

# Jenny Feal

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Text of general presentation: Objects are part of our daily life and they testify not only a physical or functional trajectory, but also symbolic. Through my work, I take existing objects with proper lives that belong to a specific context. Because of its reproduction or transformation, a distance and a feeling of strangeness are caused in the spectator's experience. The thin line between personal and collective items is determined by the introduction of superficial and daily objects, loaded with symbolic, historical, social and political dimensions. I observe the physical and material conditions of the object, exploring its possible layers as a daily archeological process. The manual aspect in the conception of a piece with materials as ceramics, ink, bronze or paper, gives a new temporality, that creates a tension between the previously conceived idea and the inherited collective memory. In my case, Cuba is a reference and an endless source.



*Mamey or the perfumed essence*

red and gray raw ceramics, wood, wicker, water  
variable dimensions  
2017



View of the installation *Mamey*

We go through the threshold of the door of the Space La Spirale del Toboggan and a sensation of embarrassment gets into us; the double impression of seduction and strangeness in front of an incomprehensible "situation" at the first sight. The rules of the game are not previously evoked, but the visitor should discover them step by step and then, he will accept his active and activator role in an immersive play, that invites to the circulation and the participative implication, and whose sense is not complete without assuming the previous variations.

Starting from the name of an exotic fruit from West Indies (mamey), Jenny Feal invites us to accept the journey to the interior of its pulp, in a combination of sensitive experiences, even synesthetic. Their components, however, only participate in an allusive and parabolic way in order to create a new system of relations that takes distance from the realistic reproduction to undertake the way of fiction. Then the pulp is transformed into a stable mud lake, that invades all the surfaces of the space, and its seed of wicker<sup>1</sup>,

1- The wicker is a material with great resistance and elasticity, that permits aeration, and that's why is widely used in the construction of furniture in hot countries.

suspended in the air, becomes into the small sacred chest that keeps the inaccessible things- the fortuitous existence of a small note book of annotations, twice unreachable because of the materials used for its constitution and its location, revealing this incapacity.



View of the instalation



The experience is complete when you climb the spiral, and situate in a new position, which low angle perspective, obliges us, as in a film sequence, to move our angle and change our attitude. Our passive role of observers, change with the appearance of an incredible object<sup>2</sup>. A new process starts and gives place to a cycle, that gathers different elements and factors: the transforming gesture<sup>3</sup>, the water as an activator agent and the natural light as a track of its immanent temporality. And this previously steady lake, starts mutating in time and in its development, goes to the state that precedes the creation of a mud piece- manifestation widely explored by the artist, closing this way an essentially vital cycle. Return to earth?



2- This cube is typical and frequently found in the Cuban batey, where the slaves lived in the sugar plantations during the colony.  
3- In the Cuban culture with afro Cuban influence, to throw water out from the domestic place, means to clean the limits of the house and to send away the bad spirits.

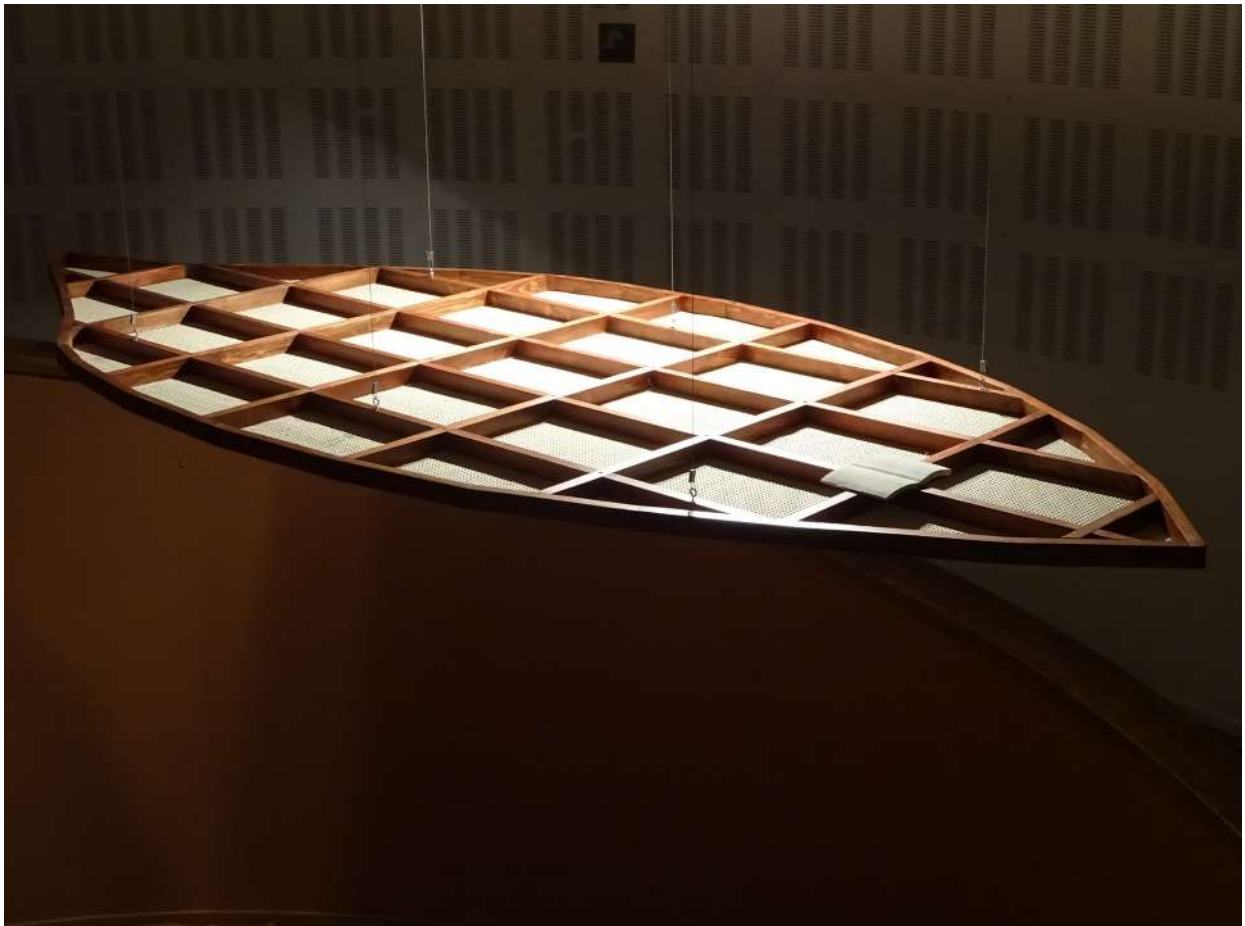


View of the inside of the installation



View of the inside of the installation





Suspended wooden structure



Detail of the small note book of annotations (white ceramics)



