

Jenny Feal

Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras

(I think your verses are flowers that fill lands and lands)

Materials: wood, straw, jute, mud, water and glass

Variable dimensions

Place: Museum of Contemporary Art of Lyon.



Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras. Courtesy of the artist and the Lyon Biennial, 2019.



Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras. Courtesy of the artist and the Lyon Biennial, 2019.

Work

Jenny Feal's installation is presented in a single room on the first floor of MAC Lyon. It has three different elements. The right wall is completely covered by a red clay mural, that can be seen when you manipulate sliding wooden doors, proposing that the public could contemplate a whole vision of it. The artist drew, not for addition, but subtracting matter (clay) from the wall, thus showing white marks on the red background, and a butterfly flower, on the right, accompanied by a broken vase placed on the floor. The title is "I think your verses are flowers that fill earth and earth." It is taken from a poem written by the artist.

Focus, context

The artist maintained an epistolary relationship, composed mainly by poems, with her grandfather, whom she imagined living in the United States. The artist approaches her family history by inviting visitors to walk through this installation. In the center, the book with white pages seems to vomit clay. It represents a notebook of poems written by her grandfather. In this book of poetry and diary, limited by censure and self-censure, the pages are white and tell no story. The bench seems to be preparing to receive family members, ready to gather around a missing figure like an absent grandfather. Its absence, symbolized by the lost seat, does not avoid to imagine a physical body, in the clothes drawn on the wall or the traces in the ceramic of the floor. The person evaporated in the center of the family seems to have disappeared, dropping a book on a disproportionate scale that leads to their loss. The clay wall is painted thanks to the removal of the

material previously applied by the artist. She digs to make or see a story appear, a drawing, like this «butterfly flower» associated to a broken vase on the floor. The marks on the mural also painfully remember the traces that public executions can leave on the white walls. The butterfly flower is also a reference to the Cuban reality and the censure imposed on the inhabitants. During the second independence war, Cubans used to hide written messages in this flower. The women adorned themselves with the butterfly flowers, which became a hiding place for independence messages in case of control by the Spanish enemy.

Jenny Feal's installations function as narratives, histories in which she mixes her personal history with Universal History. As the artist's family has missing pieces, the visitor cannot see all the fresco due to the sliding doors, the pages of the book are white and the story told is incomplete. The wall on the right is rounded, remembering that, regardless of the histories lived by men, the earth keeps on spinning.

An article by Lisa Emprin, mediator at the
Lyon Biennale



Installation detail, sliding wooden doors and straw.



Installation detail, wall completely covered with a fresco of red mud.



Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras. Installation detail, butterfly, Cuban national flower, symbol of freedom, mud, vase. Courtesy of the artist and the Lyon Biennial 2019.



Installation detail, wall completely covered with a fresco of red mud.



Installation detail, wall completely covered with a fresco of red mud.



Installation detail.



Installation detail, seen from inside the fresco.



Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras. Poetry book that falls (in fall).
Courtesy of the artist and the Lyon Biennial 2019.



Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras. Poetry book that falls (in fall).
Courtesy of the artist and the Lyon Biennial 2019.



Installation detail wood, jute, mud, and water.



Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras. Bank, family portrait.
Missing a form in the center. Courtesy of the artist and the Lyon Biennial 2019.





Installation detail, missing shape, wood, mud, straw. Courtesy of the artist and the Lyon Biennial 2019.



Installation detail, footprint of two bare feet on the floor.

Tratando de acostarse sin hacer un pliego

(Trying to go to bed without making a statement)

Red clay, cloth, wood, mattress

Variable dimensions: 100 x 200 x 68 cm

2019



Tratando de acostarse sin hacer un pliego is an installation where stacks of red clay dishes, complete or in pieces, constitute the support for a bed. This furniture, suitable for sleeping and resting, here seems difficult to use due to the fragility and danger of its bed base. Its title offers a challenge: To be able to lie down without bending the sheet.



Installation detail.

Tapis rouge (J'ai peur d'un jour tout oublier)

sculpture, faïence rouge

dimensions variables

2019

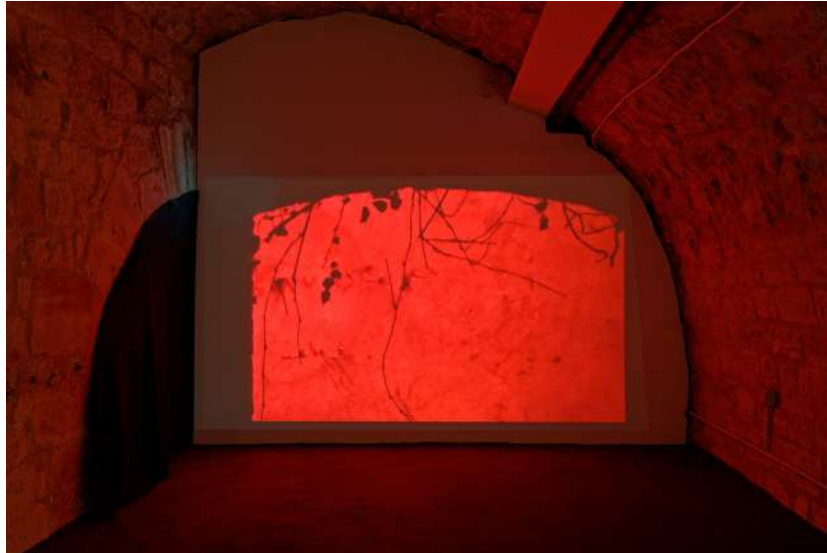




Regreso de otra Amalia

(Return from other Amalia)

