

Singularity

*“The singularity is a place where the rules are broken.
A miracle is a singularity.”*
McKenna

The selection of works presented in this space were painted between January 2019 and June 2020.

The paintings, *Diary from Coronation, Everlasting Moment, Endless Falls, Dia 47, A Perception of Everything, Claridad, Ellipse, From the Unfathomable* and *The Perfect Window* were painted during what is now called the “Confinement” or the “Lockdown”, so between March and May 2020. It was a particularly glorious period for me from an artistic point of view, quite fruitful. The other paintings such as *Bloom, Somewhere on the Tree of Life, Introspection, Suspendido en el Tiempo, Slow Ritual, Quiet Carling, Terra Incognita* and *La Gran Cascada* were painted in 2019 and correspond to the continuity of a work begun several years ago with the series *Ad Infinitum, Tzintzoum* and *Transcendental Objects*.
(See <https://www.wilfried-prager.com/>)

Singularity is a reference to the Singularity of consciousness, that point of inner wobble that on a cosmological scale would be the image of a black hole. In the space of the black hole, the laws of physics cease their relevance. Events beyond the horizon of a black hole remain and will forever remain invisible and incomprehensible to human consciousness and reason. This is a Singularity for science. As for the Singularity of consciousness, it corresponds to the same point of rupture, that of an inversion towards an enlarged consciousness, a collapse of objective reason.

What does that have to do with painting?

I consider each painting as a pictorial fact, a metalanguage that expresses a poetic and philosophical vision of the world inseparable from my individuality. The immediacy of the painting imposes a direct confrontation with the work, it is «the real presence» as defined by the philosopher Georges Steiner. The journey into sensation, into the *aesthesis* is the prerequisite for any authentic aesthetic feeling. All reality is above all an inner reality. All the phenomena of nature, all that exists at every moment in the universe exists first of all independently of the human consciousness but takes on meaning only through the filter of the consciousness which allow each human to apprehend the world and to conceive its reality.

Science defines consciousness as a chemical flow of electrical and neurological connections within the brain. The aesthetic feeling is

unfortunately part of this conception.

This is very unsatisfactory for many human beings, thinkers and artists in particular, who have always had the profound intuition that science does not have the monopoly of consciousness and that knowledge is not limited to mathematical formulas or equations. Art begins where science stops.

The microscope, the optical laws, in no way explain the feeling of beauty felt in front of a work of art. The awareness of the mystery that emerges from a painted work, its timelessness totally escapes reason despite all attempts to explain its nature.

The painter Gerhard Richter said: «*A good painting must be incomprehensible*».

All attempts to reduce painting to an idea, an ideology or to enclose it in a formal discourse, in a historical catalogue is not only an obstacle to the freedom of art but above all a failure of discursive reason, an intellectual dead end, an aporia in philosophical language.

The bursts and luminous collapses of geometric nature visible in some of my canvases are rhythmized by a spiral movement.

For more than a year, I have obeyed a more poetic than geometric order. The appearance of landscapes, of visions populated with what resembles an infinity of living touches of light, of more or less regular brushstrokes, were the fruit of a pictorial formulation where the form was released sometimes thanks to the eye sometimes thanks to the hand that is to say the gesture, the touch. «Painting is above all a struggle between the hand and the eye» so elegantly said the philosopher Gilles Deleuze (Conferences on painting - Vincennes, 1981). In other words, a struggle between reason and intuition.

The Singularity in painting, on the individual scale of each human consciousness and on a global perspective, is in my opinion this indefinable and impalpable moment where reason collapses into an interiority that literally explodes the classical conceptions of reality, of the significance of what real means. The Singularity corresponds precisely to the times that humanity is currently going through, it is a promise of meaning, just like painting.

Barcelona, July 2nd 2020