Detail of the flooring

*From the wood to the mountain range / one thousand exquisite fruits / are given to the goddess /  
Tender mother Venus / takes them one by one / and approaches them to her lips /  
She hardly deflowers them / mouth still impregnated / with the delicious nectar /  
Enraged Cupido / finally presents / from the delicious mamey / its perfumed essence 4.*





View of the mezzanine



Mamey drawing (paper, gray raw ceramics)

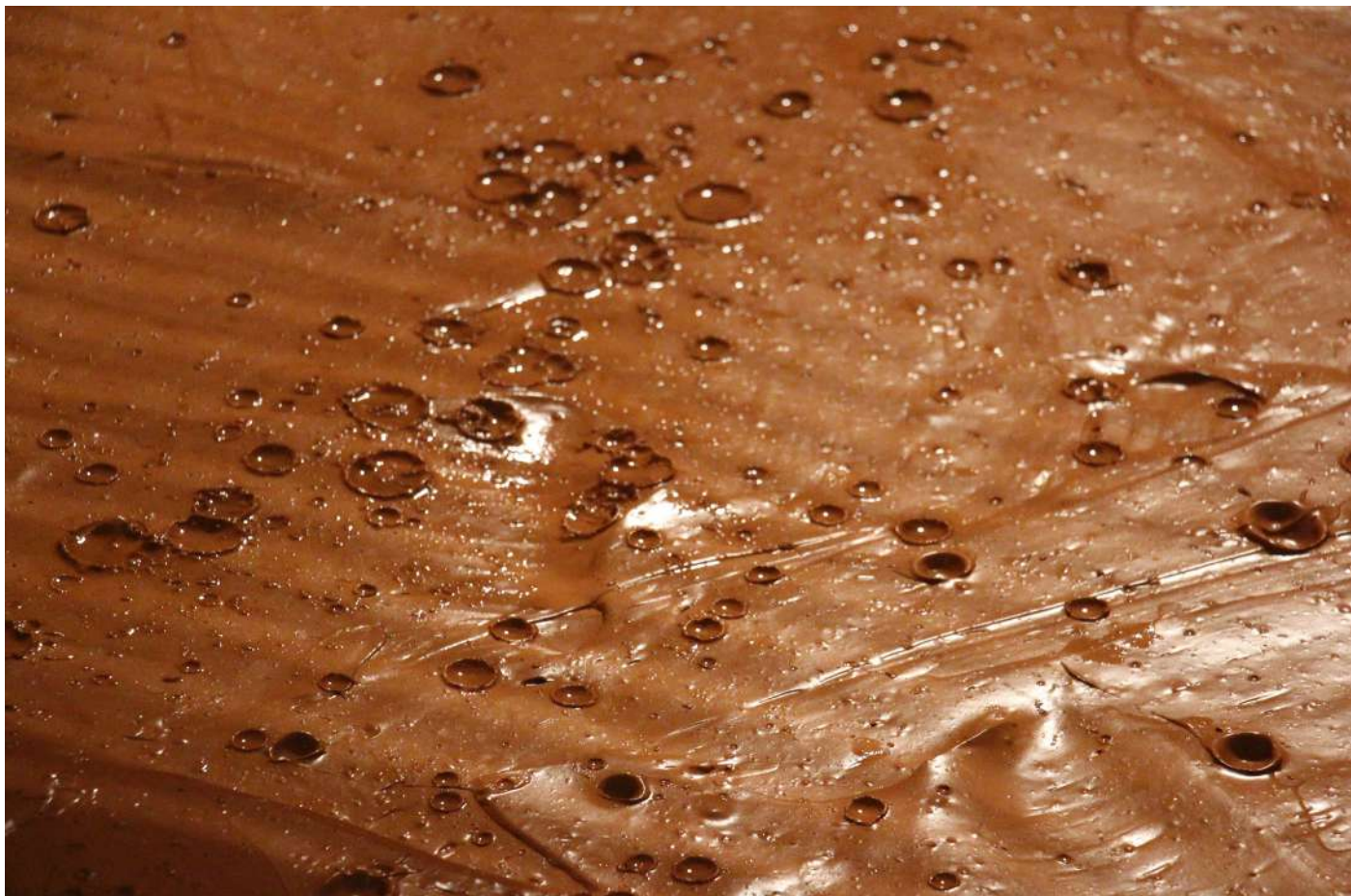


Wooden bucket with water

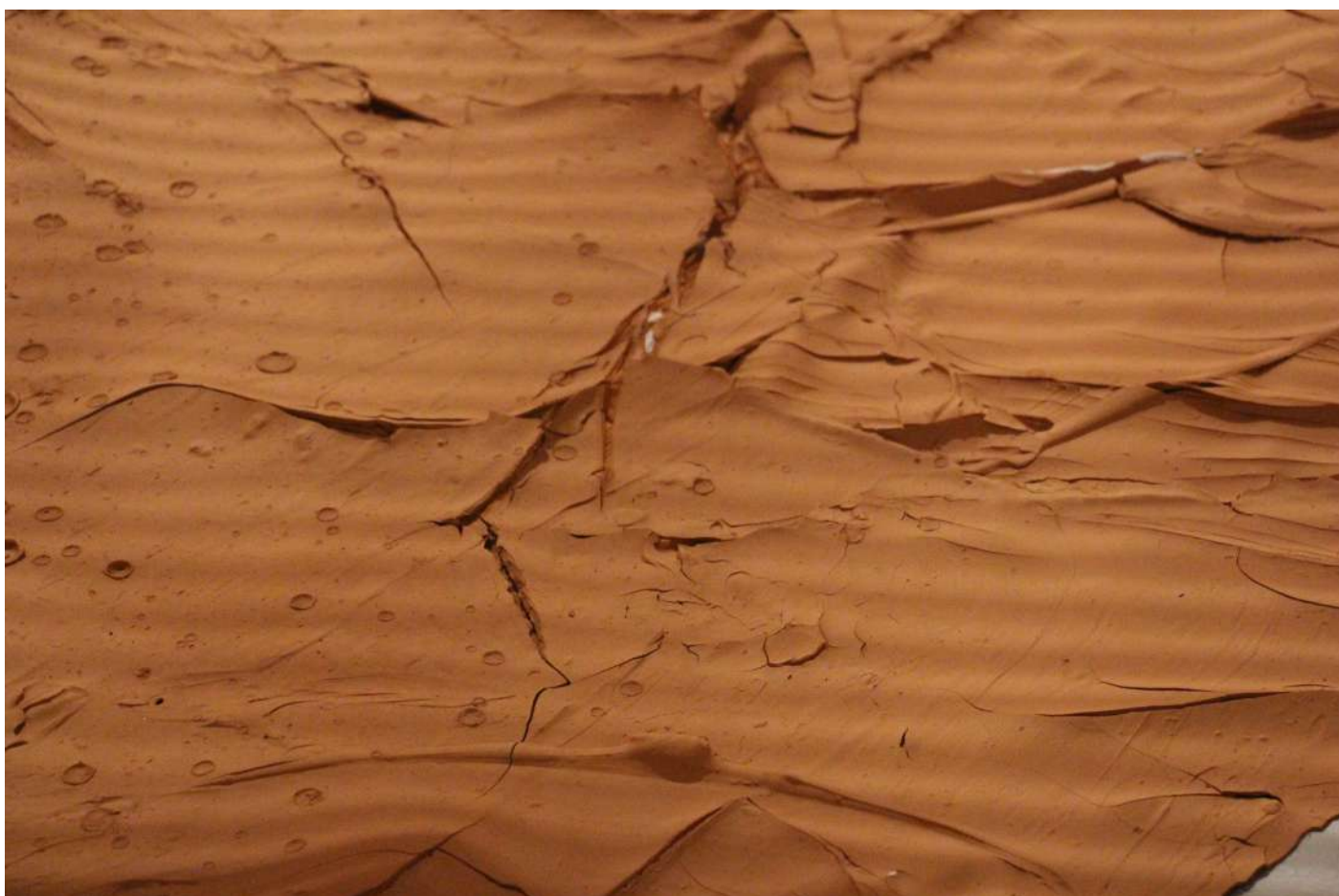


Visitor throwing water to the flooring





Detail of the flooring



Detail of the flooring

*Mamey*<sup>5</sup> then reveals as a “black hole”, with gravity and own characteristics in its vocation to generate an infinity of possibilities and horizons of events. Not without risks and uncertainties, of course. To go through this tenuous frontier of possibilities is up to the spectator. In his acceptance of the challenge that represents the adventure of a piece of art experience.

Sara Alonso Gómez, Bogotá, October 22th of 2017.

Solo show *Mamey*, Galerie La Spirale, Toboggan in Résonance of the 14th Biennale de Lyon, Décines, France.

Curator : Sara Alonso Gómez.

This solo show was supported by La Ville de Décines-Charpieu, le Toboggan, La Médiathèque, l'ADERA.

5- Mamey is a perennifol fruit from the Calophyllaceae family of sweet fruits. Can be eaten and probably comes from the West Indies.

*Niveles* (Levels)  
red and gray raw ceramics, wood, coconut  
variable dimensions  
2017



View of all the instalation

*Niveles* is an installation consisting of two elements in space. The first is on a wall. It is a sloping wooden shelf that carries books of gray clay. They have been crossed by a horizon of red clay. The natural colors of clay, recurrent in my work, represent two opposite ways of thinking. The second element is a little more secluded and consists of a square stool that lacks a foot. On this seat rests an arm that exposes an armpit in low



relief. It reveals a sensitive , sweaty body part hidden by human geography. This moist ceramic holds a dry coconut collected during a trip to Cuba. The water of the coconut escaped, so it's counterweight function on the stool balance is doubtful. The absence of water in the coconut can evoke the sensation of strangeness felt when you return from a trip. The incomplete stool is an unbalanced chair intended for reading.



