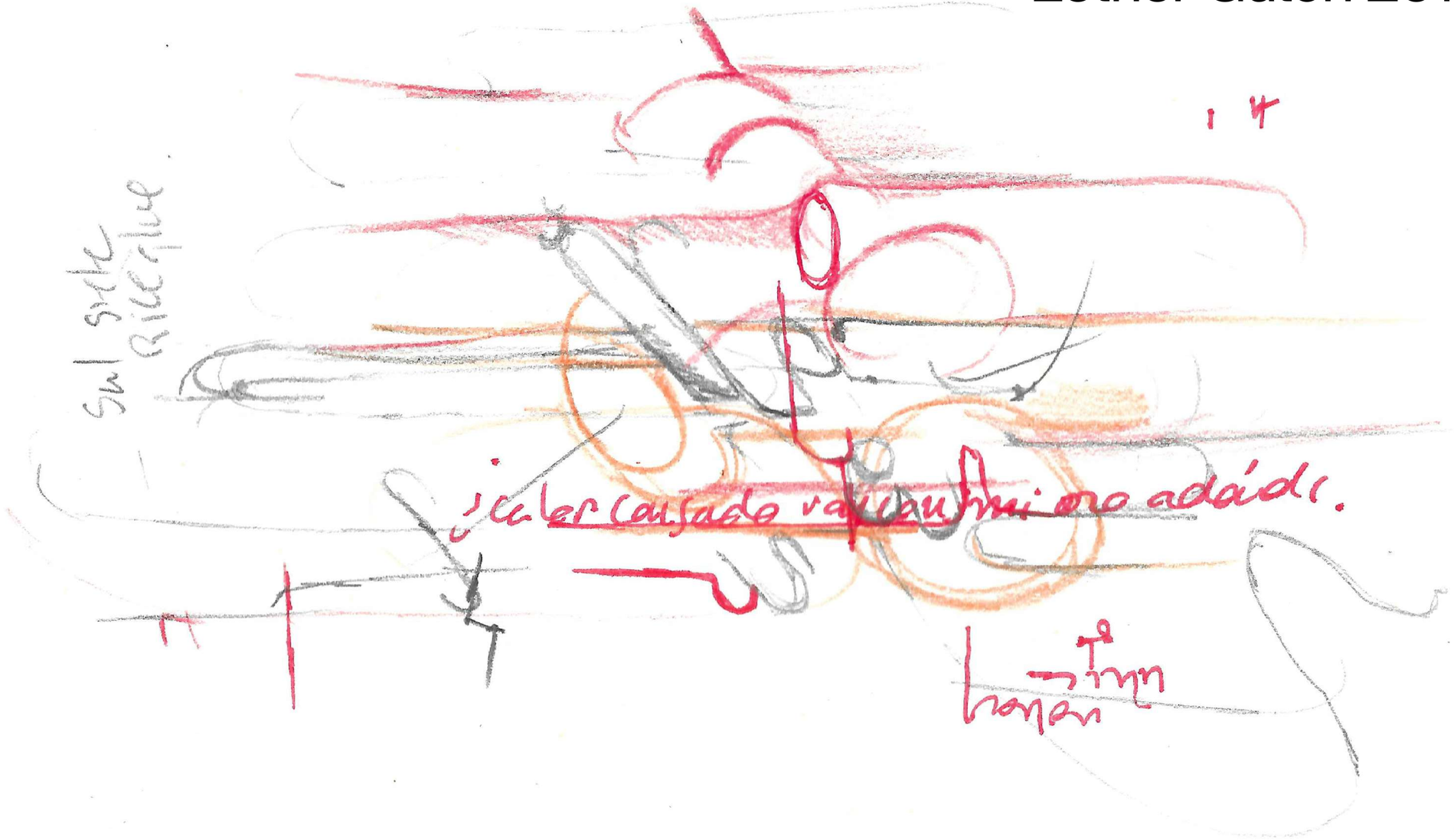
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Esther Gatón 2019—2026



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Esther Gatón

Born in Valladolid, Spain 1988
Based in Madrid and London

Education

2020 MFA Goldsmiths London
2017 PhD rated *Cum Laude*, Universidad Complutense Madrid
2013 Máster en Investigación en Arte y Creación, Universidad Complutense
2011 Sicúe-Séneca, Grant, Universidad de Barcelona
2010 Erasmus Grant, Saint-Luc Belgium
2011 Licenciatura en Bellas Artes, Universidad Complutense de Madrid

Public collections

MUSAC León 2024
Comunidad de Madrid 2020
Fundacion Montemadrid 2022

Residencies and grants

Matadero Madrid Residency, 2027
Alhambra Grant X ARCO, 2026
Embassy of Spain in the United Kingdom, 2025
PICE, Acción Cultural Española, 2024
Embassy of Spain in Belgium,2023, 2022
Residency WIELS Brussels, 2022
Generación Art Price, La Casa Encendida Madrid, 2022
Veepee Art Price ARCO, 2021
Time Space Money Bursary UK, 2020
Art Council Artist Support, 2020
Residency 11:11 London, 2020
Ayudas a la Creación, Comunidad de Madrid, 2018, 2020
Sant Andreu Contemporari Price Barcelona, 2018
Circuitos de Las Artes Plásticas Price Madrid, 2018
Injuve Madrid, 2017

Solo and two-persons shows

2026 *Tú, tú, tú, mi incesante*, Patio Herreriano Museum, Valladolid, curated by Rafael Barber Cortell Spain

Might hold up, Dorp London

2025 *Bitter Cornices*, Partial Versions, Cambridge, curated by Amy Jones

—Kids, don´t run around the patio. (...) curated by Piero Bisello Affiliate WIELS, Brussels

Vowels, anteroom, London

2024 Hothouse, London

Tetillas, Pauline Perplexe, Paris

Crisis de Noche. Screening Galería Crisis Lima

2023 *My Jaw is on The Floor* Cibrián, Donsotia-San Sebastián

Asleep on a feather bed (...) C3A Museum Córdoba

Emil Lime, curated by Cory John Scozzari, CA2M Museum Madrid

2022 *Blanc, el Fang (...)* curated by Margot Cuevas Raccoon Barcelona

2021 *Eu Tinha poucos anos (...)* curated by Antonia Gaeta Verão Lisbon

2020 *Ugly Enemie*s, Cibrián Donostia-San Sebastián

2019 *SLURP, GLUG* Luis Adelantado, Valencia

Group shows (selection)

2026 *Ese doble movimiento de la distancia y la fuga,* curated by Margot Cuevas, Bombón and Crisis, Madrid

Nueva-Vieja Pintura, curated by Lu Millet and Andrea Celda, Sala de Arte Joven Madrid

Memorias del suelo, curated by Núria Montclús, Centre el Carme Valencia

2025 *Fluid Systems*,Carlier Gebauer, Berlin
Roulette, Piloto pardo, London
Silent Systems: Breathing Devices, curated by Daré Dada, Czech Centre London
Igual que Long Beach, Puteca Naples
XI.i: Off-Site Show, RTA, London
New Pastoral, Pusher, London
Almacén Abierto, Madrid

2024 */Metal and the Flesh/* Horse & Pony, curated by Aaron Ratajczyk, Berlin
Entre Los Ojos del Deseo, Centro de Arte de Alcobendas Madrid

2023 *STRAY Voltage*, KINGS Melbourne
Concretos, curated by Gilberto González and Pablo León de La Barra, MUSAC León and TEA Tenerife

2022 *CAVE,* curated by Nikolaos Akritidis, Fondations312 Brussels
El Medio y el Tiempo, Mariano Fortuny Foundation Granada
Al Alcance, curated by Marta Sesé, Dilalica Barcelona

2021 *Le Club du Poison-Lune*, curated by Cédric Fauq, CAPC Bordeaux
Descripción de un Estado Físico, Elba Benítez Gallery, Madrid
Dialecto, CA2M Museum Madrid
You May Come Full Circle, Cibrián, Donostia San Sebastián

2020 *Oculto en la Sombra*, cur. by Marta Ramos, Nordés, Santiago
La mina de sal—La sed animal, cur. by Margot Cuevas, Monica Planes, Alex Palacín, Art Nou, Barcelona

Un metro y medio, curated by Manuel Segade and Tania Pardo, CA2M Museum Madrid

2019 *El Resto,* University of Navarra Museum, Pamplona
System Safari, hosted by Arebyte Gallery, London
Pou Sou Nefko, korai Cyprus
The Happy Fact, curated by Tania Pardo, La Casa Encendida Madrid
Beneath the beach, seamless paving stones, The wrong biennale
Extended Spaces, curated by Sérgio Fazenda, Irène Laub Brussels
The one that´s always there, SB34-The Pool, Brussels
Dazzling Encounters, curated by Cristina Herráiz, Sanderson Hotel London
rocks radio radar long wave radiation, curated by Cristina Ramos, The Watch Berlin

2018 *Six Memos*, St George Hall, curated by Branka Bencic, Liverpool and Labirynt Gallery, Lublin
CALL20, Luis Adelantado Gallery Valencia
Circuitos XXIX Grant, Sala de Arte Joven, Madrid
Mensaje de Arecibo, curated by D11, Etopía, Zaragoza
*Oh, how we need a new language to go with our new bodies!**. Gextoarte, Bilbao ES
Grasping a Concept is Mastering the Use of a Form, curated by Bea Botas at La Casa Encendida Madrid

2017 *Sombra de Ojos* with Julián Cruz, Javier Silva Gallery, Valladolid
Haciendo Días. CENTEX, Valparaíso Chile

Publications and writing

Cantinela, edited by Vera Martín Zelich

Bitter Cornices, publication for Partial Versions, Cambridge (EN/ES)

Final Hot Desert Book (upcoming)

Conversation with Conor Ackhurst, émergent mag. (EN)

Emil Lime, Book published by CA2M Musem Madrid and WIELS, Brussels (EN/ES)

That Back Has Overflowed, NERO (EN)

Sunburns, edited by Robin Robin Mackay, Urbanomic (EN)

Compost Reader #2, Cthulhu Books (EN)

A* Desk, edited by Marta Ramos-Yzquierdo (EN/ES)

Interiores, Limited ed. of engravings with La Dominación Mundial, Madrid (EN/ES)

Phantomene, Palfrey, London (EN)

Forms, Uses and Commensality. How They Make Things, Do Things, NERO (EN)

surface, ornament, frivolity, NERO (EN)

Lo que la Forma Hace Hacer, Materiales Concretos. Ed Peio Aguirre and Andrés Carretero (ES)

superficie, ornamento, frivolidad El Hecho Alegre, Exhibition Catalog. La Casa Encendida, Madrid (EN/ES)

Aquí, en El Alto, Festival Salmón Teatrón (ES)

Talks and workshops

2026 Thesis Supervisor and Lecturer Bachelor of Interior Architecture, IE University

Lecturer on Drawing at TAI, University Rey Juan Carlos Madrid

Lecturer Curating Art and society: ethical, political, environmental and community-based approaches, University Rey Juan Carlos Madrid

2025 Visiting tutor at Goldsmiths MFA, London

Advisory Board at Revista TEXTOS ARTE, – PUCP, Lima.

2024 [d]grapho. II International Congress of Research in Contemporary Drawing, Complutense Madrid

2023 Seminar at Istituto Europeo di Design, Madrid

Emil Lime book launch, ICA London

Conference WIELS Book Fair, Brussels

2022 Open School WIELS, Brussels

Conference at Centro Andaluz de Arte Contemporáneo, University of Sevilla

Screening Room no.1 Residency 11:11

2021 Sensual Vernacular, e-talk by Julia Morandeira, Esther Gatón, Alfredo Dufour and Natalia Iguiñiz, ARCO Madrid

ArtTalk Escuela de Artes TAI, Madrid

2020 FRIGORÍFICO. REFLEJOS (del frigorífico), workshop CreArt

Muscle Awareness, with Le Parody, workshop Injuve

Forms Of Resistance, performative reading, Goldsmiths Centre for Contemporary London

Programa Chimenea, talk with Tere Solar Abboud, La Casa Encendida Madrid

2019 EL CLUB, workshop, Fedriani Acrobatics School, Madrid

Lecturer at Espositivo Madrid

2018 MFA studio talk, Goldsmiths University, London

Ona, cruzar en cruzada, workshop Sant Andreu Education, Fabra i Coats Barcelona

La Pérgola
Performative talk with Mikel Escobales, Udaletxea Bilbao

Most people guard and keep, Performative talk with Claudia Pagés Festival Gelatina, La Casa Encendida, Madrid

Para derretir el hielo que nos quede; los restos, los bordes de la pizza, las galletas rotas
Workshop with Sonia Fdz-Pan, Festival Gelatina, La Casa Encendida, Madrid

Tripas y aliens
Workshop with Carlos Monleón and Miren Doiz
Open Studio, Madrid

Selected press

2026 Interview with Henar Díaz, ABC (ES)

Interview with Maria Marco and Nuria Fúster, El Cultural (ES)

Interview on the Alhambra Price, with Verónica Marrodán, Tribuna (ES)

2025 *—Kids, don´t run around the patio, it will seem bigger,* review by Febe Lamiroy, IMPULSE Mag New York (EN)

2024 *Going Down, Raw and Ruinous* review by Lu Rose Cunningham, émergent (EN)

2023 *Critics' Picks*
Ren Ebel, Art Forum (EN)

ATALKA-ATALKA #4, interview with Martin Lahitete (EN/ES)

2020 *Suppress inheritance,* by Andrés Carretero, A* Desk (EN/ES)

Interview with Esther Gatón
Emma O´Brien, Dateagle Art (EN)

Tú, tú, tú, mi incesante

Solo show
Patio Herreriano Museum, Valladolid Spain
2025

Curated by Rafael Barber Cortell

Site-specific installation, bas-reliefs, sculptures, small paintings. Fake walls and warm lighting.

Interview with Maria Marco and Nuria Fúster, El Cultural (ES)
Interview rato ao sol (ES/EN)

Full documentation available online.

There are religious images that were found in humble places. They are usually images of Our Lady found by shepherds, sometimes children, in caves or at the side of a road. This encounter, magical or miraculous depending on who tells the story, turned a small, imperfect piece into an object of worship. Churches, cathedrals and luxurious spaces were then built around them in their honour. And yet the image remained the same: a piece of dark, almost domestic wood that one day came to light in an unexpected place. Surrounded by gold and stone, these statues seem smaller than ever. The monumentality of the space does not magnify them: it actually exposes them. It is in this disproportion, in this mismatch between the container and what it contains, that something in the body of the beholder recognises itself.

Because the body measures. It measures unintentionally, continuously, adjusting its pace, recalibrating its posture, seeking the proportions it is familiar with. We remember places as they were when we first encountered them, on the scale of our bodies at that time. And when we go back, or when we come into a new space that we nevertheless recognise in some way, this memory is activated before any kind of thought. Scale is also a form of affection. The exhibition is a gateway to this feeling.

Esther Gatón has been working for years on this frequency: the frequency of objects that hold and tell more than they show, the frequency of things with which one establishes a relationship of empathy, which endures through scale, touch and the affection we had for them. For this exhibition, she has created a mechanism that unfolds atmospheres of varying density and rhythm across three spaces, each inhabitable in distinct ways. The "tú" (you) invoked in the poem by Jorge Guillén, which the exhibition is named after, explains it well: it is not a name, but rather an address. It settles in different places in the room, in different pieces, and from there it starts to speak.

As you go in, you hear a sound. Over and over again, with a cadence that is not from the outside, but rather one that imposes its own rhythm on the body, before the eyes have taken over. Like a mechanism that someone left running, and which is still working even though no-one has asked it to. A door that is normally closed has opened: light pours in, filtering into the next room through the architectural openings, and something in that simple gesture changes the nature of the space. From here on, the works of art await us.

The architecture of the room has been altered so that it can escape from its own logic. The works of art are scattered throughout, as if they had come to a space that is falling apart and were responsible for holding it together: each one is just where it should be, and if only one were to leave, everything else would collapse. Some emerge from the surface, like organic bas-reliefs, crafted from the material used to make dolls. The body recognises this material before identifying it: soft, a little cool, pinkish, with that texture that was perhaps our first contact with something that mimicked a body, without actually being one. Like skins that have found the wall to rest upon. There are also smaller, more vulnerable pieces. Paintings that form a kind of record of intimacy: moments captured with the same caution with which you preserve the residue of something you no longer quite remember. The colour in them is not chosen all at once: it comes, settles, and stays. The layers build upon one another with the same logic by which certain memories accumulate – not in order, but through persistence, because something keeps coming back until it finds its place. There is no neutral background: each shade is already the sum of what came before, a sedimentation that seeks not to conceal, but to add. They work like a polyphony: each has its own voice and could exist on its own, but together they create a dialogue that requires no agreement, only proximity. Small and scattered, each is a moment in itself – together, they generate an atmosphere that sustains everything else.

Among them float the bioplastic sculptures. Translucent and voluminous, they fill the air in the room with a presence that never quite fully materialises. They employ a Baroque-style artifice: the thread that peeks out, the structure that reveals itself, the visible stage machinery. There is something of a damaged image here, a covered surface that fails to fully conceal what lies beneath it. The theatricality serves memory. What remains is not the image, but what it awakens. Its stimulus.