HD video, color, monophonic sound, 26'09"
2018



Regreso de otra Amalia, is a melancholy reflection about freedom of expression and opinion today. In this work, the Cuban artist Jenny Feal whispers a poetic text about exile and displacement, in dialogue with images of water, air bubbles, algae and other natural elements swept away by the current. The images were filmed in 2017 on the Durolle River, during her residency at Creux de l'enfer. Then the artist wrote this text. Inspired by her grandfather's poem book, and in opposition to the article *Perdimos Cuba* (We lost Cuba) by Amalia Agramonte, great-granddaughter of Ignacio Agramonte (Hero of the first Cuban war of independence) Jenny Feal uses aquatic imagery as a metaphor for human life.

Simona Dvořáková



Aguas interiores

(Interior waters)

red and white raw faience, water
variable dimensions

2018



Aguas interiores embody a set of bodies. We are going to interpret these coconuts at scale 1 as coco-citizens, the characters of an island who secretly dreamed to see the sea. The coconut, very present fruit in Cuba, is a metaphorical object, but also an exotic cabinet including an exquisite liquid – coconut water. The idea of death is present for the loss of the internal liquid of these coconuts. This water abandons fragile tears and leaves it empty internally. It metaphorically embodies the betrayed ideals and the lost hope of several generations. The white earthenware mixed with the coconut milk escapes from the interior of this installation by contributing to its embrittlement to a transformation of the exposure.









Mamey

faïence crue rouge et blanche, bois, cannage, eau
dimensions variables
2017



View of the installation *Mamey*.

Mamey or the perfumed essence

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 evocated, 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.

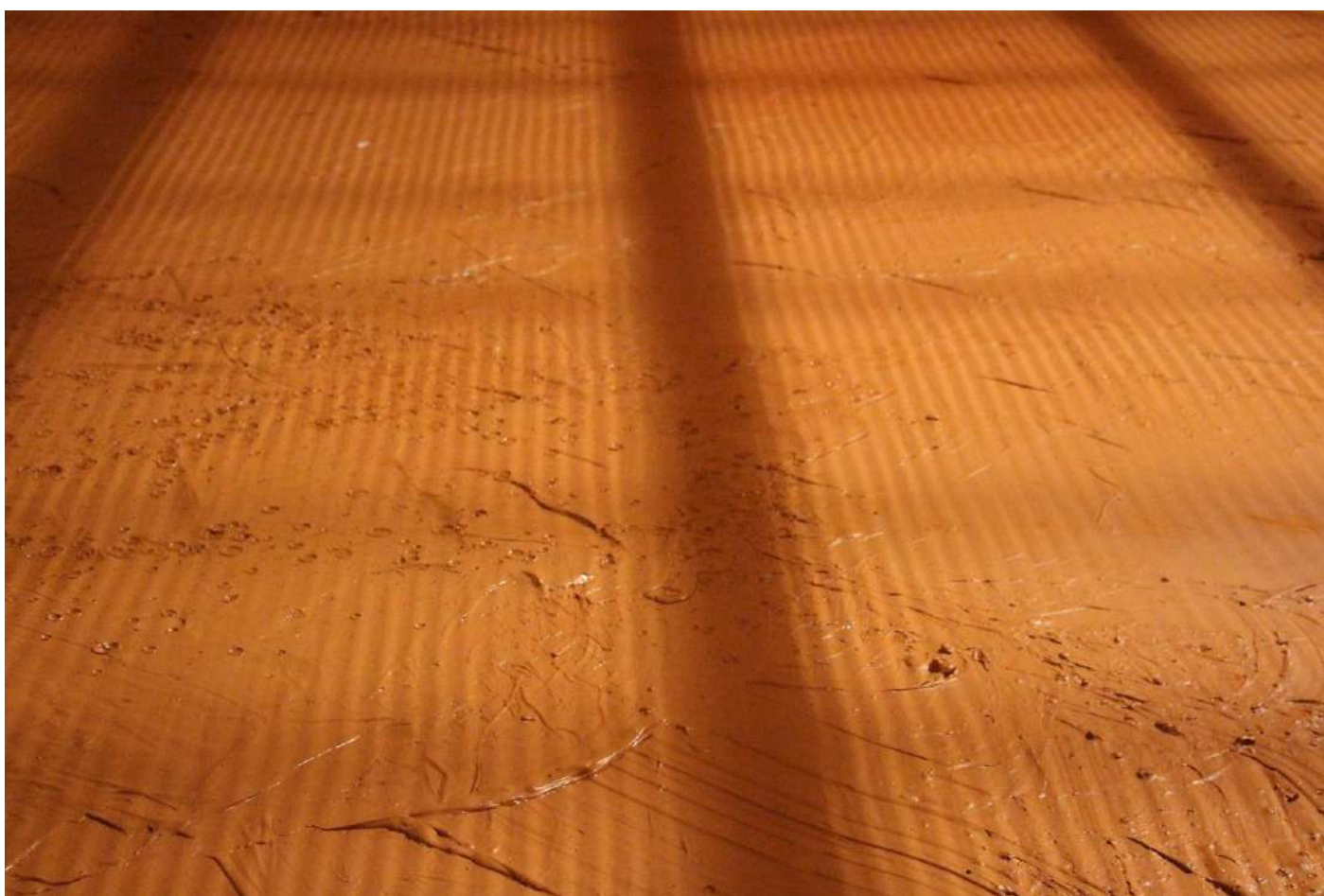
Starting from the name of an exotic fruit from West Indies (mamey), Jenny Feal invites us to accept the journey to the interior of its pulp, in a combination of sensitive experiences, even synesthetic. Their components, however, only participate in an allusive and parabolic way in order to create a new 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 (1), 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.

