

THE HOUR OF THE DRAGON

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It is said that in ancient China, a painter has traveled through valleys, deserts, mountains and forests searching for a landscape to paint. When he found it, on a bend across the path, he spent the whole day contemplating it. The next day, he took a sheet of paper from his backpack and spent a long time looking at the sheet and at the landscape. The next day, he placed a brush on the sheet, and once more meditated all day long. On the fourth day, the painter completed his little arsenal with an Indian ink brush, a charcoal, a glass of pure water to make ink, and kept looking at the shapes of the landscape outlined by shadows in surrounding hills and valleys, as well as trees bending in the wind. Then, without a sound, a dragon appeared from the clouds, took the brush, and painted the landscape.

This short Taoist tale is similar to the creative processes of artists whose paths lead them to initiatory actions, and whose works take them to the edge of unconscious, as the case of Christina Oiticica.

Christina's art, in spite of its strong aesthetic presence, reveals little face-to-face; its true sense is subtle and multifaceted, and cannot be summed up just through its expression, but through an invention of loaded meanings. She accumulates feelings, ideas, memories in daily life fragments, piles of little material things, which routine activities leave in her bag as residues. So far, nothing new. But these fragments are magically transformed into other things, and these into others, and in others, as she contemplates them and raises herself to the highest levels of consciousness. Associating ideas and memories, she constructs her objects, paints her paintings, outlines her drawings, and writes her texts. As a result, there is a dream-like, sensual, and visual narrative infected with poetic and magic imagery. It seems as if spirit was revisited, but full of a feminine atmosphere revealed in the fetishes with which she fills her objects and paintings, fetishes from sea and land, from Europe and Brazil, to where she constantly journeys.

It is possible to catch the hour of the dragon in Christina's art, just by contemplating, seeking, deciphering, awaiting the moment when the clouds form shapes, which dwell in the material world as well as in the subtle world, where dimensions are beyond time and space, and there are only dreams and imaginary towns usually seen by artists.