

Lo que no se ve

Rosana Antolí

Rosana challenged me to write a text about some of her works that I had never seen in person. I felt like the Beckett's characters Vladimir and Estragón, waiting for Godot without knowing what was coming, expecting that at some moment it would present itself, linking disconnected ideas while trusting that something of it all, by magic or by some strange mechanism or turn of events, would make it all make sense. I'm confident that at the end of the day these works capture everything that these words cannot capture.

Artists are consistently asked to explain their work, to write about what cannot be seen or is not known. But there are empty spaces that one cannot fill with words, because as so they are meant to be: empty, mysterious, metaphysical, ephemeral, and so transcendent that they escape language.

I thought of filling this space with philosophical quotations about what does not reveal itself, of the possibility or impossibility of knowing that which does not appear to us, that which does not have a form or linguistic designation, about the mechanisms of power and control that oversee us while we believe that we are not being overseen, about how the ancient Greeks claimed that between all the faculties that we have to sense the world around us the visible is what we have always preferred. But instead, what fundamentally concerns and illuminates me is the idea that the strongest shocks of our lives often occur silent and invisible as private and unspeakable events.

There are landscapes, visages and settings that at every moment leave us. They escape the capacity of our physical eyes but remain inside of us, contributing to a debt that we owe to all that has unconsciously influenced what we are and what we do.

To tell a story without knowing the beginning, what ties it together or its fundamental outcome is something that ostensibly exposes itself to the possibility of failure, to the point at which all of the effort involved becomes an investment in oblivion, simply another way of disappearing. To dare to fail without hiding is a heroic action. It is the act of confronting very powerful ghosts, ones that hide themselves but are omnipresent at the same time. Bringing to light what is hidden is too tempting that resigning oneself to not trying is not an option.

Tarkovsky wrote, "Art would be useless if the world were perfect, as man wouldn't look for harmony but would simply live in it. Art is born out of an ill-designed world." The artist is given license to view our world with different eyes and we recognize his or her right to move us to see how we apply to reality that which is only derived from intuition, the inherent absence, and that which remains outside of the framework that we've constructed for ourselves in this ill-designed and imperfect world.

It is probably not necessary to know or remember the titles, the numbers, the mediums or the forms of the works that will be exhibited here in order to understand and to converse of the processes, the desires, and the intentions that transcend the names and the techniques that have been utilized here. They are simply triggers, or catalysts, that will make sense if the viewer – who is perhaps able to see in the works that which they never were able to see before – is able to, in one way or another, experience that profound shock and vertigo when confronted with that which cannot be named. Whenever it is guessed in them, not what it is now, but the almost-infinite freedom that it is possible to

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