

Galería Ehrhardt Flórez

Rosa Tharrats
Theta Wave
From June 4th to July 23rd 2022

The wonder is here, not there; now, not to be.
Richard Jefferies

In this room, the body is a sponge.
The colours caress the retina and the skin like a breeze, like an invisible hand.
Words and ideas weigh less, they are almost weightless, undulating and expanding, floating with magnetic power, as if they had been uttered by someone else, as if they had been uttered by no one else.
Thoughts seep through fabrics and marble, camouflaged. They no longer belong to us.
We can feel how they flee, gradually vanishing in search of another space where they can exist, with us, without us.
Traces of a logic from the past.
It is as if we had passed through a membrane, a ghostly wall. As if we had emerged in a new and unknown body.
Suddenly, we are somewhere else.
A bubble, a vibrant, light dome.
In this space, colours and volumes are voices that speak a language of their own. A language of rumours and tingles.
A hypnotic language that travels through the nervous system and numbs fingers and gums, arms and ankles.
Within this membrane, perception is like swimming.
A way of disappearing among greens and violets, among threads and silks. You walk, you touch, you lie on the warm stone.
A womb and a rectangle.
You feel the roughness of marble on your back. A syntactic clash of temperatures.
The body is suspended between what it is and what it could be, between cold and heat, between sleep and wakefulness.
It is as if you sleep with your mind awake. Like sleeping with your eyes open.
Where is that which you see?
On which side of reality?
A choir of textures surrounds you: soft, shifting, mutating. In this room you are a network.
The signs pass through you and you become a node.

Gabriel Ventura