

PEDRO MANRIQUE FIGUEROA
PRECURSOR OF COLLAGE IN COLOMBIA
FIVE AMERICAN COLLAGES

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CINCO COLLAGES AMERICANOS



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Para entender a cabalidad la exposición **Cinco Collages Americanos –Pedro Manrique Figueroa, Precursor del Collage en Colombia–** varios son los antecedentes que la Historia del Arte Universal proporciona: los cuadros de Arcimboldo en el siglo XVI, Hans Christian Andersen con sus extraordinarias combinaciones ópticas para los más pequeños y pequeñas de su familia, Matisse con sus figuras, Cézanne y Braque en el año 1910 con la utilización plástica de papel, letras, clavos, etc., Boccioni quien en 1911 exalta el uso de materiales no habituales en la pintura, y Picasso, quien en 1912, establece el modelo de collage con el cuadro *“Bodegón con silla de rejilla”*. Gracias a estas obras y muchas más, se produjo un acercamiento del espectador al mundo del collage, logrando que el público apreciara en este lenguaje artístico, un medio de comunicación a través del cual era posible exteriorizar y expresar inquietudes, intereses, y todo aquello que fluye en el mundo interior del creador. Pedro Manrique Figueroa creó sus obras manipulando papeles ricos en texturas, colores, formas, cuya ordenación respondía a criterios tanto artísticos (composición, tono, equilibrio, armonía, cromatismo...) como creativos. También asumió la responsabilidad que todo artista tiene con su época, su espacio y su tiempo y con gran irreverencia criticó la injusticias de la sociedad en que vivimos.

El Concejo Colombiano para las Artes está orgulloso de tener en su colección los *“Cinco Collages Americanos”*, del maestro Manrique Figueroa. Esta exposición itinerante es posible gracias al apoyo generoso de diversos patrocinadores. Para este montaje en particular, deseo agradecer a la Universidad de Temple y a la Escuela de Arte Tyler, en especial a Kevin Melchionne cuya figura emblemática ilumina la escena artística de Filadelfia. También deseo aprovechar esta oportunidad para agradecer a la Revista Valdez por su apoyo constante en relación a divulgar el trabajo de Pedro Manrique Figueroa.

Gloria Serrano, *Director*
Concejo Colombiano para la Artes

The exhibition **Five American Collages –Pedro Manrique Figueroa, Precursor of Collage in Colombia–** is not meant to be a comprehensive exposition of the life work of the artist. The main emphasis lies on the basic concept and attitude as well as on the methods of the artist, who had the remarkable ability to remove everyday images from their context. Manrique Figueroa aspired an attitude of sceptical easiness, both in life and work. As regards the visual material of his art and his motifs, he drew inspiration from advertisements and billboards as well as from religious cathedrals. His collages overcome the dictate of purpose and the artist was able to create the necessary distance of the conscience and of freedom in order to interlace images in a new manner. His main motif is the categorical dependence on time of all works of political art, in other words their expiry date.

The Columbian Council for the Arts is in possession of the “Five American Collages”, this itinerant exhibition was made only possible thanks to the generous support of sponsors and volunteers. For this particular installation our thanks go to Temple University -Tyler School of Art-, in special to Kevin Melchionne, paradigmatic figure of Philadelphia’s Art Scene. Also I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to Valdez Magazine for its support in relation to bring into the light the work of Pedro Manrique Figueroa.

Gloria Serrano, *Director*
Columbian Council for the Arts

"In my five-foot two inches there is compressed every imaginable contrast and contradiction. If anyone likes to call me vain, extravagant, stubborn, frivolous, inconsistent in my thinking, dandified, careless, indolent, lacking in due reflection and not sufficiently painstaking, without perseverance, loquacious, tactless, ill-bred, rude, subject to odd changes of mood, he will be no less right than anyone else who says that I am thrifty, modest, and courageous, tenacious, energetic, carefree, industrious, steadfast, taciturn, full of refinement and courtesy, and always cheerful. It can be asserted with equal truth that I am a poltroon or a hero, a clever fellow or an ignoramus, extremely talented or stupid. Nothing will surprise me. I myself have finally resolved to believe that I am merely an instrument, the plaything of circumstance."

When he ate —this is how the gossip writer Plinio Apuleyo Mendoza describes the scene: "...his lips quivered. His eyes shone with happiness, his hands twitched with pleasurable anticipation at sight of a pyramid of beautiful pork sausages or salamis....He was magnificent in his flamboyant, Pantagruelian way; he had removed his cravat and his shirt collar was open; with a butcher's knife in his hand he laughed, drank, and carved into the juicy flesh of a large sausage...". Nothing was more foreign to Manrique Figueroa's nature than pettiness. He possessed the childlike good-nature that we generally attribute to giants, and nothing could shake it. He belonged to a new kingdom in Colombian society, a product of Bogotá's gentrification: 'the proletarian beast'.

"...una figura tan proletaria y
bestial..."



(1971) A Revolution might be televised

A black and white image creates a tension against the Color TV set. Two different kinds of blue melt in a background that contrast with the pasted figures. The expression in each character face is well balanced producing a joyful atmosphere. Maybe, due to a compositional tactic, all objects in the collage are placed up side down (Television, Lenin Souvenir, Puerto Rican Flag, and MORI (?) banner).

