

## Introduction

The things made by Atria are up front and direct; their target: the eye. They are addressed to anyone (not just erudites) with enough will, sensitivity and lack of prejudice to be experienced as an esthetic happening, irreducible to mumbo-jumbo; standing against, by the way, to a certain cool art criticism.

The prehistory of these artifacts became apparent in the year 2000: "Magnetic fields" (1997); "God does not exist" (1999), primitive marks made by water, oil, wax, graphite... and white grounds of lead white (academy) and wall paint (hardware store) all constitute the austere repertoire of those post-school experiments.

Atria's work is not "political art"; it is, and pay attention all the blind! "visual art", and, by default, political. Forms, materials and technique; means and ends. Oblivious to all flags, social criticisms and affiliations, she chooses to stick her hands in the mud and thus provoke a visual, social and political image.

Program and accident cross her path once and again, regulating and exceding their contradictory nature: to knead, to cut, to fold... Work, and only it, makes possible the appearance of these anomalies in plasticine, straw and flocking, unexpected objects, hiper-visual and self-represented.

Atria's stubborn and persistent insistence allows her to zig-zag and turn without ever losing focus: each work a new challenge, each challenge one and the same work, closing a golden circle; time, play and work. Without haste, without *look*, without ceremony, without style; each day, every day. Minding her own business.

Multicolored decorations, domestic handicrafts, platonic geometries, elementary school archeologies, patriotic emblems, handmade crafts, formal fantasies, domestic decorations, patriotic handicrafts, elementary school emblems, handmade geometries, multicolored archeologies, crafted fantasies, platonic forms... in conflict.

Materials, whichever they might be, are touched by Atria's eye as if for the last time. The lifeless mass and its apathy are turned into inexplicable formations, some of them rough, some of them gentle, all of them incommunicable through the tongue, the lips, the teeth. Visual forms, aerial and boundless.

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