



Lidó Rico

*A work of art does not have to be beautiful
but it needs to exercise the neurons.*

Lidó Rico

Lidó Rico (b.1968 Yecla, Murcia) studied fine arts at San Carlos Polytechnic University of Valencia and graduated in 1991 at the École Supérieure du Beaux Arts du Paris. Since 1989 his award winning works has been cited from Spain to Columbia, Hungary to Egypt and has exhibited in Spain, Italy, Japan and the USA. His work has been exhibited at the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, various institutions like the Spanish Bank Madrid Collection as well as in public and private collections.

EXHIBITIONS

Brain Trails, 2017, Luisa Catucci Gallery, Berlin.
A partir de cuantos nudos puedo navegar?, 2016, Espacio metropolitano de arte, Valencia.
Medidas para respirar, 2015, Museo municipal de San Javier, Murcia.
Histoire des hommes volant, 2015, Palacio Almudí, Murcia.
Proyecto Huellas. Esculpir la idea: el desafío de la mirada, 2015, Sala Belluga, Fundación Cajamurcia, Murcia.
Cuando el cuerpo quiere quedarse, 2014, Palau Altea – Teatro Olympia, Valencia.
Tormentos, 2013, Fundación Antonio Pérez, Cuenca.
Naturas y Privados, 2013, Museo de obra gráfica de San Clemente, Cuenca.
Arte y Espiritualidad, 2013, Instituto Valenciano de Arte Moderno, Valencia.
Proyecto Huellas. Esculpir la idea: el desafío de la mirada, 2015, Sala Belluga, Fundación Cajamurcia, Murcia.
Global Warming, 2012, Galería Fernando Latorre. Madrid.
Curso Legal, 2011, Museo Barjola. Gijón.
Curso Legal, 2010, Fundación José García Jiménez. Murcia
Ex-Cultura, 2010, Museo de Bellas Artes . Murcia.
Cobertura de Ánimas, 2010, OFF PAC. Fundación José García Jiménez. Murcia.
Flags, 2010, Galería Fernando Latorre. Madrid.
Noctilucos, 2008, Espai Quatre. Palma de Mallorca.
Anónimos, 2007, Galería Artnueve. Murcia.
Exvotorio, 2007, Peregrinatio. Ermita de los Dolores. Sagunto.Valencia.
Glups, 2006, Galería Fernando Latorre. Madrid.
La mirada plural, 2006, Real Academia de España. Roma.(Italia).
Secadero de Pensamientos, 2006, Palacio de San Esteban. Murcia.
Glup de Aéreos, 2006, Sala Robayera. Ayuntamiento de Miengo, Cantabria.
Reds, 2005, Galería Mixed Media. Shizuoca. (Japón).
Reds, 2005, Galería Christopher Cutts. Toronto. (Canadá).
Pensamientos, 2005, Museo de Arte Moderno de Alejandría.(Egipto).
Explorer 515-516, 2004, Galería Fernando Latorre. Madrid.
Locutorios, 2004, Sala de exposiciones Consistorio de San Marcelo. León.
Locutorios, 2004, Galería Fernando Silió. Santander.
Envirospheres, 2004, Galería Mssohkan. Kobe (Japón).
Ambiências, 2003, Galería Minimal Arte Contemporánea. Oporto (Portugal).
Apegos, 2003, Galería Maria Ilanos. Cáceres.
Provisionario, 2003, Horno de la ciudadela. Pamplona.
Revisões, 2002, Galería Minimal Arte Contemporánea. Oporto (Portugal).
Sumergidos, 2002, Museo de la Universidad de Alicante.
Con-texto, 2002, Galería Fernando Latorre. Zaragoza.
No Lugares, 2002, Fundación La Caixa. Tarragona.

