

Así que pasen diez años

Colectiva I

12.09 - 08.11.2024

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Una carta de amor

Quiero llorar mi pena y te lo digo
para que tú me quieras y me llores
en un anochecer de ruiseñores
con un puñal, con besos y contigo.
Quiero matar al único testigo,
para el asesinato de mis flores
y convertir mi llanto y mis sudores
en eterno montón de duro trigo.
Que no se acabe nunca la madeja
del te quiero me quieres, siempre ardida
con decrepito sol y luna vieja.
Que lo que no me des y no te pida
será para la muerte, que no deja
ni sombra por la carne estremecida.

**"El poeta dice la verdad", Sonetos de amor oscuro.
Federico García Lorca**

You know, yesterday I dreamt of you, and it seemed to me that neither distance nor time could comfort this deep love I have for you, every day I am reminded of past experiences and of how we learned, grew and discovered ourselves together. I can't tell you here what these ten years have been for me, I can't in these letters tear myself apart and throw out all that I am, because you have done part of it, little by little, (and as he often reminds me) 'a long-distance race', those that in each breath you need to focus on for the next breath. What a pity that my short memory has erased many steps along the way, but with you it has been a bitter delight, an enjoyment of the flesh, with tears and laughter, and although I don't retain them all in my memory, you do, in you.

I love to think of you when we met and filled of enthusiasm entire paper notebooks with ink and colors.

We looked together for those hidden creations to show them to the world, a world that we imagined with open arms, with very large doors and that we painted in light blue.

Every step we took was important, defined, and wrote a new story, this one of love that I am writing to you. Do you remember the planes? How we hated planes, but up there you grew and we grew with you.

Every month a different place, a different city and in each one of them our love grew bigger, fatter, because you filled yourself with content and dirty brushes. Lisbon, Seville, Granada, Belfast, London, Barcelona, Brussels, Madrid... and more I can't remember.

Together we discovered the reality of this game, what we liked the most, what made our blood boil and made us decide to keep playing. Thanks to your presence the workshops opened up and in them new loves, new friends, new moments, how nice when everything seemed new to us, wasn't it? You smiled, your smile grew wider and wider, and I was trapped, because without you my name was different, it changed.

Madrid stayed in your blood, in your being and there I remember you beautiful, dressed up, with the parties, the nameless places and the wine. How nice to always be talking about you, to have you in my clothes, in my smell, in my face, because my face is you. And from there conversations without saying anything, conversations telling each other everything, friends, acquaintances, loved ones, and they are all you.

Today I write to you, because I celebrate you, because I always do, because I've been with you for ten years and I can't get enough of you, even if I hate you, push you away and sometimes I get exhausted, that has nothing to do with you. Today I am writing to you because I celebrate what we have had together and here today we make it our presence and all this has to do not only with their works, because the rhythm of their movements around us makes our bodies bristle, our minds work and we yearn together for time to slow down.

Nailed to fire I have the radically new depth of tradition and the absolute presence of its objects with **Gloria Martín**, the pictorial genius of **Martinho Costa**, where doing for him is breathing and his brushstrokes are continuous flickering.

The rotundity of the impossible time, of the light and shadows of **Irene González** that whisper in our ears, with a shuddering calm, and the absolute presence of **Ella Littwitz**, whose every piece she creates masterfully joins the thin line between fear and life. The excess of **Klaas Vanhee**, who builds worlds with his hands and shakes our heads with his disturbing and delicate drawings.

The elegance and perseverance of **Gabriela Bettini's** struggles, where her paintings become collective shouts.

The photographic pictorialism of **Catarina Botelho**, who with formal seriousness guides us in places to re-think. The continuous promise that flows in **Vicente Blanco**, a committed narrator of forms who draws us apparent, novel realities and manages to unsettle us. **Luísa Jacinto's** process of change that gave us a figuration of presence-absence and has led us to a new and luminous pictorial abstraction. **Germán Portal's** continuous search to go beyond telling a story, to laugh at it and paint it without fear. With **Marta Barrenechea** we have opened doors to creative minds in their purest state, life and art, art and life. The abolition of linearity in **Andrey Akimov's** photography leads to baroque curls in the service of love. The total artist of **Salvador Cidrás**, who can handle anything, with firm hands, and delicacy in everything he touches. The sonorous situations of **Rebecca Glover**, how good it is to hear her, a polyphony where bodies speak and listen. **Sara Bichão's** continuous uniformity, where she freezes the fragility of a poetic and primitive composition, and **David Fox's** pictorial and place scenes, so simple but so full of knowledge.

Clara-Lane Lens, where figuration is renewed, seeks its place and its intimacy tensions us. **Paula Breuer's** brazen transformist presence, with a contemporary and radical symbolism. **Lars Unkenholz** where everything can be painted thanks to the sweetness of bodies. A radical and fragmented re-reading of pictorial genres in the painting of **José Luis Valverde** traps us and invites us to participate in the encounter. **Amara Toledo's** work embraces us in a meander of symbolism, love poetry, and eternal landscapes for our days. **Assoukrou Aké** offers us a sacred and profane work, essence for life, cries and reverses of black Africa. **Cristina Megía**, a precision painting of the soul that manifests itself through nature 'that is' (in the words of E. Kant) and the body.

How beautiful we made our home in the mountains and sharing it continues to give us more. You are radiant there and whoever comes and meets you, keeps with this memory, you brought me the courage of **Angie Jon**, who tears, shows herself and gets poetry with it, the calm of **Katarzina Pacholik** and the preciousness in her pencils, where you can hear the silence and the rustle of the branches, and the spots of color of **Maria Luísa Capela**, with her energetic, vital and romantic gestures. **Catarina Lucas**'s learning and love for oils and her work, painting and painting.

You know when in the sunset walking after a shower, you want your love to hold your hand and the whole world to know that you are his and he is yours? That's how I see you, don't let go of my hand, love, let the whole world know that what we have is time and it's earth.

Vanessa H. Sánchez