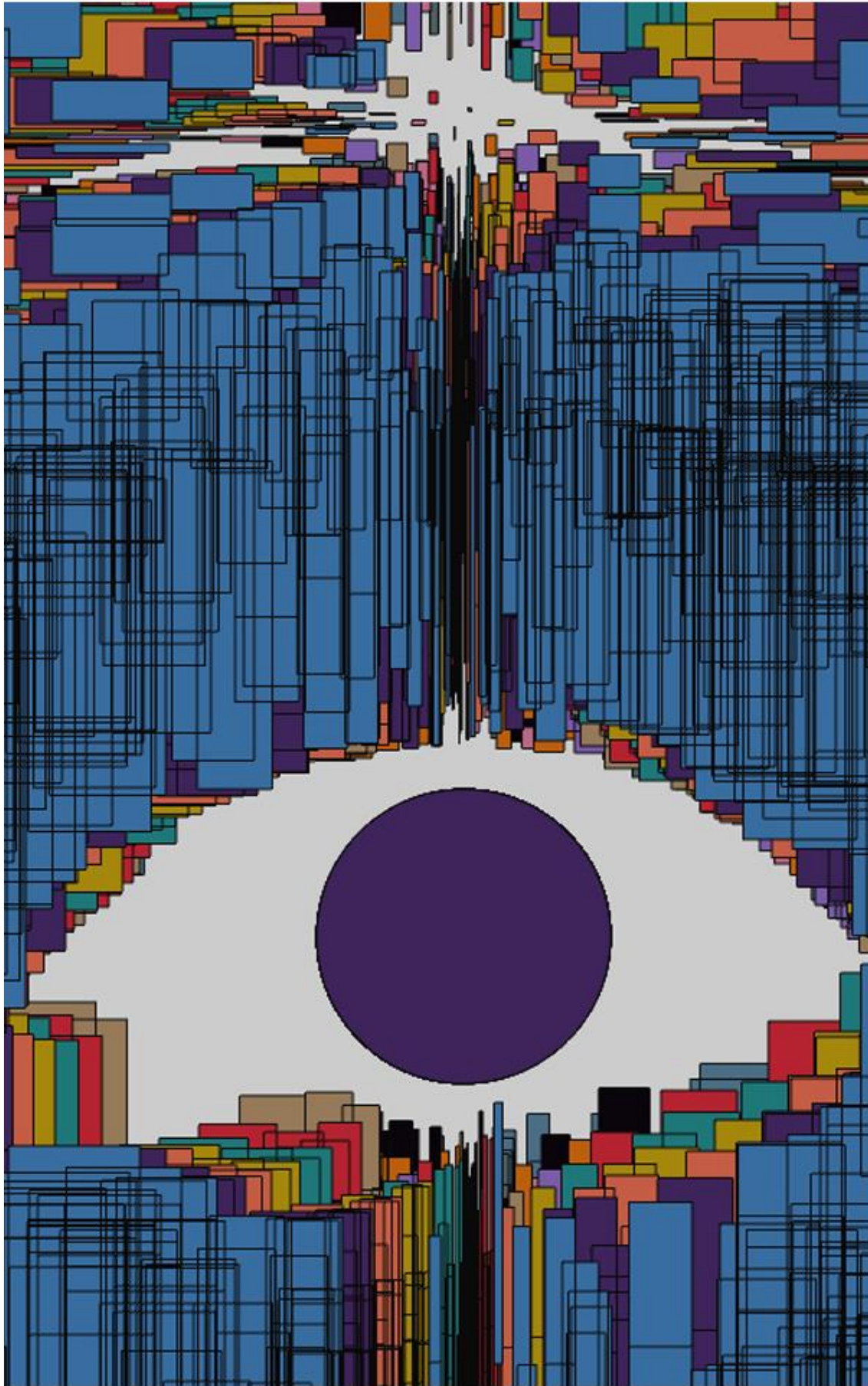
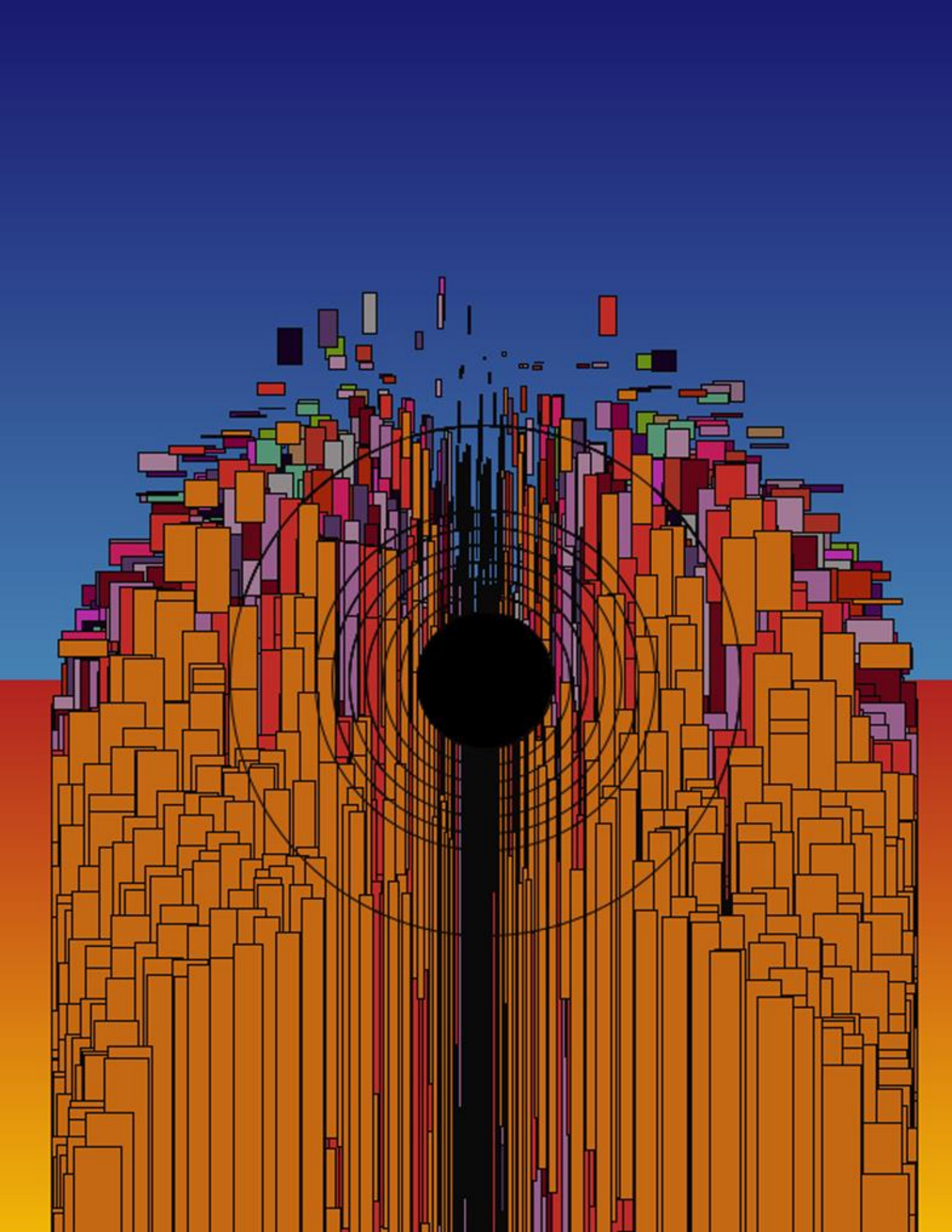