Atmosferas, 2002, Palacio Aguirre. Cartagena.
Fillites, 2002, Galería Vértice. Oviedo.
Vertidos, 2001, Galería Tráfico de Arte. León.
Vertidos, 2001, VI International Biennial of Drawing and Graphic Arts, Győr. Hungría.
Tampoco es seguro el sueño, 2000, Galería Magda Bellotti. Algeciras.
Tránsito, 1999, Stand Galería Espacio Mínimo. Toledo.
The showerfighters, 1999, Palacio Almudí. Murcia.
Retornos, 1999, Galería Caracol. Valladolid.
Campo de Batalla, 1998, Palacio de Abrantes. Universidad de Salamanca.
Fisionomías, 1997, Galería Palma Dotze. Villafranca del Penedés (Barcelona).
Fisionomías, 1997, Salón Internacional de Artes Plásticas. Bienal Internacional. Medellín (Colombia).
Vampirium Spectrum, 1997, Galería Espacio Mínimo. Murcia.
Vampirium Spectrum, 1996, Cohen/Berkowitz Gallery, Kansas City (USA).
Optical Dreams, 1996, Galería Tabea Lamgenkamp. Düsseldorf (Alemania).
Mutilations, 1996, Sala Carlos III. Universidad Pública de Pamplona.
Reluctantes, 1996, Galería Espacio Mínimo. Murcia.
Escisiones Circulares, 1996, Galería DV. San Sebastián.
Sèmeur éternel, 1995, Galería Espacio Mínimo. Murcia.
Sur un Destin, 1995, Galería Ferrán Cano. Palma de Mallorca.
Fragmentos, 1995, Galería Ad Hoc. Vigo (Pontevedra).
Revisiones y Mutaciones, 1995, Galería Ferrán Cano. Barcelona.
Transitos, 1994, Galería Delpasaje. Valladolid.
Parafine Aerialist, 1994, Galería Emilio Navarro. Madrid
Luminarias, 1993, Galería Mácula. Alicante.
Rotación Inestable, 1993, Galería Fúcares. Almagro (Ciudad Real).
Parmi Nous, 1992, Club Diario Levante. Valencia.
Silencio Nepal, 1992, Galería Espacio Mínimo. Murcia.
Del Lenguaje de Las Piedras, 1991, Galería Rita García. Valencia.
Où ten test acier, 1991, Galerie Hensel & Reifferscheidt. Colonia (Alemania).
Ignorés, 1991, Galería Espace Flon. Lausanne (Suiza).
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Nieves Fernandez "Para ganar hay que ir paso a paso" Diario la Opinion. Murcia, 4 de Agosto, Contraportada, 2012.
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G. Díez "Vivimos rodeados de mentiras". Diario la Verdad, 22 de Agosto, 2011, pp. 44-45.
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A. Guardiola "Lo que los simbolos esconden". Diario la Opinión, Murcia, 12 de octubre, 2010, p. 34.
Mar Saez "Lidó Rico reflexiona sobre el tormento y la muerte en el muram". Diario la Razón, Murcia, 11 de Febrero, 2010, p. 33.
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G. Díez "Es peligroso asomarse al interior". Diario la Verdad, Murcia, 11 de Febrero, 2010, pp. 40-41.

Julia A. Mendez "Curso legal, Lidó Rico". Guia Oca, Austrias nº127, Noviembre, 2010, p. 21.
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G. Diez "Un creador en la frontera". Diario la Verdad, Murcia, 10 de noviembre, 2010, p. 46.
Angel A Rodriguez "El arte de lo posible". Diario el Comercio, Asturias, 31 de diciembre, 2010, pp. 12-13.
Mar Sáez "Vivimos envueltos por coberturas que nos visten de miedo y terror". Diario la Razón, 22 de septiembre, 2010, p. 6.
G. Díez "Flags". Diario la Verdad, Murcia, 26 de Septiembre, 2009, pp. 52-53.
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CATALOGUES

Exhibition " Histoire des Hommes Volant". Palacio Almodí. Murcia / Text by Carlos Delgado Mayordomo / Language: Castellano / 2015 / Production: Ayuntamiento de Murcia- Fundación Cajamurcia.

Exhibition " Esculpir la idea". Sala Belluga. Fundación Cajamurcia. Murcia / Text by Cristóbal Belda / Language: Castellano / 2015 / Production: Proyecto Huellas. Fundación Cajamurcia.

Exhibition " Tormentos " – " Nautas y Privados " / Fundación Antonio Pérez.- Museo de Obra gráfica. San Clemente. Cuenca / Text by Ana Pujante/ Language: Castellano / 2014 / Production: Diputación de Cuenca.

Exhibition "Curso Legal". Museo Barjola. Gijón 2011-2012 / Text by Miguel Á Hernandez Navarro / Language: Ingles, castellano / 2011-2012 / Production: Gobierno del Principado de Asturias.

Exhibition "Ex-cultura". Museo de Bellas Artes. Murcia / Text by Pedro Alberto Cruz Fernandez / Language: Castellano / 2011 / Production: Comunidad Autónoma de Murcia.

Exhibition "Noctilucos" Espai Quatre. Palma de Mallorca / Texts by Fernando Castro and Carlos Jover / Language: Castellano, inglés / 2008 / Production: Ayuntamiento de Palma.

