

The first thing that strikes the eye in the most recent paintings of Águeda de la Pisa is their monumental feel: ample areas in which a perfect balance is achieved in the organization of space. The simplicity, solidity and careful construction of the forms, allied with the harmony of the proportions, lend a sensation of moving among serene, open architectures brushed by a gentle breeze. The wellspring of the pleasure which her paintings give lies on the unexpected combination of the artist's vigour, the austerity of these solid bases and the glimmer of the veil interposed by the painting a floating veil, creating a delicate tracery of reflections. Its fold soften the harsher angles of the assemblance of geometries.

When I spoke of a monumental feel, I was very referring to those of uncertain, creative memory. Beneath the sumptuous but tender ornateness of the greys, highlighted here and there as in antique Court gowns by the eclosion of the bright blues, the silver striping or the crepuscular shadow of the browns, one can vaguely guess at lettering, fragments of words. These vestiges of discourse, these inexorably-worn texts in which a living presence yet lingers, this palimpsest now indecipherable for eternity, is like the impalpable deposit of dust laid by the passage of time in the interplay of memory and oblivion. Where the, does the wonder lie?. Not in the elegance with which the solids are arranged in undeniable order, nor in the sensual virtuosity of the colouring, but rather in the achievement of interplay between the two with such grace and such authority.

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