

How and of What Painting Died and What Can Be Done to Resuscitate It

'With this exhibition,' Arancha Goyeneche wrote to me, 'I want to pay homage to painting, distancing myself from the conclusion that painting is dead. In fact, as can be seen from the catalogues and texts, my work has always been bound up with that idea.'

If we reject the criterion of taste in setting out to evaluate contemporary art, one of the possible criteria that still remain operational is that of the correspondence between intentions and results.

Arancha Goyeneche formulates her intentions with absolute clarity: 'I want to pay homage to painting.' In keeping with this formulation, the title of the present exhibition ought to be, explicitly, Homage to Painting. But no: in the event, the exhibition is entitled *La alegría de vivir* — The Joy of Living. Arancha likes this sort of celebration in the titles of her exhibitions. *The Sea of Tranquillity*, *Beautiful Illusions* and *A Perfect Day* are titles of this kind, in which is reflected a pleasurable contemplation of life that seems to want to stand back from the tragedies and miseries of this world. *The Joy of Living* is a similar title. It also in some way affirms the intention or the general sense of this exhibition. It points without a doubt to the joyous element of life that seeks to manifest itself in the execution and the presentation of the work. 'The idea of *The Joy of Living*,' the artist wrote to Jaume Vidal Oliveras, 'refers to Matisse, that is, to the pleasure of the gaze, to the enjoyment of painting and the visible world, to a treat for the eyes, to the fascination with the materials and the medium.'¹ In this way we see that for this artist the idea of 'the joy of living' is also to some extent the idea of a 'homage to painting', in the form of a kind of tribute to Matisse and a celebration of the pleasure of the gaze. What the title *The Joy of Living* expresses, then, is in reality the happiness that painting may not have died. The artist clearly asserts this: 'With this exhibition I want to pay homage to painting, distancing myself from the conclusion that painting is dead.'

But how and when is painting supposed to have died?

It is hard to say if, in a general way, contemporary art and modern painting have had separate lives and deaths. What is clear is that the great advances in the art of the 20th century have generally been associated with the major advances in the history of painting. In fact a considerable part of the history of the avant-garde takes comfort in being a kind of history of painting, as if everything were summed up by Cubism, Abstraction, Expressionism, and so on. But art in general, and contemporary art in particular, would seem to have had several deaths, at least twelve according to my own tally, from which to our surprise it returns, like the phoenix, even stronger than before. Setting aside the stupidities that an ignoramus with no understanding of art history or philosophy may have chanced to write about his experience of the death of art after looking at Andy Warhol's *Brillo Box*,² the obituary notice of the death of art had already in some sense been announced by Hegel in his *Lectures on Aesthetics*, with the idea that our increased tendency to intellectualize means that the times we live in are no longer propitious for art, since our philosophical spirit no longer finds satisfaction in sensible aesthetic form and that, precisely for this reason, art has come for us now to be a thing of the past.

Given their general circumstances, the times we live in are not auspicious for art. The practising artist himself not only suffers the seduction and the contagion of the conspicuous reflection that surrounds him, of the general routine of opining on and judging art, so that he introduces more thoughts into his work, but all of the spiritual culture is of such a nature that he himself is immersed in this reflexive world and its relations, and could not abstract himself from it with will and resolve, nor affect or arrive, through particular education or abandonment of the relations of life, at a particular isolation that would compensate what is lost.

Art, considered in its highest vocation, is and remains for us a thing of the past.³

But if the fact is that Hegel never spoke of the death of art as such, it is nevertheless possible that in some way he anticipated a number of contemporary artistic experiences in which art arrives in

part at its end. His idea that, as compared to Classical art, Romantic art represents a devaluation of the object through its insistence on subjective interiority, certainly points to some of the lines along which contemporary art is vanishing. And this death is experienced as such in some of the artistic practices of the avant-gardes of the early 20th century. The practices of the dadaists in particular and specifically the appearance of the Duchampian ready-made not only dealt a hard blow to traditional artistic practices, but also marked a certain limit, difficult to pass beyond. When, in the second of his notes to *White Box*, Marcel Duchamp asked 'is it possible to make works that are not of art?' he was marvelling, stupefied, at the consequences of his magical discovery: anything —anything and everything— can be converted into a work of art. But if everything is art then art dissolves and identifies with the totality and, in some sense, disappears. It seems almost certain that Duchamp himself had that experience, first with the care and the restraint that he put into the choice of his ready-mades and, second, in the matter of his deliberate and 'over-valued' silence.

