

## **Entering the Hall**

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I'm a sucker for a good story, and there's an eternal and haunting one, called *Argentina*, being told at the Museum of Modern Art, Buenos Aires, in fifteen chapters, by Mondongo. These contiguous landscapes take us on a beautiful and hazardous journey into the unknown. The unknown, of course, is life itself, a mixture of light and shadow, of growth and undergrowth, of brambles and tangles and deciding where to step, what to trust, which direction to go. Along the way, we find evidence of those who have trod these meadows and briars before us—earmarks, if you will, and in this case, in panel #6, an actual ear on the ground. In the eighth chapter of the journey, the center panel, we arrive at a blue waterway, sunlit and serene. An oasis. We want to stay. Forever. But time waits for no one, and we have miles to go before we sleep, more chapters to live, before we reach in the final two panels the sea and the open sky. We seem to have come to the end. But is it really the end? Or is it simply time to rest on the shore before setting sail into the distance, whatever it may contain?