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.



View of the inside of the installation.

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 (2). A new process starts and gives place to a cycle, that gathers different elements and factors: the transforming gesture (3), 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?



*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).*

- 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.
- 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.
- 4- Poem "Mamey" by Juan Clemente Zenea, important Cuban writer of the second half of the 19th century.



Suspended wooden structure.



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



View of the mezzanine.



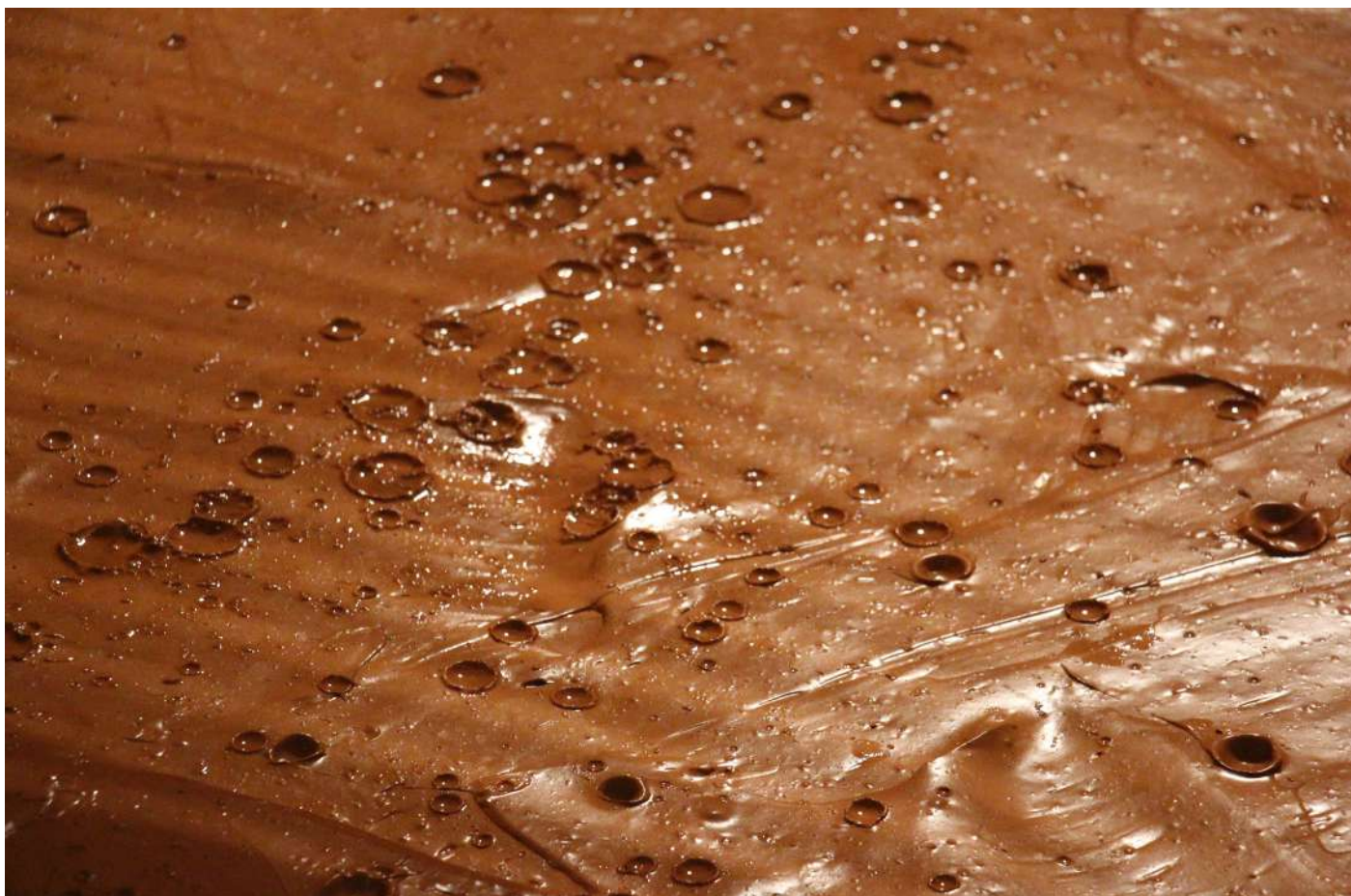
Mamey drawing (paper, gray raw ceramics).