It may be that in the death of art ushered in by Duchamp there is also implicit a certain death of painting. The fact that anything could be converted into a work of art does not invalidate painting, but it does leave it somewhat marginalized.

However, if the first death of art has to do with the dissipation of the concept of art and its confusion with the general realm of the objects, its second death has to do with a kind of mystical transit, in which painting, in the form of Kasimir Malevich's *Black Square*, stages a kind of passion, death and resurrection that is strongly reminiscent of the Christian myth of the Redemption. If *Black Square* is the Good Friday of painting, it is so only to prepare all the more forcefully its second coming and its resurrection. In fact, if *Black Square* represents a death of painting, it does only in pursuit of an ascetic ideal of purity and as a call for a superiority of the sensibility that ends in a Hegelian devaluing of the object in the pure affirmation of the emotion. In consequence, then, Malevich does not abandon painting, but returns to it with renewed force and enthusiasm, infused with new ideals. Yet it is also true that Malevich himself recognized that many people perceived *Black Square* as the death of art. ⁴ If this were the case, it would then be its second death.

Perhaps the account of art's third death is to be found in Tristan Tzara's *Dada Manifestos*, although as Tzara himself wrote in 1920: 'Everybody is talking about the death of art —it will be soon— here in contrast we want art to be even more art.' ⁵

While it is certain that in the first avant-garde there were many limit experiences, not all of them led art to its self-annihilation. If, as Hal Foster claims, the second avant-garde was a self-conscious reflection on the traumas produced by the first, ⁶ it is not surprising that it should embody in a more conscious and deliberate fashion the ideals implicit in the first. It is possible, then, to identify in the second avant-garde at least seven general deaths of the art, together with a number of specific executions of painting, in the work of Ad Reinhardt, Yves Klein and Piero Manzoni, in the music of John Cage, in the conceptual commitment of Joseph Kosuth, in Robert Barry's dematerialization of the work, in Joseph Beuys' 'expanded concept of art' and, finally, if we go along with the American ignoramus, in the transformation of the work of art into merchandise as endorsed by Andy Warhol (though not precisely nor for preference nor in the first instance with his Brillo boxes). Of all of these, perhaps the most specific with respect to painting are those carried out by Ad Reinhardt in the United States, with his *Twelve Rules for a New Academy*, and by Yves Klein in France, with his voids and his creation of 'zones of immaterial pictorial sensibility'.

Ad Reinhardt developed this tendency in the United States, in particular with his famous *Twelve Rules for a New Academy*, read out at an American Artists' Congress in Detroit in 1957. The stripping down of painting that these rules led artists to undertake seemed rather an invitation to the self-annihilation of painting or to silence. The demands of purity ended up leading to a severe asceticism:

No texture, no accidents or automatism. No brushwork or calligraphy, no signature or trademarking. No sketching or drawing. No line or outline. No form and no figure. No colours. No white. White is

antiseptic and not artistic, appropriate and pleasing for kitchen fixtures. No light. No bright or direct light. No chiaroscuro. No space. Space should be empty. No time. No size or scale. No movement. No object, no subject, no matter. No symbols or images. Neither pleasure nor pain. 7

The obvious consequence was that Ad Reinhardt's painting would necessarily lead to the most austere monochrome, to the black square of his Ultimate Paintings, thus reiterating, forty years on, that conclusion at which Malevich's Black Square had already arrived.

Meanwhile in Europe at the same time, at least other two artists had developed a similar expressive austerity, with monochromatic pictures such as Yves Klein's blues or the achromatic paintings of Piero Manzoni. In particular, these two artists developed an expressive austerity that led them to flirt with the void and nothingness, a flirtation that implied either the dissolution of art or the identification of art with what exists. Of the two, it was undoubtedly Yves Klein who took the leap into the void with most enthusiasm.