(1971) La revolución será televisada

La imagen en blanco y negro delata una paradoja del desarrollo: no es afortunado el pastiche de una arquitectura futurista con el grito ancestral y justiciero de la clase trabajadora ; el concepto se duplica al exterior, donde el aparato de recepción –televisor a color último modelo– se torna obsoleto ante la precariedad del método de transmisión utilizado –emisión en blanco y negro–. Afuera de la imagen, pero influenciados por la “verdad” de las noticias, dos hombres se resignan a hacer parte de la euforia colectiva, una mujer de rasgos orientales comparte esta alegría. Sin embargo, como método de incertidumbre, el artista ha puesto todos los objetos al revés, invertidos (bandera Cubana, medalla de Lenin, y letrero Movimiento Obrero Independiente Revolucionario –MOIR) ...¿El mundo perdió el norte? ¿Cuál norte?.

"...It was a plastic city,
The kind that I dont want to see,
With rotted-out buildings
and a heart of tinsel.
Where instead of the sun, the dollar will rise
Where noone laughs, where no one cries
People with visages of polyester
That hear without listening, that look without
seeing
People that have, for comfort,
Given up their reason for being and their liberty.

Oh Latino, oh brother, oh friend,
Never sell-out your destiny
for gold or comforts
never stop, we have far to go,
Everyone hurry
in order to put an end to
to the ignorance
that they can bring us suggestions
from imported models,
that are not the solution.
Dont let yourself be confused,
Use reason, see the bottom line,
Remember, that that their faces may come, but never
their hearts.
Dont let yourself be confused,
Use reason, see the bottom line,
Remember that their faces may come, but never their
hearts.
Their faces are coming
Their faces are coming
But never their hearts..."

"...Era una ciudad de plástico,
de esas que no quiero ver,
De edificios cancerosos
y un coraz n de oropel.
Donde en vez de un sol amanece un d lar,
donde nadie ríe donde nadie llora
con gentes de rostros de poliester
que escuchan sin oír y miran sin ver
gente que perdi por comodidad
su raz n de ser y su libertad.

Oye Latino, oye hermano, oye amigo,
nunca vendas tu destino,
por el oro y la comodidad,
nunca descanses, pues nos falta andar bastante,
vamos todos adelante,
para juntos terminar,
con la ignorancia
que nos trae sugestionados,
con modelos importados,
que no son la soluci n.
No te dejes confundir,
busca el fondo y su raz n,
recuerda se ven las caras, pero nunca el coraz n.
No te dejes confundir, busca el fondo y su raz n,
recuerda se ven las caras,
pero jamas el coraz n.
Se ven las caras,
se ven las caras,
pero nunca el coraz n..."

The Collage Method

"The collage technique can thus be read as ensuring that the finished artwork is the author's own words, syntax, and structure, rather than the effect of some predefined discourse"

(Rodríguez)

Describing the collage method in his Pedro Manrique Figueroa's Biographic Essay, Felipe Rueda writes that the "collage is equated with space/time, travel, silence, and freedom from the body". Though he received heaps of criticism for his sometimes indecipherable artworks, Manrique Figueroa maintains that he is "not a dadaist", but that the collage instead leads to deeper awareness:

"As far as he [Manrique Figueroa] was concerned, Collage was a deconditioning agent, almost a new form of psychotherapy, a way to see reality clearly without nostalgia or sentimentality."

(Rueda)

Critics often concur with Manrique Figueroa in the idea that the collages reveal and inflict a greater awareness beyond that of convention. In his article "Cutup Theory, Reception, and the Collages of Pedro Manrique Figueroa" Victor Manuel Rodríguez discusses this idea imbedded in collage:

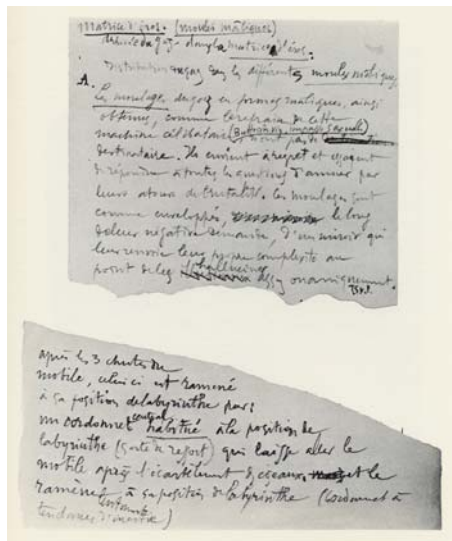
"The image cut brings the spectator to the limits of language, to an estranged, self-aware consciousness that may, in fact, be prelinguistic. Moreover, the chance operation of the collage experience of an Arp or Manrique Figueroa that was instrumental in the obliteration of the 'creative' subject has brought about the reappearance of that subject in the self-aware consciousness of the reader as he/she attempts to come to grips with the cut-in and cut-out textual fragment across the jolting 'seam'."⁸

*Seam:

"The effect [of collages] is like that of a kaleidoscope: the techniques shake the colored images and form fresh patterns of hues of narratives" (Rueda).

To explain the function of the collage, Rodríguez employs the metaphor of a seam: "the mind is coerced to "jump" over the invisible yet perceptible "seam" as part of the initial syntactic reading, while also attempting a semantic reconciliation across the 'seam'. He goes further to note that the spectator may actually take a part in the composition of the work by using their own point of view to complete the narrative:

"The 'seam' in the collage as the universally experienced presence of an absence may also ideally 'create' a community of spectators that by the act of semantic reconciliation become operators, participants in the disseminating process initiated by the author ('first author' may be a more appropriate term), and by experiencing alienation and selfhood would complete the hermeneutic act."