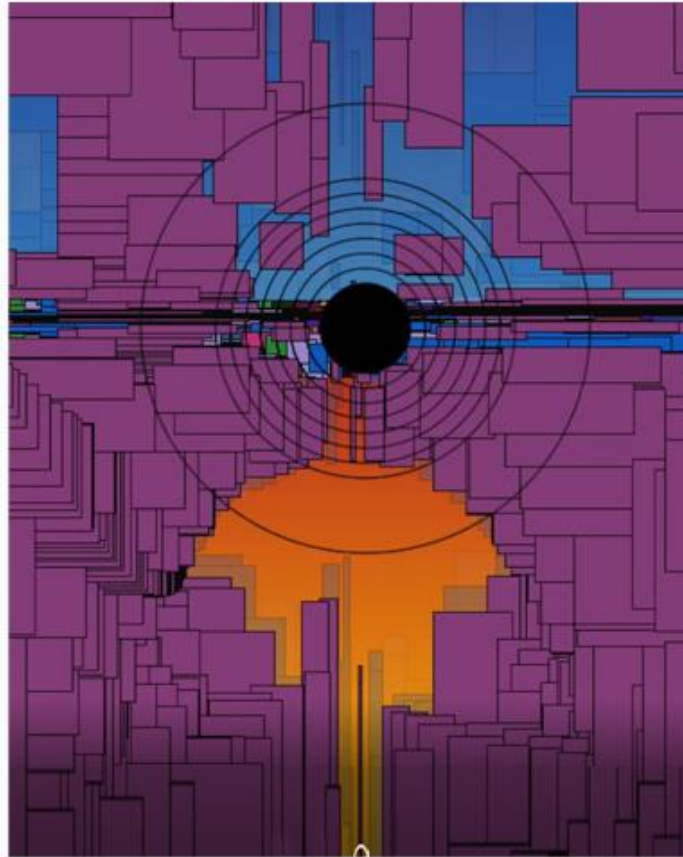
a personal research about the influence that different color
frequencies print on our concept of reality