We are not, of course, attempting here to reconstruct the avatars of contemporary art, but simply to look at the reasons why the idea of the death of the art, and specifically of the death of painting, should have come to be seen as a kind of cliché, with a view to trying to resolve this enigma and explore the means of its possible rehabilitation.

However, in addition to these two lines of flight along which the concept of art was expanding or painting was annihilating itself, it is possible to indicate a third line, which has to do with the mercantile character of the work of art, and which also helped to make painting obsolete. This third line of flight becomes especially acute around in the late 1960s, with the double irruption on the international scene of Pop Art and its brazen commercialization on the one hand and, on the other, the new Leftist offensive in favour of a new austerity (with all the moralizing reminiscences that this implied) carried out by minimal art and conceptual art.

That the Pop artists coveted success, financial rewards and the total commercialization of their work was something they themselves proclaimed with a nonchalant irreverence. 'The art of business is the step that follows Art,' Warhol asserted in *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol From A to B and Back*.⁸ And Roy Lichtenstein, for his part, answered the question 'what is Pop art?' thus: 'I don't know. The utilization of commercial art as a motive of painting, I suppose.'⁹ To this end they not only sought a popular aesthetic, easily recognized by the spectator, exploiting the resources of the comic strip, advertising, photography and the cinema, but also cheekily rehabilitated the old figuration, discredited since the early years of the century by abstraction, while at the same time insisting on the ludic, seductive and sexy components of her work.

The offensive against commercial art, or against the extreme commercialization of the work of art, was taken up in a more radical way by the conceptual artists of the late sixties. The appearance of a series of artistic practices such as performance, installation and land art seemed to point in this dual direction, against the commercialization of the art object and against its submission to the object form. Given that painting in some sense embodied the paradigm of this doubly fetishized condition of the artwork, as object and as merchandise par excellence of the art market, somehow it was also to some extent painting that took on itself, like a kind of scapegoat, all the sins of a commercialized art.

However, as Lucy Lippard noted in a first hasty assessment of the experience of conceptual art in the United States:

The hope that conceptual art would be able to avoid commercialism was largely unfounded. In 1969 it seemed that no one, not even a public eager for novelties, would pay for a photocopy that made reference to a past or indirectly perceived event, for a group of photographs that documented an ephemeral situation or condition, for a working project never concluded, for words spoken but not recorded. It was therefore probable that these artists would free themselves from the tyranny of the market. Three years later the most important conceptual artists are selling their works for high prices, both here and in Europe, and are represented by (and, more surprising still, exhibiting in) the most prestigious international galleries. It is therefore evident that whatever the minor revolutions in

communication achieved by the dematerialization of the object [...] the art and the artists of capitalist society are still a luxury. 10

What is more, conceptual art failed not only in its struggle against commercialism, but also in its idea of the abolition of traditional artistic genres such as painting and sculpture. It seems to me that the bitter conclusion reached by Benjamin Buchloh in regard to this issue, in his overview of the conceptual art of the 1960s, 11 must of necessity prompt us to reflect on the paradoxes of the avant-gardes and, above all, on the worsened intellectual situation in which art has been left by this experience.

'Broodthaers,' writes Buchloh, 'foresaw that the victory of conceptual art, its transformation of the public and of distribution, its abolition of the status of the object and of the mercantile form would not last long and would soon make way for the phantasmagorical reappearance of a series of (prematurely?) displaced painterly and sculptural paradigms from the past. Broodthaers also foresaw that the specular regime that conceptual art claimed to have distorted would establish itself again, with even greater force. And without a doubt,' he concludes, 'this is what has happened.' 12 If this really is what has happened, the whole panorama of the arts throughout the eighties and nineties does seem to present a no less demoralising perspective: the restoration of the old genres and the survival of the mercantilist character of the work, combined with the primacy of the old channels of distribution — the museum and the gallery.

Whatever the case may be, the fact is that in spite of the reiterated and much vaunted deaths of painting, painting did not die, but continued to be practicing during the sixties, the eighties and the nineties with the same earnestness and enthusiasm.

