Grinstein, Eva, “El silencio sirve a un simbolismo tan ambiguo como profundo” [Silence Serves a Symbolism as Ambiguous as it is Profound], El Cronista newspaper, Buenos Aires, November 4, 1998.

It is not at all bad that Miguel Harte chooses silence to present his works to society: his constructions, decidedly narrative, possess sufficient elements to impose themselves, and it would almost be an abuse for the artist to try to control that wide possibility of meanings. In Harte's work, titles are of no interest—they are practically non-existent—barely one stands out that points to the paradigmatic work of the exhibition, titled *El Jardin filosofico*. This work contains and magnifies the "Harte details," the irruption of presumably organic forms in contexts of industrial matter. That Harte's fauna, flora, and humanoids are also made with industrial materials does not deny this relationship: he knows when to make a background—perhaps a landscape, as in *El Jardin filosofico*—and when to taint it with the presence of something that appears to be alive.

To build his personal plastic idea of the living, the artist develops a thought in which a conflictive dialectic is established about the diminutive in its relationship with a larger space. With their well-defined features, beings and plants oppose with their rich ambiguity the evident monotony of an overwhelming environment. To stand out, to make themselves visible, the characters brandish all their insignificant particularities, which can take the form of wings, little legs, arms, hair. The fact that they are so small, that they seem to have no place on those smooth surfaces on which they burst, is irrelevant. What matters is that they carry with them their nuances, what makes them different.

Harte reveals little naivety in the disposition of his figures, perhaps that is why it bothers him that at 37 years old they still label him a "young artist," as if he were still safe from the passage of years. In the passage of years, without doubt, he has carved out his style, until becoming one of the most laborious and profound artists in current Argentine art. His wall works, which are not strictly paintings because they incorporate diverse inclusions, also function at times as paintings in which the sense of composition establishes—an echo of Fontana—where and how to make the cut. However, what happens inside those cuts, the emergence of violent, confused, chaotic, and even sexual scenes, is what seems to concern the artist.

There are those who see in Harte's creations an apocalyptic symbolism in which Nature is confined in hollows of oppressive seclusion. But also, peering into those hollows, it is possible to understand that there is in his work a hopeful vision, which could be conceived as the stubborn resistance of the small, sheltered in their minimal qualities, no matter how monstrous they may be. Fortunately, Harte does not make his position explicit.