In 1958, five years after Pedro Manrique Figueroa sold his first collage, the Brazilian Noigandres group (Augusto de Campos, Decio Pignatari and Haroldo de Campos) published the "Pilot Plan for Concrete Poetry" announcing the advent of *poesia concreta* in South America. From its inception, this movement resonated with and helped to form an international artistic community invested in visual and literary experimentation. In the following decades these artists and those they influenced and collaborated with remained at the forefront of visual poetry, photo montage and collage. One interesting aspect of the (re)discovery of Figueroa has been the reception of his work among artists linked to this and similar "verbivocovisual" movements, many of the founders of which count as Figueroa's contemporaries. Many such artists flocked to Bogota for the first comprehensive PMF exhibit in 1996. The various accounts of remarks by key figures who attended the exhibit, as published in the Colombian press, show frequent discrepancies both in who was present and what was said: a clear sign, perhaps, that Figueroa's art remains volatile and controversial . . .

"Contrary to its popular devolution into propaganda, the concrete and collage aesthetic has consistently held out the promise of producing a tangible image of goodness and sanity against the tide of the mass irrational. What Figueroa produced is antithetical to this promise. His art is as marred by chaos and disorder as was his life; the scattershot invective of his work exemplifies the actual program of the 'revolutionary artist,' just as its masquerading low-brow ideologies find their apotheosis in Figueroa's singular low-life existence."

"I see in Pedro Manrique Figueroa a lost brother . . . we should all be humbled by what he achieved in such circumstances and angered by the loss of what could have been had things been otherwise. As long as it remains the fate of Pedro and others like him to disappear, it will remain the work of artists and activists alike to show the way by menacing the persons and institutions that would orchestrate similar fates. In the words of Figueroa himself, things must become otherwise right now tomorrow."

"We believed in architecture, a plan. Definite problems and definite solutions. This granted us some progress, some plausibility. It also earned us the name of 'Big Brother' among younger generations, saw us denounced as complicit with 'the forces of development.' Today we find our work in street festivals beside [Octavio] Paz and [pop singer Arnaldo] Artunes, projected from laser cannons. . . . Pedro Manrique Figueroa's irrecoverability is at once his success and his failure."

It is perfectly true, as philosophers say, that life must be understood backwards. But they forget the other proposition, that it must be lived forwards. And if one thinks over that proposition it becomes more and more evident that life can never really be understood in time simply because at no particular moment can I find the necessary resting place from which to understand it—backwards.”

—Søren Kierkegaard

“The important thing is never to reduce the unconscious, to interpret it or make it signify following the tree model, but rather to produce the unconscious, and, along with it, new utterances and other desires. The rhizome is precisely this production of the unconscious...”

—G. Deleuze and F. Guattari
On the Line, 1983, p. 40

“You are familiar with all that was written about the ‘true outline’ of [Pascal’s] Pensées, until a structuralist analyst showed not only that the fragment as a literary form was necessary to Pascal but that—and this is far more important—he used it intentionally and that it was a Cartesian perspective that had prevented considering fragments as ends in themselves. For Pascal’s message is that Man is great in that he searches for absolute values but small in that, without ever ceasing to search, he knows that he can never approach these values. The only form to express this content is one which does not prove the contrary: which doesn’t show either a man who has abandoned the search or one who has approached the goal. The fragment is such a form.”

—Lucien Goldman
“Structure: Human Reality and Methodological Concept,”
The Structuralist Controversy, 1972

“The mind is dealing with the world but is always working on itself. The mind takes materials from the world...”

—Robert Jay Lifton
“Symbolization and Fiction-Making,” 1974

"Europa's enemy is the past. North America's enemy is Europe. Latin America's enemy is Latin America."

"Somos la amenaza que rie."

From Leonard Maltin's movie and video guide 1993:

	238	239	The Culpeper Cattle Company
or	» David Downton of Frank Tuttle: ph John Seitz » David Benoit:ph Edmond O'Brien, Brian Donlevy, Natalie Wood, Raymond Burr, Richard Anderson, Irene Hervey, Anthony Caruso	» Alan Paton, from his novel of Zoltan Korda: ph Robert Kraaker » Raymond Galois-Monbrun Canada Lee, Sidney Potter, Charles Carson, Charles McRae, Joyce Carey, Geoffrey Keen, Michael Goodliffe, Edie Corcor	Pathetic musical melodrama which did not advance its singing star's film career. » John Lynch of W. S. Van Dyke: ph Harold Rosson: ph Jerry Vernon Lawrence Tibbett, Lupe Vélez, Jimmy Durante, Ernest Torrence, Karen Morley, Louise Fazenda
ghosts to	Cry of the Banshee GB 1970 87m Murielab AIP (Gordon Hessler) A 16th-century magistrate is cursed by a witch, who sends a devil in the form of a young man to destroy him. Model horror film which fails to do justice to its interesting plot. » Tim Kelly, Christopher Wicking of Gordon Hessler: ph John Coquillon » Les Baxter Vivian Price, Elizabeth Bergson, Patrick Mower, Eazy Parnes, Hugh Griffith, Hilary Dwyer, Sally Gesson	Cry Wolf US 1947 83m bw Warner (Henry Blanks) A widow claims her husband's estate and finds his mysterious uncle very difficult to deal with. » Father obvious old dark house mystery with a lot very interesting solution, all relying too heavily on star performances. » Catherine Turney, novel Marjorie Carleton: ph Geoffrey: ph Carl Guebin » Fritz Waxman Barbara Stanwyck, Errol Flynn (as the apparent boy), Geraldine Brooks, Richard Beathart, Robert Thibault	Cuckoo in the Nest* GB 1932 85m bw Gaumont (Alan Dalrymple, Angus MacPhail) A newlywed husband is forced to spend a night at an inn with an old flame pretending to be his wife. » Classic Aldey's farce with the stage company in excellent form; directorial style on the stagey side. » Ben Travers, A. R. Wilkinson, play Ben Travers of Tim Wallis Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, Yvonne Arnaud, Mary Bragg, Veronica Rose, Gordon James, Cecil Parker, Roger Lacey * Remade 1955 as <i>Fair and Loose</i> .
all ph Burnett	Cry of the City** US 1948 96m bw TCF A ruthless gangster on the run is pursued by a policeman who was once his boyhood friend. Very well produced but relentlessly miserable. New York thriller on the lines of <i>Manhattan</i> <i>Madame</i> and <i>Angels with Dirty Faces</i> . » Richard Murphy of <i>Robert Siodmak</i> : ph Lloyd Abner » Alfred Newman Victor Mature, Richard Conte, Mimi Aulais, Shelley Waters, Tommy Cook, Fred Clark, Detra Pagni	The Crystal Ball* US 1943 82m bw Richard (Blumenthal) A failed beauty contestant becomes a fortune teller and is involved in a land swindle. Peculiar comedy with fanciful moments, ending with a pie-throwing contest. » Virginia Van Upp of Elliott Nugent: ph Leo Loran » Victor Young Palme Goddard, Ray Milland, Gladys George, Virginia Field, Cecil Kellaway, William Bendall, Ernst Truex	Cul de Sac GB 1960 111m bw Compton-Tick (Gore Gutorovskii) Two gangsters on the run take refuge in an old castle on a desolate Northumbrian island, but find their nemesis in the estate owner and his voluptuous wife. Overlong, eccentric black comedy, more perplexing than entertaining. » Roman Polanski, Gerard Brach of Roman Polanski: ph Gilbert Taylor » Komeda Lionel Stander, Donald Pleasence, Jack MacGowan, Françoise Dorléac, William Franklyn, Robert Doring, Renée Houston
like Tins, a ph, a			

— Sheila Benson, *Los Angeles Times*

"Julia's attempt at revealing P.M.F. remains an enigma"

— Sight and Sound

"Worth watching if only for Quinn's brief appearance. Almost as bad as Jack Palance's Fidel Castro in 'Che!' (1969)"

— Variety

propose we were to regard a dream as a kind of game which the dreamer played. (And by the way, there is no one cause or one reason why children always play. This is where theories of play generally go wrong.) There might be a game in which paper figures were put together to form a story, or at any rate were somehow assembled. The materials might be collected and stored in a scrap-book, full of pictures and anecdotes. The child might then take various bits from the scrap-book to put into the construction; and he might take a considerable picture because it had something in it which he wanted and he might just include the rest because it was there."

—Ludwig Wittgenstein
Lectures and Conversations on Aesthetics, Psychology and Religious Belief, 1943/1978

"It has become customary to apply the term 'collage' to all works in which components belonging to separate intellectual or perceptual categories are combined, even when...nothing in them has been pasted or glued. Max Ernst himself has expressly sanctioned this omnium-gatherum notion in his assertion: 'Ce n'est pas la colle qui fait le collage.' ('It's not the paste that makes the collage.')

— H. Weschler
Collage, 1968

"In the future collage will be an important means of (self) education. We will all put the pieces of our case histories together and experiment with the simple process of splicing and superimposition, to reach, maybe, the margins of our expression."

— Martin Stanton
Outside the Dream: Lacan and French Styles of Psychoanalysis, 1983

"First images . . . arise in the spirit. Then words, applied to images. Finally, concepts, possible only when there are words — the collecting together of many images in something nonvisible but audible (word)."

— F. Nietzsche
"Principles of a New Evaluation,"
The Will to Power, 1884 / 1901



(1971) Red is a color

The mast of the American Flag is above the globe that contains the caption "Yagghh!", this fact indicates an authority of "retinality" over speech, vision versus voice, an association that reveals a void present in gesture and that corrodes the presence of a narrative motif.

Backing up this idea a background tinted on a continuous dark red, consumes the figures and make a clear resemblance towards the absolute of colour field painting from the 60's.

(1971) Bajo el cielo rojo

El globo que contiene el lamento –"Yagghh!"– del "Capitan America" (sic) está por debajo del mástil del ícono patrio norteamericano, este capricho gráfico es una señal inequívoca del vacío gesticulatorio latente en la cultura estadounidense. Como efecto de esta carencia, un locuaz Fidel Castro descamisado derrota al "superhombre" (sic) y abandona la escena en búsqueda de una nueva batalla. Luego del enfrentamiento, en un espacio sin línea de horizonte, ondean dos banderas deterioradas, solamente una, la bandera roja, se yergue digna.

"O my friends, there is no friend."



We know more than we can use. Look at all this stuff
I've got in my head: rockets and Venetian churches,
David Bowie and Diderot, nuoc man and Big Macs,
sunglasses and orgasms."

—Susan Sontag
I, etcetera, 1979

"I'd notice you'd been using words like 'montage'
lately. You want to be careful; those who live by
montage perish by montage."

— Kenneth Tynan
Letter to Dwight Macdonald, published in
"Between the Acts," *The New Yorker*, October 31, 1994, p.
84

"'No ideas but in things,' said William Carlos
Williams, and though he was speaking of poetry it is
true of fiction, too. Fiction's power to sway us comes
about not through directed meditations and
conclusions but through depicted realities to which
meaning clings, and which transfer this meaning,
unmediated and otherwise inexpressible, to our
consciousness, dust to dust."