ACID COLORS

Artist: Gornajur Jarjar
February 2022



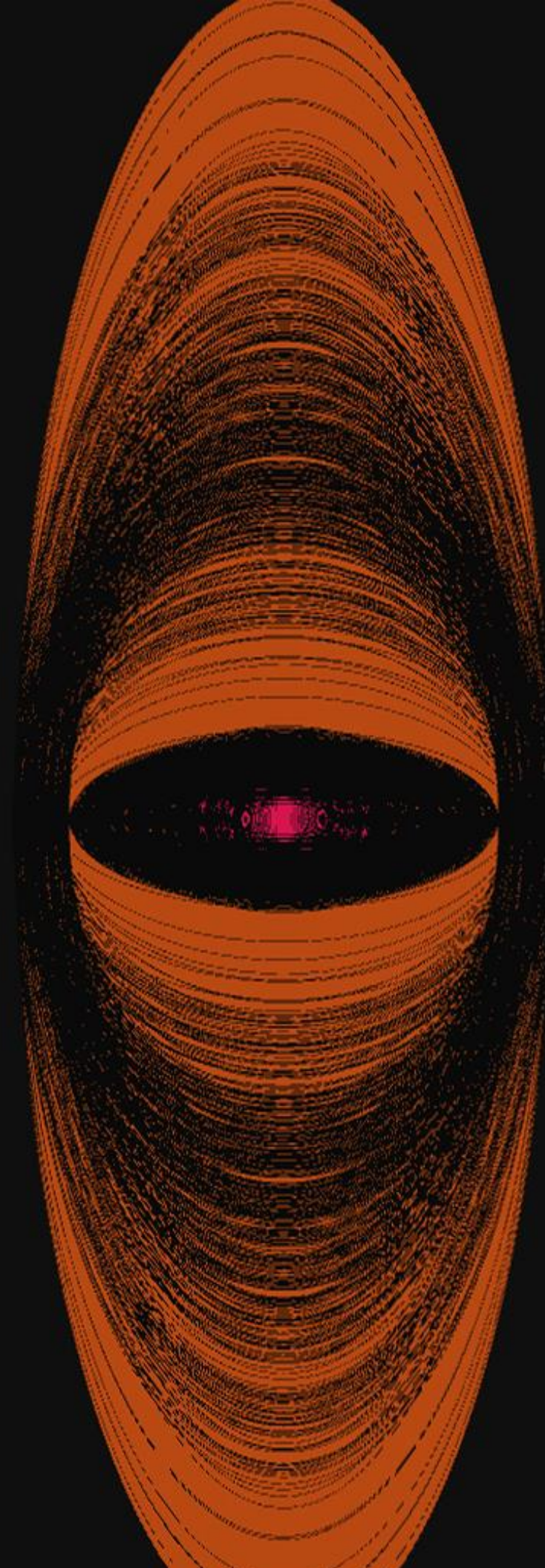
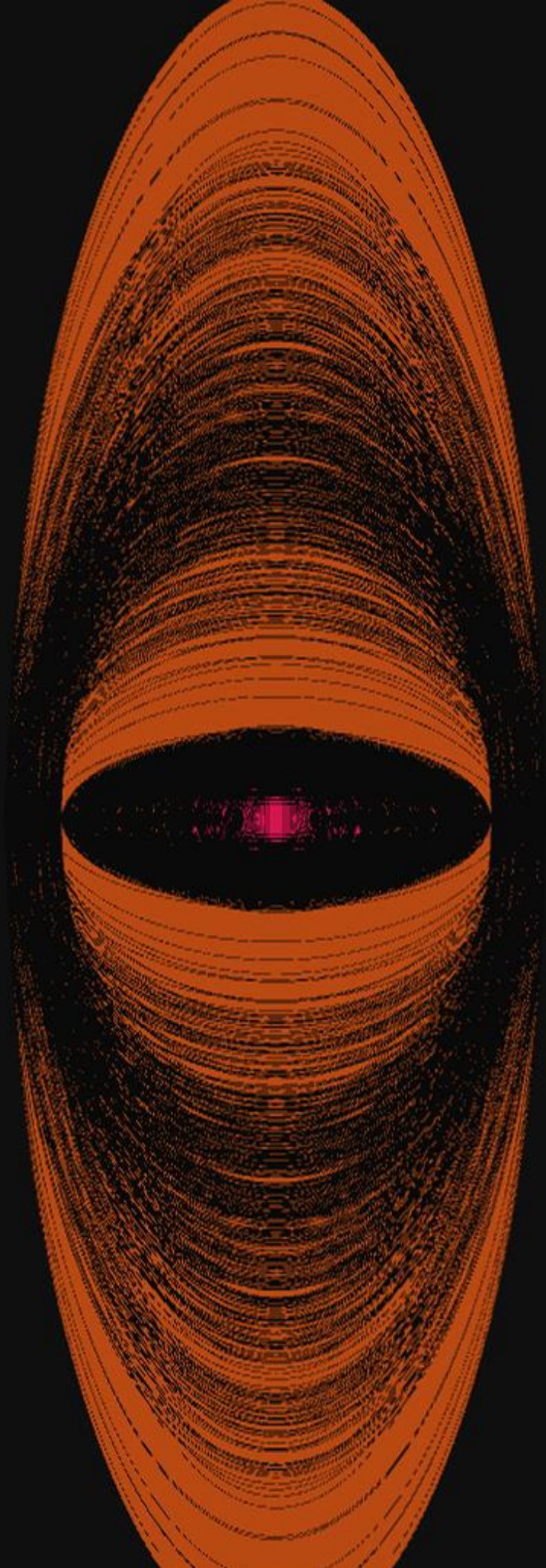
Acid colors No. 6
A try to represent that journey