But if it did not die, just as neither the operetta nor classical tragedy have died, nor other historically eclipsed forms of artistic expression such as Gospel music or the Sevillana, it is evident that the conditions of its legitimacy have been seriously affected. So it is that most of the repeated attempts to resurrect painting, far from being clinical manoeuvres of resuscitation, are in fact artistic practices in search of new conditions of legitimation. And this is particularly true of the way in which Arancha Goyeneche explicitly conceives her work.

In a recent text, Jaume Vidal Oliveras suggests that Goyeneche's fundamental procedure is 'a sort of deconstruction of painting. Even more, it sets out to translate painting into another medium, in order to discover what language it speaks.' 13 According to this point of view, the work of Arancha Goyeneche would consist in a kind of post-painterly transposition of the fundamental elements of painting into a new language, in which painting is somehow still possible. The most surprising thing about this transposition is the way it renounces one of the essential elements of the painterly tradition, without which painting as such hardly seems possible: the pigment. Pigment, the Latin pigmentum, comes from painting (from pingere, to paint), rather than painting deriving from pigment, but up until now it seemed evident that, without pigment, painting was not possible. Pigment, in spite of being the base material element of painting, the dirty part (blood, shit, mud, semen, urine, plaster, ash, coal, egg, water, oil, wine...) was also, however, the essence of its spiritual life. The support alone or the surface alone would never make painting possible without the pigment, without the soiled hand wiped clean on the wall, without the dirty fingers and without the brush. As a result, in renouncing the pigment, Arancha Goyeneche is apparently renouncing the material element —the dirty, living and expressive, but also the perishable mortal element— of painting in favour of some of its ideal elements. She renounces the life of painting in order to keep the concept pure. In this respect her work inscribes itself in a postpainterly tradition in which is commemorated, as if embalmed in some way, the best tradition of painting.

Despite renouncing pigment, Arancha Goyeneche's work maintains many key elements of the painterly tradition. Of the classic components of painting it retains the illusion of perspective, the idea of the virtual window, the composition, the colour, the chiaroscuro (volume and depth) and the theme (the referential quality of her work). What disappears, however, is the primacy of the drawing and the classic relationship between the figure and the background or, better said, the figure, too, disappears, or

even becomes confused with the background. But these precisely are characteristics of modern painting that Arancha Goyeneche has maintained in her work.

As Rosenblum has indicated, Caspar David Friedrich was the first to make the figure all but disappear from his compositions, as in the 1809 painting entitled *Monk by the Sea*, to the extent that his contemporaries complained that in his pictures 'there was not nothing to look at: not a ship, not even a sea monster.'¹⁴ After Friedrich it was without a doubt Henri Matisse who did most for this perversion of the relationship between background and figure, by promoting some of the backgrounds of his pictures to the foreground of pictorial attention. This process of inversion (background as figure) is one of the pictorial resources that were inherited by the practice of collage immediately after Matisse. And although there has been some doubt as to whether Arancha Goyeneche's fundamental pictorial practice has anything specifically to do with collage,¹⁵ it is evident nevertheless that it inherits the inverse relationship between the background and the figure from that tradition. From Matisse, furthermore, it openly inherits many other things: the idea of colour, the delight in the visible and, above all, the elimination of the narrative character from the images.

Arancha Goyeneche attaches great importance to this suppression of the story in her images. 'Habitually, the artists who employ audio-visual media,' she wrote to me in a letter, 'tell stories, that is to say, their work has a narrative character. I totally divorce myself from this aspect. In reality my work is constituted by a collage of different materials: ¹⁶ wood that projects from the wall, frames of different sizes and thicknesses, coloured vinyl tapes that serve as a palette, stuck directly onto the wall or onto the wood and frames, all of this creating an integrative image, creating a whole, incorporating the volume into the characteristic flatness of the pictorial image, giving real movement to the image or light (of different frequencies) coming from the projector itself and from the spots in the room, playing with the nuances of sheen and opacity of the vinyl tapes, etc.'

I would like to single out from this long statement of principles the ones that the artist considers essential. The first of these is the renunciation of the narrative element; the second, her insistence on specific processes and supports (the essential gluing of collage, on wall, wood or frame); the third is her firm fidelity to the pictorial and perspectival illusion ('incorporating the volume into the characteristic flatness of the pictorial image'); fourth, her interest in movement and in the play of the light (whether internal to the picture itself or rather received and reflected from outside). Finally, it seems that the set of elements has to form a harmonious whole in which the classic idea of the composition continues to predominate.