This proposal was part of the exhibition *Double Trouble*, Maison du livre, de l'image et du son, Villeurbanne, France.





Detail of the books (red and white ceramics)



Detail (red ceramics and coconut)



*Te imaginas* (You imagine)

pottery, bronze, handle, stools, fabric, fan, fishing rod, fishing rod,  
decoy, plastic bottle

HD video, color, monaural sound, 4'54"

variable dimensions

2016



View of all the instalation

This installation presents an indefinite place, recreated with elements taken from the reality and objects invented that belong to «another reality».

Filmed footage shows men fishing in a deep dark night. In parallel, two off voices talk about their situation of confinement on an island where they can neither see nor touch the sea, just listen. They (the voices) compare the fate of those men who launch their fishing lines to that of their neighbors on the opposite island. The island of Cocos, whose inhabitants, citizen coconuts can not access the water to causes of large sand dunes and royal palms. They must wait for the passage of a hurricane to leave the island and, once in the sea, they become fish. The two voices off then imagine solutions to escape them too.

A sea of still wet red mud dries in front of the video. In a corner, a frozen water melts in a bottle. On its label are drawn two talking coconuts. A little further, a fan prevents a lure from reaching its target. Elsewhere, a coconut has been metamorphosed into bronze fish. A mud-soaked cloth rests in front of an open window and two stools are arranged in space, one occupied by a handle and the other placed at the disposal of the viewer.

In the setting of the Renaud Foundation Price, Lyon, France.



Detail of the video





Detail of the fish (bronze)



Detail of the bottle with frozen water



Detail of the hook





Detail of the cloth saturated with ceramics



Detail of the flooring





*Libraries of grandparents*

raw pottery, metal, wood, paper, electric lamp

variable dimensions

2016

Two libraries that reflect two opposite systems of thought. One Socialist or Communist and the other Social-Democrat and Christian. They belong to my two grandparents who lived in Cuba during the Cuban revolution of 1959.