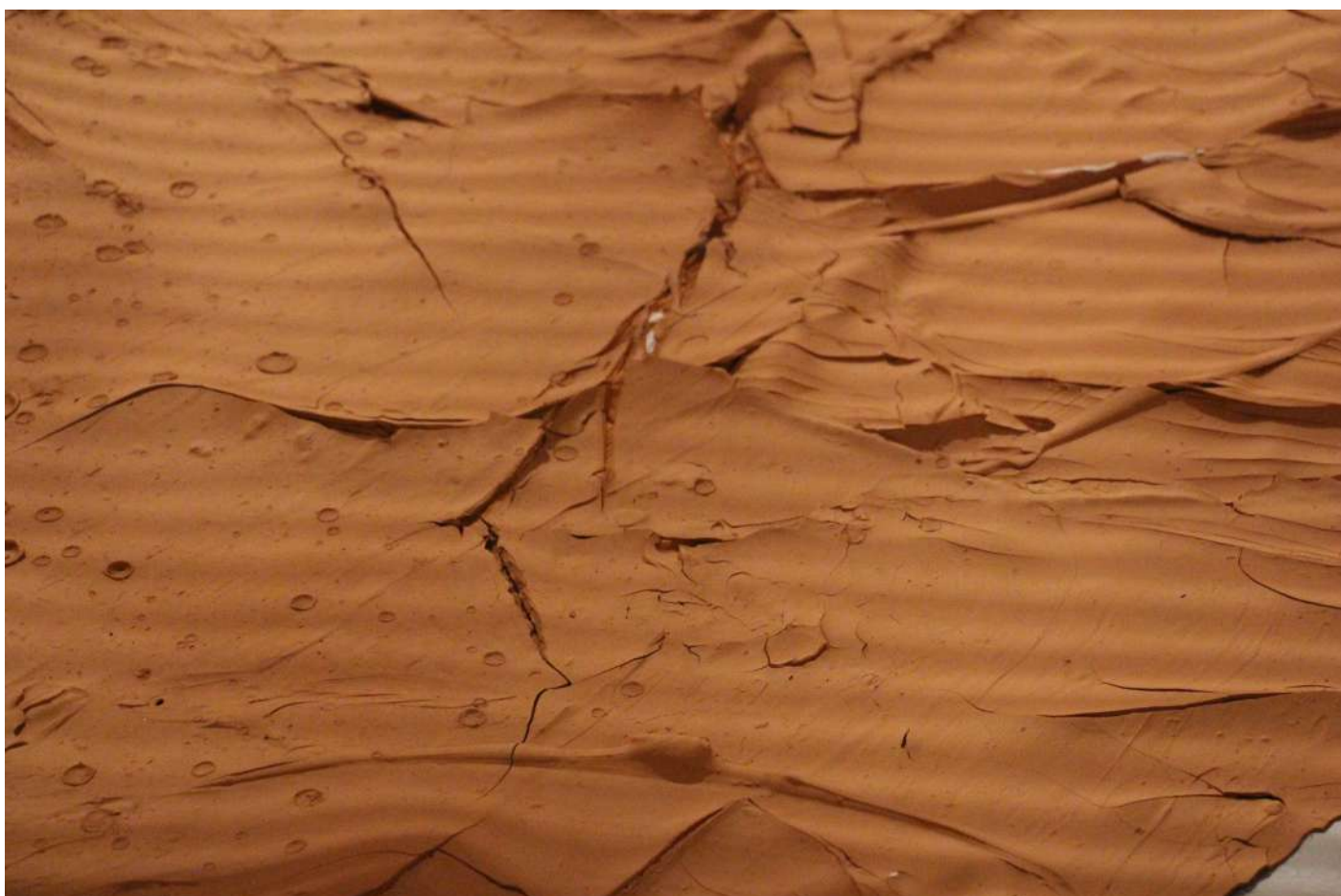
Wooden bucket with water.



Visitor throwing water to the flooring.



Detail of the flooring.