Let us pause to consider some of these aspects in a little more detail.

It is surprising that the artist should distance herself in her work from the narrative element, above all because she nevertheless remains faithful to the referential function of painting. Far from insisting on the autonomy of the aesthetic sign, as the whole avant-garde tradition so rightly did ('a picture is painted, not what it represents'), Arancha Goyeneche not only insists on the referential function of the work of art, but also openly retains a certain fondness for figuration. This might seem strange to those who do not devote due time to contemplating her abstract and geometric compositions, but the fact is that in most of these there is not only a figurative element, from which the composition and the theme are developed, but also a repeated insistence on the referential function of the work, her fundamental, almost obsessive reference being the painterly theme of the landscape.

What is worth noting here is that the artist is an advocate of a certain classic axiological purity as regards what painting should and should not be, although she does not identify with the exigencies of modern purity axiological. It was essentially Lessing who, in his *Laokoon*, clearly established the difference between painting and poetry, demanding of painting that it should not be narrative and of poetry that it should not be descriptive. Arancha Goyeneche seems fully to submit to this classic demand, which distinguishes between the pictorial and the literary, but does not go so far as to accept the new requirements of painting, among which the absolute autonomy of the aesthetic sign is fundamental. And indeed if this autonomy is asserted in some sense it is, first and foremost, against any

dependence on the referential function. It is possible, then, that she thinks that the only thing that can be expected of these new requirements, radically formulated in Ad Reinhardt's Twelve Rules for a New Academy, is the self-annihilation of painting.

This being so, Arancha Goyeneche's painting without painting makes a last posthumous homage to the great tradition of painting, maintaining a certain loyalty to the idea of the landscape. In this regard the artist likes to evoke not only the mountain and maritime landscapes of her native Cantabria, but also the urban landscape of cities like New York, the humours of the climate and the changes of the seasons. If the reference present there is not very evident to the spectator, the artist likes to make it more explicit by way of the titles of her works and even through the juxtaposition of the initial image that served as a reference (generally a photograph) and the work it inspired.

While it is true that the artist's work since 2000 has centred on the theme of the landscape, the last few months have shown—not only in the present exhibition, but also in other she has taken part in during the year—that this position seems to have been abandoned recently. If previously she constructed images in which it was possible to recognize—in the form of a photographed natural element, such as branches, leaves, etc.—a figurative nature, her works now reveal a more abstract character, more pictorial even, that call to mind certain American abstract painters.

This whole process started with the creation of the work entitled *Homenaje a J y L mayúscula* [Homage to Capital J and L] (reproduced in this catalogue), shown in the Espacio C de Camargo in January of this year. This consists of twelve coloured fluorescent strips on which seventy laths of wood covered with strips of vinyl adhesive tape have been laid at random. In this piece, Arancha Goyeneche presents a pictorial work with coloured outlines on the strips of wood, giving it a light of its own by means of the fluorescent tubes. This is clearly a piece of considerable importance by virtue of its physical dimensions and the strength of the light. The artist then went on to photograph different fragments of the piece in order to create new works, which make up the series *Mi ilusión* [My Illusion], also included in this year's *Salón Internacional de Fotografía*. These photographs provide the artist with a background on which to stick strips of vinyl (as she did in her *Paisajes encontrados* [Found Landscapes]), in this way nuancing still more the relationship between figure and background that characterizes painterly practice. On the basis of small details of the original large piece she creates a play of horizontal and vertical lines that might call to mind once again an idea of landscape: the different tonalities of blue typical of seascapes, or the yellows, violets and blues of late afternoon. And the fact is that, although the landscape is no longer of evidently present as in previous series, we can still sense the pleasure the artist takes in tranquil nature scenes, and her delight in the contemplation of these, letting time pass without more ado.