One struggled to emerge from rural poverty in the hope of a better distribution of wealth and rights. The other, educated psychiatrist, poet and composer, supported economically the revolutionary ideals in its beginnings before leaving during the determined communist turn by the leaders. He was imprisoned for 17 years as a political prisoner before being exiled in the United States.

This installation reproduces integrally the socialist library of my grandfather, who stayed in Cuba, the one I met when I grew up, confronted with the library of my deceased grandfather in Miami, built according to the references and the exchanges that I could have with him.



View of all the installation

In the setting of the collective exposition *Les Enfants de Sabbat 18* , Centre d'art Creux de l'enfer , Thiers , France.



Library number 1





Library number 2





Library number 1



Library number 2





Detail of the library number 1, books in ceramics



Detail of the library number 2, books in ceramics





Detail of the floor (drawing)



Detail of the floor (tear up paper)

*Trofeo* (Trophy)  
bronze  
24.5 x 3 x 7 cm  
2016



This bronze braid was melted according to the technique of lost wax using a hair braid as a positive, rather than wax. In many cultures, the braid has a significant symbolic weight and the fact of cutting it is a sign of rupture.

*Patterson*  
silver print  
Inkjet on adhesive paper  
47 x 72 cm  
2016



This is an «anonymous» fencer portrait. On his back are his last name, Patterson, and Cub, for Cuba. This member of the fencing team of Cuba proposes a questioning about the future of his generation. The name on his back will disappear along with the golden age of Cuban sport.



*Aquí- allá* (Here - there)  
clay  
variable dimensions  
2016



These are forms of clay that have two sides, one flat and the other hollow. Their grouping tends to fall. Other forms that managed to join the group were arranged elsewhere in the same room.

*Córtate la barba* (Cut the beard)  
bronze, newspapers, steel, mirror  
variable dimensions  
2016



Detail

As with the FARC, the guerrillas grow their beards as a symbol of a moment of transition and revolt. In Cuba for almost 60 years, its main leaders have preserved it. Inviting them to cut their beards, to put it gently, this sculpture proposes to leave space for the new generations.

*Termites*

HD video

color

Monophonic sound

7'

<https://vimeo.com/217252521>

2016



Il s'agit d'un plan serré d'un cadre de porte à l'intérieur d'une maison. Au fur et à mesure, on perçoit des traces montrant que le bois est rongé. On entend un son qui vient de l'intérieur, nous permettant d'imaginer ce qui habite le cadre.



Los cocoteros (The coconut trees)  
ink print on paper  
70 x 50 cm  
2016

Era una isla protegida y cercada por lomas de arena blanca y fina. Además, estaba rodeada por cocoteros, pero sus habitantes los cocos, no podían acceder al agua. Solo los más viejos conocieron el mar en el pasado y debido al tiempo transcurrido, comenzaron las especulaciones sobre su existencia y la de algunos oficios como marineros, pescadores y recolectores de conchas entre otros.

El cocotero era el árbol nacional de la pequeña nación aislada. Majestuoso, verde y firme. Este árbol no inspiraba mucha confianza para algunos coco-ciudadanos.

En los últimos años hubo un calentamiento en el exterior, que entró naturalmente en la isla con gran fuerza y pasó velozmente entre las montañas de arena y los cocoteros; derribando algunos de ellos y esparciendo una nube de arena y confusión en el ambiente.

En el barrio Cocotero Bajo, hubo coco-ciudadanos desaparecidos en intervalos de tiempo diferentes, cosa muy extraña en la isla. Los mismos fueron vistos por última vez antes del paso del primer huracán, cuando salieron en circunstancias difíciles a buscar provisiones y periódicos. Nunca se dio la noticia en coco-TV y algunos coco-ciudadanos no querían compartir ciertas coco-informaciones. Pero algunos habitantes del barrio Cocotero Bajo, pensaban que los coco-ciudadanos perdidos habían sido víctimas de un rapto ambiental y que podrían encontrarse en el agua que estaba por fuera de los límites del territorio-cocal.

Los coco-ciudadanos eran dirigidos por su líder, Cara de coco, un presidente modelo con mucho carisma, seguro de sí, y que juraba entregar a sus coco-ciudadanos lo mejor para el bienestar de la nación.

Después del paso de diferentes huracanes, enviados naturalmente por el enemigo climático, los coco-ciudadanos jóvenes atraídos cada vez más por la teoría de poder transportarse con el viento, como lo hicieron al desprenderse del árbol cocotero por la fuerza de gravedad, comenzaron a preguntarse si sería realmente posible traspasar esas inmensas montañas de arena para ver la inmensidad del exterior. Con mucho miedo lograron reunirse para conversar e intercambiar leyendas, recordar experiencias contadas por sus ancestros, quienes previamente habían conocido territorios exteriores, mediante historias diversas, llenas de anécdotas cargadas de fantasías y esperanzas cocoloridas.

## Translation of the text *Los cocoteros*

This was an island protected and enclosed between hills of fine white sand and coconut trees, which avoided its inhabitants, coconuts, to access the water. Only the old people had known the sea in the past and due to the time elapsed since then, speculations began to run about its existence and some jobs like sailors, fishermen and collectors of shells among others.

The coconut tree was the national tree of the small and isolated nation. Majestic, green and firm. This tree did not inspire much confidence for some coconut-citizens. In recent years there was a warm-up on the outside, which naturally entered the island with great force, making it pass quickly between sand mountains and coconut trees. Knocking down some of these, and scattering a cloud of sand and confusion into the environment.

In the neighborhood Low-Cocotero, there were coco-citizens disappeared at different periods of time, a very strange thing in the island. They were last seen before the passage of the first hurricane, making difficult to look for provisions like milk, food, newspapers, etc. The new was never given on coco-TV and some coconut-citizens did not want to share certain coco-information. However, the neighbors of Low-Cocotero, thought that the lost coco-citizens were victims of an environmental abduction and maybe they could be in the water outside the limits of cocal territory.

The coconut-citizens were led by their leader Coconut Face, a model president with lot of charisma and sure of himself, who swore to do the best he could for the welfare of the nation.

After different hurricanes, naturally sent by the climate enemy, young coconut-citizens increasingly attracted by the theory of being able to transport themselves with the wind, as they did when leaving the coconut tree by the force of gravity, they began to wonder if it was really possible to cross these immense mountains of sand to see the immensity of the outside. With great fear they managed to gather and exchange legends, to remember stories told by their ancestors, who had once known foreign lands. Diverse stories, full of anecdotes loaded with fantasies and colorful hopes.