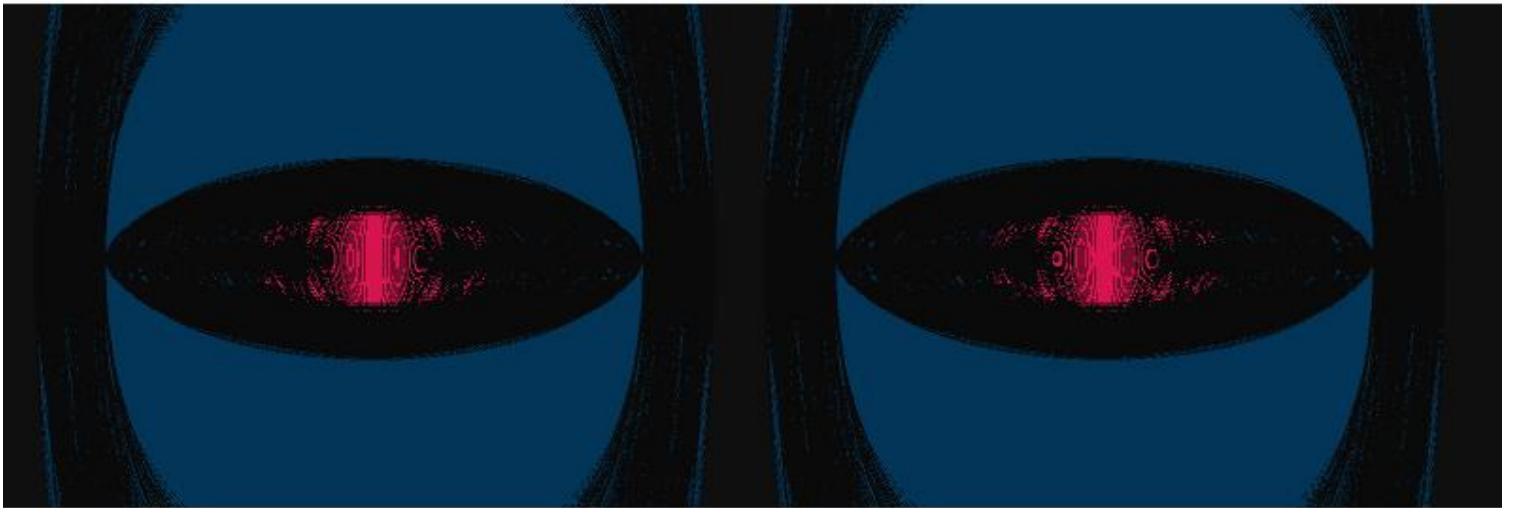
In January of this year I went into the desert looking to lose the usual worries that all we have at end of the year....