—John Updike
"Vagueness on Wheels, Dust on a Skirt,"
The New Yorker, Sept. 2, 1991

"In solitary confinement before his color TV, the
citizen is made a part of all that is happening on a
planetary scale and impressed with his powerlessness
to act on precisely that planetary scale. Closed in
upon himself, the citizen is not the yeoman structure
that creates the content of the Republic, but simply a
photograph in a collage enormously larger than
himself."

—W.I. Thompson
Evil and the World Order, 1975

A.B.A.

Asociación Bolivariana de Artistas

A Declaration of Social, Political and Aesthetic Principles

(Drawn up by Pedro Manrique Figueroa in 1971)

The Bolivarian Association of Artist directs itself to the native races humiliated for centuries; to the soldiers made into hangman by their officers; to the workers and peasants scourged but the rich; and to the intellectuals who do not flatter the bourgeoisie.

We side with those who demand the disappearance of an ancient, cruel system in which the farm worker produces food for the loud-mouthed politicians and bosses, while he starves; in which the industrial workers in the factories who weave cloth and by the work of their hands make life comfortable for the pimps and prostitutes, while they crawl and freeze; in which the native soldier heroically leaves the land he has tilled and eternally sacrifices his life in a vain attempt to destroy the misery which has lain on his face for centuries.

The noble work of our race, the great Colombian, is native in origin. With their admirable and extraordinary talent to create beauty, peculiar to themselves, the art of the Colombian people is the most wholesome spiritual expression in the world and this tradition is our greatest treasure. Great because it belongs collectively to the people and this is why our fundamental aesthetic goal must be to socialise artistic expression and wipe out bourgeois individualism.

We repudiate so-called easel painting, abstract art and every kind of art favoured by ultra-intellectual circles, because it is aristocratic, and we praise public art in all its forms, because it by its very nature public property.

We proclaim that at this time of social change from a decrepit order to a new one, the creators of beauty must use their best efforts to produce ideological works of art for the people; art must no longer be the expression of an individual satisfaction, of the one, which is today, art should aim to become a fighting, educative art for the other, for all.

*Asociación Bolivariana
de Artistas*



PERHAPS

TALVEZ



MAME, NENE, QUE YO YA MAME
7 DE AGOSTO DE 1888 7 DE AGOSTO DE 1968

“Mame nene que yo ya mame”. No es casualidad que el título del collage de Manrique y esta caricatura aparecida en el pasquín “El Zancudo” coincidan. El artista es un asiduo lector, en los archivos de la Biblioteca Nacional figura innumerables veces su nombre. Manrique se inscribe personalmente dentro de una tradición, utilizando las mordaces frases del pasado para bautizar las corrosivas obras del presente.

民共和国第五届全国人民代表大会

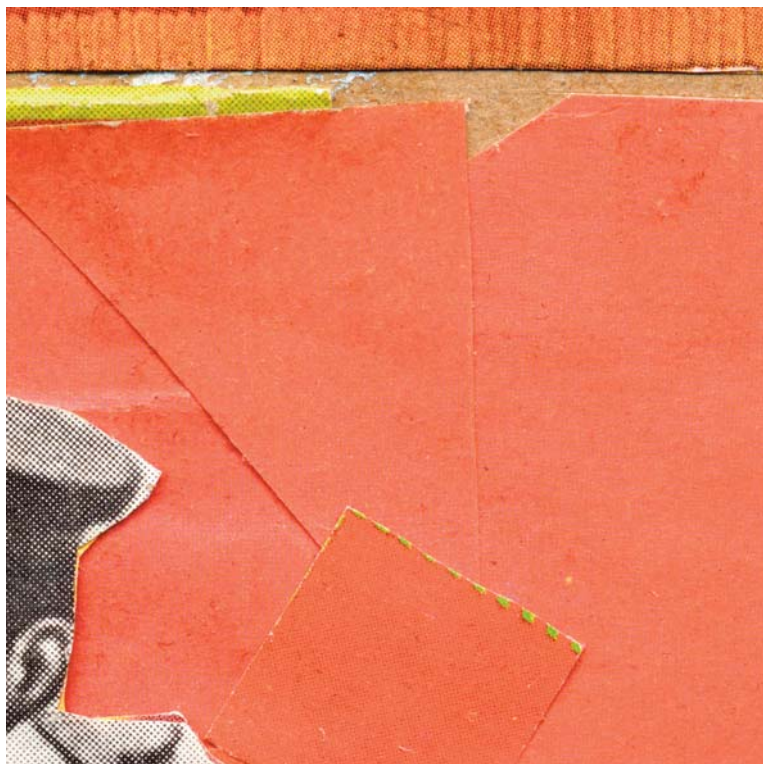


(1971) Dancing Cheek to cheek

Over a background intentionally fragmented to reveal the medium of collage, two figures are centered in a balanced composition. Unfortunately, the revisionism of soviet official history –its undemocratic system, its permanent lies and its hidden truths– makes impossible to maintain a righteous position, and in this delirious shifting the head of President Nixon is trapped in an uncanny association; art can be so very much subjective.

(1971) Bailando con la más fea

El idioma del teatro universal será una variable del lenguaje chino y ante una masa educada se presentaran las más diversas tragicomedias; un episodio sera "El rapto de los Estados Unidos" ejemplarizado por la figura del presidente Richard Nixon, quien transmutado a un cuerpo impúber se vera en los brazos de un Stalin desproporcionado con inclinaciones hacia la pedofilia. Los embates del revisionismo sovietico hacen que Manrique Figueroa como artista se vea a la merced de los "nuevos" dictados de la historia.