*Diario* (Daily)  
plastic, enamel  
variable dimensions  
2014-2016 Diary made in France

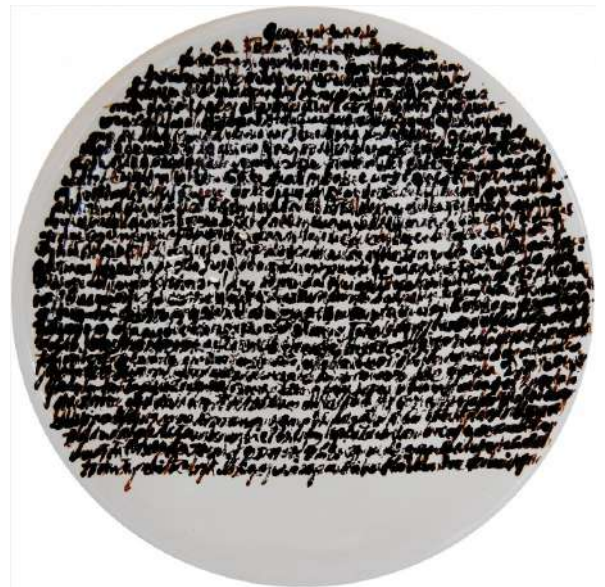


This facility is a newspaper that I maintain since 2012, a serie that I started in Cuba, making dishes in a ceramic workshop. At that moment, I had begun to make a series of illegible writings on the plates about political questions. They were a superposition of ideas that protected themselves from possible wrong interpretations. The first dishes remained in Cuba and, arriving to Lyon, I continued writing this diary, feeding it with writings of my self-censored political resentment.





Detail



*Without title*  
*ceramics, broom's handle, electric cable*  
variable dimensions  
2016



Detail



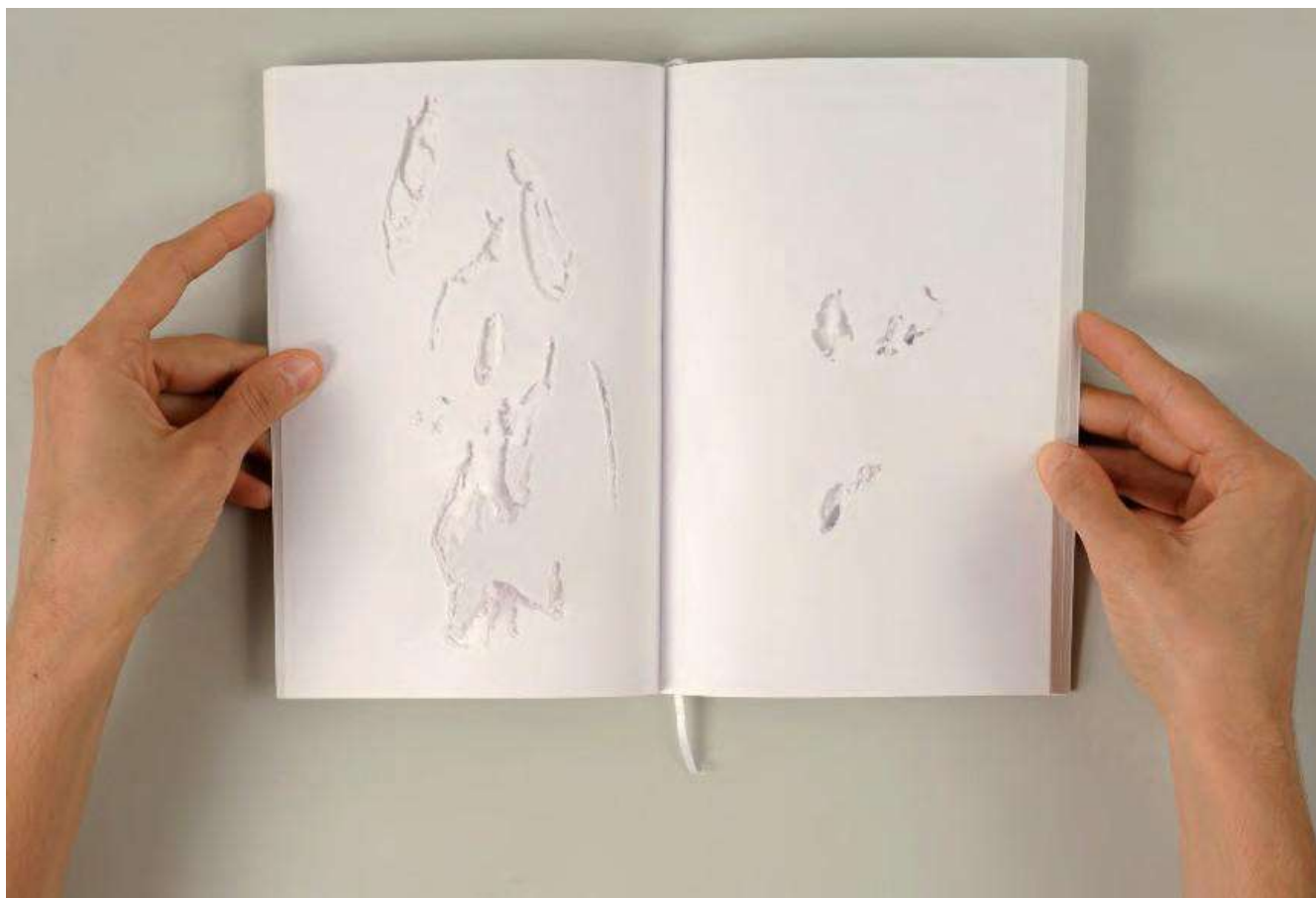
*Trumpet of scriptures*  
table, engraving paper, aluminum  
80 x 176 x 86 cm  
2015



Detail

This is a writing tool that can be thought, due to its movement, that never ends. In his body is recorded an unpublished text in positive. The spinning aluminum top leaves an unreadable writing on the paper, a flexographic imprint of its trajectory on it.

