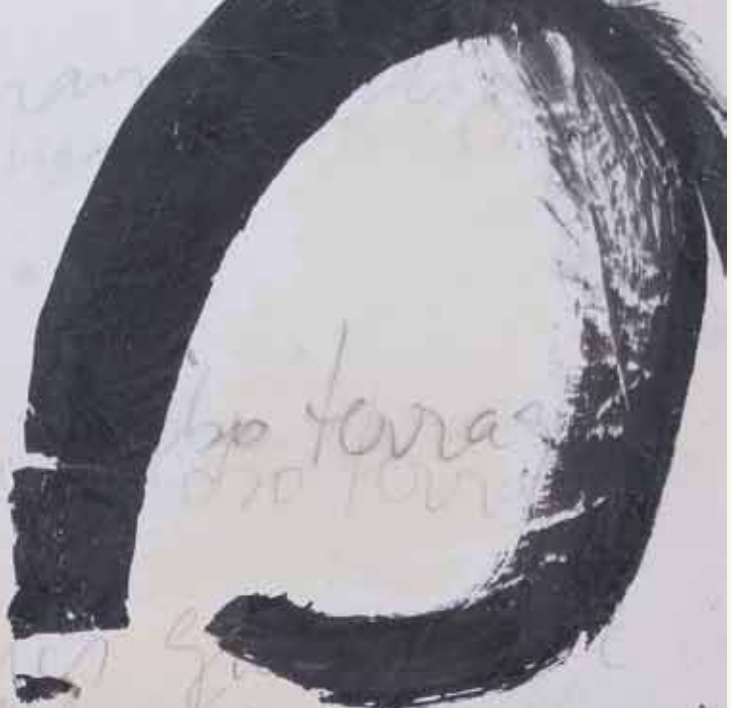
...de gran  
...de gran

de gran

de gran

de gran

de gran



¿Qué será Buenos Aires?

No quiero proseguir; esas cosas son demasiado individuales, son demasiado lo que son, para también Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires es la otra calle, la que no pisé nunca, *es el* centro secreto de las manzanas, los patios últimos; es lo que las fachadas ocultan, es mi enemigo, si lo tengo; es la persona a quien le desagradan mis versos (a mí me desagradan también); es la modesta librería en que acaso entramos y que hemos olvidado; es esa racha de milonga silbada que no reconocemos y que nos toca; es lo que se ha perdido y lo que será; es lo ulterior, lo ajeno, lo lateral, el barrio que no es tuyo ni mío, lo que ignoramos y queremos.

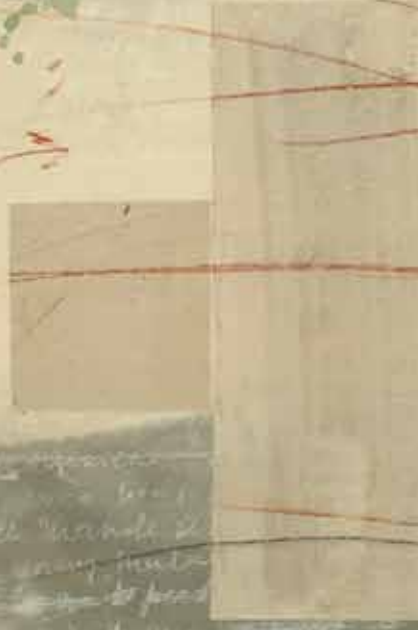






C'est le printemps, printemps de  
Te promener au bon jour  
Les pentes dans la cour d'été  
L'écureuil qui fait du bruit  
L'écureuil chemine à la coupe

