

The reactionary catechism asserts that everything under the sun has an exact and precise place, as well as a preordained and inevitable fate to which it is inexorably tied. We are taught that there is no possible alternative to this fateful trajectory: it is either tradition or plagiarism. But Art, in the synthesizing of all human adventure, does not conform to the idea of either finishing or ending, it is not at ease with the laws of a code, that is, a code limited to obedience, that attains to more discipline rather than to acquiescence. I will not take it upon myself to thrash all this out with Antoni Tapies' views at this point, and even less with those of Paul Klee. Intermediary or not, transmitter or transmogrifier or not the artist is always profane, a blasphemer, as he transforms the cosmic, rigorous order of creation. The artist elbows his way through life, so that the world and its history might be replete with ideas, whose forms and colors were heretofore denied the privilege or legitimacy.

I have written: elbows his way... And I repeat it again. The artist is the perpetual creator of intruders and bastards in search of a baptismal certificate. I think it was William James who defined plasticity as the quality of 'a structure so fragile it would yield in the face of any external force, but at the same time so strong it would remain intact, even if struck hard with a blow'. Voila! We have run right into the idea of plasticity as if it were the synonym for a permanent struggle for the reconquest of space, for the redistribution of land areas. The artistic adventure is the geopolitics of existence. The emancipation movements, the colonial constraining laws, the endless frenzied dance of frontiers and borders are the wherewithal of its daily condition, its everyday history, its constant risk and hope.

Modern art causes cracks and crumbling in the walls of the old city. Every fissure implies a new chance, opportunity, a new attempt at the legitimization of aesthetic forms. Only strength and energy, however, can guarantee success at the end of the long haul. There is a great deal of confusion, a good many stabs at sabotage. How many will manage the final goal? Very few. It is a mathematical law, a law of the marketplace, a determining law. But I would dare to prognosticate that Agueda de la Pisa will reach that goal, among those competing in the race for the grand prize.

And why should that be? For reasons of honesty, perseverance, and the constant purification of poetic content and leit motifs. Agueda de la Pisa has successfully established the ideal of surrogate essence. (Kandinsky). Her painting is not representative but creative! The spacial starkness, the enormous emptiness of far-off solitude brings us face to face with the eternal and ubiquitous theme of familiar and immediate loneliness: a dia-Ferré astutely observed— all of Agueda de la Pisa's painting is in accord and in harmony with a canticle of suspensions and delicate gravitations, a fluctuating flow of correct, solitary yearnings.

I am rambling on too long. But it is impossible to keep quiet in the face of a spiritual sensation which encompasses a test of absolute formal starkness, a divesting of rhetorical encrustations, a silent transition of colors toward the web in which

abstraction and figuration are indissolubly ravelled. The vertebration of light, the Flemish indulgence in detail, which provides a counterpoint to infinite isolation, the mathematical co-ordinate, that underlies the precise prescription of astrological gyration act as a force in this painting, a force that derives from feminine sensibility. As regards the optic of the absurd, Agueda de la Pisa's painting has very few feminine conventionalities. I cannot tell if that is eulogy or a sociological kiss of death. What I am sure of is this: the mastery of plastic construction is impeccable and the radiation of light from corporeal or human planets against a sidereal background comprise one of the most authentic high points in Spanish painting today. To present Agueda de la Pisa's paintings to the aficionados of Mallorca is a matter of pride to me. Perhaps I have not reacted with the adequate exactitude and respect that this enormously important work demands.

**Josep Melia (Adapted by Elaine Kerrigan)**