

A text which does not confront its babble, its own aphasia... Which does not make evident the impotence of the word in presenting itself without ambiguities and mistakes... Which does not confess its impossibility beforehand, maybe it does not even deserve the adventure of being written.

Not that the old Plutarco sentence is echoed here, borrowed from the Greek poet Simonide de Céos, where the poetry is a talking painting, and the painting a mute poem: the image would request the word, the Word would clamor for the image. But how to write about the exercises of Rosana Ricalde on modern manifestos without taking the risk of reducing the possibilities of reception and the meaning processes which precisely the artist broadens unlimitedly?

In the tension between the word and the image, in the crossing of their aphasias and discourses, of the opacities and transparencies of the doubles of representation, the visual arts raised their universe. Between seeing and speaking, between the Verb and the Image, the Eye and the Word, old and "fraternal" rivals have fought: painting and poetry¹. And in the history of the arts, this relationship would change the terms non-stop, vindicating the same statute to the sister arts, it would declare its specificities as have done Lessing and Greenberg, it would change place and subject matter as would do Mallarmé and Picasso, it would expose the arbitrary connection between seeing and speaking as have done Magritte and Duchamp.

Between writing and the pictorial image, between any common object and the word which presents it, Magritte and Duchamp made evident the gap and the complex and arbitrary articulation between them. A discontinuity which put the existence of a bond uncovered in its origin, and which would end an unmistakable connection between seeing and speaking, which promised us a perfect decipher of the signs, a precise translation of our experiences in this amorphous and enigmatic world. We are at the unsheltering of that undecipherable denseness of the Verb and of its gift of deciphering everything, of revealing the truth of what is real, of capturing and unveiling its shadows. As announced Nietzsche and as stated the fragmented word drawing by chance on the white page of Mallarmé.

Between the word and that which it designates, a space is built where the infinite, the invisible and the enunciable intertwine - nevertheless inexorably, unsubordinated and irreducible one to the other, as said Foucault.

And, maybe, around this collapse, of this fundamental flaw that discourses are rehearsed, that writings are dared, that the innumerable readings confront that which the text animates. The word installs itself between silence and the immense possibility of interpretation. Exercises of its possibility.

It is also in this fissure, in this space of complex wrap, where Magritte and Duchamp have adventured themselves, concrete poetry and conceptual art, that Rosana Ricalde will operate, confronting writing and its paradox: being image and word at the same time.

If the artist chooses a determined genre of text which orbits the historical universe of art, the manifestos of modern art, her option is not chosen by chance. There is the intention of producing an echo, of these great narratives of art legitimacy that Arthur Danto² denominated, the multiple enunciates by them beaten down, to sparkle the varied visibilities. Of exhibiting this story with no common finality that we live today: not the end of History, but the various possible directions, with a dilated finality and with no distance. A plural and endless finality.

Well, the manifestos, if so present in modernity that to it there is confusion, as would say Danto. After all, if what is real was covered with strangeness, if what remained to the objects of the world was the phantasmagoric attribution of thing, how could art become a slave to a mimetic representation of an undecipherable model? The insufficiency of this model reserved to art the problematization of its ontological statute, the fundament of its own truth.

1 If Plato in Fedro would renounce the Writing and Painting of sisters, he would also seal a complicity between both, condemning them. The described speech is "legitimate brother of another eloquence bastard to painting. Also the painted figures have the attitude of living people, but if someone interrogates them they will be conserved as seriously quiet. The same succeeds with the speeched." Amongst others, Lomazzo in his Trattato dell'arte della pittura, scoltura et architettura, Milan, 1585, would really notice that they were born together, being almost identical in their profound nature in contents and finality. The argument of Plutarco, in turn, is cited by Lessing in Laocoonte to corroborate his theory about the distinction the specificity of each art surrounding time and space.

2 Close to the definition of Jean-François Lyotard about the post-modern condition, Arthur Danto identifies the end of the modern art era, and of Art with the end of History, that is, with the failure of the great discourses of legitimization, which have their most immediate origin in the philosophies of Hegel and Marx, denominating as master narratives as much to the artistic manifestos as to art criticism, for example the formalist theory of Greenberg, essentialist and teleological. Danto, Arthur. *After the end of art*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1997

Searching for a new philosophical comprehension of art, the manifestos announced the end of a type of art and its new revelation: a path to follow, “more or less proclaimed as the only type of art to consider.”³ Cézanne’s question - “What is the truth of art?” -, the modern manifestos offered distinct answers, but each one offered only one as possible.

As prophets of the final judgment and heralds of a new era, they determined death, the dissolution or the antithesis of art as a strategy of its survival. They kept still the prestige of the oracles and its power of revelation, but as a historical and finalist narrative. For if the mythic narrative centered itself in the idea of reencountering the original truth, the modern narratives were teleology, giving fundament and legitimatizing existence in a historical and progressive course, in a common finality which would justify and authenticate the present.

Speaking in the name of collectiveness, a metanarrative has been installed many times in the exterior of the actual work of art, expelling the word from its interior, like a formalist painting. Speaking about a public topos, they announced one direction for art. The era of the manifestos, as would say Danto, ends due to an insufficiency: when the question what is art does not encounter anymore (only) one answer in the contemporary artistic production.

This would be the chore that Rosana Ricalde proposes to take: to explore the inaptitude of art and its manifestos in affirming a truth to itself; subtracting from them their condition of original Text or a finalist capable of deciphering; to point various stories through means of a dialogue with the history of art; to manifest oneself and to speak and read undetermined from writing. By deflagrating the ambiguities, by displacing the translations, by convulsing the praised writings, the “manifestos” enunciate and donate themselves to what is visible in order to affirm their plurality.

It is in this way that the Dadaist manifesto exhibits its cheats and escapes: in the place of an arbitrary word - which it declared public, and paradoxically, by a text, its senselessness and its absolute enunciation of anything -, the over determination of all the words written there, its dictionary entries opening themselves to numerous meanings. If a sign only gains meaning relative to the context and to the situation it finds itself, there is an opening to all possible displacements, to all possible combinations, to all possible contexts. Each one it weaves, with its Ariadne thread, its paths in the labyrinth of writing.

The NeoConcrete manifesto, in turn, overflows to its interior, dilutes the syntax frames which structure the phrases and meanings, implodes the word and abolishes frontiers between language, art and mathematics in a static frame of the letters and signs which compose it.

Or like the Anthropophagic manifestos which digest and degustates its various folds and omissions. As much as flavoring a letter soup as contesting the impossibility of facing our identity in the mirror without our image, all reduced, occults and devours the meat of the word which is manifested in the reflex.

Rosana Ricalde requests, from the visual forms, sonorous and verbal which cross the field of visibility and enunciates, their encounters and combinations uncountable. To permit them is to dismiss the word from its power of unambiguous designation. And, why not, locate in the interior of the construction of discourse what is untranslatable, this unspeakable which finds a home “somewhere” between the word and the image. Which devours itself mutually.

Like this text which, impotent and unnecessary, at last resigns and shuts itself.

That a reality hides itself behind appearances is, in any case, possible; that language can reproduce it, would be ridiculous to wait. Why, therefore, adopt an opinion in place of another one, retreat beforehand what is banal or unconceivable, the duty of saying or writing anything? A minimum of knowledge would oblige us to defend all the thesis at the same time, in an eclecticism of smile and destruction.

Cioran