slas et Y  
Ils s'embrassent à l'écureuil  
Devant des sites connus







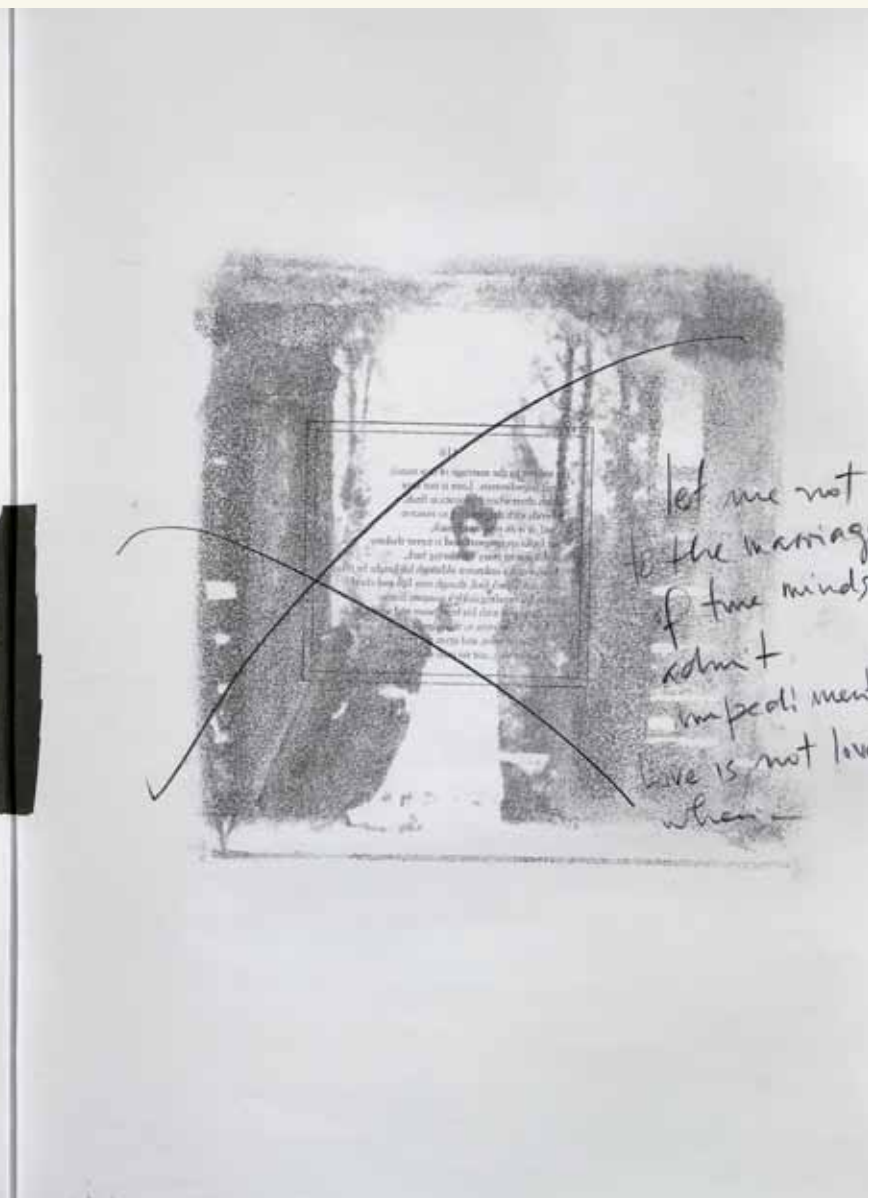


45.



46.





