

The Rites of Christina

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Christina Oiticica's art mirrors itself in a pantheistic religiosity that travels the sacred minerality of the Pyrenees under the druidic mirage of the Monte Viscos, from the memory of Joan of Arc to the angelic visions of the Tour de Saint Jacques in Paris, among roads, paths and walks on the field of stars following the Milky Way, going on a peregrination over the rock tiled territory of magic, transfigured into clay.

I read in an anonymous alchemic text of 1534 that "Rocks are familiar to all men, young and old. They are found in the field, in the village, in the city, in all things created by God, and, nevertheless, they are depreciated by everyone. Rich and poor touch them every day, the housemaids throw them to the street, children play with them, and in that way, no one values them, even though they are, after the human soul, the most wonderful and precious thing of the earth and have the power of making kings and princes fall. Even so, they are considered the most vile and despicable of the earthly things."

So I couldn't help but think about the feminine universe that emanates from the objects created by this serene artist who moves in search of secrets and mysteries. Reoccurring subjects in her work, lips and hearts suggest a path inward, penetrating through the lips down to the heart's cavern, the full-empty core, the feminine heart impregnated with desires, where her most profound being inhabits, the one that exists before it is born and will keep living after death.

It is similar to mountains, what we search in them lies innermost: the cavern, the mountains' heart.

Through the lips we learn to live, but in the cavern we learn to die while we are alive and to stay infinitely still, in sync with the absolute, as our hindmost destiny is to be born and to die eternally.

In the canvases Christina buries and then unburies to stretch them into the frames, lastly appear the surfaces fossilized and modified by the Earth and its mineral, animal and vegetal compounds, which lend them their final aspect, as if this act reinvented them in this eternal return, where they appear alive and tinted by microbes, fungi, rust, clay, geological memories. This resurrection is her true creative gesture which has nature as her accomplice. But the essential is that magic is the knowledge that takes us to tame nature. So, the beauty of these canvases, the enchantment they bring us, don't come from the esthetic and expressive materials that are common in most artists, but they are made of etheric materials, even if we have to attribute materiality to the etheric.

On another scale, this attitude of killing and reviving makes us think of an exercise of preparation, of a religious rite that will conduct us to the final moment, when we leave the cocoon, a rite of passage. Would every art be a rite of passage from yesterday to tomorrow? Or would it just be the expression of the eternal now, where, if we look attentively, we are able to perceive the infinite?