*Termite reading*  
paper, screen  
variable dimensions  
2015





I brought to France some of the Cuban books that had survived the «reading» of termites in my grandfather's library. With a beautiful and dangerous journey through the words and phrases that are missing, these volumes inspired me to create my own books without text, keeping the size of the originals. The work of reference contained a set of «official histories» and ways of thinking that I do not share anymore, so I disappeared the texts.

This proposal was part of the project *¿Cuántos mundos?*, Exhibition *Lejos del teclado*, XII Biennial of Havana, Cuba.

This exhibition was supported by l'Institut Français, the French Embassy in Havana, ENSBA Lyon, the Higher Institute of Art of Havana and the Wifredo Lam Center.



*The weight that counts*  
clock, clay  
30 x 30 x 6 cm  
2015



As time goes by, the clay dries out and the body of the clock that works on the wall is detached. A cyclical correlation is established between the two elements: time and weight.

This proposal was part of the project *l'Alfabeto*, exhibition *l'Analfabeto*, La Citerne, Villa Médicis, Academy of France in Rome, Italy.

This exhibition was supported by the Rhône-Alpes Region, ENSBA Lyon and l'Alfabeto Association.

*Earplugs*  
aluminum, table, plaster  
variable dimensions  
2015





These aluminum balls are placed on this table. They are in dialogue with the two holes on the wall, suggesting a possible absurd use. These earplugs allow us to be isolated and to isolate the wall. A new situation is created in which two ideas emerge: the refusal of the words we don't want to hear anymore and the impediment for the wall to listen to us.



Cuerpo de cisternas (*Body of tanks*)  
natural sponges of Cuban origin, water  
variable dimensions  
2015



This installation was especially designed to be shown in La Cisterna, the exhibition hall of the Academy of France in Rome. This cistern has maintained its name and its original structure giving way to certain water entries in space, especially when it rains. Therefore, it is a particularly humid place, which walls, floors and ceilings are covered with mold. The sponges found in Cuba become cisterns, flooded and fragile bodies sometimes placed barely visible in the water entrances of this underground place. During the exhibition, they change color with water, giving the illusion of being in their natural habitat.

This proposal was part of the project *l'Alfabeto*, exhibition *l'Analfabeto*, La Citerne, Villa Médicis, Academy of France in Rome, Italy.

This exhibition was supported by the Rhône-Alpes Region, ENSBA Lyon and l'Alfabeto Association.

*Fixed dust*  
enameled clay  
220 x 310 x 3 cm  
2014



Detail

This sculpture is a floor of 63 tiles that have an embossed pattern. I drove a bicycle without stopping on the tiles. During this process, the enamel in dust was rising from the tiles with the aid of the wheels constantly moistened. The result is a moving drawing, a kind of puzzle to assemble and disassemble.



*Trompo* (Trumpet)  
soap, wood, pool liners, water  
250 x 120 x 10 cm  
2014



The spinning trumpet has a unique history as a traditional game. It belongs to diverse cultures, for example, to Latin American culture. This toy has constantly changed its shape in order to be adapted to the increasingly refined and sophisticated times, materials and systems in order to attract children. The trumpet is very successful with children on the streets of Havana. Trompo is a large-scale soap sculpture that «dances» until it disappears physically. Placed in the middle of a puddle, she will begin to melt after her fall.

Within the official framework of Marseille-Provence 2013 European Capital of Culture, fifth edition of the Ephemeral Art Festival at the White House, Marseille, France.





Detail



*Aireando comunicación* (Airing communication)  
fans, extension cords  
variable dimensions  
2013