Detail of the flooring.

Mamey (5) 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.



Detail of the flooring.

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

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 instalation.



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 (drawing).

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.



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.



Niveles

(Levels)

red and gray raw ceramics, wood, coconut

variable dimensions

2017





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 its 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.



Detail of the books (red and white ceramics).



Detail (red ceramics and coconut).

Movimiento de (por) si mismo

(Movement of (by) itself)

raw pottery, metal, mirror

dimensions 700 x 500 x 6 cm

2019





In the big mirror of Teatro Mella, the artist creates an abstract painting by clay, a terrestrial element. It is a spontaneous, gentle, and intuitive movement. Feel plays with the design of the architecture and colors of this space.

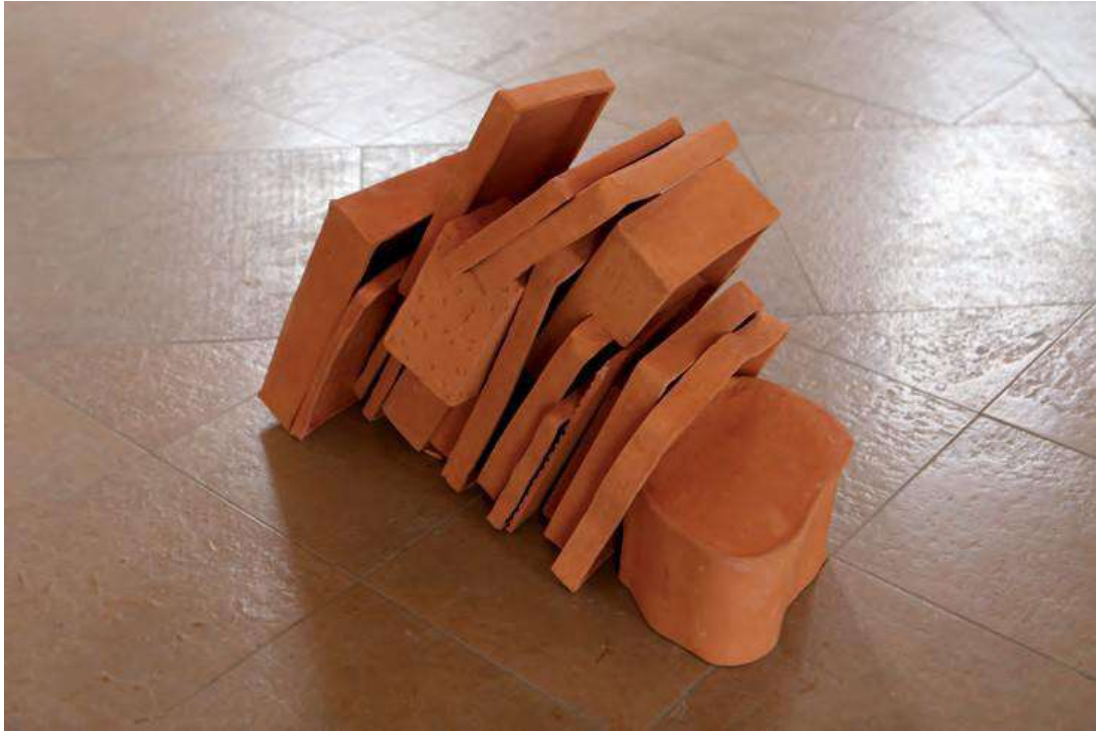
Ex Situ

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.

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.

Esgrima anónima

(Anonymous fencing)

series of color photographic prints, inkjet on adhesive paper, laminated
dibond on aluminum

60 x 88 cm

2016





Córtate la barba

(Cut the beard)