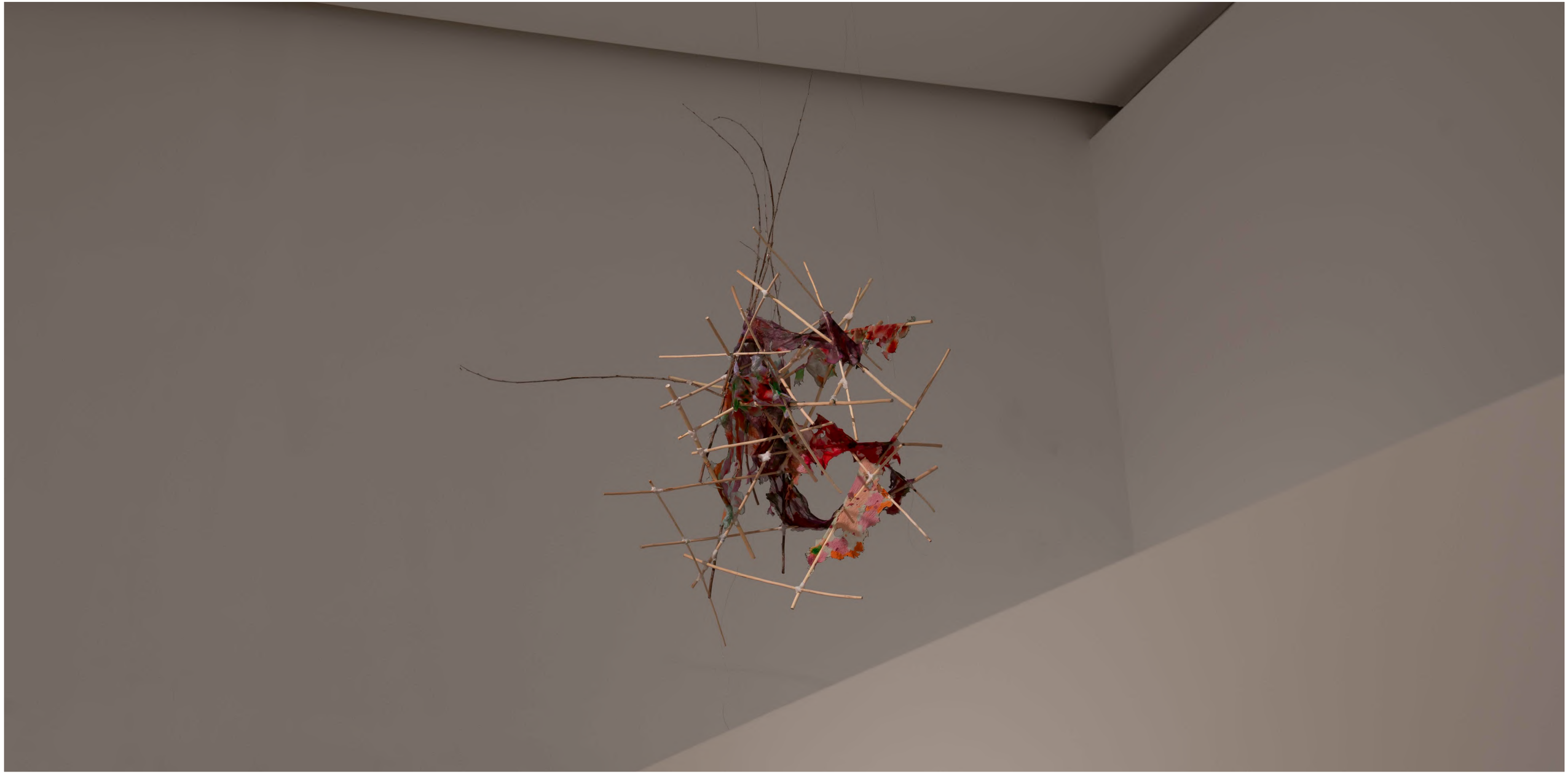
The final cog in the wheel is also the quietest. Valladolid is a city that knows how to remain silent: not an empty silence, but rather a form in its own right, something that takes up space with the same conviction as stone or wood, shaping its surroundings without anyone actually realising. Esther Gatón grew up in this atmosphere, and her work carries it within her, without needing to name it. The last room is where that legacy becomes most palpable: time here becomes so dense that it seems possible to knead it, work it with your hands, and digest it slowly. It is the mechanism's battery that powers everything that has gone before, ensuring that the journey does not end but rather restarts once more. Beginning again from that silence, from that thick, familiar substance.

The small statue of the Virgin in the centre of the cathedral has not changed in size. It is we who have changed, and with us the scale of everything we love. Perhaps that is why we recognise ourselves in her: not in her glory but rather in her humility, in that way of persevering whilst surrounded by something that is too great. These pieces retain that same proportion: the exact measure of an affection that the body does not forget, even though the mind no longer knows what to call it.

–Rafael Barber Cortell.



Demasiado mar
Silk, willow and rose branches, ash, foam, Polydoh, natural glitter, wire and dyes. 100 x 98 x 37





9

Tú, tú, tú, mi incesante

Bas-relief. Clay for dolls on birch wood, metal flakes, walnut stain and coloured ink.
55 x 36 x 2 cm



10

Tú, tú, tú, mi incesante

Tasks, facts
Bas-relief. Clay for dolls on birch wood, metal flakes, walnut stain and coloured ink.
38 x 20 x 1 cm



Si madrugamos
Silk, willow and rose branches, ash, foam, Polydoh, natural glitter, wire and dyes.
166 x 67 x 65 cm

No sabemos quién es
Silk, willow twigs, ash, foam, Polydoh, wire and dyes. 100 x 103 x 34





Bienvenida
Motor, wood, open-source electronic programming, shiny wool for pom-poms and bells. 200 x 40 x 30 cm



kind citrus

Nueva-Vieja Pintura
Group show
Sala de Arte Joven, Madrid
2026

Curated by Andrea Celda and Lu Millet

A site-specific sculpture, composed of flavoured jelly, soap bubbles, sugar and mosquito netting.

Curatorial project funded by The Community of Madrid.

Curated by Andrea Celda and Lu Millet, the exhibition is part of the Se Busca Comisario project.

The proposal traces a genealogy of contemporary painting, structured around four thematic axes linked to modern and contemporary art history: formalism, historicism, figuration, and conceptualism.

Through the creations of Irene Anguita, Álvaro del Fresno, Andrés Izquierdo, Esther Gatón, Iris Sanmartín, Raúl Silva, and María Tinaut, the exhibition examines how traditional pictorial languages, despite having shifted in meaning, continue to resonate in the current artistic imagination.







Vowels

Solo show
anteroom, London
2025

Facilitated by Flàvia Nespatti

Hanging sculptures and graphite drawings.

Full documentation

Brave Podcast, interview by Victoria Comstock-Kershaw.

Then how did she know how to feel it in her dream?
- Louise Glück

The most primordial language in human history began with childlike sounds. Over time, these utterances grew into a wider array of consonants and auxiliary terms, eventually forming the complex yet ordinary capacity we call speech. At the very beginning, in the most primitive state, humans voiced vowels. From the Latin, vowels mean “with the voice,” alluding to that initial connection between sentiment and the vibration of the vocal cords.

Esther Gatón’s artistic practice returns again and again to this eventful beginning: a sound before it becomes a word, an image so abstract it has not yet taken form; the instant prior to figuration. Working with materials such as bioplastic, textiles, and paper, Gatón gives her work physical presence without relying on substances that cannot return to organic matter. Her ethically attuned research leads her toward materials that can be cooked, burned, poured, prepared, and moulded, using kitchen-like processes to form the sculptures that hang from the ceiling, with a silent, almost kite-like lightness and mobility.

To create this movement that ultimately becomes rigid structures, Gatón applies fire, placing heat in selective areas to guide the sculpture’s eventual shape. This technique requires surrender – letting the flames determine the final contours. The textiles she uses are tied to the places from which they are sourced. London, with its culture of textile shops, second-hand materials, and natural fibres, offers a distinct palette and variety, especially natural silk, which, unlike the synthetic version, will catch fire promptly. In Madrid, by contrast, seasonal changes shape patterns and thicknesses. The sculptures for this exhibition were made in Brussels during a residency at WIELS, combining materials from multiple origins that finally, here at anteroom, are assembled in accordance to the structural context the room offers.

In Gatón’s practice, site-specificity is always a challenge. For Vowels, her solo exhibition at anteroom, she encounters a rustic architecture and a spacious setting that, aside from the sculptural intervention, calls her back to something primordial: drawing. Suspended throughout the space’s walls with a playful rhythm, the drawings turn the room into a phantasmagoric underworld where mystery and cheer coexist in subtle, drifting motion.

Seemingly visceral, the bioplastic, textiles, and drawings collectively reveal a method that is, in fact, an approach toward a vulnerable, childhood-like state: before language, before imagery becomes vast or coded. A child produces sounds that do not yet distort, magnify, or manipulate. The desire to return to this early form of transference is, in a way, the search for idioms and forms that aim directly at the barest meaning, toward a state stripped of information, toward the solitude of love, and toward that primordial sovereignty over what is hardest to express: absolute and utter honesty.

-Philippa zu Knyphausen







Bitter Cornices

Solo show
Partial Versions, Cambridge
2025

Curated by Amy Jones

Site-specific installation at a Victorian house made with phosphorescent paint, oil on small canvas, changes in lighting and door openings.

Supported by the Embassy of Spain in the United Kingdom

Full documentation available online.

Partial Versions is delighted to present the first solo exhibition in the UK by Madrid and London based artist Esther Gatón. Spanning sculpture, video and painting, Gatón's practice is concerned with states of ambiguity and intensity; particularly their material, spatial, and socio-political effects. Working with intuitive processes and unexpected materials (such as bioplastics, phosphorescent paint, and doll clay), the artist utilises artifice and ornamentation, often alongside spatial intervention, to construct unsettled objects and environments. Previous works take ordinary yet destabilising experiences like watching a horror film, riding a rollercoaster or falling in love as starting points for exploring political, religious, and material histories in contemporary Spain.

For Partial Versions, Gatón turns her attention to the conventions of domestic space, focusing on bookshelves, cupboards and skirting boards across the ground floor of the building. Discrete interventions shift and disrupt protocols of display, concealment and maintenance throughout the space implicating the artist, residents and visitors in a series of architectural and social transgressions.

Plastic sheets suspended from floor to ceiling alter three alcoves in the living and dining rooms. These spaces, an architectural bi-product of the need for fireplaces in each room before the advent of central heating, have gradually become sought after, decorative details in most modern homes. Gatón has concealed them in favour of the illusion of a continuous, blank wall. Books, lamps and ornaments, housed on retrofitted shelves in the alcoves and often displayed to express the identity, taste or status of the resident become partially hidden. The other walls of the space have similarly had any decoration, such as wall based artworks, removed and holes or cracks have been filled.

Running throughout is *They ring true* (2025), layers of phosphorescent paint added to the skirting boards. A typically overlooked architectural feature, here they are transformed into a surface that emits a gentle and peculiar glow that makes its presence more or less known depending on the time of day.

Cardboard has been used in place of painting directly on to the boards themselves, a renter friendly gesture that speaks to a common yet uneasy relationship between the house, its inhabitants and its decoration. The original Victorian fitted cupboards are left ajar, emitting an unexpected but enticing glow of their own. One of the doors blocks the route and view through to the back of the house, forcing visitors to contort through a small gap to access the next room. Within each cupboard, Gatón has fixed works from a series of paintings, each created over several months as a daily, additive practice that takes place at her home in Madrid. Illuminated by spotlights, their presence and status as artworks draws visitors into the hidden recesses of the home. Revealing mismatched crockery, cleaning supplies and other paraphernalia one prefers to keep out of sight, the gaze of the visitor is a welcomed but uncomfortable act of trespass.





24

Bitter Cornices

The tobacco
Oil on cotton, 18 x 14 cm







— Kids, don´t run around the patio. It will seem bigger.

Solo show
Affiliate WIELS, Brussels
2025

Curated by Piero Bisello

Site-specific installation, bas-reliefs and pencil drawings.

Supported by the Embassy of Spain in Belgium.

Reviewed by Febe Lamiroy, IMPULSE Magazine, New York

Full documentation available online.

A new body of work by Esther Gatón consists of bas-reliefs of burnt-doll clay on wood. They incorporate metal flakes, walnut stain, and various inks to form rich textures, volumes and palettes. Their size is moderate but not small, suggesting the works were composed with both control and its abdication. Gatón's sculptural practice, which formally evokes Art Informel and traits of post-war modernism, is summarized in these wall works. No vertical sculptures, they are too protruding to be paintings.

Titles such as *The tulips are too excitable* and *Two, of course there are two*[1] (both works on display) remind of Gatón's own writing on her art. The publication for her exhibition at Hothouse in London (2024) is rich in suggestive sentences like the titles, which adds another dimension to the works. The end of the publication is telling: "I wanted to leave the writing to leak [...] I trust that this concatenation of apertures may have entertained you, and now serve you for something else."[2] Titles signal one should not be content with the apparent formalism of the bas-reliefs, or their abstraction.

Talking about post war art, Germano Celant said that "surface and volume of materials were viewed as the fields of unconscious battles, in which it was hoped that the remnants of the social and private self would be redeemed."[3] The programmatic nature of the art mentioned by Celant is where Gatón's bas-reliefs leave modernism. Their surface is a baroque field of clay and inks that has little to do with the humanistic, even militant, approach of abstract expressionism, Informel, etc. At most, the bas-reliefs are the cynical version of these art historical tendencies.

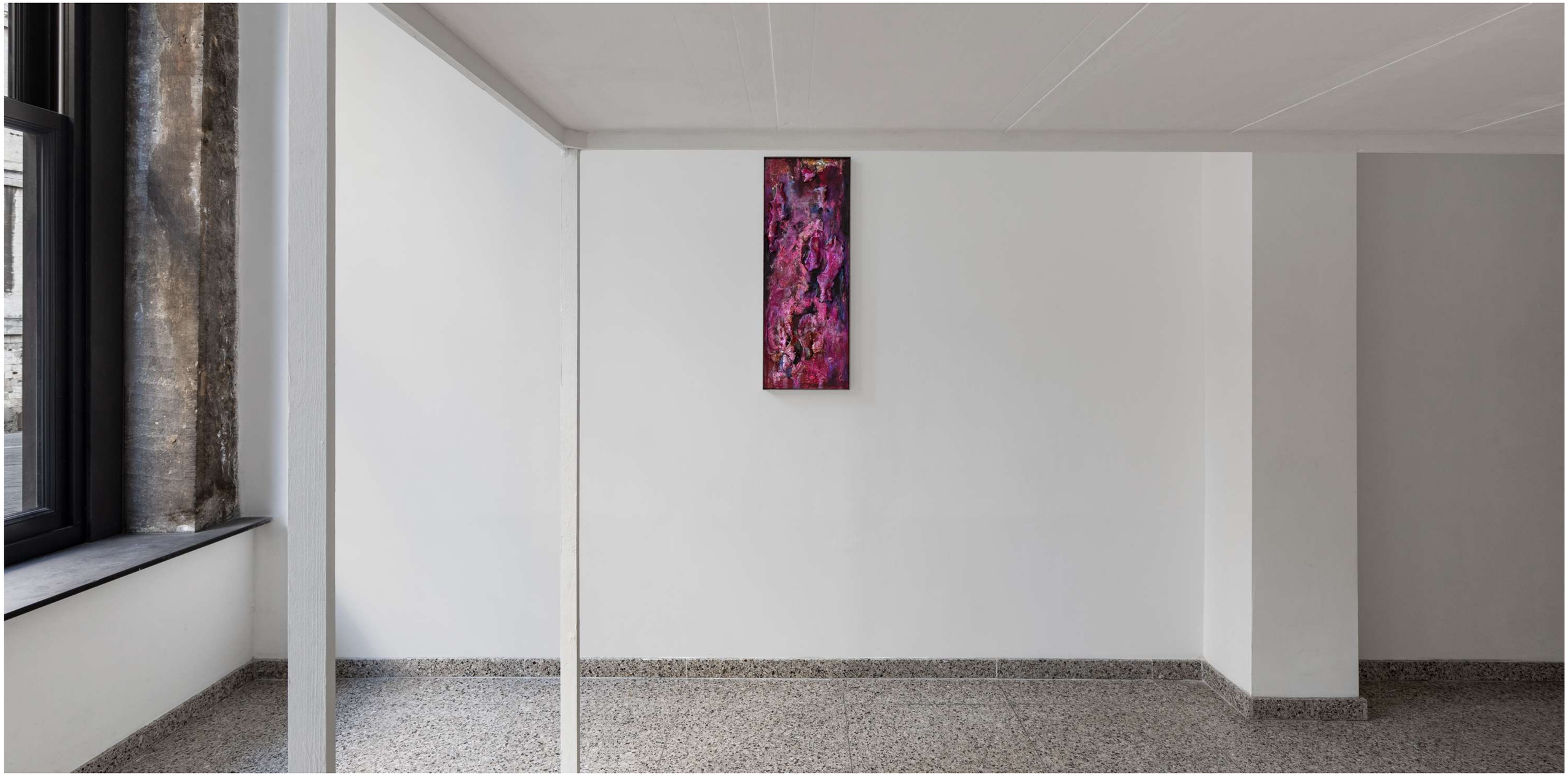
For example, the disenchantment manifests in the chosen material, doll clay. Used by children to play, here it is burnt and tormented. It retains childish connotations through a glittery palette that veers toward fuchsia. The symbolism in these works is not unlike that of Mike Kelley's *More Love Hours Than Can Ever Be Repaid,* 1987, a large composition of stuffed animals stitched together like a Frankensteinian monster. (It is perhaps no coincidence that Kelley's compositional model was also a modernist work, a large Pollock drip painting.) Kelley's suggestion in his title is the same as in Gatón's: the ambiguity of the child, stuck between our love and hate, mirroring our greatest issues, embodying them.