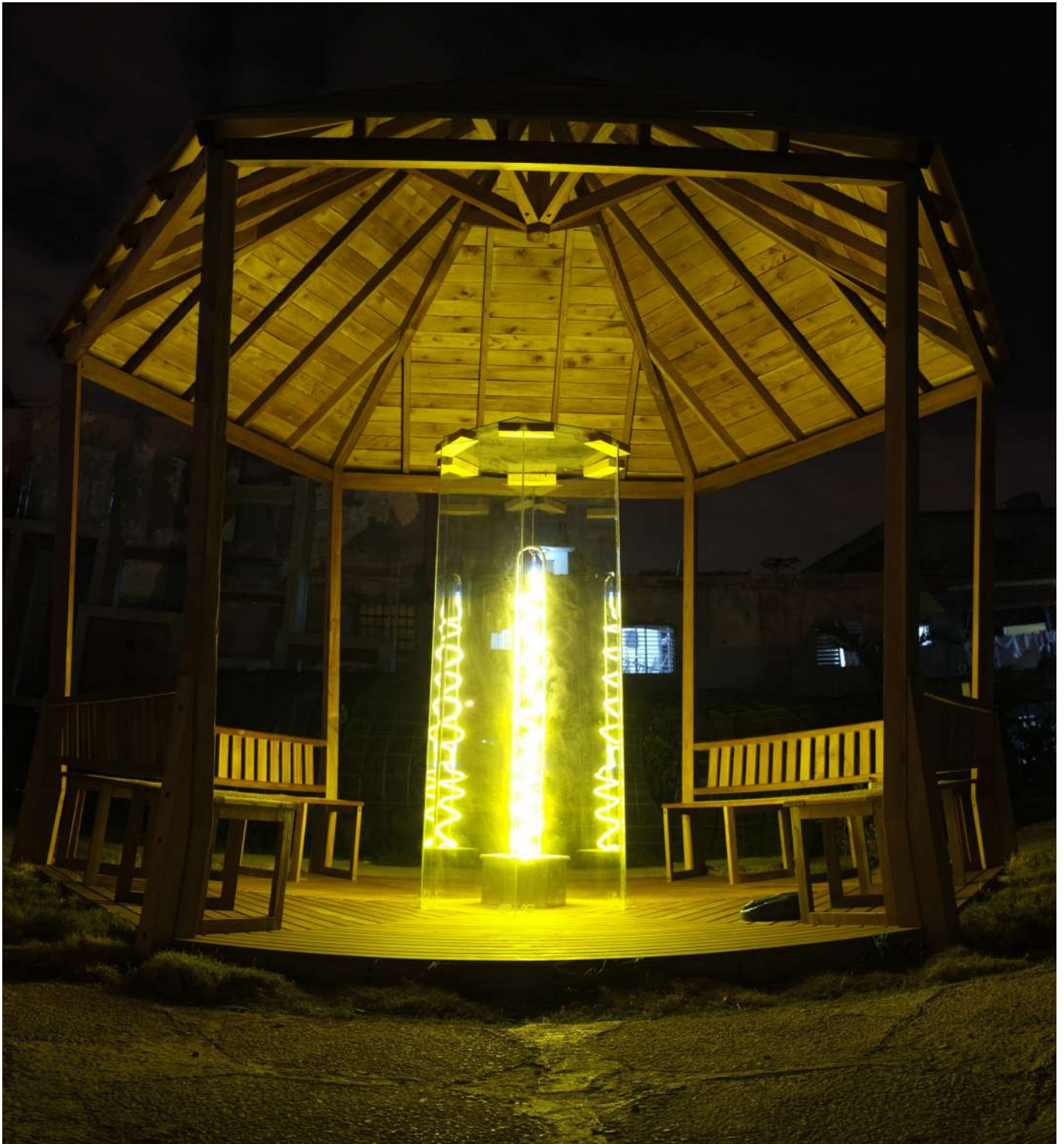


Everywhere exists the desire to preserve the objects, extending its useful life. The objects in general in my work acquire human characteristics. The fan as an equipment that is used to give air and, at the same time due to its use, generates in itself an overheating of the motor. In my house, this concern became a somewhat absurd obsession. When a fan is turned on, it is necessary to prepare another one as a replacement for when the one in operation is overheating. That's why, we have a good amount of fans. To release myself from all responsibility and concern, I installed a group of fans in a circle, so that they interact with each other refreshing themselves. Each fan is running to cool the fan in front and at the same time, has a neighbor working at his back. So, all fans are working together without «suffering» in isolation.

As part of the exhibition *Les appartés Number 4* à Galerie Domi Nostrae, Lyon, France.



*Calle Loynaz* (Loynaz Street)  
miscellaneous materials  
600x 600x 850cm  
performances, readings and meetings inside the roundabout  
2012



*Calle Loynaz* lightened during the night





View of *Calle Loynaz* installation



Interior views



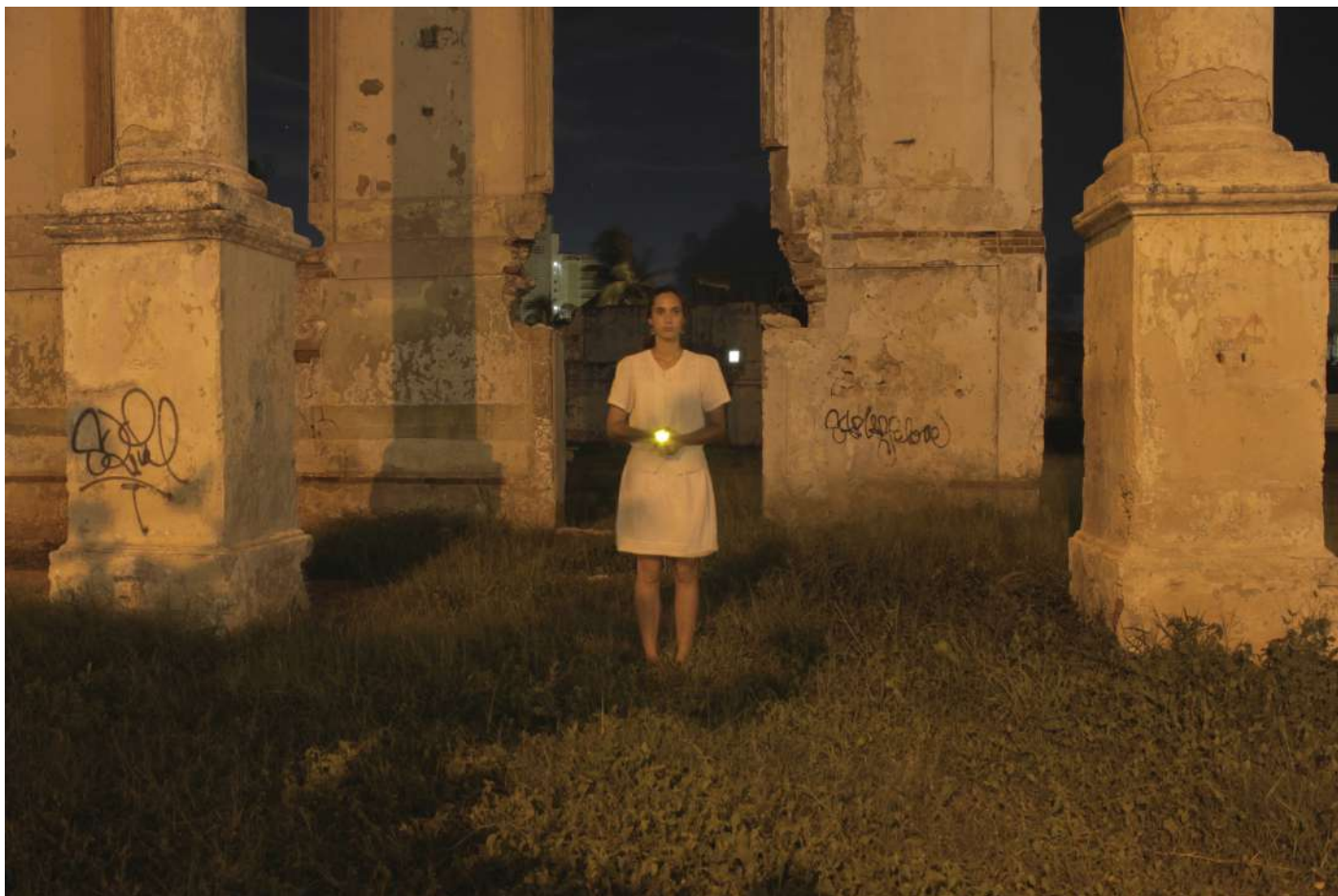


Interior view



Detail of ceramic footprints





Trotcha Park during the performance



Trotcha Park during the performance



Trotcha Park during the performance



Calle Loynaz during the performance



*Calle Loynaz* was my personal proposal to *Ciudad Generosa* (Generous City), a project of the collective 4th Pragmatic Pedagogical in Havana Arts University, in which I was inserted from 2009 to 2012. The main idea of this project was to build a kind of city open to all the people, where each member of the group had to conceive and manufacture his own house. A house to welcome visitors and invite them to stay, to talk and to live without pre-established time.