bronze, newspapers, steel, mirror

variable dimensions

2016





Termites

HD video color

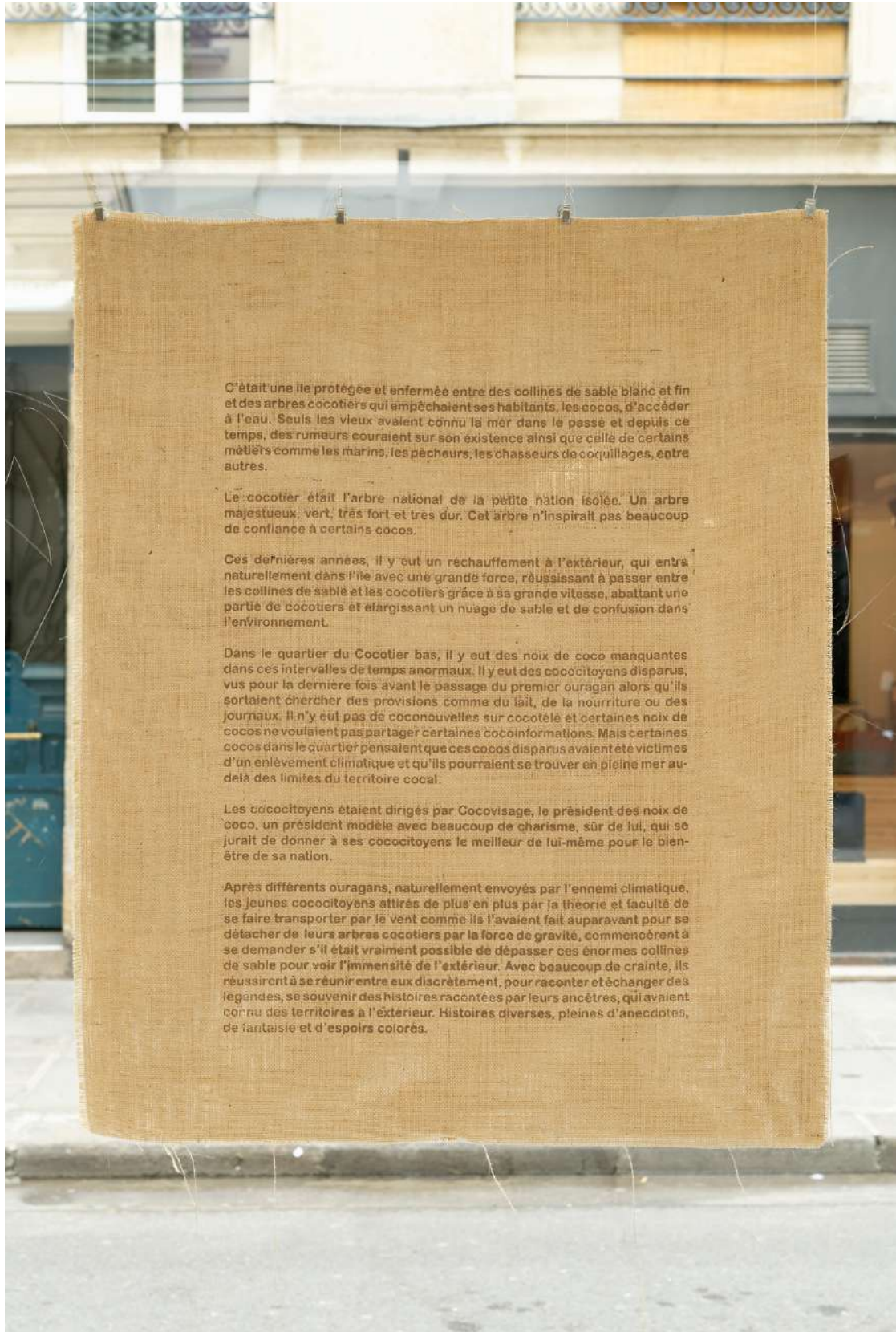
Monophonic sound 7

2016



The video shows a close-up of a door frame inside a house. At first, we do not see anything special, but as the camera goes closer to the frame, we start seeing the marks in the wood, leaving it like a banquet. The sound comes from inside the door frame, allowing us to imagine what is happening in it.

Los cocoteros
(The coconut trees)
silkscreen on burlap,
94 x 76 cm
2016



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 news 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 local 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



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.