Throwing myself into the immense, inhospitable and precarious space of the dunes, has always been a cathartic event that balances the banalities of my city life with the most fundamental needs of human survival...

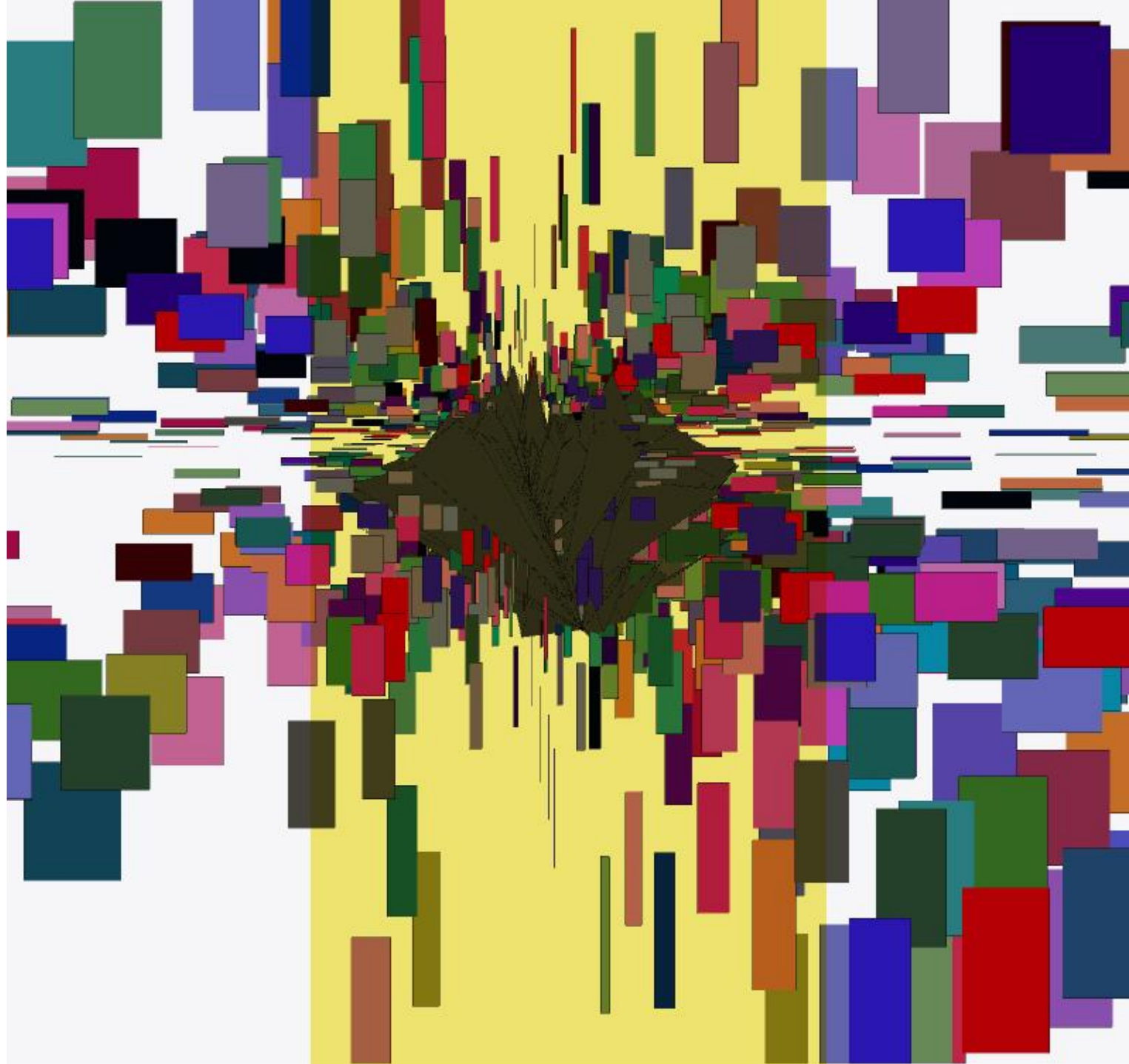
Feeling tiny and fragile: overwhelmed by the grandeur of space, it has always been the source of my strength... so I returned to walk aimlessly or purposeless for days; ready to receive as a gift what this planet had to give me...