Exhibition "Flags". Galeria Fernando Latorre. Madrid / Text by Lidó Rico / Language. Castellano / 2009 / Production: Galeria Fernando Latorre, Madrid.

Exhibition "Secadero de Pensamientos". Iglesia de San Esteban. Murcia / Texts by Fernando Castro Florez, Maria García Yelo, Javier Hontoria, Pedro Alberto Cruz / Language: Castellano, Inglés / 2006 / Production: Comunidad Autónoma de Murcia. Presidencia.

Exhibition "La Mirada Plural" Real Academia de España. Roma / Text by Manuel Romero / Language: Castellano, Italiano, Inglés / 2006 / Production, Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores. Madrid .

Exhibition "Glup de Aéreos" Sala Robayera / Text by Oscar Alonso Molina / Language: Castellano / 2006 / Production, Ayuntamiento de Miengo. Cantabria.

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Exhibition "Sumergidos". Museo de la Universidad de Alicante / Texts by Javier Hernando Carrasco, Fernando Francés García, David Alpañez Serrano Roberto Castrillo Soto / Language: Castellano, inglés, Valenciano / 2002 / Production : Museo de la universidad de Alicante.

Exhibition "Atmosferas" Palacio Aguirre. Cartagena. Murcia / Text by Mariano Navarro / Language: Castellano / 2002/ Production, Comunidad Autónoma de la Región de Murcia. Presidencia.

Exhibition "The Showerfighters". Centro de Arte Palacio Almodí. Murcia / Text by Gloria Moure / Language: Castellano, inglés / 1999 / Production, Ayuntamiento de Murcia.

Exhibition "Fragmentos". Sala Carlos III / Text by Francisco Javier San Martín / Language: Castellano / 1996 / Production, Universidad Publica de Navarra. Pamplona.

Exhibition Galeria Espacio Minimo, arco 94 / Text by Francisco Jarauta / Language: Castellano, inglés / 1994.

Exhibition "Parmi Nous" Diario Levante. Valencia / Text by Cristine Fontaine / Language: Francés, castellano /1992 / Production, Institut Valencia de la Juventud, Club Diario Levante.

Exhibition Galeria Rita García. Valencia / Text by Jose Martinez Calvo / Language: Castellano, inglés / 1991.

INTERNAL AGONY

An approximation to Lidó Rico's work.

Throughout the Sixties and Seventies, two of the most important representatives of committed art in Spain: Rafael Canogar and Juan Genovés, created innumerable works halfway between painting and sculpture – in fact, the critics of the time coined the phrase *escultopintura* (sculpture/painting) to define them.



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They consisted of three-dimensional figures that literally jutted out from the canvas, which advanced until they were frozen at a particular point in time. So, depending on their position when their forward movement was stopped, they became bas, medium or high-reliefs. Invariably black shapes, with hardly defined faces that, anticipating the pictorial support, in their flight from it – another profoundly black space -, symbolize the terror of Franco's repression. The feelings of desperation almost always became apparent through body language, especially that of the arms which, thrown forwards, very clearly expressed, like the Magdalenes of the Italian Trecento painters, the terror and the rage unleashed in those situations. Therefore, the human body exteriorized the feeling of fear.

The end of the dictatorship seemed to propitiate the end of the tortured body. That would be due to the new political order. However, the body recovers its importance in the final decades of the century when it becomes the scenario where some of the main threats that stalk modern man are settled. "Your body is a battlefield", stated Barbara Kruger in one of her works. The new diseases, the debates on sexual or ethnic identity, the ambiguity of the cyborg, to mention only a few of the problems harassing us during this period, are in fact settled in the body. This is why, for many artists, the body has become something more than a mere support on which to develop their discourse; it has become, with Orlan for example, a fabric of transformation. The artistic corpus invades and supplants the real corpus.

This prologue has served to situate the work of Lidó Rico, an artist who also focuses his creative work on the body, as an icon but also as a medium. Indeed, his own body constitutes the iconic material of his creations when he uses

it as their mould. From this point of view, his work, on being a permanent reproduction of his corporeal shapes, could lead us to think that it is a personal, almost narcissistic exercise. However, the results show that nothing could be further from the truth. Because Lidó Rico uses his body to express states of pain and anguish that, what is more, do not refer to himself but to a generic individual: modern day man.

There is, therefore, complicity with the environment, meaning a commitment such as that acquired by artists in Franco's time, although the very different circumstances of this period impose different discourses. It is not now about revealing the blatantly repressive conduct of power, but the state of disintegration that awaits the individual in this post-industrial society.