Gatón's pencil drawings of toys (war spaceships) complement the presentation of the bas-reliefs. Their dealing with childhood evokes disillusion–just like adults, children can't stay away from violence–but rejects pessimism by hinting at the healing power of critical distance.

–Piero Bisello.

1 Sentences from Sylvia Plath's poetry. Title of the exhibition from a text by Polyxeni Mantzou.
2 https://esthergaton.net/wp-content/uploads/2024/11/2024_Hothouse_EstherGaton_Publication.pdf
3 Germano Celant, "Piero Manzoni, an Artist of the Present," Piero Manzoni, ed. Celant, exh. cat.
(Milan: Arnoldo Mondadori Arte, 1991)

— Kids, don´t run around the patio. It will seem bigger.



— Kids, don´t run around the patio. It will seem bigger.



Clownlike, happiest on your hands, magnifying your arrival. New statue, We'd wink at if we didn't hear. Delighting

Four bas-reliefs, piled one on top of the other. Burnt doll-clay, paint, metal flakes and varnish on stained birch wood and steel structure. Dimensions variable.

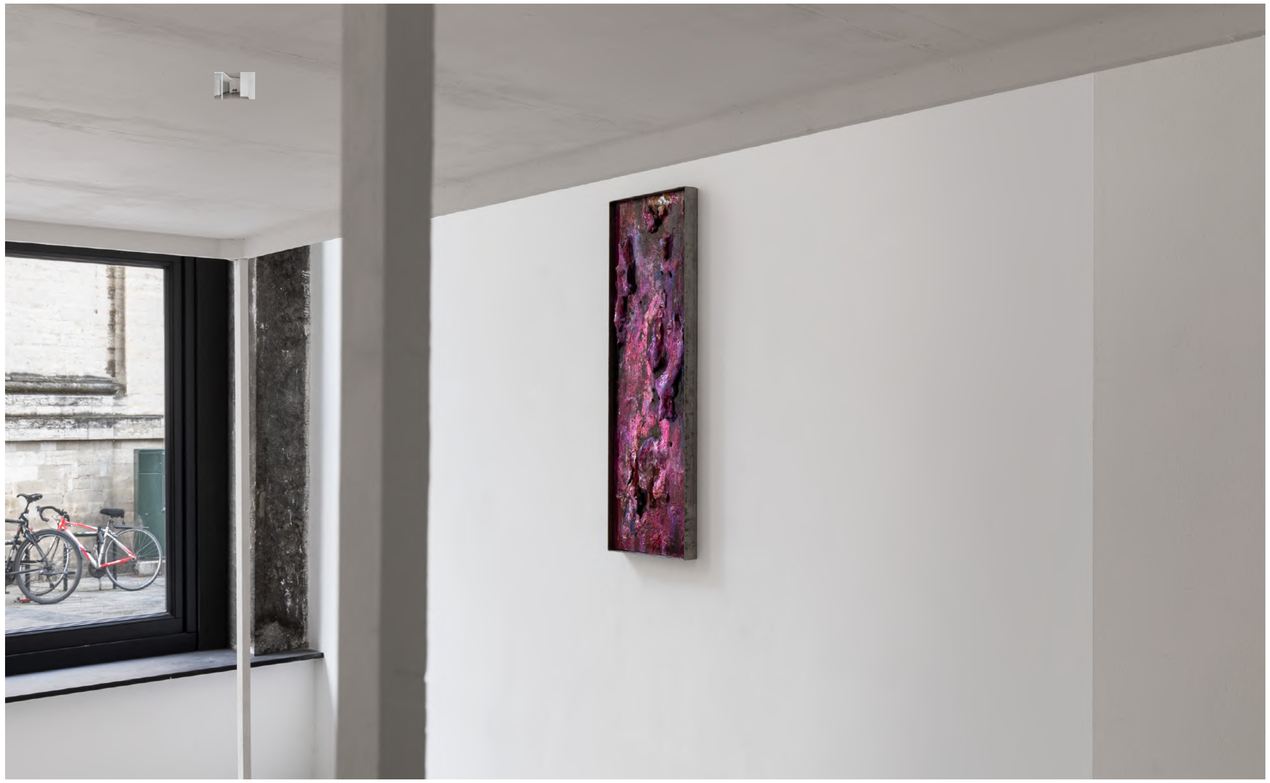


30

.The tulips are too excitable

Burnt doll-clay on birch wood, metal flakes, walnut stain and ink.
Mounted on a tailored-made, steel tray.
32 x 90 cm

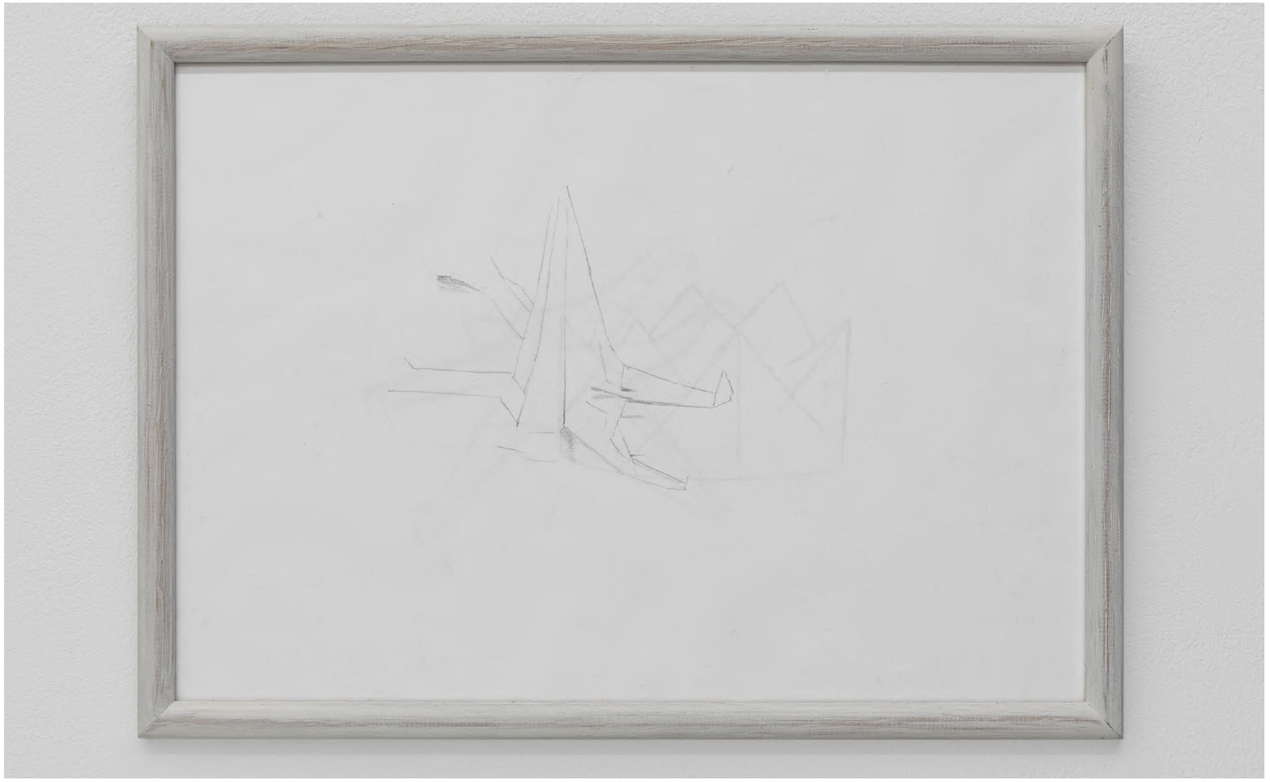




Of wars, wars, wars (left)
Two, of course there are two (right)

Still live pencil drawing of an origami X-wing Starfighter, on overlapping 45 gsm paper. Framed on thin oak cushion, painted white flat matte, with anti-reflective glass. 21 x 29,7 cm (paper dimensions).





— Kids, don´t run around the patio. It will seem bigger.



— Kids, don´t run around the patio. It will seem bigger.



Tetillas

Two persons show
Pauline Perplexe, Paris
2024

Hand-dyed linen and bas-reliefs.

Supported by A/C Mobility Grants.

Going Down, Raw and Ruinous, by Lu Rose Cunningham, émergent (review)

Taking a slang word, both small breasts and a rural Spanish cheese, *Tetillas* sets Darya Diamond and Esther Gatón to present recent and representative works from their respective oeuvres. Developed from friendship, tetillas is an intimate reflection on the conditions of labour experienced by these artists, interiors, and femininity.

Among the various works, Gatón presents wall pieces assembled of hand-dyed fabric and bundled wood. Diamond brings resin-cast waste brackets, that the artist stole from the motels where she worked as a prostitute. Peripherally co-regulatory and permeable, Diamond and Gatón use extensions of their private lives as materials in their studio practice.

Evoking touch, complex intimacies and blurry representations of their immediate environments- the exhibition unintentionally re-contextualizes domestic and precarious labour. Gatón's textiles are at once tactile and layered, echoing a physical encounter with the material and processes of dying and fading fabrics. Her practice is haunted by the stark aesthetics of Castile, the deserted Spanish region where she grew up; while Diamond s originates in the artist s invisible labour as a surrogate human, sex worker, and carer.

With the use of illegible and fainted traces, painted on the textiles, Gatón aims to tap into an infantile type of vision; one that engulfs everything around itself and stays stupefied, as much by the wound that pierces its knee, as by the enormous altarpiece, covered in gold leaf. Such an outsider way of looking could be allied with the illusions that sex workers like Diamond need to perform, to manufacture conventional forms of intimacy and emotional transit.

The encounter between the two artists aims to create reverberations between these contrasting positions, offering an exhibition that presents relationships of power through the reappropriation of oral and visual narratives, domesticity, the ambivalence of desire and its strange embodiments, and the ability of rescued objects to convey ordinary fantasies by distorting them.

Formally, Diamond and Gatón come from different backgrounds, yet their practices connect deeply, addressing varied forms of eroticism and female-identified social presence. Oscillating between permeable 'pleasure' and 'pleasing' work. There is a gentle framing of reproductive labour, the status of sexuality and domesticity as precarious and invaluable economies that take place inside the home.



Tetillas
Kindness glides about my house

Pastel, charcoal and paint on hand-dyed linen with natural pigments. The title comes from a poem by Silvia Plath.
224 x 70 cm





38

Tetillas
Igual que guantes grises
Kindness glides about my house

Diptych: toy-clay, paint, metal flakes, glitter and varnish on stained birch wood.
48 x 30 x 0.7 cm (left.)
47 x 28 x 0.6 cm (right.)
Pastel and paint on hand-dyed linen.
224 x 70 cm





39

Tetillas
La que camina

Pastel, charcoal, and paint on hand-dyed linen with natural pigments. The title comes from a poem by Gabriela Mistral.
110 x 44 cm



My Jaw is On The Floor

Solo show
Cibrián, Donostia-San Sebastián
2023

Curated by Martin Lahitète

Digital video, 16”40’ and bas-reliefs.

Link to video
pw: agosto

Film funded by Ayudas a La Creación Comunidad de Madrid and by The Embassy of Spain in Belgium.

ATALKA-ATALKA #4, interview with Martin Lahitete

My Jaw is On The Floor is the title of the second solo exhibition of Esther Gatón at Cibrián. It is also the title of the artist’s latest video, on display in the exhibition, in which we follow a female character who evolves erratically in incongruous spaces.

Here, the use of language — verbal and physical — is distorted yet familiar, as the script is based on lines coming from dating apps and manuals on how to pronounce English. The main character, originally from Ireland, is also the narrator. We assist to a delayed bodily reaction to the sentences she´s mouthing. Some of them, acting on her unconscious memory, might have been thrown at her in the past, and here seem to be possessing her. This altered relation between the character and her own voice, creates a sense of vitality and malleability in the way she communicates, as it happens to those who are new to the tongue, such as non-native speakers and kids.

Orality, together with the density of the cheap sauna where the main action takes place, triggers the character´s behaviour. At the same time, the bas-reliefs shown in the exhibition echo these voices, environmental sounds and musical effects. Their titles are sentences borrowed from the video but, more importantly, their materiality is thought through audible and reverberating qualities. The pieces can be seen as physical remains of the film’s sounds.

The video was filmed in spaces that relate to and intensify Esther’s experience in the city, which she perceives as humid and dense. She speaks about it in the last instalment of ATALKA_ATALKA N° 4, describing the making of the video, as connected to her encounter with displacement and with inhabiting a new language:

“(In London) The surfaces are not clear. Rather than the distinct contours and sharp edges, that dark shades produce, we are often surrounded by fog and grey skies, by greater light pollution, with its mixtures of colours, and sheltered behind a crystal covered with condensation and mist. Gleaming and phosphorescent materials, used to improve visibility on the road, multiply and produce reflections everywhere.

Then, the day unfolds under a paler and much more changing solar radiation, the soil feels less stable; it is wet and presents deep irregularities. Well, this also happens because the asphalt in the area where I live, is very deformed and full of cracks.

A palpable influence that can be seen in my work is that, since I moved, I use bright colours, and the silhouettes that I engrave and draw tend to be blurry.”

> Excerpt by Esther Gatón from the interview with Martin Lahitète, ATALKA ATALKA N°4

Esther works across sculpture, installation, writing, drawing and video. The exhibition *My Jaw is on the Floor* acts as an interconnected element, in which she depicts the contours of a unique body of work. Through a visual investigation around the idea of orality, and its possible physical iterations, the artist sheds a raw yet artificial light on the mechanisms of language — sometimes pulpy and subtle — that give us shape.







44

My Jaw is On The Floor
Use a pet name.
Did he throw himself into the jaws?

Wood, walnut stain, clay, acrylic paint, pastel, metal flakes.
48 x 30 cm
43 x 23 cm



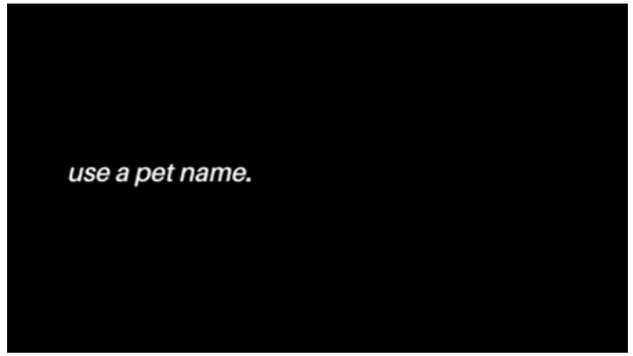




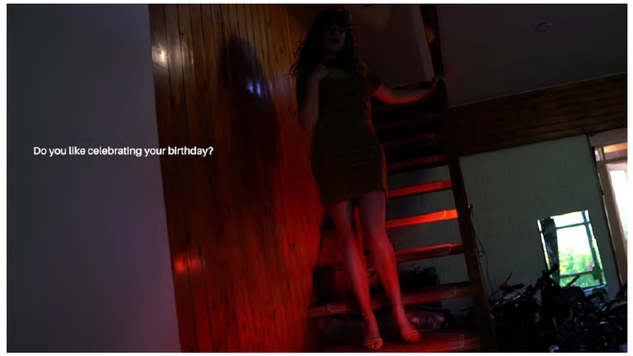
46 My Jaw is On The Floor Digital video, 16”40’

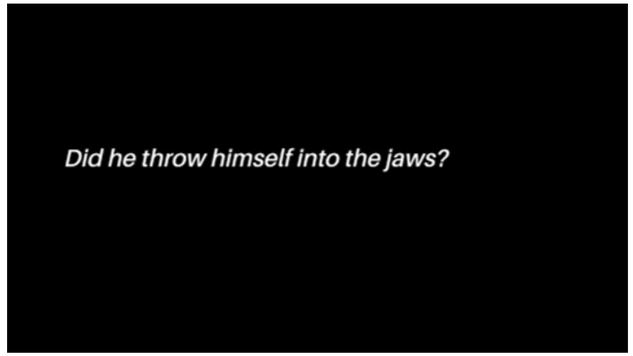









Do you like celebrating your birthday?


Did he throw himself into the jaws?





Asleep on a feather bed with black curtains around him, an inverted torch. (The Earth was full of poppies)

Site-specific light installation
C3A Andalucía Museum Córdoba, Spain
2023

Led lights, 3D animation on façade,
Switched on every evening, from sunset to midnight

Link to video

This intervention aims to intensify the relationship between light and human behaviour, turning the outer wall of the C3A into a kind of hypnotising machine. The light in movement is used as an interlacing that holds the distracted gazes of those who stroll along the riverside, affecting them in an oblique way.

The title describes the way Hypnos, the Greek mythological god of sleep and slumber, has been commonly depicted.

