

In the entirety of Isabel Baraona's work, the drawing as discipline acquires significant importance. Consequently, we can consider it connected to the creative process, permitting the very existence of the work. This is the first sign of its contemporary character, of its integration in a field of preoccupations and meanings that mark the actual art scene. Because drawing, whose autonomy of display has been denied for centuries, it retains characteristics of intimacy, of ephemerality and even of domesticity that other techniques try to deny.

We'll look now onto these drawings in their most formal aspect: there are blotches, lines made with brushes and much diluted water color; then a very precise and fine line is transformed into persons, sometimes even marks of an undefined place, a house or stage. The precise definition is always avoided; a clear separation does not exist between the masculine and the feminine, the animal and the human, between the constructed and the natural. Neither does there exist a clear limitation of space, like painting normally applies, nor one of volume, something that characterizes sculpture. There is a constant indecision in defining what we see and feel, of the emotions provoked (or not) by the drawings. Persons interact with each other; we imagine a narrative or a sketch of it, always fragmented and incomplete. Previously we have spoken of scenarios: perhaps because the narrative element possesses an artificiality that comes from its incompleteness and from the unlacing of the contours on the white paper's surface. We could also refer to theatre, or a theatre piece with its traditional separation in acts that indicate the course of action in time, and the scenes defined by the number and the role of the characters on stage.

However, besides these iconographic and formal elements (understood here as the stylistic characteristics of Isabel Baraona's drawings), this artist has an understanding of this practice that goes beyond the paper sheet. A drawing is always a frontier in space, a barrier that is artificial as are all of them. It confines an in and out, an interior and exterior. We can say it establishes a neat and dialectical division between what it is and what it isn't: man and woman, interior and exterior, human and animal, form and unform. But this rational and logical process withdraws itself from the purposes of Isabel Baraona's drawing: as we don't notice this separation, not thematically nor iconographically, and not even in terms of support is it visible. In a recent series, the artist used cut-out silhouettes on adhesive bi-colored paper that were put on the big window front of the exhibition space. Consequently, they invaded the exterior, the street, mingled with the daily life of passersby, broke the pureness of the gallery's 'white cube' with the attraction exerted on the man on the street. Like merchandise, they were put out onto the window; and not even the color was sufficiently sharp to permit certainties.

Another series of works is done with transparent paper rolls from which big flowers have been cut out, invading the space like lacework. At the end of the exhibition these works are destroyed, as such assuming their ephemeral character – perhaps still one of the ultimate taboos in the visual arts. The artist calls these works "still lives", probably because they contain an irresistible vocation that condemns them in the first place. But at the same time they also disturb the normal circuit of who enters an exhibition space, sees the works against the wall and goes out again: it's not on the wall that we should see these pieces, but in the air, with what is around them, in their interaction with each other.

In its lack of definition, it remains a strange and intimate work, with a power that only the person that walks without absolute certainties can have. Perhaps this is the constant condition of the artist.