

THE PROCESS / RENATO RITA

The journey made available by Canale has a clear theme development marked by a committed vocation with a close historical and social conviction. Exerting upon the indefatigable resistance of space the tragic influence of our bequest: the viscous blood flow that the vulnerable artery of our surface drains.

The allegorical clarity of his work evolves, beyond any ideology, and visually claims the essential aspects of our culture, allowing the exacting symbolic construction achieve an integrated intellectual shift without inconvenient formal exhibitions; the rhetoric of abuse in the sweetened expressions of transitional art that generates the excessive growth of postmodern mass consumption. In this activity the so called visual arts are shouted hoarse, and all this shouting is silenced by Canale, deafening perceptions in vainly interpretable images.

Adjusted to his proposal, his precepts emerge with a penitential and strict form; being the signs of his passions meditated at length bestowed on a reflective flotation: father, mother, son, motherland.

The august journey of the spirit has in Jorge Canale fundamentally apprehensible peculiarities: justice, family and scenic order. With a flattering recurrence to the Spanish golden age, he includes, in this strict esthetics, his proposals that coordinate the motifs as an emblem of redemption and manifestation of indisputable identity. This healing of his own avoids metaphorical generalizations; it is memories which are posing feeding their quarrels with dreams; sleepless art.

Upon us, the delicate expression of light traveling in the visual fact; and there, impregnated, we notice that the true burden has no weight, like fate and the circumstance, that is, a whole without gravity, for the utopian dream to be opportune and for solitude not to be a hindrance.

THE INVESTIGATION / JORGE CANALE

I associate art with a police investigation: the reconstruction of the scene, the search for the motive, the lifting of the fingerprints, the chase and the capture.

Artwork is originally an idea on the run that eludes and tricks us. Captive, it could not become art. But it not an idea that has been set free; it bears a guilt that it is not aware of, anchored in the pretension of its demiurge.

How do we move in on an idea on the run?

By inventing it. By following the clues that it has left all around it and its configuration within us, a configuration which we begin to desire.

The process of bringing to fruition the idea, which is simultaneously induced and deduced, finds its base within the unconscious tradition of the artist and in the media and the genre that will allow this creature to emerge and the functional ways to reveal its meaning. It would seem, then, that we were able to discover it in the form it has taken to allow its emotion to be born.

Now: she is indeed ours and not ours. A pure object, artwork.