For this work, Esther looked into techniques such as circadian lighting, trance-inducing systems, flickering, phosphorescent screen glows and strobe light, to play with the correspondences between lighting and rhythms of life. Light is the engine that synchronises us with the day, with sleep (and the lack of it), as well as with multiple states of mind. For example, shock, tenderness, nervousness, tranquillity, delight or good concentration.

The work was produced by abstracting and combining a selection of self-absorbed videos, including beaten eggs, magic tricks (how to make a coin disappear), documentaries on butterflies and diving, knife sharpening, tutorials on how to train to look directly into the eyes, and whispering.

49

Asleep on a feather bed with black curtains around him, an inverted torch. (The Earth was full of poppies)

Loop 3D Animation, 6" 5
100 metres width by 12 metrs in height

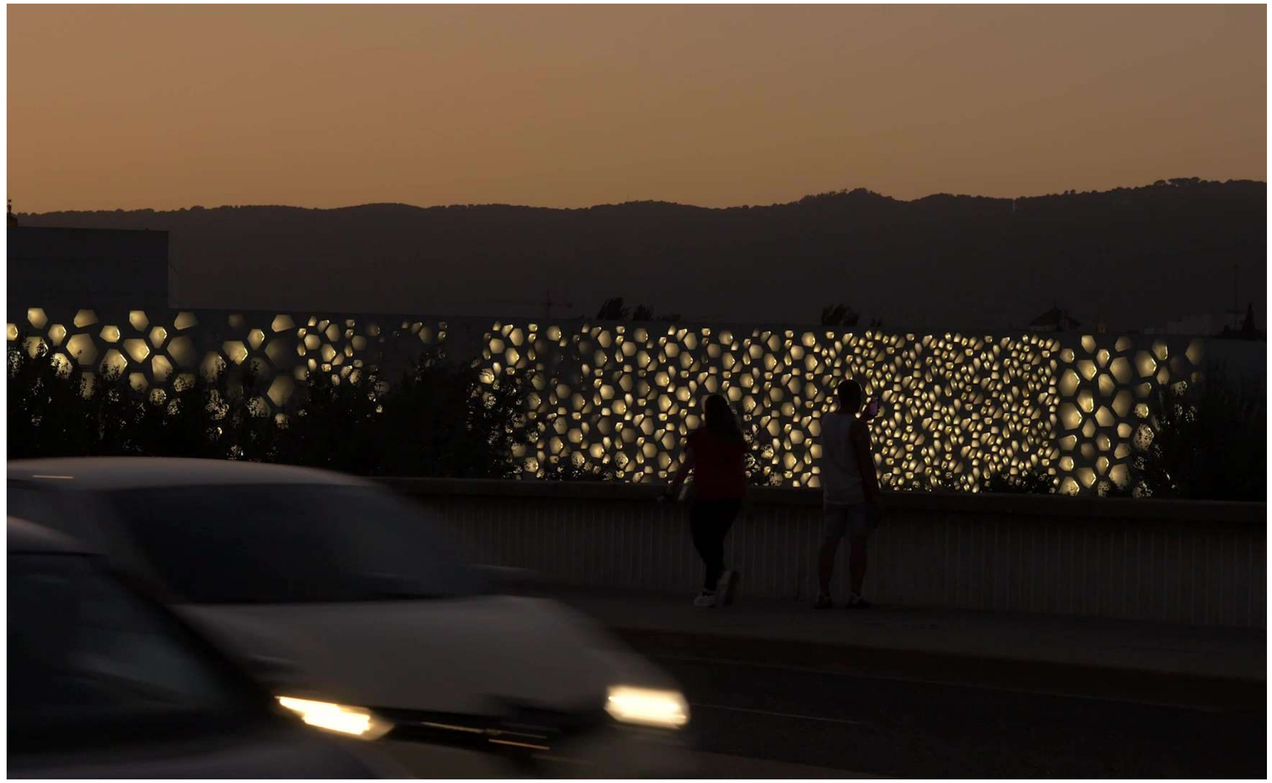


Asleep on a feather bed with black
curtains around him, an inverted torch.
(The Earth was full of poppies)





Asleep on a feather bed with black
curtains around him, an inverted torch.
(The Earth was full of poppies)





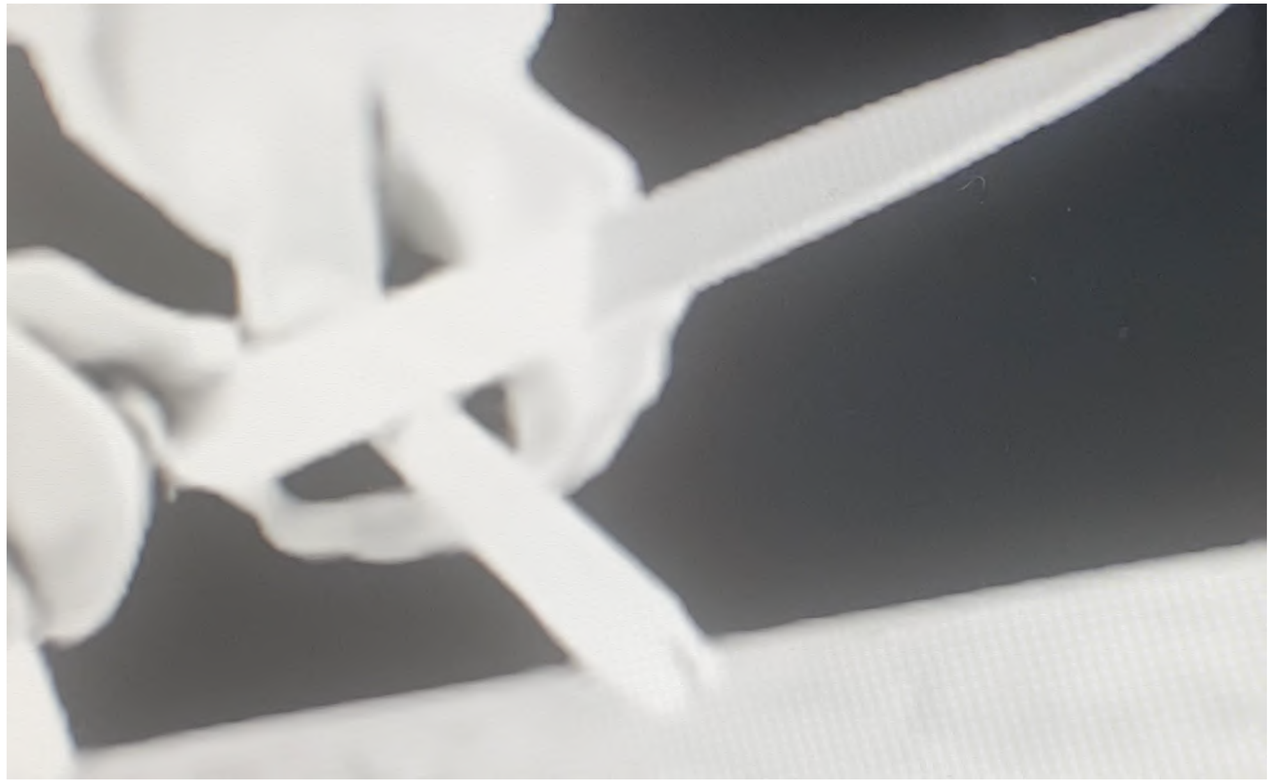
Asleep on a feather bed with black curtains around him, an inverted torch. (The Earth was full of poppies)

Images of the videos that were combined to create the light projection, shown on the façade.





Asleep on a feather bed with black
curtains around him, an inverted torch.
(The Earth was full of poppies)





phosphorescence of my local lore

Two-persons show
South Parade, London
2023

Hanguing sculptures.

Link to conversation with Lucy Rose Cunningham, Carole Ebtinger and Esther Gatón.

An arrangement of shadows thrown by leaves against a wall. Clods of wet earth, alive post-shower.
The colour of my local lore,
deep greens to murky blues.
A subtle glimmer.

The word phosphoresce comes to mind, fireflies beneath rivers' thin membrane. Movements holding memories you wish to scoop up with your bare hands. The propensity to collect, to recollect, to gather, to abandon, across canvas / wall / open expanse / open windows into the room and out again, to the secluded green found on a lost city traipse.

All the gardens, all the pathways. All the straying trellis sweet-peas, the straying brush strokes, the silken lines growing into stems. The first fronds. To smell these flowers, and wonder what she smells like when waking in the morning, when pining after a lover. After the after. What does loss smell like. What does reconnecting with the self smell like. Feel like. The skin as it opens up, receptive, blooming like lichen / lilies / lovesickness. Love, from thirst, to be quenched through saturation, the reapplication of dyes, of waters, such weight -of loving, of lusting, of living, collapsed into paper stretches, inks and heart beat. Body and spirit pulled asunder, pulled taught. Aches felt along the spine, along the framework to grasp onto, for fear of falling down / for / in towards another, caring too much or too little.

All the gardens, all the pathways. We take to the outside, determine the greenery that won't subject us to more aching, but will remind us perhaps of where we have been, of where we might go. Grasses chorusing for us to come back to the earth; to shed human touch, shed the rejection of closure or not-knowing.

But grass hairs lick much like tongue, fingers and fleshed junctures. Never quite moving beyond memories that remain, nothing ever quite perishing, flickering in and out of comprehension. Inky reds to blues, the bloodlust of thunder overhead, the rain-cycle outside a cyclical bout of tears. You insist there is nothing abject about you, as you greet the mo(u)rning's course ozone.

Outside, the locus of desire. Desire in the cellulose of man's limbs and flower's stem. Desire in speckled sweat pheromones, desire in a foliar day, when the air sips yellow to ochre to gold. Tasting limerence in sun-dewed firmament and soil, its gossamer mycelia swash; among root systems as they sing your ancestor's tongue, a long drawn out note traced through the till of this land. One cannot bear to hear it. Another listens and echoes back.

But grass licks like grasses all the same, gesturing for us to simply wait / pause / acknowledge. To be with the soft drone of a hive in pollen peppered meadowland. To move forward. To be, in the in-between space - between trailblazing and being carried, between alight and simmering.

She is looking for those who mean it. For tenderness, saturation, a bleeding into the fabric of another. Her garden - here - to enter, to pause, acknowledge, go forth. Her garden, for those seeking tenderness too.

Words by Lucy Rose Cunningham.

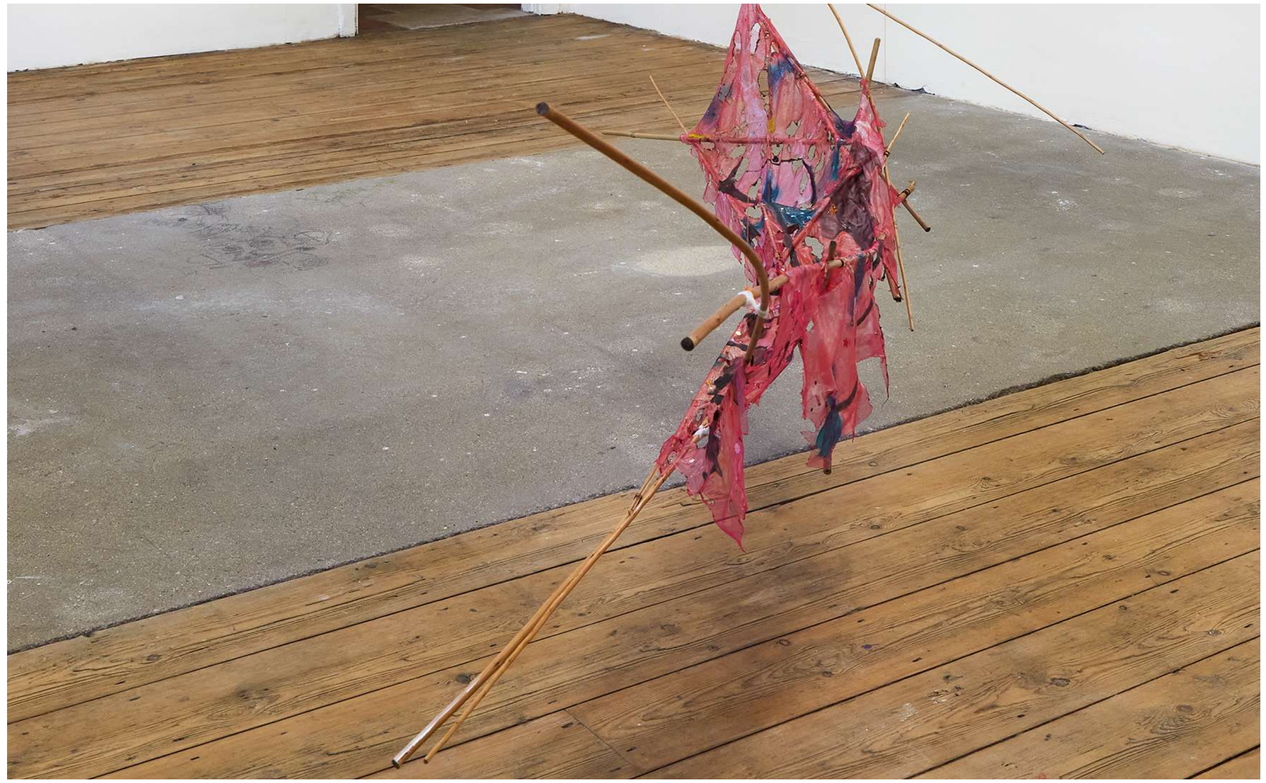
phosphorescence of my local lore
Alive post-shower, (orange)
You insist, there is nothing abject about you (pink)

Willos, wire, fish line, and vegan bioplastic dyed with turmeric, charcoal, seeds, paprika on natural silk and mesh.
30 x 70 x 230 cm
40 x 80 x 280 cm











Collages, various individual titles

Selected for Emil Lime´s book
2022

Published by CA2M Musem Madrid and WIELS, Brussels
Launched at ICA London

Printed and glued photos, pastels, paint, stickets, lipstick and textiles on cardboard.

Bilingual es/en

Link to pdf of the book

These collages are made up of images sourced from the artist’s personal archive. She took them during walks and travels through different cities, principally Madrid, Valladolid, London, Brussels and their surroundings, and generally in the neighbourhoods where she was living. The photos have been taken casually, without planning or much conscious thought; they track the movements of a fascinated gaze acting on its impulses.

The works arrange the slippages and mixing together of the surfaces, shadows, reflections, and transparencies of these photographic notes. Laid alongside, through, and over the top of one another, they trace the interactions between the edges of things. They describe a way of seeing: constantly combinatory, and without definite distinctions, playing and unfolding in those productive and ambiguous spaces where firm outlines break down.

The images are occasionally written, drawn, and painted over, and these interventions form additional layers of fun interaction. They suggest different contexts and temporalities, and dissolve and bleed into one another; they speak by themselves, emerge from collective movements, and then slip back into the churning, mixed-together communicative strategies of the larger compositions.

There is an immediate and direct quality to these works; they are like apertures into a raw process of seeing and reading the world. Part of their functioning is the straightforwardness of their construction, which calls to mind Esther´s approach to editing in her video works, and which here has found a more forthright mode of speaking.

Directness and immediacy, selection, placement, glueing, noting, and inspection; these are the techniques that allow for varied encounters with the reality one inhabits, and which one can only make sense of afterwards.

60		Collages *These are Shells. Cuddly Little Cows*	29,7 x 42 cm



61

Collages
This dog escaped and started to bite and enjoy the leash

42 x 29,7 cm



62 Collages 42 x 29,7 cm
Wave made out of bricks



63

Collages
Jelly Beans in Tray. Tree

42 x 29,7 cm



Emil Lime book



Emil Lime

Solo show
CA2M Museum Madrid
2023

Curated by Cory John Scozzari

Motorised sculpture and framed collages.

Printed book available, bilingual Spanish-English, co-produced by CA2M and WIELS Brussels

Link to video of the work

Critics' Picks, by Ren Ebel, Art Forum (review)

The project sets in motion forms, techniques and conceptual interests frequent in Gatón's practice, such as the construction of ambiguous environments, amateur science, visual artifice, and the crossovers between femininity and machinery, articulating them here, together in a single installation.

Hovering in the middle of the exhibition space is the show's central protagonist, a sculpture that seems to move of its own accord as if possessed. It is suspended by four steel cables connecting it to a central motor programmed by an Arduino (an open-source platform used for programming electronics) that controls its movement. The work's ramshackle construction was additive, in that Gatón gathered and attached a wide range of disparate materials to the structure's central aluminium frame. The piece — also titled Emil Lime — has been elongated with various width pieces of black java bamboo, held together with copper and aluminium wire and extra strength tape, and adorned with LED lights, high-gloss enamel paint, a plastic rubber snake, a paper bird, facial jewellery, an anchor sticker, and ash. Suspended between and integrated into the pieces of bamboo is a vegan bioplastic, a staple material in Gatón's practice as of late. Here it has been poured onto pieces of multicolored silk, and hand-burned and dyed with turmeric, paprika, biodegradable glitter, seaweed, charcoal, cocoa, food coloring, eggshells, orange peels, garlic, sparkling soap, curry powder, maca, and ink.

One of the original impetus for the exhibition is the regional fair, and parallels can be drawn between the sculpture on display and a variety of attractions, particularly the mechanical bull and pirate ship. The former has its origins in the rodeo, where a single rider mounts a mechanized bull whose movements replicate the animal's bucking. Riders are meant to hold on until they are eventually thrown off. The latter is an open-air gondola ride which moves a group of passengers back and forth from a central pendulum. The oscillation of these attractions is mirrored in the exhibition's palindromic title Emil Lime, whose spelling is the same both forwards and backwards. Gatón's interest in popular spectacles relates to an attraction to instability, fear, and adrenaline, and the ways in which these emotions manifest themselves both in the visitor's body and in society at large.