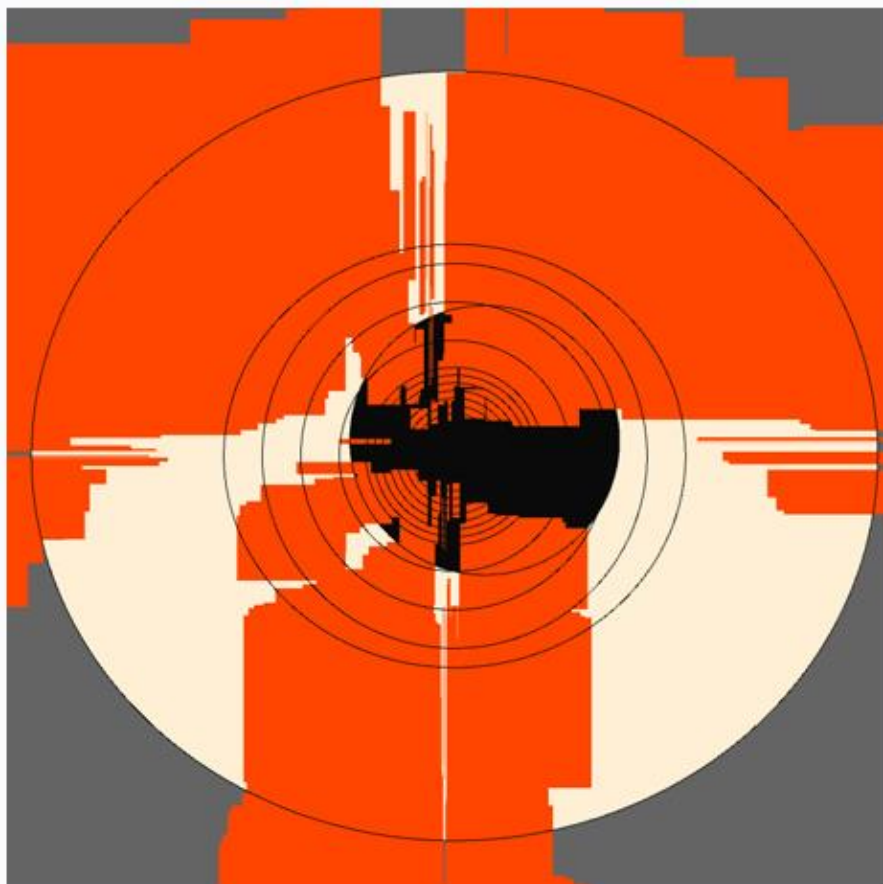
Acid Colors No. 7 / the being inside



And I walked until I found a salty lagoon that extended as far as the eye could see... hundreds of flamingos combed the water catching little fish that emerged from the springs... they looked at me sarcastically, making fun in their bird language of my clumsiness walking... bowed down due to hunger and fatigue I began to cry... whimpering softly to prevent the birds from hearing me... I couldn't fool them, quite the contrary they shortened the distance between us to emit a hoarse and scratchy laughter... a laughter that made me feel miserable, isolated, insurmountable...



when I gasped for breath I sat at the foot of an old mangrove... I uncorked my bottle of gin and took three deep, painful gulps, loaded with the exasperation that comes from someone who knows that is hopelessly lost... and then it happened... the colors of sunset filtered through my pupils in cascades of yellows and oranges... the mirror of water extended the immense sky under my feet, and the flamingos that before seemed threatening were transformed into scarves of intense colors fluttering in the wind... Everything was so movingly beautiful, that I didn't care if I died in that place... if I couldn't find my way back or had to sleep in the middle of the water and the birds... I was happy just to see...



Acid Colors No. 3 / the eye crying of happiness

The night covered the desert and the stars appeared in the mirror of water... I kept crying at the foot of the tree, but as I did I felt my ego leave my body... As if a lead armor was removed piece by piece: link by link... at the end I was so light that I could almost fly... I got euphoric and started laughing... laughing out loud at my idiocies and worries, my whole life was revealed as a tragicomic story... When I get tired of laughing, I just had to stop and observe for a few minutes to find the way back... I was no longer lost, neither in the desert nor in my daily life...

ABOUT

Gornajur Jarjar



As an artist I am interested in exploring the different levels that an idea can develop, so I approach my work as an investigation: a process to understand something that is difficult for me.

In these terms, there is no such thing as a "work of art" or a final product; just pieces of a puzzle that represent different moments of the study, different types of awareness about a phenomenon.