

The different depths of my sketch were entangled in the blinding darkness of the blacks illuminating shapes left in ancestral obstructions not even unfolding in the mind. My eye was blinded by these obstructions. But in the search for an origin to the sketch, without revealing all of its entanglement, attempts are made to reveal and conceal itself to time in the search for volume. The line of the sketch moves through translation of thought and movements of the hand which on entering the image are inseparable. The search for me to be able to move internally is in the volume. The line is the thread of writing it represents humoral crevices of cosmic maps where the infinitely small is a boundless universe. A disturbing desire to be within that brightness where the lines mangle. White is the natural light of the bright sun: one cannot locate the source from which it springs and neither locate its origin other than it being above all things; hence the inevitability of it enclosing the existing sun. A real simplicity in itself not to reach a realistic painting but to make “the infinitely distant and the infinitely close” contemporaneously real which stands out against the sunlight. What links the two different pictorial moments is the necessity of contemplation in a suspended time: what one sees in this instant will no longer exist or ever be the same because the angle of light will have changed the painter's view in the continuing flow of time.

Then the strength of the line unfolds into shapes that push against the walls of paper that pushes back, bends and curls the movements that ask for space. A space waving between the two-dimensional motionlessness of the paper and the sound of the wave drawing the way forth.

At that moment the hand moves in the sketch searching for the volume of the line in the air and the sketch turns into wire that moves in memory of the gestures allowing them another life and the gestures of the past are the image of knotted wire, wrapped, entangled in the soft dense pliable shape left on the surface that welcomes the shadow of natural light like an echo of line masses. The angle of light in a day modifies “intra-vedere” from the hand to the soft dense masses created.

Paola Ricci © January 2005