Without title

ceramics, broom's handle, electric cable
variable dimensions
2016



Trumpet of scriptures

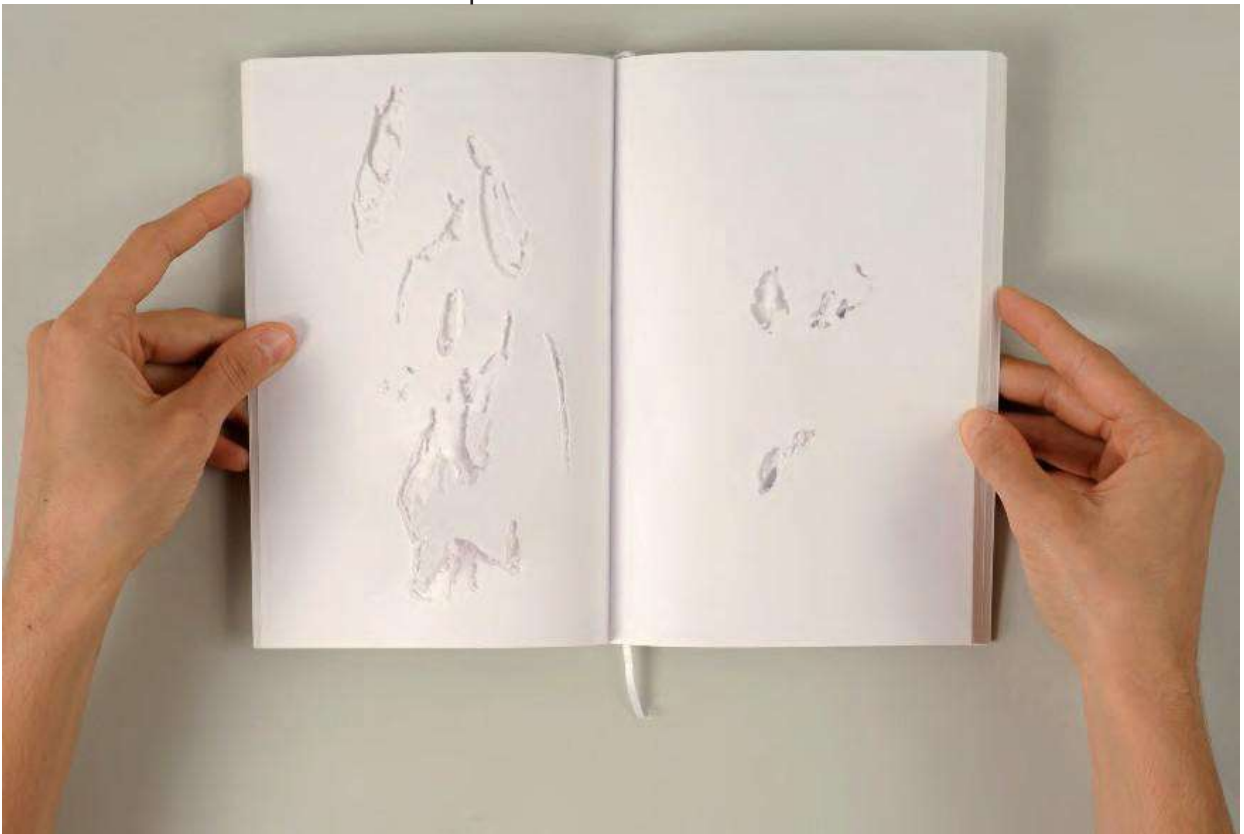
table, engraving paper, aluminum

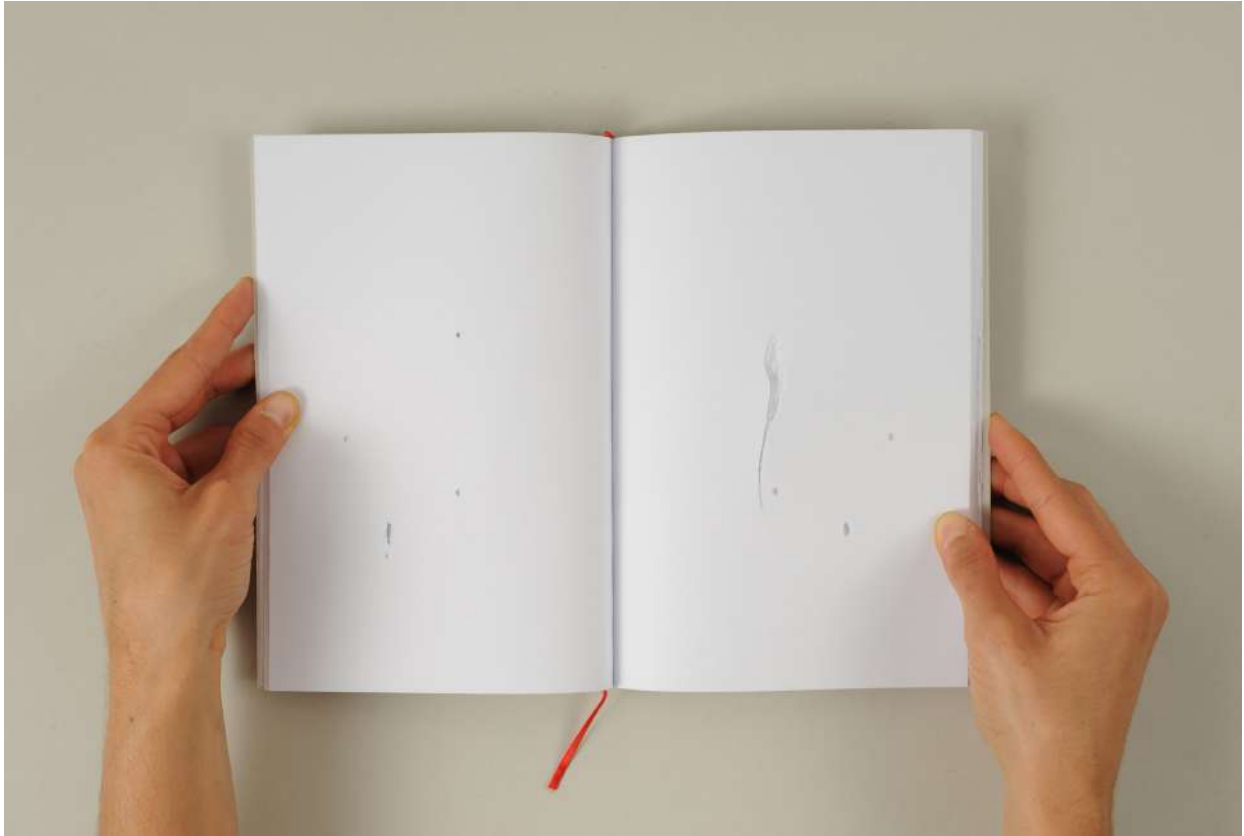
80 x 176 x 86 cm

2015



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.