For my personal proposal, I was interested in the history of this small and almost forgotten park in the capital neighborhood of Vedado. It was part of the forest of Havana in 1880. The ruins that we can observe today belonged to the Trotcha Hotel, which construction dates from the late nineteenth century and was financed by Buenaventura Trotcha. The modernity of its facilities attracted the Commission of the American intervention in the early twentieth century, who were looking for a quiet place to stay in Havana. To complete the requirements imposed by US officials, an electric lighting system was installed in this hotel, possibly, the first in the country at that time.

Reading the private diary of Enrique Loynaz, brother of the poetess Dulce María Loynaz, I discovered that, during her childhood, she went to the gardens of the Trotcha Hotel to admire the electric light. This image would be the most alive memory of the childhood of Loynaz, present in her work. In the design of my house, I tried to link this story to the contemporary representations built by the neighbors of the neighborhood. My research on the Trotcha Hotel taught me that it had a large garden with roundabouts where visitors would settle at night to chat and relax in the glow of electric light bulbs. Therefore, I designed my house as a gazebo open for everybody, as a space on the border between public and private place. In its center, I placed a large polygon of glass surrounding a neon that suggested the filament of a light bulb. My goal was to return the light to a public space that had been left in the shade. Around this bulb, I placed wooden benches and straws, imitating those in the hotel at the beginning of the last century. On the floor of the gazebo there were two footprints of ceramic. Originally, these were my own footprints. However, after the ceramic burnt, they reduced in size, making them look like the footprints of a child, remembering Dulce Maria Loynaz when she came to admire the lights of the hotel. The poetess was somehow present in my space through these forms.

Three weeks before the inauguration of *Ciudad Generosa*, the Cuban State denied us permission to work in the Trotcha Park, because it was located at one of the avenues taken daily by the President of the Republic. The organizers offered us a new park located a few blocks from there. My work was deeply tied to the history of the Trotcha Park, it seemed absurd to me to present it in the other park. Finally, I decided to install my gazebo in the second park, but creating a link with the other place through performances.

Every day I wore clothes similar to those used in the early twentieth century and read poems written by Dulce María Loynaz in my gazebo. At night, the light projected by the bulb attracted people who came to share stories, poems and moments. According to the name of our city, each artist should generously give a souvenir to the visitors. In my case, I gave them small mirrors, so that the visitor could play, expand and communicate with the light bulb reflections and, somehow, take some of the light from my house with them. The last day of *Ciudad Generosa*, I made a performance to connect both parks. I went to Trotcha Park and walked among the ruins.

Performance Description: After a few minutes, I turned on a small flashlight I had in my hands. I walked and thanks to the light, I drew in the air my roundabout, the light bulb



exactly where I had originally planned to install. With the light on, I made the walk for *Ciudad Generosa*. When I arrived to the park, everything was dim, in order to metaphorically return the spirit of light. The moment I set foot in the gazebo, the giant light bulb turned on. I sat down and started to play with the light and the mirrors, depositing them on the floor around the light bulb. Step by step, the audience approached and spontaneously began to play with the reflections of light using their mirrors.



*Calle Loynaz during the performance*

*Calle Loynaz* (Loynaz Street) collective exhibition *Ciudad Generosa*, 3rd and E, Havana, Cuba.

Within the official framework of the XI Havana Biennial, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica. With the support of the Instituto superior de arte de La Havane, Consejo nacional de las artes plásticas de Cuba, the French embassy and the Spanish embassy in Cuba

*Control de calidad* (Quality control)  
clay, enamel, hammer, glasses, gloves (performance)  
variable dimensions  
2013





The bowls present in the installation were produced manually using the same matrices during three months. Their surfaces reveal differences between them; textures and common mistakes during the drying and enameling of ceramics. In this proposal the manual and industrial work are confronted in the quality of the artist's production as a worker. The primacy of Cuban industry prioritizes quantity over quality. The fulfillment of quantitative objectives given by the State blinds the quality of the result. The duty to commit quantitative objectives without worrying about the nature of the outcome are very present approaches in the Cuban economy. Taking advantage of the history of the Habana Factory gallery as a former factory, I made a quality control during the inauguration of the exhibition, analyzing formally my ceramist production. I separated the forms into two groups: well done and with errors. I proceeded to break those that did not have formal errors and from their fragments I build new forms in space.



*Control de calidad*, collective exhibition *Trust*, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica, Galería Factoría Habana, Havana, Cuba.



*Cuba prevé un crecimiento económico del 3,1 % para el 2011*  
(Cuba expects economic growth of 3.1% for 2011)  
clay, concrete  
variable dimensions  
2011





This installation was made at the Royal Bank of Canada in Old Havana, currently in ruins. Speaking in a context where money and economic presence reigned during its golden age, lies this place, a royal bank that has now become past, under the shadows and debris of the oldest of our Havana's. In the middle of a global economic crisis, from which I'm not sure, if Cuba participates or escapes, economic plans are being drawn. How can Cuba achieve an economical growth of 3.1%, if China proposes to reach 8% this year? Perhaps it would be utopian to think about how a 3.1% growth in our lives can truly be reflected in a country that knows the crisis very well or knows how to differentiate it from blossoming moments in our economy. 2011 is going to be a tough year in which 146,000 state jobs will be definitively abolished and 351,000 public employees are expected to move to other forms of self-employment. I place this repetitive figure in uncooked clay on a column of crude cement. A very illusory 3.1% in a space that was a luxury bank before The Cuban Revolution. Routes, restored or newly placed, each piece proposes to question a true meaning of what that figure represents.

*Cuba prevé un crecimiento económico del 3,1 % para el 2011, collective exhibition Banca rota, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica, The Royal Bank of Canada, Havana, Cuba.*



*Tragante* (Drain's)  
silver print  
Inkjet paper  
36 x 24 cm  
2013



This body lets us see through its interior the transparent element on which is floating. An object, whose relation with the water is inevitable. In this case, it gives us access to a world usually far from our hands, floating on a sea of clarity, without fixations and without limits like an endless filter.

*Tragante*, collective exhibition *Classpool*, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica, private house, Havana, Cuba.