For Gatón, this reckless spirit of dizzied excess parallels Spain's economic history in the early 2000s, with the neoliberalization of the economy, the construction boom and the political value ascribed to consumption and accumulation. This trajectory was cut short by the crash in 2008, the critical year when the CA2M Museum itself was constructed. Emil Lime harkens to a moment just before the breakdown of perhaps ill-founded hopes, expectations and projections. The sculpture replicates a nostalgic and fevered delirium through its seemingly erratic choreography of dips, swings, drops and rattles

66

Emil Lime

Bamboo canes, aluminium structures, programmed engines, paint, glitter, stickers, rubber toys and bioplastic.
5 x 2 x 2 metres



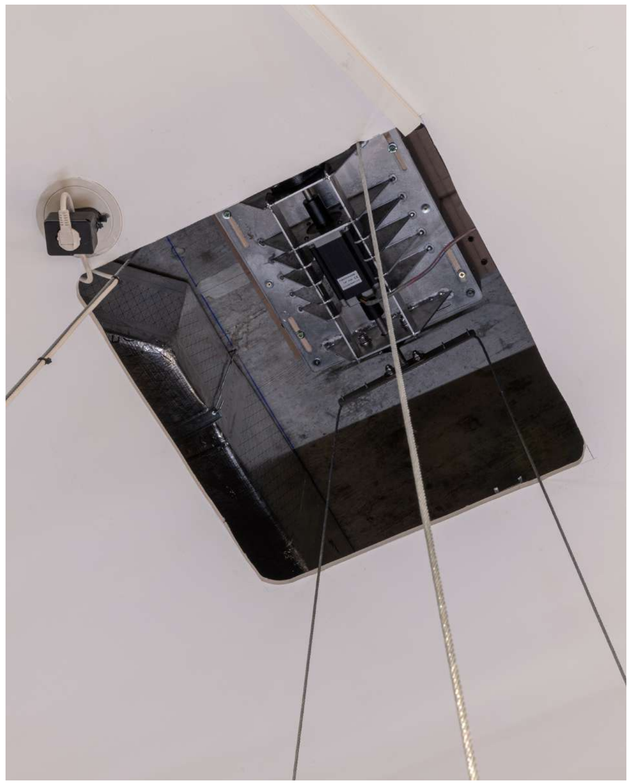












Salted Peelings

Duo show
Irène Laub Gallery, Brussels
2022

Writing by Amélie Bataille

Hanging sculptures, various measurements.

“What is important now is to recover our senses. We must learn to see more, to hear more, to feel more. Our task is not to find the maximum amount of content in a work of art, much less to squeeze more content out of the work than is already there. Our task is to cut back content so that we can see the thing at all.”

Susan Sontag
Against Interpretation, 1964

The duo show “Salted Peelings” presents a dialogue between Spanish Esther Gatón and Icelandic artist Gudny Rosa Ingimarsdottir.

Esther Gatón and Gudny Rosa Ingimarsdottir’s artworks resist interpretation. That is not to say that they don’t evoke anything, quite the opposite — ominous skeletal structures, rolling mountainscapes, the surface of a lake dimpled by vegetation, bursting cells, joyful blasts of colors...Their works draw up an endless variety of landscapes, seeming to take shape in our minds then sliding from one visual association to another, refusing to freeze under our gaze. As soon as we think we have grasped the work, its lines twist, unsuspected details are revealed, the light pierces the composition and transfigures it.

The titles support this equivocal experience. Esther Gatón’s titles form a poem that coexists with the work without explaining or describing it. Always elusive, their works escape the impoverishment imposed by a rigid and reductive analytical grid.

Methodology and precision are, however, constitutive elements of both artists’ approaches. Both collect, inventory, test, establish precise gestures and build their own formal vocabulary from disparate fragments.

In Esther Gatón’s work, the notion of stratigraphy echoes the excess that surrounds and fascinates her — contrasts in style and taste, dissonant colours, or the constant intermingling of biological and artificial materials. The artist prepares residues of natural materials and transforms them into liquid bioplastics, with which she paints silk strips that are then draped over aerial structures made of flexible wooden arches. Willow, seaweed or paprika are mixed with shimmering glitter to form hybrid monsters, vibrating under every breeze and variation of the light. At once playful, sensual and disturbing, these strange creatures also refuse to be identified and assimilated.

The artworks must be discovered gradually. You have to approach them, move away, change your perspective to slowly apprehend their volumes, their architecture and their surfaces. Sensory experiences in their own right, the works invite us to listen to the rhythm of their cuts, burns and absences, to imagine the unsettling textures of their skins, to taste salt or the bitterness of orange peels on our tongue.



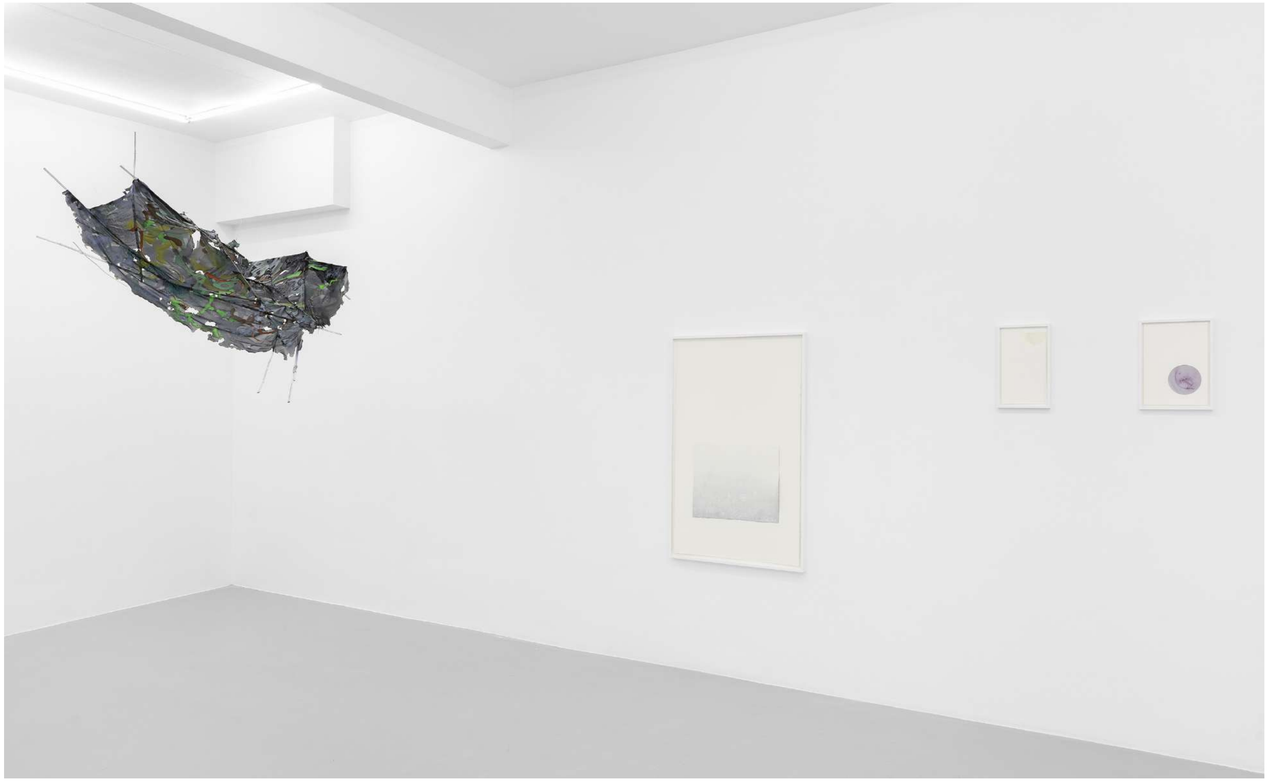


72

Salted Peelings
By the guest, to the bone

Silk, fishing line, paint and bamboo with vegan bioplastic made of paprika, food colorants, seaweed, cacao,turmeric, eggshell and garlic.
115 x 130 x 125 cm





73

Salted Peelings
Humps from lakes

261 x 156 x 80 cm



74

Salted Peelings
Nut fizzy jeans (left)
Heat that swims (right)

68 x 9,5 x 117 cm (left)
87 x 10 x 162 cm (right)





Monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much loved and elegant friend

Concretos
Commission, for a group show

MUSAC León, 2023
TEA Tenerife, 2022

Curated by Gilberto González and Pablo León de La Barra

Work acquired by MUSAC León

Audio loop, 8´32”
Hidden speakers, (the sound seems to come from behind the walls.)

Voice by British artist Simon Thompson

Link to audio work

This audio work was made in response to the invitation to participate in *Concretos,* an exhibition that reviews the ubiquity of cement as a building material from the last century to the present day. The audio piece collects and re-enacts the insults that Charles III of England directed towards Brutalism during his career as a Prince (1966 to 2022).

The artwork is played in hidden speakers in the museum space, so that the voices seem to come from behind the walls, as if someone was complaining behind the walls.

British artist Simon Thompson interprets a script written with collected material from the press.

Artists in the show:
Pablo Accinelli, Andreas Angelidakis, Alexander Apóstol, Chico Buarque, Marcelo Cidade, Céline Condorelli, June Crespo, Cyprien Gaillard, Esther Gatón, Dominique González-Foester, Federico Herrero, Nancy Holt, Clara Ianni, Talles Lopes, Ángel Mateos, Adrien Missika, Montaje (Saúl Alonso, Andrés Carretero), Rafa Munárriz, Pérez y Requena, Abraham Riverón, Guy Tillim, Andres Valentin, Josep Vilageliu, Jane & Louise Wilson.

“more like the assembly hall of an academy for secret police

un lugar donde los libros se incineran, no se guardan

wreaking more havoc on London than German bombers did in World War II.

más bien el salón de actos de una academia de policía secreta.

causando más estragos en Londres que los bombarderos alemanes en la Segunda Guerra Mundial.

artless, mediocre and contemptuous of public opinion

carente de arte, mediocre y despreciando a la opinión pública

a glass stump

un muñón de cristal

You have to give this much to the Luftwaffe: when it knocked down our buildings it didn’t replace them with anything more offensive than rubble. We did that.

hay que reconocer que la Luftwaffe, cuando derribó nuestros edificios,
no los sustituyó por nada más ofensivo que los escombros.
Eso lo hicimos nosotros.

They ... did their best to lose the dome in a jostling scrum of office buildings so mediocre that the only way you ever remember them is by the frustration they induce, like a basketball team standing shoulder to shoulder between you and the Mona Lisa.

ellos...
hicieron todo lo posible para perder
la cúpula en un revoltijo de edificios de oficinas
tan mediocres que
la única manera de recordarlos es por la frustración que inducen,
como un equipo de baloncesto que se interpone entre usted
y la Mona Lisa.

Large numbers of us in tthis country are fed up with being talked down to and dictated to by the existing planning, architectural and development establishment,

un gran número de personas en este país están hartas
de que se les hable con desprecio y se les dicte desde el establisment
de planificación y desarrollo arquitectónico existente.

the rape of Britain.

es la violación de Gran Bretaña.

A place where books are burned rather than put on loan

un lugar donde se queman los libros en lugar de ponerlos en préstamo

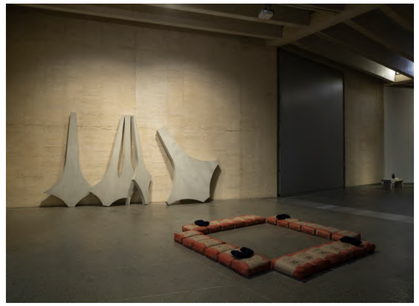
a mildewed lump of elephant drotttppings.

It seems like a clever way of building a nuclear power station in the middle of

Monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much-loved and elegant friend

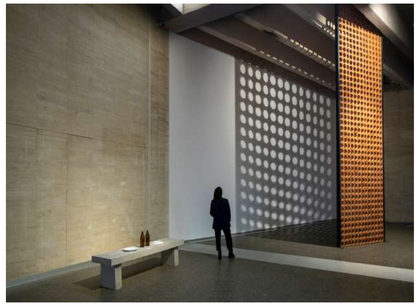
Installation views of the group exhibition at MUSAC, León 2023














Eu tinha poucos anos e já era rigorosamente anciã

Solo show
Verão, Lisbon
2021–2022

Curated by Antonia Gaeta

Sculpture made of bioplastics with seaweed, brown sugar, paprika, goldenrod, silk, willow, and bamboo.

*Eu tinha poucos anos e já era rigorosamente anciã** is Esther Gatón's first show in Portugal, and the opening of Verão's new space in the neighbourhood of Campolide. The title is a sentence from *La casa de la niebla* by Elena Anníbali. It could be translated as "I was only a few years old, and already a rigorously old woman."

Voluptuousness and ambiguity are returning themes in Esther's work. She makes sculptures that both follow and trick the materials they are made of: their forms behave as one would expect — they spill, they melt, they roll — but they also bounce, turn, use decorative effects, mix smells, and confuse our perception.

In Verão, the sculptures simultaneously invoke fantastic creatures, fast-food, and marionettes, without dedicating themselves to one single representation. Just like in infantile memories or dreams, images function all at once; they bring together unrelated elements, and affirm eerie connections in joyful ways.

During the past few months, Esther has been researching new ecological materials and processes. Her aim is to work with environment friendly processes, while also experimenting with unfamiliar textures and forms.

With the help of other researchers such as experimental designer Claudia Palcova (Liubliana, London), and academic and founder of Materiability, Dr. Manuel Kretzer (Cologne, Dessau), Esther developed a bioplastic made from everyday ingredients.

This material comes from the artist and her friends breakfasts and trips to the English coast. Thus, the pragmatism of using what's at hand has acquired personal meaning, and inspired alchemical excitement. The hanging sculptures coagulate intimate memories, encounters, and biodegradable waste; growing into sinister prolongations of these private experiences.

Theses hybrids unfold in the space, hovering over the sporty green tiles, and responding to the gallery's inner shapes and unique light. Verão is located in the underground floor of a residential building, connected to a small patio from which Lisbon's clear brightness invades the space. The sculptures are intentionally translucent and slim; they incorporate changes in the light, and visitor's strolling, as part of the many sights they aim to produce. They expose their inner and external sides equally, inviting us to take a closer look, while cautiously being embraced.

Antonia Gaeta started Verão in Lisbon, in 2019. The Portuguese name of the space means both "summer", and also, "we will see".





80	Eu tinha poucos anos e já era rigorosamente anciã	115 x 294 x 78 cm



81

Eu tinha poucos anos e já era rigorosamente anciã

100 x 66 x 22 cm





—Hail She Who Holds My Tongue

Generaciones Prize
La Casa Encendida, Madrid
2022

Bioplastic sculptures, panelling, custom electronics programming, mouvement sensors and LED lighting.

Printed catalogue available, bilingual Spanish-English

Link to video of the work

“What could be more hopeful than an empty eye that fills itself with seeing as it sleeps?”

Every Entrance Is an Exit
Anne Carson, 2016

—Hail She Who Holds My Tongue (the title is taken from Nisha Ramayya’s book *States of the Body Produced by Love,* Ignota, 2019) consists of a collection of suspended, semi-translucent sculptural forms, and a variable, atmospheric lighting structure that surrounds them, built in the form of a small room or enclosure, which responds to the motion of visitors in the space.

The sculptures are suspended between the banks of lights. Beneath their gentle radiance no shadows are cast. The bulbs react to movement in the gallery, as if the light itself possessed *elasticity* — their programming is modelled on formulas that describe the movements of springs. They shine with colder or warmer light depending on the flow, distance, and velocity of bodies moving in the space. Walls turn bright when you approach and darken as you walk away.

The changes are subtle and progressive, and they alter the colouration of the bio-plastics, blending the differences between the sculptures and their surroundings, and making it difficult to see them with clarity. Also on display are the sensors, mechanisms, and processors that allow the room and lights to function.

The work is most active and visible across its many surfaces, where the elements collide to produce unpredictable and jumbled-together landscapes, forms, and sensations. Light finds purchase on the curved skins of the sculptures and their long, thin armatures — it bounces, penetrates, and refracts. There are direct correspondences between the shadowless sculptures that hang inside the enclosure and your own body as it moves through the installation.

You find that you can modulate the illumination in the room, but exact calibration is difficult and ambiguous, and the rules can only be sensed indirectly, or uncovered by active experimentation. Within this system the sculptures emerge as highly sensitised bodies; they are acted on and echo with their shifting/mercurial environment.

If the sculptures are sensitised, then they allow an entrance into a similar state of sensitivity. When you move through the space you open yourself to their changing conditions, beneath light that is stretched or compressed. The room responds to you when it changes, permeates, and refracts, and when it reveals the multiplying colours of the bioplastic skins and the bamboo substrate. These are states of closeness, of non-discrimination, of love; of all the concrete truths of relation.