Motopsycho Nightmare

I pounded on a farmhouse
 Lookin' for a place to stay.
 I was mighty, mighty tired,
 I had gone a long, long way.
 I said, *"Hey, hey, in there,
 Is there anybody home?"*
 I was standin' on the steps
 Feelin' most alone.
 Well, out comes a farmer,
 He must have thought that I was nuts.
 He immediately looked at me
 And stuck a gun into my guts.

I fell down
 To my bended knees,
 Saying, *"I dig farmers,
 Don't shoot me, please!"*
 He cocked his rifle
 And began to shout,
*"You're that travelin' salesman
 That I have heard about."*
 I said, *"No! No! No!
 I'm a doctor and it's true,
 I'm a clean-cut kid
 And I been to college, too."*

Then in comes his daughter
 Whose name was Rita.
 She looked like she stepped out of
 La Dolce Vita.
 I immediately tried to cool it
 With her dad,
 And told him what a
 Nice, pretty farm he had.
 He said, *"What do doctors
 Know about farms, pray tell?"*
 I said, *"I was born
 At the bottom of a wishing well."*

Well, by the dirt 'neath my nails
 I guess he knew I wouldn't lie.
"I guess you're tired,"
 He said, kinda sly.
 I said, *"Yes, ten thousand miles
 Today I drove."*
 He said, *"I got a bed for you
 Underneath the stove.
 Just one condition
 And you go to sleep right now;
 That you don't touch my daughter
 And in the morning, milk the cow."*

I was sleepin' like a rat
 When I heard something jerkin'.
 There stood Rita
 Lookin' just like Jerry Perkins.
 She said, *"Would you like to take a shower?
 I'll show you up to the door."*
 I said, *"Oh, no! no!
 I've been through this before."
 I knew I had to split
 But I didn't know how,*

When she said,
"Would you like to take that shower, now?"

Well, I couldn't leave
 Unless the old man chased me out,
 'Cause I'd already promised
 That I'd milk his cows.
 I had to say something
 To strike him very weird,
 So I yelled out,
"I like Fidel Castro and his beard."
 Rita looked offended
 But she got out of the way,
 As he came charging down the stairs
 Sayin', *"What's that I heard you say?"*

I said, *"I like Fidel Castro,
 I think you heard me right,"*
 And ducked as he swung
 At me with all his might.
 Rita mumbled something
 'Bout her mother on the hill,
 As his fist hit the icebox,
 He said he's going to kill me
 If I don't get out the door
 In two seconds flat,
*"You unpatrician,
 Rotten doctor Commie rat."*

Well, he threw a Reader's Digest
 At my head and I did run,
 I did a somersault
 As I seen him get his gun
 And crashed through the window
 At a hundred miles an hour,
 And landed fully blast
 In his garden flowers.
 Rita said, *"Come back!"*
 As he started to load
 The sun was comin' up
 And I was runnin' down the road.

Well, I don't figure I'll be back
 There for a spell,
 Even though Rita moved away
 And got a job in a motel.
 He still waits for me,
 Constant, on the sly.
 He wants to turn me in
 To the F.B.I.
 Me, I romp and stomp,
 Thankful as I romp,
 Without freedom of speech,
 I might be in the swamp.

Pesadilla Sicótica Motorizada

Golpeé en un cortijo
 Buscando posada
 Yo estaba muy, muy cansado
 Había andado por un camino muy, muy
 largo
 Dije, *"Buenas, buenas, allí adentro,
 hay alguien en casa?"*
 Yo estaba en la escalera
 Sintiéndome muy solo.
 Entonces, vino un campesino,
 Seguro pensé que yo estaba loco.
 Inmediatamente me miró
 Puso su machete en mis tripas.

Yo saí al suelo
 Con mis rodillas dobladas,
 Diciendo: *"Yo aprecio a los campesinos,
 no me mate, por favor!"*
 Él enfundó su machete
 Y comencé a gritar,
*"¿Usted es ese vendiendo ambulante
 del que he oído decir?"*
 Yo dije, *"¡No! ¡No! ¡No!
 Yo soy un doctor y es verdad,
 Yo soy un muchacho bien
 y he estado en la universidad".*

Entonces vino su hija
 Que se le llamaba Rita.
 Ella parecía como salida de
 "La Dolce Vita"
 Intenté inmediatamente hacer migas
 Con su papá,
 Y le dije que tenía
 Una finca muy bonita.
 Él dijo, *"¿Qué pueden saber los doctores
 Sobre lo que es una finca?"*
 Yo le dije, *"Yo nací en el fondo de un pozo de
 agua"*

Entonces, gracias a la suciedad debajo de
 mis uñas
 Creo que él sabía que yo no menta.
"Usted debe estar cansado" dijo con
 socarronería
 Yo le dije, *"Sí, manéjese comodiz: mil
 kilómetros hoy."*
 Él dijo, *"Largo una cama para usted
 Debajo de la estufa de leña.
 Antes de que se vaya a dormir
 Solamente hay una condición,
 No se acerque a mi hija
 Y en la mañana ordeñe la vaca."*

Yo estaba durmiendo como una rata
 Cuando oí un leve ruido,
 Hay estaba Rita
 Mirándome como Toño Perkins.
 Ella dijo, *"¿Le gustaría un baño con la
 palangana?
 venga le nuestro donde."*
 Yo dije, *"Oh, no, no!"*