## List of works

- 1 - 2 - 3** *Journal / A Solitary poem (Diario de los poemas solitarios)* 2010  
Artist Book IV  
H 41cm / 16.3 in W(closed ): 27,5cm / 10.8 L (open): 715cm / 283,5
- Handmade accordion book, kozo paper, double faced 7.15 metres long each face. Unique piece.  
Mixed media. Diverse techniques converge in this book like lithograph on stone, aquaforte, china ink, charcoal, sanguine, stone powder, natural pigments, collage of handmade papers, old handwritten letters, transfer, references to Argentina's cultural icons of the first period of the century (revista Sur, Teatro Colón, Victoria Ocampo, Ricardo Güiraldes author in 1922 of the book of poems titled "Poemas Solitarios", Borges' poem "Qué será Buenos Aires?" and texts on the discovery of the Río de la Plata which was named by the sailors The Sweet Sea.  
All the lithographs and etchings in the book are either unique or intervened in a unique way.
- 4** *Labyrinths and Poemas solitarios*, 2009, mixed media on canvas  
102 x 170 cm / 40 x 67 inches
- 5** *Artist Book V*, a hard cover book featuring about 70 pages of mixed media works: lithograph, etchings, collage, old letters, stamps, handmade paper, charcoal, ink, stone powder, natural pigments, sanguine over a total of 160 acid free pages. Unique piece. 2010  
18 x 24 in / 46cm x 61 cm closed, 46 cm x 122 cm open
- 6** *Artist Book V*, a hard cover book featuring about 70 pages of mixed media works: lithograph, etchings, collage, old letters, stamps, handmade paper, charcoal, ink, stone powder, natural pigments, sanguine over a total of 160 acid free pages. Unique piece. 2010  
18 x 24 in / 46cm x 61 cm closed, 46 cm x 122 cm open
- 7** *In the cauldron of his kiss ... (after Dylan Thomas)*, 2010, mixed media on Fabriano paper 220 gs. 70 x 50 cm / 27.6 x 19.7 inches
- 8** *To John Cage*, 2010, mixed media on paper (lithograph and collage)  
70 x 54 cm / 27.6 x 21.3 inches
- 9 - 10** *Artist Book V*, 2010, (For detail description see above number 5)  
These four specific pages in Artist's book V are collages and lithographs. Texts are poems by Dylan Thomas and photoetching features a scene of a film by A Kurosawa.
- 11 - 12** *Artist Book V*, 2010, (For detail description see number 5)  
Unique piece. These four specific pages in Artist's book V are collages and lithographs. Texts are poems by Dylan Thomas.
- 13 - 14** *Artist Book V*, 2010, a hard cover book featuring about 70 pages of mixed media works: lithograph, etchings, collage, old letters, stamps, handmade paper, charcoal, ink, stone powder, natural pigments, sanguine over a total of 160 acid free pages. Unique piece.
- 15 - 16 - 17 - 18** *Artist Book V*, 2010. (For detailed description see number 5) These eight pages dwell upon the poetry of Dylan Thomas (15 & 17) and pay homage to the School of the South (16 & 18)
- 19** *Detail of diptych "La Espera"*, 2010, mixed media on canvas  
140 x 220 cm / 55 x 86.6 inches
- 20** *Letters I*, 2010, mixed media on paper  
50 x 70 cm / 19.7 x 27.6 inches
- 21** *Letters II*, 2010, mixed media on paper  
50 x 70 cm / 19.7 x 27.6 inches
- 22** *La espera*, 2010, diptych - mixed media on canvas  
140 x 220 cm / 55 x 86.6 inches
- 23** *Artist Book V*, 2010, unique piece.  
18 x 24 in / 46cm x 61 cm closed, 46 cm x 122 cm open  
These pages dwell upon the subject of labyrinths, British poets and memory.
- 24** *Teatro Colon & John Cage*, 2010, lithograph and collage on Fabriano paper. 50 x 70 cm / 19.7 x 27.6 inches
- 25** *To John Cage III*, 2010, lithograph and collage on Fabriano paper  
50 x 70 cm / 19.7 x 27.6 inches
- 26** *Imaginary Landscape I*, lithograph and collage on Fabriano paper  
70 x 50 cm / 27.6 x 19.7 inches
- 27** *Sur & Poemas Solitarios I*, 2010, lithograph and collage on Fabriano paper. 50 x 70 cm / 19.7 x 27.6 inches
- 28** *Sur & Poemas Solitarios II*, 2010, lithograph and collage on Fabriano paper. 50 x 70 cm / 19.7 x 27.6 inches



