

WOW! SUPER COOL!
comics

THE RIGO'S
COMIC STRIPS
LAS RIGO HISTORIETAS

AYLOFVIU



RIGOBERTO
CASOLA
MARCOS

**ART BRUT
PROJECT CUBA**

**HISTORIAS DE LUJURIAS Y OTROS PECADOS
STORIES OF LUST AND OTHER SINS**

RIERA STUDIO
VALE DE ENTREGA O DEVOLUCIÓN

La única conversación o Simulacro de un diálogo con Rigoberto Casola

Casi tenemos un encuentro previo a este escrito. Me hablarías de tu obra. Yo estaría atenta a cuanta información me fuera útil para descifrar los códigos del enmarañado universo que asoma a tus creaciones. Quería conocer sobre tu motivación artística, si el estímulo provenía de la necesidad de exteriorizar alguna impudicia enquistada en lo hondo de tu mente o si se trataba de echarnos en cara nuestra impudicia humana. Quería descubrir si la morbosidad de tus representaciones eran asunto privativo de tu mundo personal o eco de un mundo común que funciona, muchas veces, bajo las lógicas sexuales que tú representas. Esperaba que me hablaras frenéticamente. Me visualizaba atontada ante tu performático discurso, deseando asumir el rol de psicoanalista del arte para entender algunos porqués en el trasfondo de tu producción.



Reservaba mis preguntas para esa conversación en la que nunca apareciste. ¿Por qué Rigo inscrito en las historias de tus comics? ¿Significaba esta inscripción un franqueamiento de tus traumas, de lo no racionalizado, de lo que tu mente arrinconó en zonas tan profundas, a las que probablemente, no hubiese sido posible acceder, de no ser por la representación? ¿Por qué no te permitías el asunto de la obscenidad a la manera de un Robert Crumb¹ con Zap Comix²? ¿Existía alguna amarra que fuese motivo de tu contención representativa? ¿Alguna intimidación simbólica por la presencia de mirones, de entes importunos que —como noté— interrumpen frecuentemente las fantasías sexuales y los momentos de romance en tus historias? Quería que me hablaras de tu anhelado "final feliz", ese que anotaste en tu cuaderno como requisito importante para construir una historieta. Nunca tuve la certeza de si lograban sobreponerlo a las contingencias políticas, sociales y religiosas que enfrentan tus personajes en esas historias.



The one and only conversation or a simulated dialogue with Rigoberto Casola

We almost had a previous encounter to this article. You could be talking about your work. I could be paying attention to all the information that could be useful to decipher the codes of the scrambled universe that your creations show. I wanted to know about your artistic motivation, if the incentive was coming from the need to exteriorize any cystic impudicity deep down your mind or if it was about reproaching us our human impudicity. I wanted to discover if the morbidity of your representations were a privative subject of your personal world or an echo of a common world that works, many times, under the sexual logics that you represent. I was hoping that you talk to me frantically. I visualized myself dumb in front of your performance speech, wishing to assume an art psychoanalyst's role to understand some reasons at your production's background.

I was holding my questions for that conversation where you never showed. ¿Why Rigo appears in the stories of your comic books? ¿Did this presence mean a surmounting of your traumas, of the not rationalized issues, of what your mind put in a corner at so deep zones, to the ones probably, I could not possible access, if there had not been the representation? ¿Why did you not let you treat the subject of obscene act in the manner of a Robert Crumb¹ with Zap Comix²? ¿Did any mooring rope exist as a motive of your continence in your representation? ¿Any symbolic intimidation because of the presence of voyeurs, of importunate entities that - as I noticed - they interrupt frequently the sexual fantasies and the romantic moments in your stories? I wanted you to talk about your longing "happy end", that one that you wrote down in your notebook like an important requirement to forge a tale. I never had the certainty of if you were able to superimpose it to the politic, social and religious contingencies that confront your characters in those stories.

I countless times reviewed over your images. I knew that the audacity of your graphic licenses nourish your work in a very especial way. That for the manner that you order and you disorder the story, you delimit or confuse your vignettes, you debate yourself among the demonstration of an esthetic submission, and the need to free the complex and disorganized nature from spaces that you evoke. I recognized the dystopia of some of those spaces. The shaky morality pointed out by your satirical tone. The tragicomedy of a suspended world in the "hyper-modernity of the excesses", and that with better certainty you are able to condense in your collages. While I was looking through the details of those collages, I confess that I felt the same hot flush that when I listened to the never-ending list of "more" describing the excess of our visual culture, in the TV series' commercial of "Black Mirror"³. That tremendous list connected me with the accumulation of cars, politic fetishes, sexual icons, clippings of publicity, news from the space race and others similar amounts of the limitless consumption of our "mad" humanity, put together in your visual assemblages.

I ask myself where your personality comes to light better, if in those singular scenes where still exist some peak of eloquence, under the laws of a verifiable world, or in the rarefied representations that comes out from your notebook. These creatures - amorphous, monstrous, psychotic, of multiple appearances -, drawn in front or behind unintelligible phrases where you sketch the stories to be count, no longer they inhabit the world that I know. You could had told me, perhaps, they come from another world, imaginarily visited in any of your interstellar missions.

Anyway I am led away by that torrent of histrionic imagery. I will keep on experimenting your show-off world with the same certainties that real world uses to provide me with. Probably this will be the one and only chink to get in, in order to find out some of secrets of your creation. I hope you do not see me also as a voyeur, like a busybody wanting to snoop around your issues. I hope you do not see me as one of those devices of modern surveillance that they examine even the inside of a person's corporal cavities. You must know that this is not my intention. And if you could think so, I hope you exempt my fault knowing that your imagery work as a compensation for the tedium of my own images and debated objectivity.

Yenisel Osuna Morales

1 A North American comic strip artist and illustrator. One of the founding fathers of the underground comic book. According to many specialists he is, probably, the most highlighted member of this movement.

2 One of the Robert Crumb's more polemic publications. Its transgressive content is related with juvenile counter-culture. The publication was object of numerous reports for obscene acts, especially because of its issue No. 4.

3 Anthological British series made by Netflix and created by Charlie Brooker in 2011. It shows the darkest and controversial side of technology and how this one destabilizes our lives.



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