Yo ya he pasado por esto antes."
 Yo sabía que tenía irme de allí
 Pero no sabía como,
 Luego ella dijo:
*"¿Quiere bañarse con la palangana
 ahora?"*

Yo no me podía ir
 A no ser que el campesino me botara,
 Yo ya me había comprometido
 A ordeñar sus vacas.
 Yo tenía que decirle a ella algo
 para quitarme de encima,
 Entonces dije fuerte,
*"Me gustan Pedro Manrique Figueroa y sus
 collages"*
 Rita me miró ofendida
 Y se hizo a uno, dila
 Mientras su padre venía a toda marcha
 escaleras abajo.
 Diciendo, *"¿Qué es lo que le oí decir?"*

Yo dije, *"Me gusta Pedro Manrique Figueroa
 y creo que usted me oyó bien,"*
 y me agache mientras él se me abalanzaba
 con toda su fuerza,
 Rita mientras murmuraba algo
 acerca de su mamá en la colina,
 mientras el puño de él golpeaba un petaco
 de cerveza
 Él decía que me iba a matar
 Si no me salía por la puerta
 En dos segundos exactos,
*"Usted apátrida,
 Rata comunista hijueputa."*

Entonces, él me tiró un Almanaque Bristol
 A la cabeza y yo empecé a correr,
 Di un salto morito
 mientras lo veía ir por su machete
 y rompí un ventana
 andando a 100 kilómetros por hora
 Y caí de lleno en su jardín de flores.
 Rita dijo: *"¡Vuelva para acá!"*
 Mientras él abanicaba el arma
 El sol empezaba a salir
 Y yo corría por la carretera abajo.

Y bien, no creo que yo vuelva por allá
 otra vez
 Aún cuando Rita se fué
 y consiguió un trabajo en un amoblado.
 Él todavía me espera,
 Constante y con maña.
 Él me quiere denunciar
 En la policía
 Yo loqueo y trastabillo,
 agradecido mientras loqueo,
 porque sin libertad de expresión
 Yo estaría jodido.

Picasso took the photograph in his small hands. He held it horizontally in front of him, carefully, as though it were a valuable bowl. After assuring himself that we were watching him attentively, he ever-so-attentively, and with a concentrated expression of his face, turned it backward, downward, until the picture's upper edge touched the surface of the table. After a glance at us, he raised it again and bent it till it became warped. Finally, he slowly rolled up. 'Did you see?' he asked. 'There's so much one can do. And how little's actually been done so far! Wherever you look, there're uninvestigated and unexploited things. Even this photograph — which, although it might seem final, can be reused in the most varying ways — can be re-photographed and yield the most unexpected effects. Every photograph can be the starting point for a whole series of new photographs, and every one of those can then be used in a similar way... When one works that way, there's no end at all.'

— G. Jedicka

Begegnungen mit Künstlern der Gegenwart, quoted in "The Transformations of Photography," *Tusen och en bild*, Moderna Museet, Stockholm, 1979, incident described occurred in the early 1940's

"Everything that seems to us imperishable tends towards decay; a position in society, like anything else, is not created once and for all, but...is constantly rebuilding itself by a sort of perpetual process of creation... The creation of the world did not occur at the beginning of time, it occurs every day."

— Marcel Proust

In Search of Lost Time, *The Fugitive*, 1925

"Brecht's epic theater ... is a theater that is in certain ways conscious of itself as signifying practice, and that draws attention to its own means of production, its own processes of representation. This quality of self-reflexivity largely derives from the devices of distancing or alienation... [The] means of representation are foregrounded.... This foregrounding of devices, however, is not so much designed to produce a sense of aesthetic 'play' ... [as] to offer the audience a place from which it can develop its own criticism of and judgement upon the actions represented...."

... 'the individual episodes have to be knotted together in such a way that the knots are easily noticed.'...

This process of 'noticing the knots' or of foregrounding the means of representation has been a familiar one in modernist theory and practice since the time of the cubists."

— S. Harvey

Quoting B. Brecht,
"Whose Brecht? Memories of the Eighties," 1982

"Quite unlike the modernist collage, in which various fragments and materials of experience are laid bare, revealed as fissures, voids, unresolvable contradictions, irreconcilable particularizations, pure heterogeneity, the historicist image pursues the opposite aim: that of synthesis, of the illusory creation of a unity and a totality which conceals its historical determination and conditioned particularity. (These 'concealed collages' in painting represent a false unification...)"

—B.H.D. Bullet

"Figures of Authority, Ciphers of Regression: Notes on the Return of Representation in European Painting," 1981
(October # 16)

"I love America
but I don't like it"

"Yo amo a los
Estados Unidos
pero no los quiero"

Collage 1:

"Where is the falcon ?" (part one)

"estado de sitio no"
"Abajo la dictadura"
"Abajo las botas"
"Unidos- Unidos"
"Lucha por ser libres"
"Estado gendarme muera"
"Pajeros bandidos"
"No más promesas"

Slogans escritos en árboles, piedras, puentes, rocas, postes de
alambrados en el campo colombiano entre 1963-1969.

Collage 2:

"Where is the falcon?" (Part two)
Could he be there holding the red flag?!

A recurring dream of Pedro Manrique Figueroa
after 1959.

Con los pobres de la tierra
Quiero yo mi suerte echar:
El arroyo de la sierra
Me complace más que el mar.