El peso que cuenta o El tiempo y el peso

(The weight that counts)

clock, clay

30 x 30 x 6 cm

2015





Tapones para los oídos

Earplugs

aluminum, table, wall

variable dimensions

2015



Installation detail.



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



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.

Fixed dust

enameled clay

220 x 310 x 3 cm

2014



Installation 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.



Installation 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.

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.



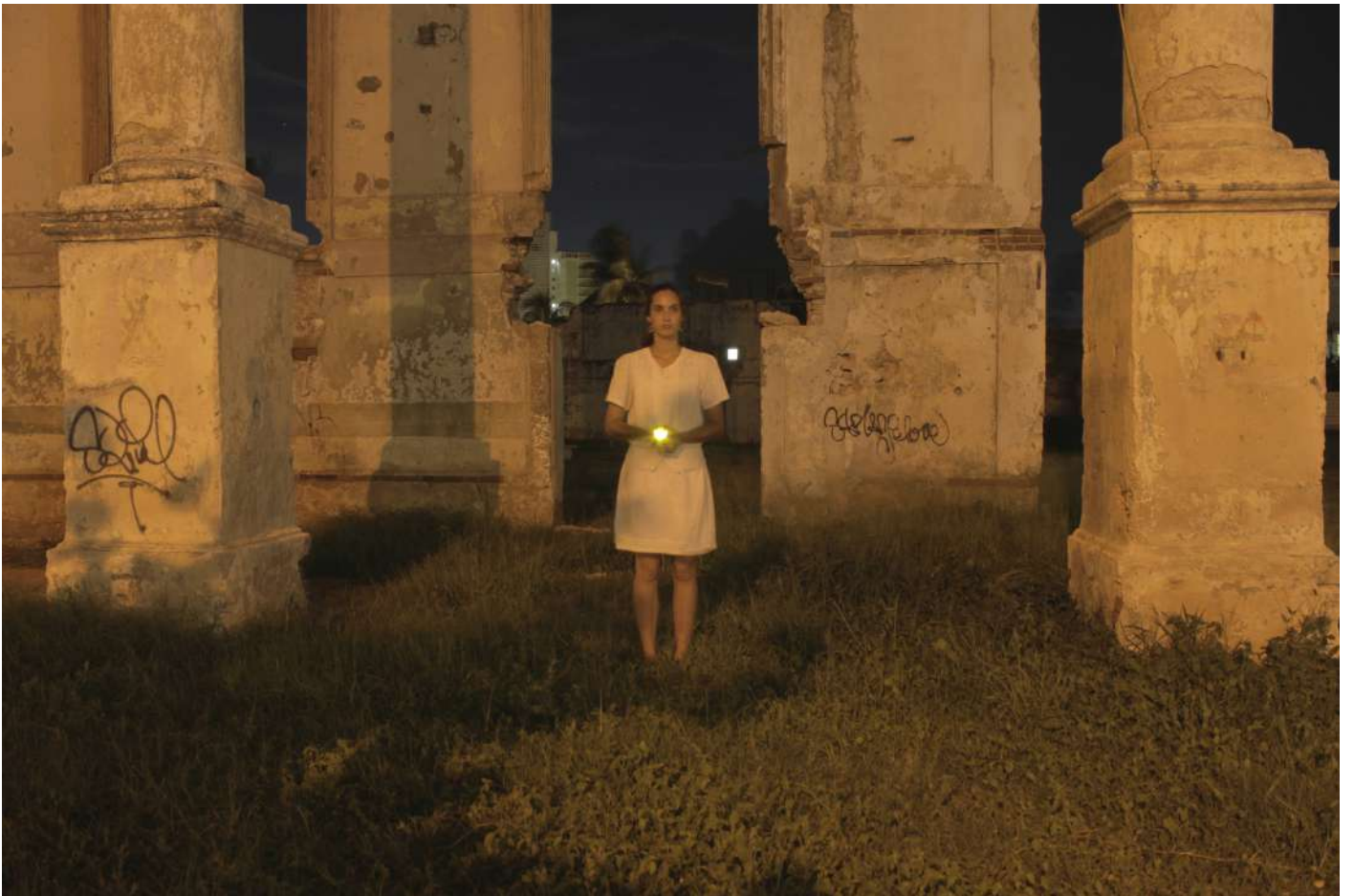
Interior views.



Interior views.



Detail of ceramic footprints.



Trotcha Park during the performance.



Trotcha Park during the performance.



Trotcha Park during the performance.



Trotcha Park 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



Calle Loynaz during the performance.

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.

Control de calidad

(Quality control)

clay, enamel, hammer, glasses, gloves

performance

variable dimensions

2013



Control de calidad during the performance.



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.

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.

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.