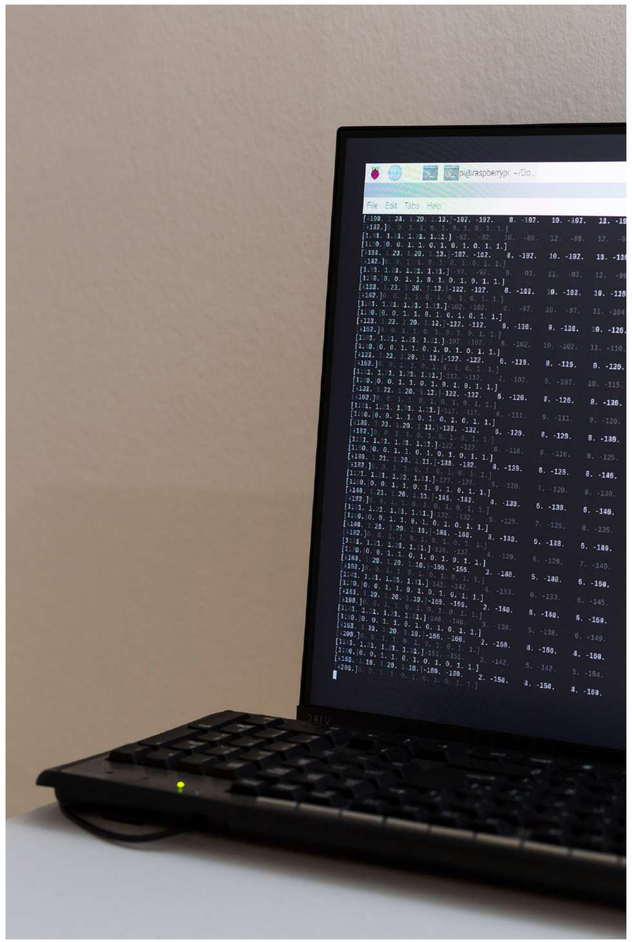


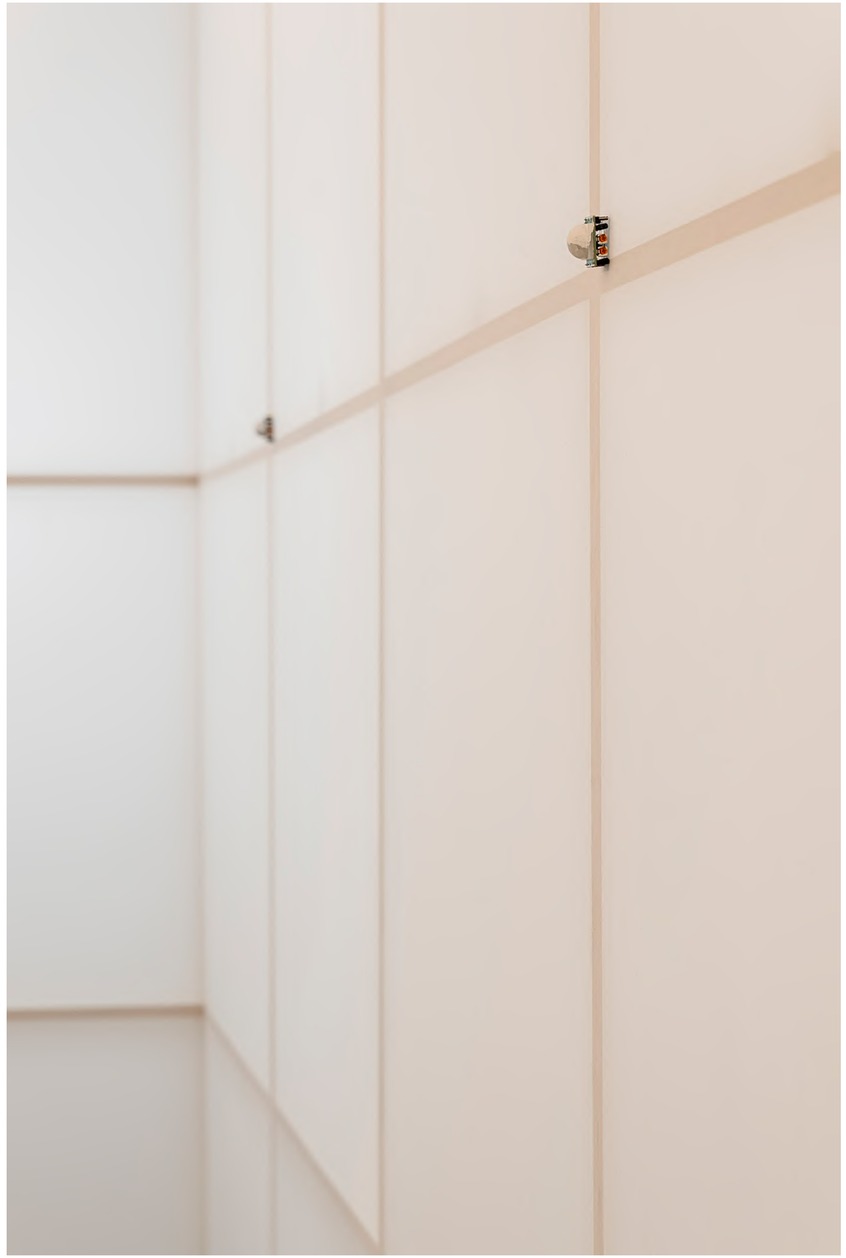


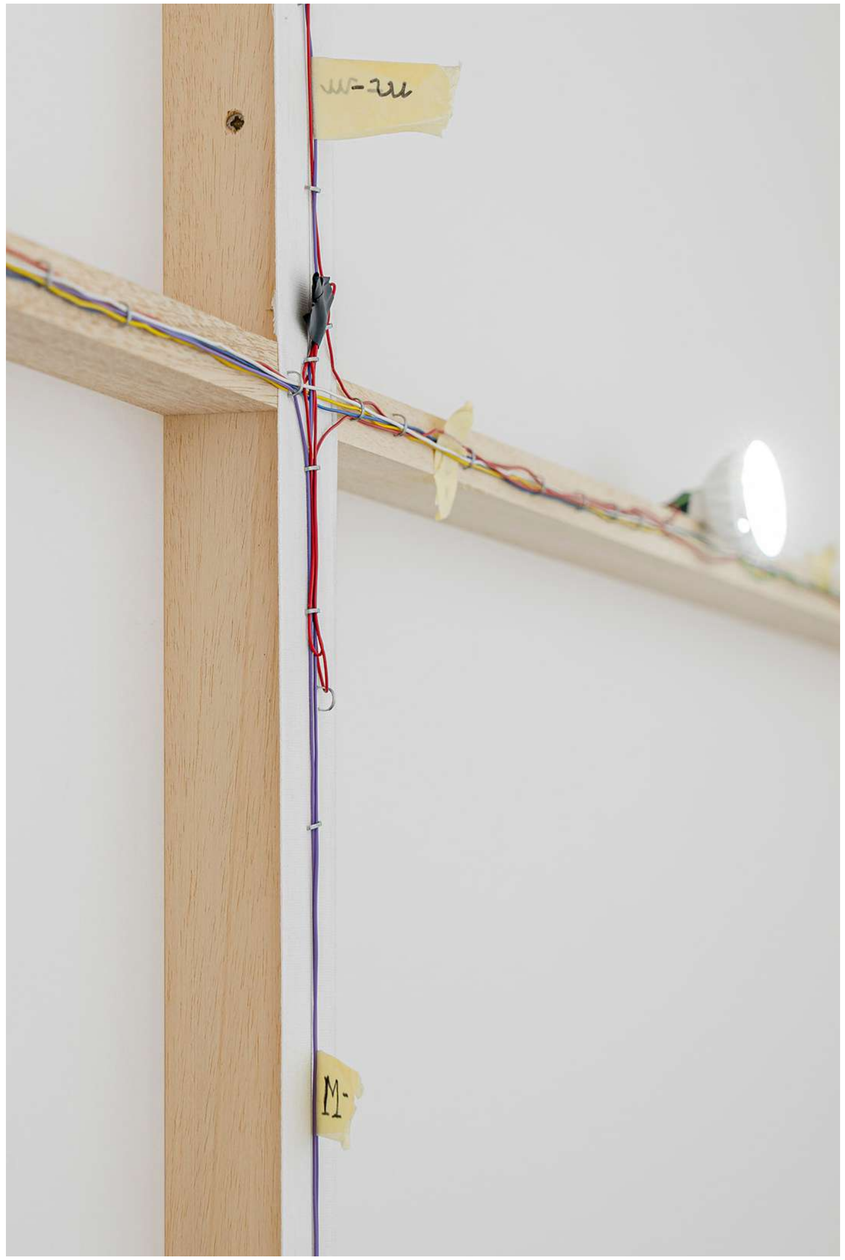






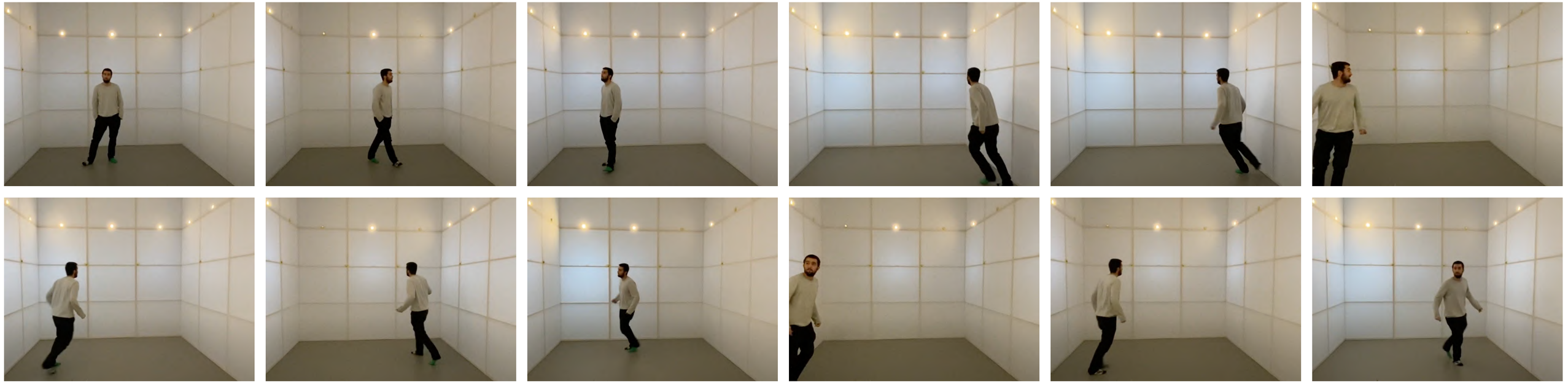






—Hail She Who Holds My Tongue

Testing of the mouvement sensors in relation to the lighting.



One Hammer Coming Your Way

Solo booth at Feria ARCO Madrid
2021

You May Come Full Circle
Group show at Cibrián, Donostia
2021

Al Alcance
Group show at Dilalica Barcelona
2022

Linen dyed with roots, logwood chips, and iron solution. Oil pastel, paint and steel rods.

One Hammer Coming Your Way is an installation composed of large linen sheets that have been dyed, drawn, and painted onto, and then hung from the ceiling, like a “biombo”* or tent. You can walk between and around them — the works form an environment that asks to be wandered/meandered through in close physical proximity.

The dyes that Esther employs are sourced from turmeric and iron (vivid orange-yellows, and the black of corroded metal), among others, and the works have been prepared in her domestic spaces, using the resources to hand: stove tops, bathtubs, pots and containers. The colours spread across bathroom tiles and kitchen walls, they run into cracks and stain them, making their presence known.

The drawings and paintings on their surfaces are arranged into layers and strata. The oldest, which were applied before the dyes, have been cooked into the fabrics. They have been partly boiled away and remain visible only as subtle, ghastly, underpaintings and residues. The corporal sense of the body, of its labour and playful movements, is ever-present in the hands-on processes of production, and also in the large scale of the sheets; they could easily envelop a body pressed into the fabric. The lines and traces are gestural and expressive — revealed in subtractive and additive processes of layering.

When installed, the works cluster together and form a dense pack or group. Like trees in a forest or a tight group of people who are taller than you. The installation brings back images of childhood, of when the world felt too big for you. Some of the textiles are semi-transparent, and present a maze of images and lines that can, to an extent, be seen through, allowing your eye to combine one surface with another while moving between them. The works have no designated front or back, and can be encountered again and again. When you enter this maze its shifting surfaces announce and expose themselves as unfixed. They float and ripple with the movement of the air.

The linen sheets come together to form a spatial and pictorial environment. They are also a shelter or dwelling, with moveable walls and screens. Perhaps somewhere to rest or spend time with others. They implicate the entire space of the gallery that they are installed in, gently repurposing its walls, empty spaces, and ceiling, and bringing it in line with their own changing uses.

*“Biombo” is a Spanish term that translates to ‘screen’, in the sense of a moveable screen used to partition a room or other interior space.







92	One Hammer Coming Your Way (Salla Oatmeal)	100 x 300 cm





Ugly Enemies

Solo show
Cibrián, Donostia-San Sebastián
2021

Accompanied with a text by
Benedict Singleton

Site-specific installation, wood, PVC strip curtains, spotlights, clay, plastic jewellery, steel platforming, leaves, water, glitter, and printed silk.

Digital video, 4’09”

Link to video

Suppress inheritance, by Andrés Carretero, A* Desk (review)

Ugly Enemies is a site-specific intervention made of up a complex series of layers, feints, and screening devices. The overlapping layers are arrayed such that movement through the gallery can easily become circular or recursive — you can find yourself lead down or up, inwards or outwards, through and between its fixed scenes, in a manner similar to an amusement ride. Encounters with the work will shift and change depending on your relative position, your point of view, or the time of the day as the light in the room changes with the position of the sun and the intensity of traffic.

The pieces that make up the show collaborate and compete with the architecture of the gallery; they lead visitors through the space and are themselves active agents in this wandering passage. Architectural features such as the stairway, lift mechanisms, protective glass, and fake marble tiles are implicated in the show's functioning. There are steel pathways and hanging entrances on display beside flat images (trompe l’oeil on the floor, plastic jewellery, images applied directly to the walls), red-flickering lights, and a series of small clay sculptures/creatures, partially hidden through the show. These disparate elements compose the installation, but also serve as the set for the filming of *El Que Monta Cargas (He Who Rides Loads),* a video work that is also on display inside the installation.

In another layer, beyond what is physically present in the gallery, the work enters into correspondence with two texts; one by the artist, titled *Sunburns,* and the other by the philosopher and risk analyst Benedict Singleton, titled *Gyropolitics.* These texts introduce the animating spirit of the installation, which moves through the space like breath moves in a living body — they discuss the figure of the trap, the practice of trapping, and describe an entire landscape of signs, images, and environments that are designed to betray, to switch their face. All stable relationships are thrown into question. The trap is not put in place to ensnare the viewer; it is something omnipresent, a total environment, and artists, visitors, artworks, and galleries alike are thrust into a space where the distinctions between stable positions blur together.

“These connotations locate it in a radically utilitarian space; a machine is something defined by its function; which is not just performed independently (only the simplest and smallest machine does things on its own) but is likely either to be incorporated into larger systems, or to be an integral part of a larger machine, an individual component integrated into larger systems. A machine is always a beginning, it gestures toward vaster formations.”

Esther Gatón
Sunburns

“Gyres are formed when a cluster of people become locked into patterns of pre-emptive manoeuvre with respect to one another. […] Compel others, instead, to strategise, occupying their minds with attempts to understand where you are leading them, or what you want from them, or what you will do next.”

Benedict Singleton
Gyropolitics

There are certainly other layers as well, but their number and depth will be dependent on the visitor, and how far and deeply they are willing to enter into productive collaboration with the trap works and the trap gallery that surrounds them.