The pain may be physical, but it is almost always spiritual. It is difficult to compare the lack of communication and rootlessness with the ever more abundant manifestations of massive gregariousness. The subject lives his reality tragically. For many it is a material drama, for others a psychological one.

Lidó Rico's characters, literally vomited from the pipework, entangled in knots that are impossible to undo or simply doing everyday things, make up so many dramatic expressions of the violence that besets modern man, the true face that hides behind the ostentatious appearances of happiness and joy.

The real face of so many unhappy existences. It seems, for different reasons, the man is condemned to endure a wretched life cycle; there seems to be no recess, no truce in the accumulation of miseries that would allow the spirit to relax.

It can't be an accident that these representations by Lidó Rico share so many things with the works of the artists in Franco's time that we mentioned at the beginning, not only because they coincide in the way they represent it – Lidó Rico's works are also *escultopinturas* (sculpture/ paintings) – but because they resort to the desperate scream that, in his case, is always a scream of immense pain.

His prisoner figures acquire a greater dramatic hue, as they are located directly on the wall, something that enhances their degree of realism as it sidesteps the reference to the pictorial framework that those of Canogar and Genovés maintained. If, in the works of the latter, the space they proceeded from did not really imply a tie (as it was the persecution by repressive agents that provoked their panic), in those of Lidó Rico the threat is invisible, as the cause of the pain is to be found in the individual himself. That is why the wall becomes the material support for the aggression, the space of reclusion. The titanic efforts to escape increase his suffering.

There lies the expressive key of this work that I would let myself compare, as I have already done elsewhere, with the most dramatic proposals of Michelangelo's sculpture, which can be extended to the most exalted Baroque sculptors: Gian Lorenzo Bernini and Francesco Mochi, for example. But the Neo-Baroque identity of Lidó Rico's sculpture embraces the idea of Michelangelo in two ways above all: creative experience as the liberation of material and as an act of pain.

With reference to the first idea, the modeling of the image for Michelangelo was an act of liberation, as if the figure were trapped in the block of stone and were freed by the gouge; a liberation similar to that which Giuseppe Penone carries out with tree trunks, also looking for the essential structure by suppressing the overlying layers.

When Michelangelo was sometimes unable to conclude his operation of liberation: particularly with the slaves, the semi-liberated figure maintained a struggle with the mass to which it has been irremediably united. So, what was the consequence of unforeseen circumstances provided added value but when all is said and done, a value of capital importance, to the sculpture of the Florentine artist.

Lidó Rico's figures maintain this combat in another way, as the material that grips them is much more perceptible, although none the less mortifying: the wall. Even the marked contrast between the smoothness of the support and the rhetorical complexity of the shapes that protrude from it: intricate in their gesticulations, audacious in their chromatic explosion, threatening in their shrieks, transmit a feeling of impotence with a force as consistent as that of Michelangelo's slaves.

Lidó Rico's figures are not the result of a liberation of the material, but their adherence to the wall, the fact that they

are high reliefs, establishes a virtual trial of strength with it. With respect to the other element, pain, Michelangelo considered it to be the fulcrum of the creative experience, as the element that redeems the material of its condition and converts it into sculptural material.

The artist himself redeems himself in said process. For Lidó Rico, pain also has a physical aspect by converting the process of creation of the work into a true performance. Smearing himself all over again and again to obtain the different moulds required to make his sculptures, the artist transmits, gives shape to his physical feelings that in their final elaboration become incarnations of spiritual uneasiness. His figures, always fragmented, show the tearing apart that besets them internally. Faced with the example of emotional unease shown through gesticulations, Lidó Rico prefers to focus his lament on the faces that become expression's nuclear space.

The face. Here we have the corporeal space that shows the feelings of the subject most honestly. This is why, when painting abandons its immature mediaeval stage, the face begins to become relevant. It is no accident that the great Giotto was the first to raise its role to a level hitherto unknown.

The contemporary world dramas of avant-garde artists are also expressed in the face: Picasso, Kokoschka, Grosz, the members of CoBrA, etc. Cries, laments, which acquire the condition of disproportionate in so many circumstances of our times. The distorted gestures of Lidó Rico's figures submerge us in the pain of contemporary man; physical pain as the support of spiritual pain, facial deformation as a spontaneous sign of uncontrolled internal impulses. If Charles Le Brun, the artist and theoretician of the French Baroque period, in consonance with his academic mentality, elaborated an array of physiognomic types to express different states of mind, Lidó Rico prefers spontaneity. It is during these operations to make the moulds that the physiognomies are built, almost always in torment. In this way physical pain gives a formal channel to internal pain.