—Jose Martí, Versos Sencillos III





(1971) **Warming the eggs of sin**

At sunset, the colourful costume of a superhero (Captain America) reverberates against a shady landscape. The black and white images reveal in their characteristics an inferior method of printing typical of underdeveloped countries. Over the right corner consequences of the use of a low quality paper can be noticed.

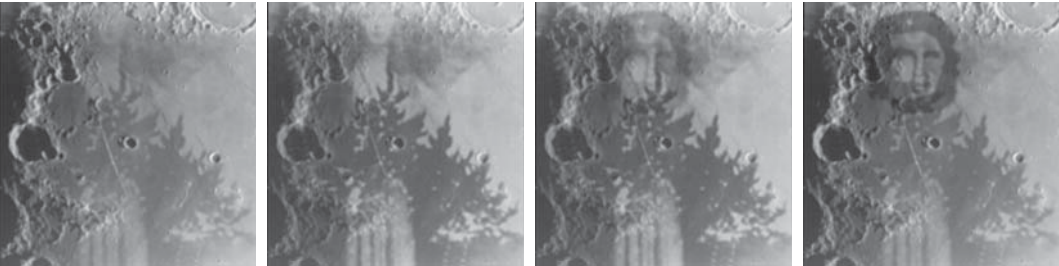
(1971) **Los huevos del pecado**

A la luz de un nuevo día un labriego remueve las semillas de una mala hierba que amenaza con extenderse a todo su sembrado. El acto es precenciado por un patriarca orgulloso que fuma su cigarro.

Proyectos A.B.A.

Aparición

La Virgen pierde su naturaleza, la pluma de la historia fecunda el ser revolucionario.



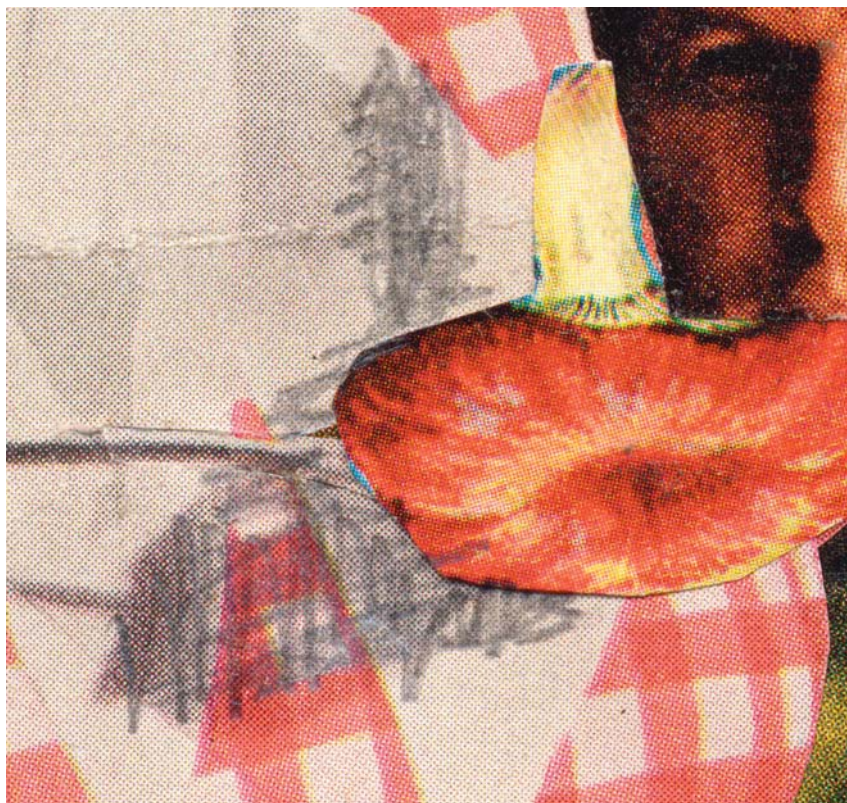
A.B.A. Projects

Apparition

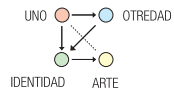
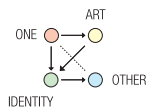
Life is a forest of symbols, some are religious and other are political.

I
You
He
She
We
They

Yo manriqueo
Tu manriqueas
El manriquea
Ella manriquea
Nosotros manriqueamos
Ellos manriquean



INGLES SPANISH





(1971) **Black shadow**

In this work is important to notice the use of a black pencil to create the shadow of the mushroom, in its erratic scribble the artist seems to warn us by his own hand and experience about the dangers of the consumption of drugs and its effects on the perception of reality, drugs are a bad element that jeopardize the purity of the collage a medium. The Coca-Cola® red background matches by color opposition the army green prevalent on most of the characters costumes.

(1971) **Negro ni el teléfono**

Como en el juego del "teléfono roto" el mensaje pasa de boca en boca cambiando sus propiedades fonéticas y semióticas. Con gran irreverencia el artista asocia el contenido alimenticio a las políticas de la subersión y de la droga: digestión y alucinación son procesos del ser revolucionario.

Proyectos A.B.A.

Billete

Un sello, miles de sellos, un hombre sellando, miles de hombres sellando con la palabra falso desestabilizan el sistema monetario nacional. Inmensas cantidades de dinero son necesarias para desarrollar este proyecto.



A.B.A. Projects

Bill

A paper is stamped with the word "false". Lack of funds challenge the development of this project.



FABRICA
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CIGARRILLOS



Bandera Roja
Suave

Bandera Roja
FABRICA LA UNIVERSAL
Bucaramanga, Colombia

"My narration will prevail"

P.M.F.

"Mi narración triunfará"

P.M.F.