

## ROSA - ROSAE

**Lego de spinis rosam**

**St. Jerome, Hieron, ad Eustochium, De custom, virginit, Epist. 22, c 8**

Remarkable for its beauty, its shape and its perfume the rose is the flower most used as a symbol in Western civilization. It symbolizes life, the soul, the heart, love. In Christian iconography it sometimes symbolizes the chalice which receives Christ's blood, the transfiguration of blood drops. It may symbolize thorns or a mystical rebirth, a regeneration, a resurrection or immortality. For the Greeks, originally the rose was white. When Adonis was mortally wounded, his protector Aphrodite rushed to help him and was pricked by a rose's thorn. Blood from her wound dyed the flowers red and thus the red rose was born, a symbol for passion.

To grasp a rose we must be careful not to hurt ourselves with its defenses, its thorns. The implicit contradictions in a rose's nature: flowering vs. withering, fragility vs. fierceness, curve vs. angle, softness vs. roughness are also present in Lucía Warck Meister's art. Her work startles us when on the suave pink velvet delicately spattered with flowers sharp thorns or brilliant tear drops jut out and we read: "We abandon without pity" or "That gaze from you compelled me to kill you slowly, softly, tenderly".

Sarcastic and romantic, committed to reflection (thought), sentiment (feeling) and humor Lucía Warck Meister integrates resources, ingredients and emotions to develop new boundaries in the relationship of an art work with its surroundings.

Lucía has her own work method: she applies color with patterns of roses (made previously) on the surface of the fabric. Then she glues thorns or drops almost eliminating any gesture. Her fascination with roses is translated into her art work using "collages" or using graphic images of roses stamped into the fabric or incorporating cast plaster flowers. These elements are subtly and innovatingly combined so that her flowers become the central image of a drama: almost a sacred symbol, shape or space which combines autobiography with biographical references to her idols or to all of us. The roses appear in many different ways: as buds, with their petals open, with or without stalks, painted, transferred, printed, copied or collaged as reliefs. When they are open they remind us of a mandala, with stalks they may become commas or parentheses which move on the canvas or they may be entwined evoking in our memory other fabrics and embroideries like a printed chintz or even moreso a kitsch cretonne like the cheap velvet often used by the artist.

Lucía Warck Meister assumes that “decorative” ingredients are something usual in art. With stalks often made with extra-pictorial substances her roses are occasionally woven into the shape of a crown. A rose wreath or a rose crown.

Once again we witness a transcendent issue, the idea of perfection, an idealization, as in the rose. In Greece and Rome, the gods were crowned with crowns made of plants which they had previously consecrated. Jewish priests brought crowns of flowers to the festivities of the tabernacle.

In Lucía’s iconographic universe roses are combined with thorns, blood drops, water or amber, tears. The queen of spades becomes a queen of thorns surrounded by eight roses which in turn are surrounded by eight thorns (which could be beams of light).

The number eight, half way between the square and the circle, between the earth and the sky, is the number of cosmic balance. It is that of the four cardinal points plus the four intermediate directions, the number of the roses of the wind, of the spokes of a wheel, of the angels bearing the celestial throne, of the lotus flower’s petals (which in Asia corresponds symbolically to the rose for Western civilization). When an eight is turned on its side it becomes the symbol for infinity as is shown in one of Lucía’s works where on a red support sprinkled with red drops eight white plaster roses encompass eight white roses which encompass eight white roses which encompass eight white roses.... and so forth reminding us that life is shared between pleasure and pain or as we can read in St. Jerome (Epist. 22, c 8): “From between the thorns we pull out the rose”.

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