The end result of his effort is manifested in corporeal fragments, residues of the same fixed by using synthetic resins. Faces, heads, extremities; the broken body that cannot ever be stitched together, beyond the feeling of physical pain itself, corporeal disarticulation is a reflection of internal agony.

Text by Javier Hernando Carrasco

EXVOTORIO

Interview with Lidó Rico



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The origin of the Hermitage of los Dolores does not have such a spectacular legend to it as some of the other hermitages. Like most churches, its construction responded purely to devotional purposes. What I really liked about the venue was how well I got on with the local women who look after it. Besides, my mother is called Dolores. I was also interested in the notion of dolor, Spanish for pain, to the point that I became obsessed with the word and decided to make the space mine.

Pain, the torment inflicted on my own body, is part of my creative process. For more than twenty years now, I have been submerging my body in plaster and putting my hands in wax. It is a somewhat risky and difficult process that involved a large number of protocols that belong to the privacy of my studio. The question is that everything that sticks out of the wall is the imprint of my body submerged in matter. I have always thought that the toughness of the execution is confined and transferred, as if perpetually glued to each one of the pieces.

Every submersion is a voyage; my body manages to pierce and to detonate the plaster, engendering strange individuals, all of them self-portraits.

The history of ex-votos is rooted in the votive offerings left by the faithful to their gods in places of cult. With Christianity it became a means to express gratitude for the healing of an illness or for a divine gift. In your case, it is the very creation of the ex-voto that produces pain. What is your motive for making these ex-votos?

It may be an offering of thanksgiving, perhaps a demonstration of gratitude for finding a specific language within a world as complex as this. My work comes from a biological need: I physically need these encounters to gain consciousness of my own body and my submersions, my pieces, my ex-votos, have a somewhat soothing effect. In any case, it is interesting to see that the more you torment your body and the more you torment an idea and try to get closer to it, the more you distance yourself. It is a very odd feeling that is hard to define in words.

You work with your body in a way similar to body art. Most religions reject the human body in detriment to

the soul. The vindication of the body by many art practitioners is a quite recent development . Do you see that espousal in relation with the notion of rejection of the body that has prevailed in virtually all religions?

It's hard for me to understand human beings, though I keep trying, but it is even harder to understand their religions. I can only talk from my own experience. My body has always been my instrument. It is my religion and the vehicle that makes me travel. It is an unusual packaging, mobile, sometimes insipid, bland, yet other times brilliant. One thing is the mind, and another very different thing is the body. And, although everything is in the head, I believe that man is closer to irrationality than to any other thing. Life itself and the context we find ourselves in determines us to be or act in a certain way. We are predictable, a term I detest. We have been trained long before our arrival into this world. Freedom doesn't exist; we are locked in a body, filled and overwhelmed with suspiciously personal ideas. Only if we are aware that freedom is a utopia will we begin to that things might start to work. We are utterly adulterated, and I think that being able to recognise it is at least a beginning.

Personally, I allow instinct to act. When I do have a project, I set in place a number of creative cedes that act as alarms, focusing the attention on something I had never noticed before. We feel a sudden curiosity for people, objects, or words, for the most unexpected things. It is a sort of fragile and unconscious search for surprise. I'm afraid that, without it, nothing would make sense. Discovery and astonishment are definitely necessary.

All that artistic process is closely related with performative practice. Have you ever carried it out in public? (Obviously, I mean in front of an art audience). All in all, your shows are usually accompanied by images reflecting your modus operandi.

I defend the privacy of this process and of its never-ending protocols. However, I am interested in the occasional unveiling of some images. I believe that it acts as a sort of complement for the spectator. The photographs of the process enable connections that manage to unsettle and shake the mind of the onlooker.

I have included this type of images in catalogues, and sometimes in spaces before entering the show. In "Exvotario" I prefer to reveal my modus operandi making it visible on the façade of the hermitage, and I have created a neon light that speaks, precisely, about one of the many moments of the creative process.

The answer to the first question is yes: I have carried out my working process in public. As you can imagine, I can't remain submerged taking photographs or videos of my own body as in so many other occasions. No matter how prepared those unexpected voyeurs come to see anything -something that we could call exotic or curious, they will always be struck by the reality of the absurdity of contemplating it live. I don't want the spectator's journey to be limited to the dialogue created in front of a piece. I want the images of the process to show them my studio, to allow them to get under my skin and, more than anything else, I want my parallel reality to suck them in the same way the matter captures my body.