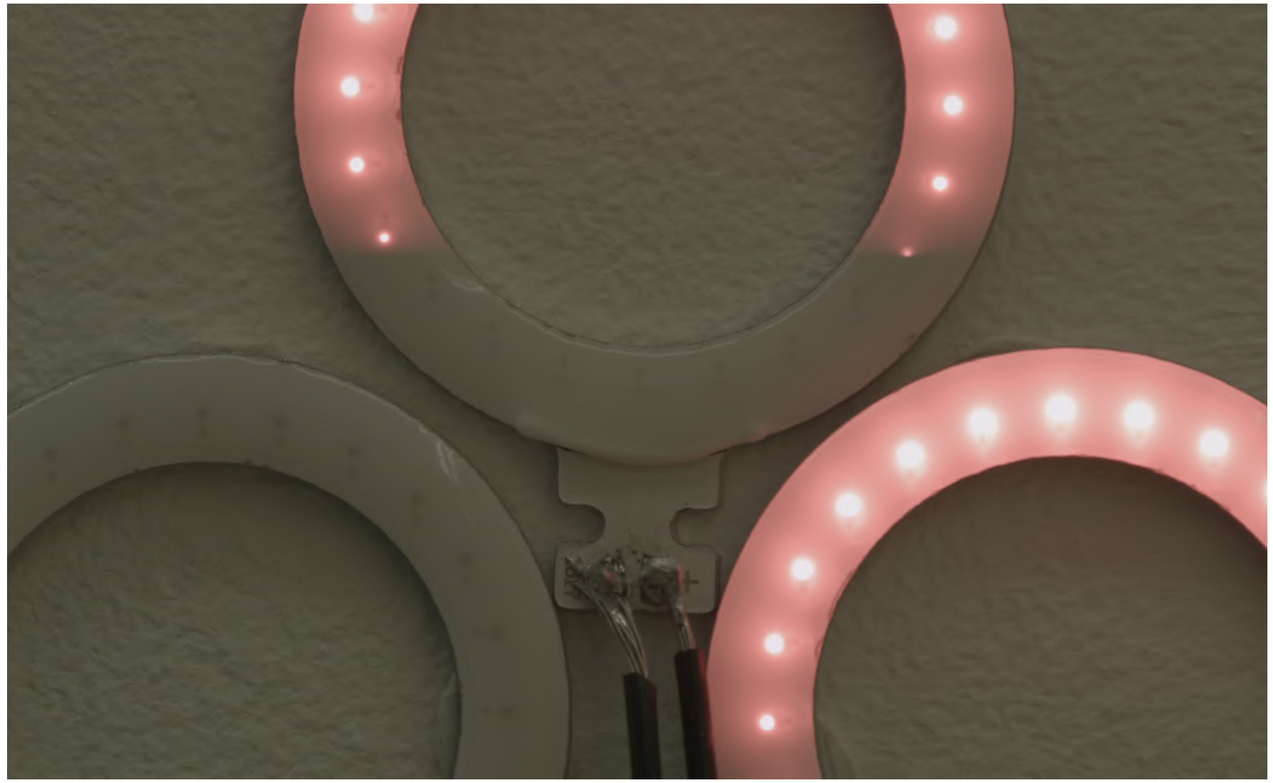


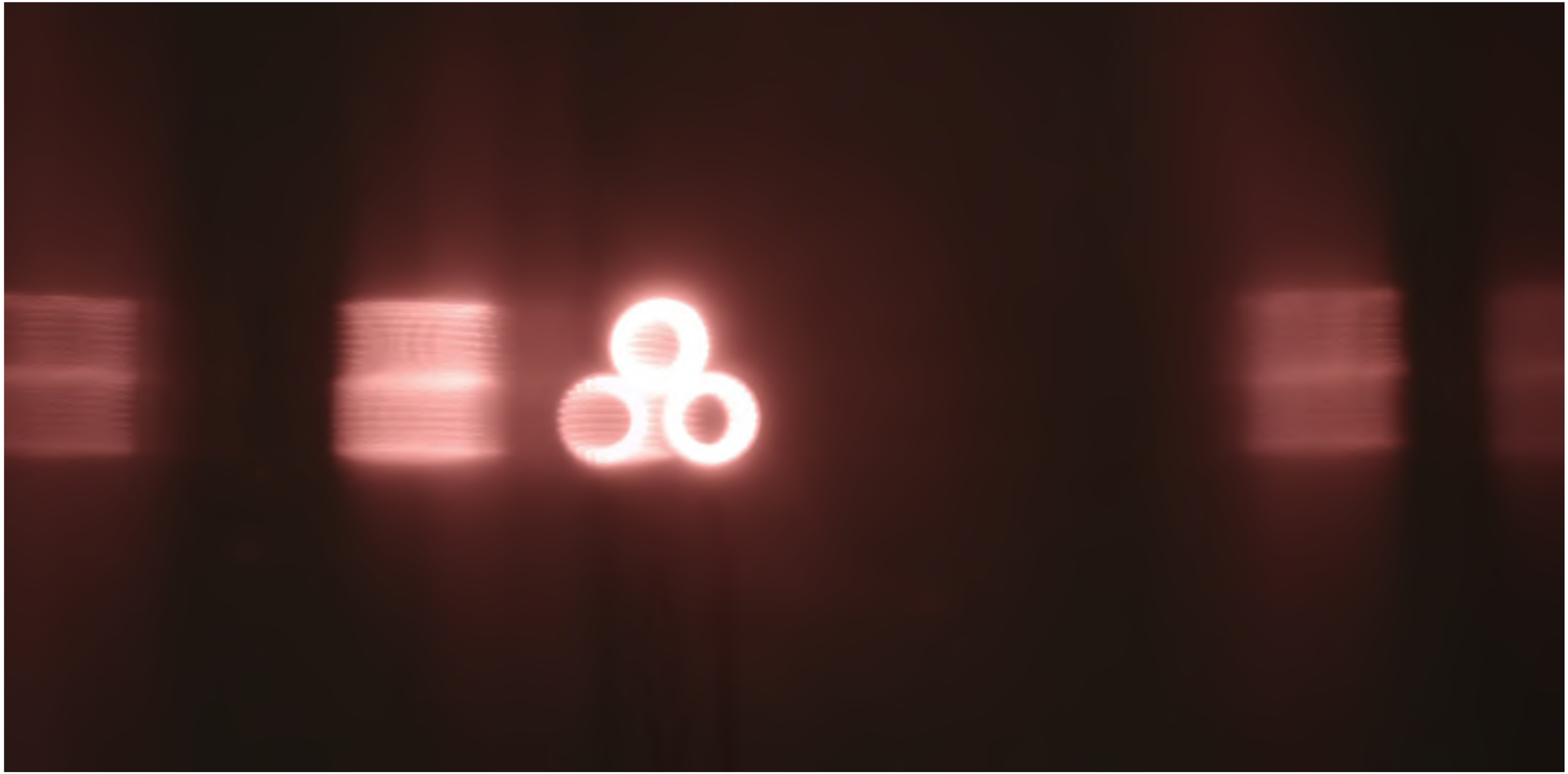












The Softest Mud That Sees

Goldsmiths MFA Degree Show London
2020

Screening Room, Residency 11:11
2021

Solo show curated by Margot Cuevas,
Racoon Barcelona
2022

Digital video, 8´ 57”

Link to video
pw: thesoftest

Fireworks teach us that, contrary to popular belief, mystery does not happen in obscurity, but in the excess of light.
Angel González García, 2007

The Softest Mud That Sees is shot mostly on location, with a few short pieces of found footage interspersed throughout. The film opens with the euphoric description of a goal being scored, after which you are led through a variety of contained and constructed worlds; terrariums, shop displays, museological recreations of antiquity, and a studio where special effects are produced.

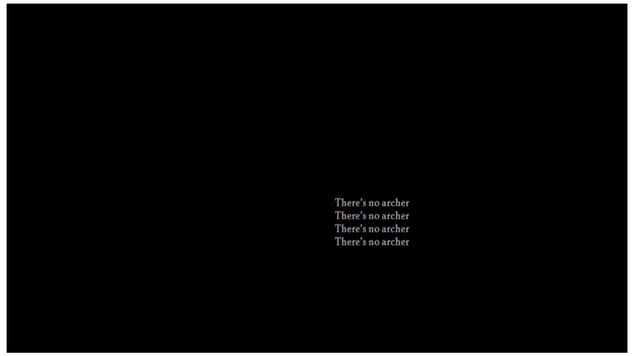
You see the day-to-day management and manufacture of wonder and awe; the mechanisms, professional labour, and atmospheric tricks that produce these environments for their viewers. These processes are in direct contact with the reality around them; they are not explained in technical detail, but observed in the world, as mundane operations among others. The magic of the spectacle is shifted from its familiar audience position—that of suspended disbelief—and back onto the practical realisation of the effect. The specialists that we see are professionally engaged and wrapped up in their labour: designing and testing a fake blood-pumping system for a violent shower scene. They are busy, making conversation, having fun, testing the props while they work.

In the film, there is also a particular focus on artificial lighting, and the ways in which it produces varied moods and responses. This is evident across the various scenarios: the reptile terrariums, butcher shop, and London Mithraeum. The butcher uses pink lights to intensify the brightness of the red meat and make it look more fresh and appetising, a technique so effective that it has been banned in some countries under false advertising laws.

However, the audience to these lighting illusions are absent from the scenes. The butcher’s shop window is shot after dark, through security screens, blurring the texture of the meat pieces with the radiance of the neon. The museum and the reptile shop appear empty, without visitors or clients. Instead, the neo-baroque lighting becomes the film’s character, the animating body in each place, working overtime to provide them with their temporary, mythic atmospheres. This ever-shifting light, which appears and reappears in new forms throughout, is the film’s protagonist; it rehearses and joins the narration of the film.

There is also a soundscape that runs beneath the shots and complicates them. It is not synchronised with the breaks in the footage, and much of the film is silent. Through a few scenes, there is a motif of underwater movement and the songs of whales in the ocean. The soundtrack is subtle, minimal, ever-present, and implicated with depth and darkness. What began in ecstatic good cheer, with the football commentator (“Why should I care if I kill my throat?! Goooooooooaaaaaaaaal!”), ends up dissolving into almost abstract bubbles and bloops - the audio produces a second animating figure, less visible and insistent than the artificial light, but similarly ever-present as a structuring force in the film.



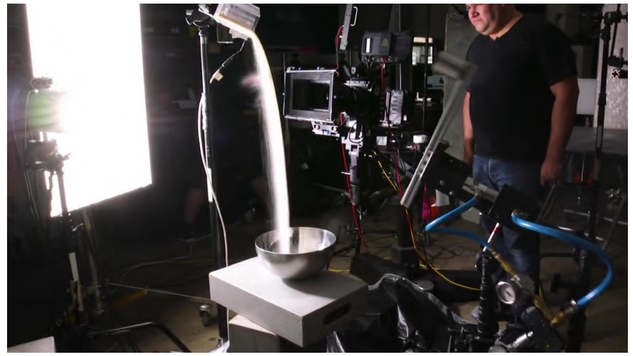

There's no archer
There's no archer
There's no archer
There's no archer












Machine White Sun

Goldsmiths MFA Show London, 2020

Solo show curated by Margot Cuevas, Racoon Barcelona, 2022

SCREEN, curated by Cristina Ramos, Art Viewer, 2022

Strange Strangers, Parsec, Bolonia, 2022

STRAY Voltage, KINGS Melbourne, 2023

Digital video, 15´ 47”

Link to video
pw: thiswhitesun

This short film is composed by its character and its subject — the character is a gaze, that moves through a series of interstitial and festive spaces during the winter of 2019, and records what passes in front of it. The subject is the movement, behaviour, and temperament of various fluids.

We see scenes of water put to work in harshly directed jets, rooms built for bathing and relaxation, heavy with condensation, and we see that same dew on the interior of a crowded night bus. We see found footage sourced online, mathematical modelling of flows and forces, underwater vignettes, fake pearls and flood scenes. Water that is domesticated and water out of control. Abstracted, aestheticised, damaging, and utilitarian situations; the gaze encounters all of them with equality, at the same small distance.

In response to this work curator Rita Aktay writes in her essay *The Thing in All of It’s Instances as it Happens* (2020, written to accompany the work. The first sentence is a quote from Jacques Rancière’s essay *The Future of the Image,* 2003) that:

“There is a visibility that does not amount to an image. And how does one visualise something that exists in many places at once, in each instance on its own terms? For example, condensation on a transparent surface is one manifestation of water, but is that the same as the condensation on the windows of a crowded night bus? There is only the entirety of the thing in all of its instances as it happens, which is still not the thing itself.”

The quality of the gaze is tuned to what Aktay identifies as ‘the thing itself’, which cannot be cleanly imaged. In embedding itself into these encounters with fluids, the gaze makes its character known. And as its character is revealed it begins to speak, though what it says is murky; language is not quite sufficient for this type of speaking.

Perhaps what we are left with is a horizontal ordering of experiences, interested in the arbitrariness of a direct encounter with the world. As the film moves forward, images that seemed gratuitous begin to coalesce into a story and a mood, which eventually brings the viewer to a flooded artificial beach, with its fake palms, infatuated couples, loud ambient music and vain teenagers. It is Christmas time. The yearly calamity, the provincial flood, brings an ambience of tranquility and rebalance.Aktay says this:

“Friends are Important. Yet there is a certain ugliness to that which is just there, that which just happens. All those things that weren’t specifically intended by anyone but somehow still managed to end up overdetermined. Or all those things that were once attempted but didn’t even fail.”


















Adrenaline Querubín

Where Water Rumbles, Metalloids,
commissioned for Intersticio London, 2020
Curated by Cristina Herràiz Peleteiro

Le Club Poisson-Lune, group show
CAPC Bordeaux, 2021
Curated by Cédric Fauq

Descripción de Un Estado Físico,
group show Elba Benítez & Schneider Colau
Madrid, 2021
Curated by Pepe Suárez

Spray and wall paint with effects.

The painting covers the room — it spreads its metallic effects over the walls, floors, plugs, and wiring, implicating every surface available. It coats them without discrimination, makes them all one picture surface, and scrambles the usual uses and codes of the space into a single, flowing surface, caught between architecture and image, communicating as both. It functions like an engine, working with an unsteady rhythm that includes vertigo, tossing, and abrupt stops.

The room is brought into communication with colour, gesture, ground, and form — inherent elements of painting — but also with the movements of air (wind or mechanical air conditioning), with the memory of the sky and the way that sunlight cuts across the clouds at the end and beginning of the day (only a memory, since you are inside the engine), and with the way that light, artificial or otherwise, falls across a surface and transforms it, with each turn of the head.

The room is expressive, built from the gestures of a graffiti artist or home decorator. It has undone the architectural cliches of wall, plug, and floor, but this is only one of its mechanical tricks. Another might be to involve you with its refusal to discriminate — you might also begin to associate with surfaces, plugs and plastic tubing, or with the movements of light and air through space that has been changed by their passage.

Adrenaline is a chemical in the body that heightens awareness and increases sensitivity in response to danger and threat — in a state of high adrenaline, the world around you begins to lose its familiar cliches, and its workings are exposed to the sensitive eye in their most concrete and direct forms. Querubín are Cherubs: angels who are now frequently depicted as small, plump, winged boys, who once held a prominent place in the angelic hierarchy, existing closest to the Throne and singing praise eternally. Their bodies were abstract and composed in light.

> “‘Time machines’ become spaces for an exception, for fantasy, a vortex to access a space other where everything may be possible. The site-specific intervention of Esther Gatón, in the style of a dysfunctional time machine, proposes a journey that starts with form — that surrounds us, insulates us, a ‘non-space’ — and transforms to speed. We navigate through an intuitive and kaleidoscopic formal process, waving between contention and journey. Gravity pumps and dissolves when entering the room. The artist proposes an attentive gaze at a stunning speed that absorbs us: a celebration of pure life collapsing. It shakes us and, finally, it expels us, or rather holds us, depending on what we find there.”

Excerpt from the curatorial text that accompanied the first showing of the work by Cristina Herràiz Peleteiro.

Adrenaline Querubín
Intersticio London, 2020



Adrenaline Querubín
Intersticio, London, 2020



Adrenaline Querubín
Intersticio, London



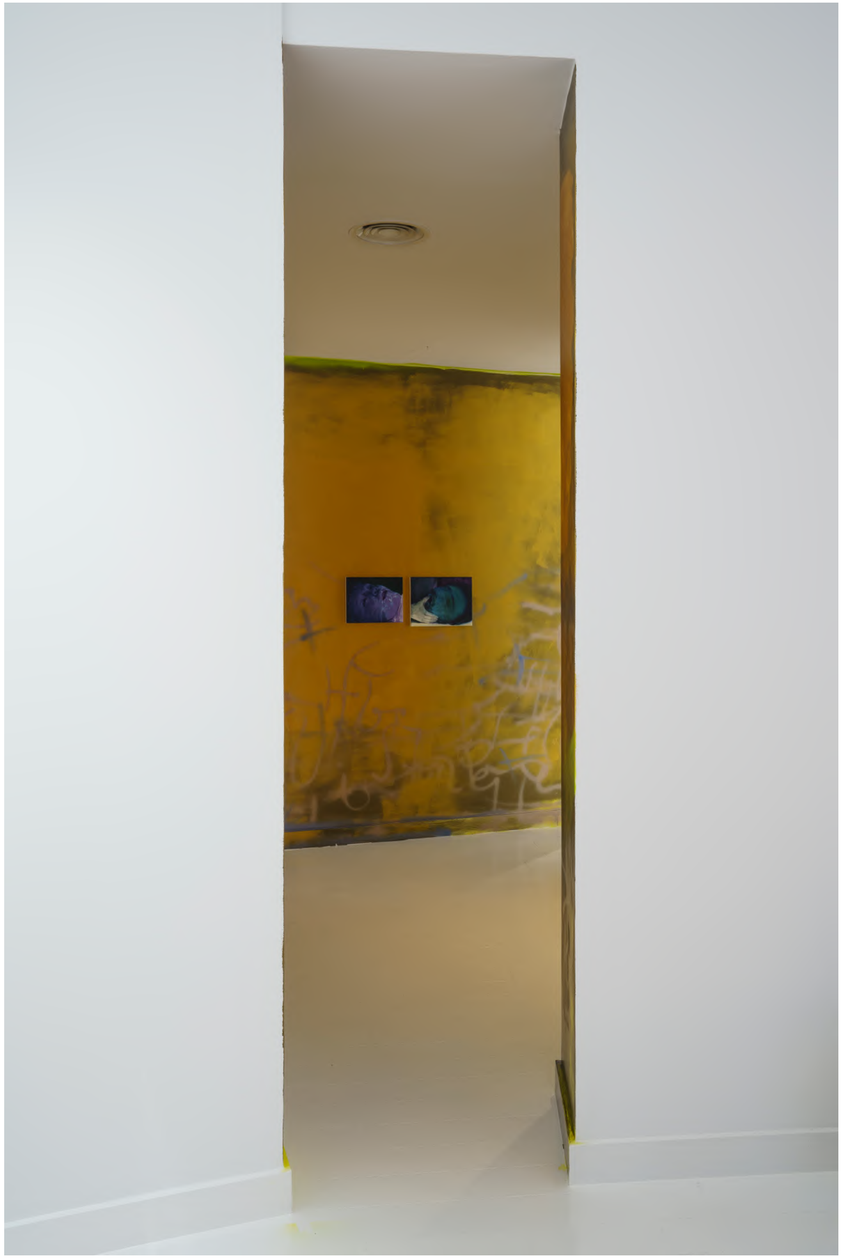
Adrenaline Querubín
Intersticio, London





Adrenaline Querubín
Elba Benítez Gallery, Madrid, 2022





Adrenaline Querubín
Elba Benítez Gallery, Madrid



Adrenaline Querubín
CAPC, Bordeaux









blue fire

Un Metro y Medio
Online programme held at CA2M, Madrid
2020

Commissioned by Manuel Segade and Tania Pardo

Digital video, 5´03”

Link to video

blue fire is a short video that performs like a collage, made entirely from snippets of found footage. The title is taken from the name of a roller coaster that features near the middle of the work, and *blueness* and *fire* predominate through the scenes; they form a type of visual grammar around which the video structures itself, minimally articulated, subtle, and intense.

