

## GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD, OUR LIFE'S SCENERY

*By David Nahón*

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There is a hypothesis that suggests that everything in the world is socially built. Not only the use, the classification and interest we might stamp on them but their very same being. Something is as long as I have named it. Thus, I am not only a passive receptor or slave of my passions, but an active producer of structures aimed to be in contact. I speak to understand the world and my experience in it. I construct systems: one word in top of the other so as to build an argument that helps to think myself in the universe. A mountain of thoughts and all my life spoken out, so as to set scaffoldings, vanishing points and finish lines. In this way, Mariana Sissia conceives her works as geological layers. In the history of her schemes one is able to read the sketch of a biography that is eloquent, not secretive. Her extremely worked drawings seem to be carved in empty wasted spaces. Each atom of her landscapes is the constitution of a world attached to depressions, impossible elevations, and a timeless and inhuman scale. Mariana essentially funds a world of her own, as stands in the title of her work: *"Self-defense Systems"*.

But, why hiding when there is no one there to threaten us? Maybe, because the most indecipherable fear is the one that inhabits us. In front of ourselves, we find no possible defense, with nothing to say. And saying, precisely, is one of the most radical acts of self-exposure. Mariana's drawings speak with an overwhelming power. Where everything seems to be arranged in order to find a metaphor, we bump into an absolute truth. A precipice is an abyss, the same amount of ground needed to fill the whole lays next to it and between two mountains a trench, that offers no protection, is settled.

Aristotle postulated that that poetry was geared *"to mimic by different means"*. According to him, metaphor was *"was the only thing that one cannot take out from other"*. Under this principle, Mariana depicts for herself the story of her life. She fixes a part of her history, modifies it. She creates, in this exercise, a sort of identity that protects her from memory's intemperance and finally draws. And in her drawings there won't be ever a stared sky. Her universe is dessert and daunted, but there is always a chance –a diving board, a slide, trestles– a range of gadgets that open

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the window of opportunity and risk at the same time. Maybe, these objects are the other, entity and response to her fears.

The paradise according to Zen philosophy is right here. The same thought allows us to suspect that hell is here as well. Let explore the atmosphere of Mariana Sissia's works knowing that art is also a strategy to defeat horror and to conquer the beauty of the time in which happiness might be a plausible episode.

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