Be this as it may, the landscape does not pertain by any inherent right to the tradition of painting. Indeed, its appearance is relatively recent, dating back as it does no further than to the 17th century, and reflecting the rise and consolidation of the urban bourgeoisie, with its nostalgia for a lost nature. What is more, Arancha Goyeneche's conception of landscape manifests a certain Romantic emotivity that, in terms of the call for axiological purity in the re-presentation of painting, might well seem contradictory. Her insistence on the ideas of beauty and of delight in contemplation and the general lyricism of her compositions demonstrate this. Thus, even when she renounces narrative and literary values, in the sense of the novel, she does not renounce the emotive and lyrical value of the evocation of poetry.

In this insistence on the importance of visual as compared to narrative values, Arancha Goyeneche also keeps alive some of the major referential figures of the great tradition of painting, which she conserves in her work as a form of posthumous tribute. One of these references is undoubtedly—as we noted above—Matisse, whose taste for colour and pleasure in the contemplation of detail her work recalls. Mariano Navarro has proposed Cézanne as a compositional and a formal precedent for the collages of Gustavo Torner and of Gerardo Rueda of the 1970s. 17 Francisco Javier San Martín, 18 meanwhile, suggests Seurat's pointillism as a model of visual decomposition. For my own part, I can think of other references worth noting, such as Monet's *Waterlilies*, from the thematic point of view and

—even more than Paul Klee, indicated by Elena Vozmediano— 19 the direct influence of Mondrian in the decomposition of the image. Nor should we forget that Piet Mondrian was in fact the first to use adhesive tape in his pictures instead of paint.

But, quite apart from these explicit or implicit tributes to a relatively recent tradition of painting, which we might see as a posthumous homage, it is not clear how painting as such could find in them elements that would justify its redemption. This being so, perhaps we need to focus our investigations not on what Arancha Goyeneche's visual work allows itself, but on what it denies itself, in order to see if there is in what it represses something of what the death of painting may have brought with it.

The three most striking elements her work renounces are, as we have seen, firstly the materiality, the dirt and the obscenity of pigment; secondly, the narrative character, as if this were to blame for painting's confusion with respect to its own language and, thirdly, the governing element of the drawing and the primacy of the figure, which it sacrifices to the composition.

According to this view, we might conclude that there is in Arancha Goyeneche's a work certain condemnation of the base, dirty and expressive material element of painting, reflected in the rejection of pigment, manifested in a certain distancing from an uncontrolled, expressionist irrationalism in favour of a strict control of the composition — a composition that always aspires to be harmonious, colourist, pleasing and balanced. As a result, the work also represses the narrative element. Because, as Lessing told us, in the same book in which he demanded of painting that it not be narrative, while stories are allowed to represent the negative, painting must be denied this option. Thus, while the negative in literature brings with it the representation of emotion, in painting it produces nothing but ugliness and revulsion. In denying herself the expressive materiality of painting together with narrativity, Arancha Goyeneche seems to be denying herself not only the crude, dirty and suffering expressive element of pigment, but also the possibility of its discursive articulation in the story. In view of all this I have no hesitation in asserting that, as opposed to the Romantic ideal in art, Arancha Goyeneche evidently aligns herself with the classical ideal. This classicism is clearly apparent in her compositional ideals and in her serene exclusion of the suffering expressive element. In spite of death, horror and destruction, it is still possible to proclaim 'the joy of living'. In doing so, she also seems to find painting guilty of its own death, as a result of its expressive and narrative excesses, in contrast to which she seeks a cool, ordered composition that is nevertheless evocative and suggestive.

And if we cannot know, on such a basis, how far the practice of painting per se is legitimated once again, we can indeed see clearly how Arancha Goyeneche's own artistic practice is consistently legitimated, whether we call this painting, photography, collage or whatever.

When Arancha Goyeneche was awarded a grant from the Fundación Botín, her project included experimentation with and application of the audio-visual media to painting. At the show presenting the work accomplished by that year's grant artists in the Fundación's exhibition space Goyeneche's contribution was an intervention on the wall, sticking on strips of vinyl adhesive tape, nailing on stretchers, also covered with tape, and projecting onto these a sequence of eighty oblique lines in continuous movement. In this work, entitled *Fuga y retorno* [Flight and Return], the artist not only questioned the narrative dimension, but also reaffirmed the idea that any medium and support can be used to create a pictorial work. She also questioned here the illusionist tendency in painting, in works that seem to have a movement that in fact they do not possess. In contrast, Arancha Goyeneche introduced real movement in the piece she exhibited, by means of an infinite succession of lines.

