

Rosana Ricalde developed a series of works which have seas and oceans as a starting point. An imaginary cartography (that is, if we can vouch that there is one which is literally real) is constituted by the aggregation of its names, composing a territory of words. One can notice, since the beginning, this strange condition of the entre (between) area, or before its matter, which seems to countersign this opened emptiness since the disuniting of Pangea – occupied by the waters of the ocean –, turning into a continent, not only visual, but similar to Maiakovsky, a poetic continent. Through the alignment and suture of words, the seas turn into solid land, a soil which, in fact, insoles and affirms itself over the surface of the paper.

Moving forward, nevertheless, from the relationship which the artist establishes between the thing and its graphic-verbal representation, emerge other interrelationships attentive to the challenge of constructing a space. The always present tension between the word and the thing which she represents, once she in one only period of visual time and verbally makes it real or imaginary (but is always the one who gives it consistency), she is also on its own, a material entity. Not only for its existence as such, previews the contextual meanings it acquires, but for its own way of accomplishment, that is, its objective process of inscription in the world, which can go since its plastic modelling by a shape, or the solification of paint liquidified over the paper, to the brand printed on a tape, the digital mosaic of zero and one in the screen of a computer or any other modality one can imagine.

Such oceans therefore assume, under this angle, the own reality of an image: for if the words are as real as that which they reflect, they migrate from the shadow of what is represented to turn into the geography of the shadow; its oceans transmute in the drawing of a silhouette, which due to this condition, reaffirms its presence even more as something which disengages itself from its referential contents, to admit in that which it retains unlikeness, its identity. Even if one wants to take to extremes the hypothesis of an unrenouncable reality, of these oceans / continents, one can come back to its emphatic materiality, once some works are born as factually liquid – that is, primarily depend on the dripping of the paint; an ocean of millilitres therefore (and here we could think of them, inclusively, beside the Liquid Words of Ruscha).

Meanwhile, all of these routes intertwined inaugurate one more, also evoked in the works. The words, in the universe of the language, also form incommensurable seas: a labyrinth and a titanic vastness without a beginning, end or centre, maybe some boarders. The adventure of the word consists in knowing how to cross or in learning how to allow oneself to get lost, allow to undo the mask of meaning in this infinite extension. If the visuality (or, in some cases, touch) is the counterpart to the word to allow its meaning to be offered, or read – strangely this is the form of the word – its symptomatic caligraphy, but not Expressionist, makes it dissolve in a crisp rhythm. The linguistic meaning confirms itself and volatilizes itself, together with the development of writing and its equivalents, which became similarities, coincidences.