Your intervention contains a typically Baroque stage design, with the neon light on the façade announcing and promising something different from what it is later on view. Could you describe this work?

The Baroque style was concerned with enhancing the dramatic effect of light. With the light outside, my intention was none other than attracting the attention of passers-by. Religious spaces are places for release and withdrawal. In the interior, the chapel of light is part of the work, being switched on and off in an infinite loop. When the light is on, it is as if the pieces lead from it. And with the use of the verb "feed" it is not a more or less accurate metaphor: this is really the case. When the light is off, the pieces spit out, vomit, all the light they have been exposed to. The light enhances the dramatic effect of the ex-voto pieces, now transformed into a kind of miraculous apparitions. That could indeed be a meeting point with the Baroque. I sincerely believe that I'm not the best suited to answer the question of how Objectual, Baroque or Minimal Art influence my work. I think it is up to the critics to establish possible analogies or differences that may exist with any movement. Under no circumstance do I attempt to make any kind of stage design. All the faces are my own. Nor am I interested in superbly rendered details.

I am not tormented by resemblance because it corresponds to the very process of creation to decide when something is completed. I use my torso, my face, any part of my body like those who use a blank canvas. And when my moulds are ready, I begin to work on them, without forcing them at any time. The density is gradually increased according to the requirements of each piece.(...)kind of miraculous apparitions. That could indeed be a meeting point with the Baroque.

COBERTURAS

by Lidó Rico

All the covers cover, there are covers for insurance, phones, sports, military, informative, economic, but for sure the gastronomic are the most useful to understand the souls cover.



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The gastronomic cover change appearance, because respecting the shapes the real truth is hidden, we are launched as human dressed by fear covers, we run away from the cold and arctic certainty because we are afraid to discover ourselves, because of the fear to liquefy and dissipate.

The soul tree guillotines swallow the previous exhibition. We could talk about family genealogy, like a far away perfume that slowly fails when going to the space. A man is all the men, a family is all the family, shy, homesickness, happiness, human souls, perceptions that escort us equally, all the unique doesn't exist, all can be shared.

The tree is a metaphor where time has been trapped, the season that gives its shape are testimonial of its pass, his appetite made an arterial rhizome grid but they do not pretend to talk about natural energy but the perversion of being contrasted.

Nature is stupid but happy because doesn't think, only survives and that is enough, the man stopped being happy when looking himself realized about his insignificance, that was the beginning of the coverings, by means of layers and coverings we lose our original shape.

We are what the others want to see from us, we live in an epithelial and deformed room called body as frightened slaves.

Man as nature tripping, as drugged intruder full of logos mutated from the simple to the pad, from deepness and hidden to the inappropriate and enemy.

The natura as shimmering relic gives asylum in its matted branches a few outbreaks of tiny skulls where questions how have they arisen and up to what extent could develop and become thicker.

This exhibition is the human existence metaphor, an small piece of wildness proposes a devastated landscape, that exhales ancient descents, fatuous life trials that germinates hastily, thinking that will be the only ones in the useless work of germination. In this exhibition, the desolation disintegrates and faces against the stench and the pride that hypnotize our society, against that fiction of security we feel like sole and exceptional living beings.

Short living and random driven our existence. The experiences marks the situations that arouse totally independently to the human being, therefore even we considerate independent from nature, the nature always establishes the rhythms, the paths, even we think durable pieces, exact and indispensable the existence puzzle we are just senile progeny, time profaners, scared sediments that deserve their lives to clean out the own things on behalf of the somebody's else glutinous ones.

Human existence is a cosmic illusion filled with news hawkers, favourites, specters and slaves, we are waterproof and we live without exploring, forgetting intuition, perplexed and porous we live like idiot magnets without study in depth how our life goes by.

Extremities as an unusual inane fires are suspended in the exhibition room and speak of an inexorable transit, the traffic of non raw material, in a pulse where physical rasp emanate from the anomalous glare and unknown, the real fears are to live not to die.

We are soft matter, the physical and perennial has not interest, the thoughts and ideas are perennial, inner nature is an stigma that moves us towards a need or another, the strictly valuable and significance in humans is their spiritual matter.

Coverage of souls places us in the land of unusual and shifting, the route that proposes has unique direction and impels us towards our inner, explores the essence, redefining the soul as a single value, such as real and non-transferable depth charges.