- 29 *Places, mazes, passages*, 2010, lithograph on Fabriano paper 1/5  
70 x 50 cm / 27.6 x 19.7 inches.
- 30 *Oda al Mar Dulce II (from the series Tales on migrations)*, 2010,  
mixed media on canvas, with lithograph after a photograph of  
A Witcomb. Exhibited and sold at Sale number NY000510  
of Phillips de Pury & Co. 111 x 111 cm / 44 x 44 inches
- 31 *Southbound II (from the series Tales on migrations)*, 2010, mixed media  
on canvas, with lithograph after a photograph of A Witcomb.  
114 x 178 cm / 45 x 70 inches
- 32 *Southbound I (from the series Tales on migrations)*, 2010, mixed media  
on canvas, with lithograph after a photograph of A Witcomb.  
111 x 111 cm / 44 x 44 inches
- 33 *Strawinsky & Victoria, 1937 (from Tales of migrations)*, 2010  
Mixed media on paper, lithograph, collage, etching, ink, photo film.  
After a photograph of Strawinsky during his visit to Argentina  
invited by Victoria Ocampo. Poem of Ricardo Güiraldes.  
50 x 70 cm / 19.7 x 27.6 inches
- 34 *Artist Book V, 2010, (for detailed description see number 5).*  
Unique piece.  
18 x 24 in / 46cm x 61 cm closed, 46 cm x 122 cm open  
This page displays a lithograph on asian paper made after a photo  
by A Witcomb featuring a sailboat on the Río de la Plata in the 19 th  
century. An envelope with stamps of 1954 completes the collage.
- 35 *Two hundred years of Solitude, 2010*  
*Mixed media on canvas 100 x 130 cm / 39 x 51 inches*
- 36 *Oda al Mar Dulce / Fundación mítica de Buenos Aires, 2010.*  
*After a poem by J. L. Borges. Mixed media on canvas with lithograph*  
*after a photograph of A. Witcomb, 19 th century.*  
*100 x 130 cm / 39 x 51 inches.*
- 37 *Journal / A Solitary Poem, 2010*  
Artist Book IV (for detailed description see 1-2-3).
- 38 *Tales of migrations, diptych, mixed media on canvas.*  
*140 x 220 cm / 55 x 86.6 inches*  
*Private collection, London, UK.*
- 39 *The Pic-nic / Dejeuner (from the series Tales of migrations), 2010.*  
This piece includes a lithograph made from a photograph by  
Alexander Witcomb showing immigrants in the early years of 19 th  
century having lunch on the pampa grassfield. He shot this photo  
from real life in the far South, while in Paris, Monet was breaking the  
rules with his famous painting *Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*, on the same  
subject.  
Diptych - mixed media on canvas. 140 x 220 cm / 55 x 86.6 inches
- 40 *Journal / A Solitary poem, 2010*  
Artist Book IV (for detailed description see 1-2-3).
- 41 *La Nacional (from the series Tales of migrations), 2010*  
Diptych - mixed media on canvas. 140 x 220 cm / 55 x 86.6 inches
- 42 *Journal / A Solitary poem / Diario de los poemas solitarios, 2010*  
Artist Book IV (view detail above 1 - 2 - 3)  
Last stanzas of poem "Qué será Buenos Aires?" by J. L. Borges.  
lithograph and ink.  
H 41 cm / 16.3 in W closed 27.5 cm / 10.8 L open 71.5 cm / 28.1 in
- 43 *La Nacional, 2010, mixed media on Nepalese paper:*  
Lithograph made after a photograph by British photographer  
Alexander Witcomb. 100 x 70 cm / 39.4 x 27.6 inches
- 44 *The Pic-nic II (from the series Tales of migrations), 2010*  
This piece includes a lithograph made from a photograph by British  
photographer Alexander Witcomb showing immigrants in the early  
years of 19 th century having lunch on the pampa grassfield.  
He shot this photo from real life, in the far South, while in Paris  
Monet was breaking the rules with his famous painting  
*Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*, on the same subject.  
Mixed media on canvas, aprox 100 x 138 cm / 39 x 54 inches
- 45 - 46 *Artist Book V, 2010*  
18 x 24 in / 46cm x 61 cm closed, 46 cm x 122 cm open  
These pages dwell upon the subject of labyrinths, British poets and memory.
- 47 *Artist Book V, 2010.*  
18 x 24 in / 46cm x 61 cm closed, 46 cm x 122 cm open.  
In these pages, etching of a lady at Witcomb's studio, and a sonnet  
by William Shakespeare.

**María Noë** was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on November 25th, 1965. She studied Fine Arts at the Prilidiano Pueyrredón Higher School of Fine Arts, in Buenos Aires. She also studied philosophy and art history at the Philosophy and Literature School of the University of Buenos Aires. She was a regular student with prestigious Argentine artists, being Aurelio Macchi, Alberto Delmonte and Luis Barragán, those who left the most deep imprint. A tireless traveler, she has visited countries in the East and the West. In 1989-1990 she lived in Naples (Italy) and Milan. During a stay in Cairo in 1990, she learned techniques for paper manufacturing and the use of vegetable dyes. A daughter and a grand-daughter of Argentinian writers, Literature is a main character in her work. She has series of paintings and collages dedicated to J. L. Borges, Octavio Paz, Juan de la Cruz, Paul Valery and Fernando Pessoa. Her eloquent use of materials is remarkable; textures speak of ancient craftsmanship, rooted in the cultures of North Argentina, region devoted to pottery and textiles. A strong affinity to Eastern knowledge led her to studying, for five years, Zen philosophy and arts with Father Ismael Quiles, a referent for these disciplines in Argentina.