For Goyeneche this is a deeply interesting field of experimentation, a field she has continued to explore with the presentation of another work with similar characteristics at her show in the Galería Siboney in April this year, in this case projecting a series of lines with a circular movement, like the hands of a clock, onto a series of frames of different thicknesses, lined with white vinyl tape. As the artist herself observed: 'What interests me in this endeavour of mine to create "paintings" without painting is being aware of what is going on around us in contemporary art, incorporating other techniques and

materials characteristic of our time into pictorial practice. To go in and out of painting with total freedom and feel the emotion that painting still has a lot to say.'

Miguel Cereceda

1. Jaume Vidal Oliveras, 'El orden oculto del caos o la belleza moderna', in the exhibition catalogue Arancha Goyeneche. El mar de la tranquilidad, Galería Siboney, Santander, 2004.
2. Arthur C. Danto, Después del fin del arte [After the End of Art: Contemporary Art & the Pale of History], Paidós, Barcelona, 1999.
3. G.W.F. Hegel, Lecciones sobre la Estética [Aesthetics: Lectures on Fine Art], Spanish trans. A. Brotóns, Akal, Madrid, 1989; pp. 13-14.
4. Kasimir S. Malevich, 'Suprematismo', in Mario de Micheli, Las vanguardias artísticas del s. XX, Alianza, Madrid, 1983, pp. 385-395.
5. Tristan Tzara, Dada Manifesto on Feeble Love and Bitter Love, read in Paris on 12 December 1920 in the Povolozky gallery and subsequently published in issue 5 of the magazine La vie des lettres.
6. Hal Foster, El retorno de lo real. La vanguardia a finales del siglo [The Return of the Real. Art and Theory at the End of the Century], Spanish trans. Alfredo Brotóns, Akal, Madrid, 2001
7. Published in Art Press, May-June 1973; Spanish trans. in Marchán Fiz, Simón, Del arte objetual al arte de concepto, 6th ed., corrected and expanded, Akal, Madrid, 1994.
8. Andy Warhol, Mi filosofía de A a B y de B a A [The Philosophy of Andy Warhol From A to B and Back], Spanish trans. Marcelo Covián, Tusquets, Barcelona, 1981, p. 100.
9. Gene Swenson, 'What is Pop Art?', interview with eight painters, Art News, November, 1963. Spanish trans. in Marchán Fiz, Simón, Del arte objetual al arte de concepto, 6th ed., corrected and expanded, Akal, Madrid, 1994, p. 352.
10. Lucy R. Lippard, Six Years: The Dematerialization of the Art Object from 1966 to 1972, Praeger Publishers, New York, 1973, p. 263.
11. From the perspective of 1989, on the occasion of a retrospective exhibition in the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris.
12. Benjamin Buchloh, 'From the Aesthetics of the Administration to Institutional Criticism (Aspects of Conceptual Art, 1962-1969)', in the catalogue of the exhibition curated by Suzanne Pagé, L'Art conceptuel, une perspective, Musée d'Art Moderne of the Ville of Paris, 22 November 1989 - 18 February 1990; Spanish trans. Fundación Caja de Pensiones, Madrid, 20 March - 29 April 1990; p. 24.
13. Vidal Oliveras, loc. cit.
14. Robert Rosenblum, La pintura moderna y la tradición del Romanticismo nórdico [Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition], Alianza Forma, Madrid, 1993, p. 16.
15. Francisco Javier San Martín, 'Espacios protegidos', in the catalogue of the exhibition Arancha Goyeneche, Galería Siboney, Santander, 1998.
16. My italics. M.C.
17. Mariano Navarro, 'Arancha Goyeneche. Un cúter en la esfera del ojo', in the exhibition catalogue Arancha Goyeneche, 1998-2000, Colegio Oficial de Arquitectos de Cantabria, Santander, 2001.
18. San Martín, loc. cit.
19. Elena Vozmediano, 'Arancha Goyeneche', in the catalogue of the exhibition Bellas ilusiones, Sala Luz Norte, Santander, March, 2002.