

## William Noguera - Artist Statement

I am William A. Noguera, born June 17, 1964. I am of French-Colombian descent and a Roman Catholic.

The search for an existential truth is the ultimate fundamental thought that drives many artists. It is in this spirit that I now speak.

It is more than the image.

It is the image that you cannot forget, that triggers the mind's wonderings that resonates, inspires, excites, disturbs.

It is the passion expressed; it's the power of the image that allows one to see something, as if for the first time.

My beloved imagination, where I am safe, where I will be who I choose without pain or suffering--only there am I free . . .

It is there I find creativity and its connection with my dreams. I bring forth conscious examination of the subconscious.

The mere word "freedom" is the only one that still excites me. It doubtless satisfies my only legitimate aspiration. Among all the many misfortunes to which we are heir, it is only fair to admit that we are still allowed the greatest degree of freedom of thought. It is up to us not to misuse it. To reduce the imagination to a state of slavery—called happiness—is to betray all sense of absolute justice with oneself. Imagination alone offers me some intimation of what "can be," and this is enough to allow me to devote myself to it without fear of making a mistake. Where does it begin to turn bad, and where does the mind's stability cease? For the mind, is the possibility of erring not rather the contingency of good?

My images are based on spontaneous visions created by my subconscious. Although the images take hundreds of hours to create in the conscious state, they are purely spontaneous and created as first seen within my creative eye, or eye of interpretation through representational images.

In my life, I have seen things as right or wrong, good or bad, heavenly or hellish. With this perception, it would be easy to believe this is the reason I choose to work in monochromatic images. Its voice is pure and true, without reservation or condition. Nothing is hidden or distorted, however, with my work don't be fooled by first impressions. The truth lies within my subconscious. In my dream-state, my vision is colorblind. Yet as with life, things change. After a lifetime of colorblind dreams, nightmares of abstraction and color now haunt me.

The mind which plunges into surrealism relives with glowing excitement the best and worst parts of its childhood. For such a mind, it is similar to the certainty with which a person who is drowning reviews once more, in the space of less than a second, all the insurmountable moments of his life. Some may say to me that the parallel is not very encouraging. But I have no intention of encouraging those who tell me that! From childhood memories, and from few others, there emanates a sentiment of being unintegrated, and then later of having gone astray. Indeed, these feelings are the very soil in which the subconscious mind and the creative imagination flower, opening the gates of future movement towards reintegration, a state which I hold to be the most fertile that exists. It is perhaps childhood that comes closest to one's real life: childhood, beyond which a man has at his disposal, aside from his *laissez-passer*, only a few complimentary tickets; childhood, where everything nevertheless conspires to bring about the effective,

risk-free possession of oneself. It is as though we were still running toward our salvation, or perhaps to our perdition. With a shudder, we cross what the occultists call dangerous territory. In my wake I raise up monsters that are lying in wait; they are not yet too ill-disposed towards me, and I am not yet lost, since I fear them.

Thanks to surrealism, it seems opportunity knocks a second time, a chance to review experience as well as revisit freedom in the perspective of literal escape. With each image I create, I leave this place, not only as a state of mind but also because my very essence, my blood, is mixed with the ink I use to create my surrealistic voice. Therefore, I am in transit, I am escaping, I am leaving this place. My work is not only my life as a sense of record, but indeed the very vehicle by which I am escaping.

This summer the roses are blue; the trees are of glass. The earth, draped in its verdant cloak, makes as little impression upon me as a ghost. It is living and ceasing to live that are imaginary solutions.

Existence is elsewhere.