At present she is involved in the different graphic techniques such as etching on polymer and lithography and investigating the genre of the Artist Book. María Noë made her first individual exhibition in 1989 in Buenos Aires. Since then, she has continually exhibited her work in Argentina and abroad, with the following highlights:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2010</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• PINTA Art Fair NYC, Aina Nowack Gallery</li> <li>• Summer show, Jagged art, London UK</li> <li>• Arte BA, Galeria Agalma arte, Buenos Aires</li> <li>• Labyrinths &amp; Poems. Solo show. A.R.C. Fine Art LLC, New York</li> <li>• Tales of Migrations, Jagged Art Gallery, London, UK</li> <li>• Miquel Barcelo, Maria Noel &amp; Eduardo Stupia at Aina Nowack Gallery, Madrid, Spain.</li> <li>• PINTA Art Fair London - Aina Nowack Gallery, Earl s Court Exhibition Center, London, UK</li> </ul> <p>2009</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• PINTA Art Fair, Aina Nowack Gallery, New York, USA.</li> <li>• Inaugural Exhibition of Contemporary Art, curated by Adrienne Ruger Conzelman, ARC Fine Art LLC, Fairfield, Connecticut, USA.</li> <li>• Arte BA – Agalma, Buenos Aires, Argentina</li> <li>• Variations on Paper – AAC Gallery, Madrid, Spain</li> </ul> <p>2008</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• PINTA Art Fair (one-woman show), New York, USA</li> <li>• A. Nowack Contemporary Art Gallery, Madrid, Spain</li> <li>• ARTE BA – Agalma arte, Buenos Aires</li> <li>• Five English Poems, Project on commission for private collector, London, UK</li> </ul> <p>2007</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• PINTA Art Fair (one-woman show), New York, USA</li> <li>• A. Nowack Contemporary Art Gallery, Madrid, Spain</li> <li>• “Contemporáneo Argentino”, Hotel de Russie, Roma, Italia</li> <li>• BA ART, Eyestorm Gallery, London, UK</li> <li>• “Elogio de la Fragilidad” (In Praise of Fragility), (show). Recoletos Quince Gallery, Madrid, Spain</li> <li>• Art-Madrid Fair, Arte Privado Gallery, Madrid, Spain</li> <li>• “Buenos Artes”, Barbara Cicero Gallery, Rome, Italy</li> </ul> <p>2006</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Installation: “Juegos con el Tiempo y con el Infinito” (Playing with Time and Infinite). A homage to J. L. Borges. Chateau de Chaumont sur Loire, France (Contest &amp; Award).</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Solo Exhibition in Madrid, curated by Aína Nowack</li> <li>• “Buenos Artes”, Barbara Cicero Gallery, Capalbio, Italy</li> <li>• Espacio Gris Dimensión, Annual Show, Buenos Aires</li> <li>• Expotrastiendas – Buenos Aires Art Fair</li> </ul> <p>2005</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Solo show – M. Pinto, Contemporary Art Gallery</li> <li>• Arte BA 2005 – Contemporary Art Fair in Buenos Aires</li> </ul> <p>2004</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Arte BA 2004</li> </ul> <p>2003</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Arte BA 2003 - Individual show – M. Pinto, Contemporary Art</li> </ul> <p>2002</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Solo show – Bacano Art Gallery, Palermo Viejo</li> <li>• Painters &amp; Poets – Exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Bahía Blanca (Argentina)</li> </ul> <p>2001</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Arte BA</li> <li>• National Painting Contest 2001 - Buenos Aires</li> <li>• 20 Critics / 20 Artists - Praxis Art Gallery</li> <li>Invited by critic Alicia de Arteaga</li> <li>• Abstraction Today, curated by A. von Hartz, Miami Design district</li> </ul> <p>2000</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Mercosur Incentive Award (Premio Mercosur) - Banco Provincia de Buenos Aires</li> <li>• Arte BA</li> </ul> <p>1999</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 21 Artists for the XXI Century – Praxis International Art Gallery</li> <li>• Pettorutti Award, granted by the National Academy of Fine Arts – Exhibition at Museo Sívori</li> <li>• “Livre d’artiste” exhibit - Palais des Glaces, Buenos Aires</li> <li>• Argentine painting exhibition - Argentine Consulate in Sao Paulo, Brazil</li> <li>• Solo show - Nexus Gallery, Buenos Aires</li> <li>• Avon Art Biennial - Borges Cultural Center, Buenos Aires</li> <li>• 250 x 250 Exhibition - Recoleta Cultural Center, Bs. As.</li> <li>• Puerto Madero - Two mural paintings (118” x 354”)</li> </ul> |
|---|--|

María Noë’s work is a part of collections in London, Paris, Madrid, Zurich, Milan, Rome, New York, Peru, Saudi Arabia, Buenos Aires, Punta del Este. She is represented in the United States by RJ Fine Arts and ARC Fine Art LLC, in London by Jagged art and in Spain by Aina Nowack Gallery.





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~~And country to the region~~  
~~And sleep whose tongue I toll~~  
To meet ~~the~~ deluging  
~~light through~~  
And ~~we~~ have come  
to know all  
Places  
Ways  
Passages  
Quarters and graves  
Of the endless fall.

~~Now common Lazarus~~  
~~Of the chattering sleeper prays~~  
Never to awake and arise  
Never to awake and arise

*[Handwritten signature]*

April 7th 2010  
April 2010

unique piece  
Artist Book IV

