

EL ARTE SANA / EL ARTE CURA (AUTORRETRATOS)

[ART HEALS / ART CURES (SELF-PORTRAITS)]

ENGLISH

WE ARE NOT EVEN AN INSTANT IN TIME

The project *El Arte Sana / El Arte Cura* [Art Heals / Art Cures] suggests us to reflect on the concept of identity and the feeling of existence. We tried to approach these concerns through a selection of eleven self-portraits materialized in photographs.

The portrait tries to expand its scope through the recognition of the portrayed person and shows how other people see you. The self-portrait, though, is an act of concentration in which we gear towards our *inner world*, immersing ourselves in the abysses of the psychological.

The self-portrait is always solitary; it is the reflection and identification:
of what we were and what we no longer are.
of what we could have been and have not been yet.
of what we should have been and will never be.

We still are... although we will never be

The photographs in this work suggest a succession of glances that involve knowing oneself, by promising an introspection into dark areas.

We discern perplexed and imprecise faces in the silhouettes... Those faces do not have a name, but the author recognizes herself in them.

The self-portrait is pretty much an X-ray of the spirit, which helps us to unveil and think about the *self*... about ourselves.

In these X-rays resound echoes and negations which embrace the evergreen of hope: they lead us to see ourselves as we are:

Blackness tattooed on the soul

The uncertainty in these images is still unsolved; all the figures keep a latent tension, an indecisive and unsolvable dilemma.

We doubt and feel We suffer and agree We question and conceive.

Lost corporeality... Omitted colour... Fled materiality...

The body is fragile, beauty is fleeting, and flesh is vulnerable and perishable.

They designate absent, ungraspable, non-incarnate and timeless beings that emerge from the light that leaks through the voids, from the density of the shadow.

From the intensity of *El Oscuro* [The Dark One], the light that traces the features appears. The penetrating abyss harbours a faint emanating glow and allows us to have a glimpse of the faces. Lights, twilights and spectres of the spirit.

Glazes of Consciousness... Transparencies of Consciousness...

The eleven self-portraits are revealed inside of blackness:

The shadows of the background

In a sea of insecurities... where we look at each other in amazement... where we cannot see anything.

You look at me, you explore me and analyse me, and you do not see me: as you look at me... as I see myself...

The self-portrait is not a confrontation but a conflict:

A duel, a challenge, an encounter... a contradiction.

Self-recognition: Trying to understand myself. Reaching the unfathomable of *myself*.

We reside in a shadow that drifts towards a persistent disturbance...
emptiness... nothingness... blank...

Alone, we see ourselves observing, immersed in the penumbra. We are there surrounded by the uneasiness that the tremor draws in the darkness and by the distrust of silence...

These representations arise as she questions herself as a creator. Likewise, they can open questions for the reader, who tries to give an answer for them and solve them.

As in photography, we find ourselves in each self-portrait, immersed in a darkroom.

The pieces shelter us in their space. From that misty place, we explore the depths of our pain, mind and senses.

Sorrow and uncertainty that nest in the fateful depths

The chiaroscuro evokes dense and intense atmospheres, like those that dwell in the tenebrist environments.

The depth is always shady; it is where the unknown lives.

Starting from the incursion into the dark, we go on a pilgrimage towards the light, trying to grasp what defines the essence of re-knowledge: identity.

We perceive with emotion the hallucination imposed on space by the unanimous fear of the murky night (immaterial, inconsistent and sinister).

Interiors reflecting images are places inhabited by intuitive appearances.

In this mysterious and enigmatic environment, everything else disappears and remains hidden. And it is precisely in that place where a touching, desperate glow opens up.

Light focuses the gaze even if our presence remains furtive.

To hold that light hurts us

Again... and again... and again... and again... after nightfall... darkness again

We get surprised when we look at those images, which wander in an anguished, disturbing and monochromatic background.

They show dimensions that delimit a more foreshadowed than experienced reality.

Protected by the balance of format and through exploring the permanence of black, our wandering stops at the texts accompanying the photographs. They are concise sentences; ideas and statements that let arise our feelings about existence.

Throwing stones to the sky

Very often, the selection of these self-portraits reveals a strange certainty:

Yes, It Is Me

We sense what we will be and how we will be... in that place, where eternity is an instant.

We are the sense of a deep feeling

We are the breath of the clouds

We are a passing moment

We are fog between our hands

We are a sigh in the confusion

We are a smell for the memory

We are a sob in the snow

We are a fragile silence

We are mist in the sea

We are a slight feeling in the sky

We are ashes in the chaos

We are a void in time

WE ARE NOTHING

NO..., WE ARE LESS THAN NOTHING

WE ARE THE ABSOLUTE NOTHING