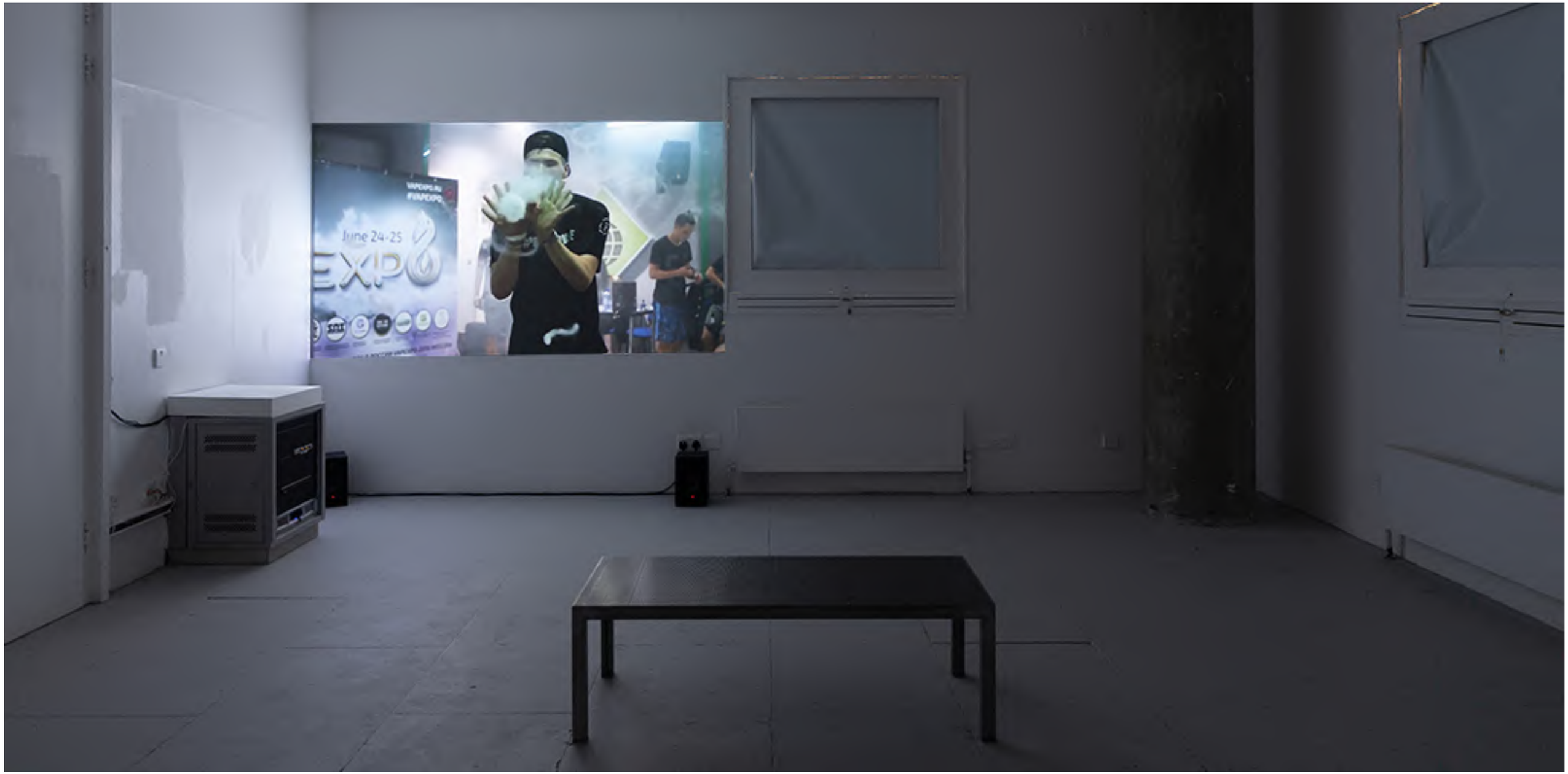
At the start, there is a brief cameo by a cartoon flame (whose name is ‘Joe’), and footage of deep undersea volcanic activity, which we are told in voiceover ‘has never been seen before, although eruptions like this make up 80 per cent of the Earth's surface volcanic activity’. There are various domestic scenes. Some are staged as spectacles: the water demolition of a house, an Olympic gymnastics routine, teenagers competing in a vaping contest. Others are impromptu, and record sudden emotions and reactions; wonder and joy in the presence of glowing bioluminescence during a family holiday, with a loved life partner, the airtight anxiety of flight turbulence. The footage of the rollercoaster combines and arranges them like a central spine; an elaborately staged spectacle that nonetheless provokes real screams of fright and delight from the passengers strapped into it.

The grammar runs beneath these volatile positions of artificial/authentic, performance/reaction, domestic/professional, and delight/dismay. You feel that each is in a constant state of being *about to erupt,* and are left with the sense that both states are somehow latent beneath the action on the screen.

This *about to erupt* never does arrive. Instead, the blue fire stays twisted through the slice-of-life scenes, pseudoscientific images, and youngsters’ experiments.

Just like the roller coaster that names it, the video collects easy-going moments of awe, enjoyment, stress, and tension release, and builds them into a chain that progressively builds up. The work is oddly auto-terminating; whenever it comes near to the ecstasy, the sequence ends abruptly, with a common panic scene.

blue fire develops a visual language, glueing together separate instants of reality. It acts as something like a statement of intention, and similar gestures and imagery will go on to inform future works by Esther. In this video though, what you get is a carefully managed distance from the combustions and their varied moments of ignition and burst.


June 24-25
EXPO




Hola, mi nombre es Jo


Y el gas mágmático, suponemos que es en su mayor parte agua


Y, sin embargo, nunca lo hemos visto ocurrir de esta manera








¡ Está iluminándote las piernas !




¡ Has conseguido verlo !


BLUE FIRE
EUROPA PARK




Va directamente a la espalda








Cuando son hermosos





“lub-dub-lub-dub -lub-dub...”

Sound of a beating heart. This seems the most common spelling, used in medical texts.

Group show
Sanderson Hotel, London
2019

Curated by Cristina Herráiz Peleteiro

Iron, rust and paint.
Dimensions variable.

“lub-dub-lub-dub-lub-dub…”
Sound of a beating heart. This seems
the most common spelling, used
in medical texts



“lub-dub-lub-dub-lub-dub…”
Sound of a beating heart. This seems
the most common spelling, used
in medical texts





“lub-dub-lub-dub-lub-dub…”
Sound of a beating heart. This seems
the most common spelling, used
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glotis

Injuve Grant, Madrid
2018

Dazzling Encounters, London
TRANSMISSIONS, Berlin
2019

Volver Dentro del Cuerpo, Madrid
2020

Descripción de Un Estado Físico,Madrid
2022

Two looped audio works, 4’47” and 4’09”

Link to audio work

“I once used the term 'bodily ego', which I understood to mean a strong, almost visceral identification between the body of the creator and/or the body of the viewer and the form. I could also have used Gaston Bachelard's term 'muscular consciousness.'”

Lucy R. Lippard, 2007

glotis is a project about the sculptural (tactile) eruptions that appear when we perform the frequent exercise of swallowing. The project investigates the correlations between haptics and phonetics, while at the same time stripping away the rigour of these two sciences. I composed a kind of soundtrack with the involuntary and/or embarrassing sounds produced when our digestive apparatus meets the phonator, such as hiccups, belching, throat clearing, bubbling, mumbling, salivation and other noises produced by this gymnastics that lack a name of their own.


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SW



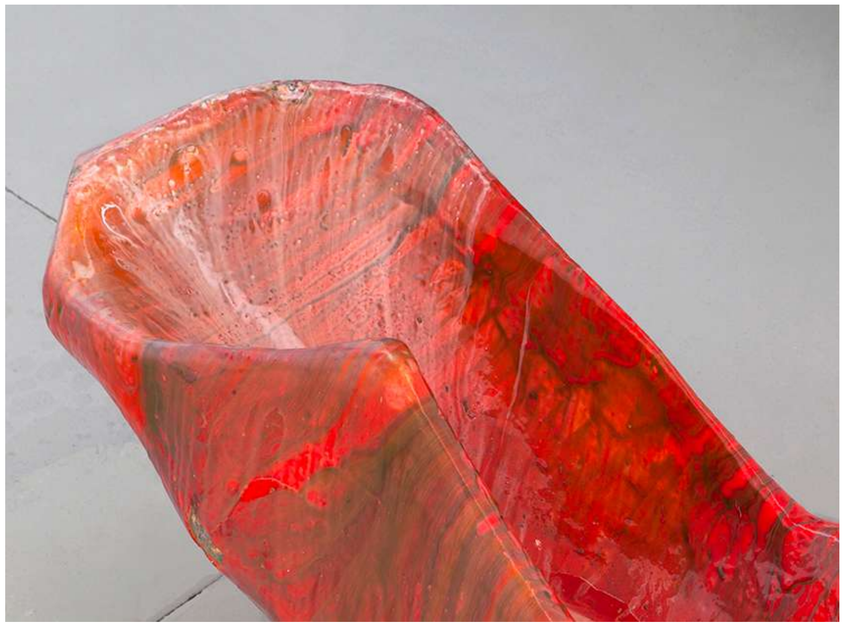
4,2,3 legs. t(f)ake a zancada—oomph!

129

Interim show
MFA Fine Arts, Goldsmiths London
2019

Resin and plaster sculptures, ashtray, water, bricks, fake pond, sand, mosaic pebbles, wax, sausage liquid, bubble machine.

















SLURP, GLUG

135

Solo show
Luis Adelantado Gallery, Valencia Spain
2019

Accompanied with a text by Sonia Fernández-Pan

Rusty iron, handicraft putty, car body filler, artificial oxidant, resin.
Paint of the following colors: Aztec gold, Tennesee blue, gold rosé, champagne, pearl, graphite, violeta and red.

Crunch crunch crunch
Not so long ago, while impatiently biting into a whole olive, I noticed a strange noise while I was chewing it. The strange thing wasn't so much the noise in itself, I remember hearing similar noises coming from my mouth over the years, but rather the feeling I was chewing something that just a few seconds ago had been a part of me. Although that wasn't what was entirely strange either. I was able to recognise the familiarity of that sound, but I also recognised the texture of what I was chewing. I also found suddenly interrupting my chewing movement familiar, only to start again more slowly in order to discover if I was really chewing a piece of one of my molars mixed in with the olive. That was what made me think about transformation of matter in my own body. That tiny fragment of my tooth was no longer a part of my teeth - it had become detached from my body. In a rather perverse way, it was still a part of me. Bataille's idea that a kiss is the beginning of cannibalism started to fall apart, just like my tooth. Eating parts of yourself seemed to me a much more literal primitive form of anthropophagy, even if involuntary. Insignificant situations such as chewing bits of broken teeth, biting your nails and cuticles, licking blood leaking out from cuts. Making your epidermis deeper, taking up an idea from another poet, this time Valéry, by mixing the inside and outside of our bodies with apparently trivial, secondary gestures. Chewing is one of the many ways of erasing the memory of things.

Tras tras tras
It is said that our cells are constantly regenerating, so quickly in fact that we could say that after a few days our body is not made up of the same matter. And even so, we are still the same. Although the discovery of cell regeneration is fairly recent, the same philosophical dilemma about the identity of things arose many centuries ago in Ancient Greece. Legend has it that there was a boat whose parts were gradually replaced as they became damaged or worn. After a few years the entire boat had been replaced piece by piece, but it still looked the same. It was a different boat, and at the same time it was still the same boat. Its matter had changed, but not its shape. When chewing however, it is the shape of food that changes tangibly, but not its matter. Is the taste of strawberries really the flavour of strawberries? Is the colour of metal really the colour of metal? Appearances are not deceptive. They are simply appearances. Depth inhabits surfaces.

Clang clang ñiii ñiii clang clang
We tend to understand things as the result of a process rather than a process as such. Our inability to perceive the changes that take place in those processes does not mean that they do not take place. Things are material processes that take place over time and space. Although we often use the terms indistinctly, objects are not things. If anything, they are the different positions that they acquire during the processes. There is something uncomfortable about things, perhaps it is the way they resist being defined by language. One thing can be too many things all at the same time. A metal bar is not just a metal bar. Stones were not always stones. A volcano erupts and becomes a mountain again. A large piece of glass breaks during transport after being exhibited for the first time in public at Brooklyn Museum in 1926. In Venus Smiles by J.G. Ballard, a public sculpture starts showing rather unusual behaviour on the day it is unveiled. The metal it is made from emits a shrill sound and the public look on in amazement, and horror too, to see this unexpected awakening of matter. As the days go by, the sculpture starts moving: it shouts, twists and grows, doubling in size. Unable to control its growth, it is stripped apart and sold off as scrap metal. Some months later though, the beams of some buildings start vibrating and giving off sounds. The recycled metal from the sculpture was reused in buildings meaning that it continues to grow, having alloyed will other matter. What was previously specific matter giving shape to a sculpture became an entity with expanding life, impossible to pinpoint its exact location because of its continuous dissemination. That sculpture was a possible position in the life of matter. But Venus Smiles is no different from Mona Lisa, from the marble that gives off the coloured hues in the Parthenon, or rusting metal.

Shhh shhhh shhh
If things could speak, what language would they speak? But why insist on them having a language? How can they communicate with us in a way we can understand? Are not onomatopoeias enough? Are they not an attempt by things to create a language? Our desire to give things a voice that presumably do not have one is so strong that there is even an onomatopoeia for silence. Perhaps onomatopoeias are the only words capable of resisting discourse. They take us closer to the materiality of things, and closer even to our own bodies. They give voice to the heartbeat, to kisses, applause, the splashing of water, breaking objects, explosions, bubbles. The same way some words also take us closer to the materiality of things, transporting us through their sonority. Viscosity is a viscous word. It oozes out between the teeth. Could matter have its own etymology? However, language is not the way things communicate with us, even though there are bacteria that have been able to learn English. Like the ocean on Solaris, they have different forms of contact. And what if Mars were coated in béchamel sauce. What would it say to us? Slurp, glug, glug, slurp?

Tris tras tris tras...glugú glugú glugú
When referring to art, Alexander Kluge mentioned two types of characters: the tamer and the gardener. Unlike the tamer, the gardener is aware that "something is growing by itself". But the frontier between care and domination is not only a slippery slope, but anything that grows by itself never does so alone, but rather in the company of other elements, other lives, other things. Gardens, like cities, are ambiguous places: we are in them, but also outside them. A plant in a plant pot is the convergence of nature and culture. The roots adapt to the space and shape of the plant pot. A lot of plants are indoors, but belong outdoors. Do they feel the difference? As in art, gardens are an aesthetic artefact linked to thought, but also to ways wof knowledge that appear with material practice. Techne has its own episteme. The wish to preserve things entails denying the passing of time, and the life that this gives rise to, transforms and discards. What if it were possible to have an exhibition that allowed light from outside, rain, night, wind, dust, bangs and breakage, movement of things, iridescence or disorientation of meaning? And what if all these elements were contained in it, attached to the surface of things? Could it not therefore be an exhibition of a biological system that could grow "by itself"? An exhibition as a third landscape, a residual, transitory space, outside planning, power and submission. An exhibition of items vulnerable to themselves, removed from the deliberate action of human beings. An exhibition as a process of actions that are external to it. An externality that is evident in the internality.

SLURP, GLUG
It shrieks, it writhes. It gets bigger
and bigger





SLURP, GLUG
It shrieks, it writhes. It gets bigger
and bigger





SLURP, GLUG
It shrieks, it writhes. It gets bigger
and bigger





SLURP, GLUG
It shrieks, it writhes. It gets bigger
and bigger





SLURP, GLUG
A volcano explodes and turns back into a mountain

Chicken wire, plaster, hessian, resin and pigments.



Tiriti titi

The Happy Fact
Group show
La Casa Encendida, Madrid
2019

Curated by Tania Pardo

Work acquired by Oliva Arauna´s collection

Bouncing sculptures, latex, pigments, hessian and balls.

Printed catalogue bilingual Spanish-English, it includes the text *surface, ornament, frivolity*, written by the artist.

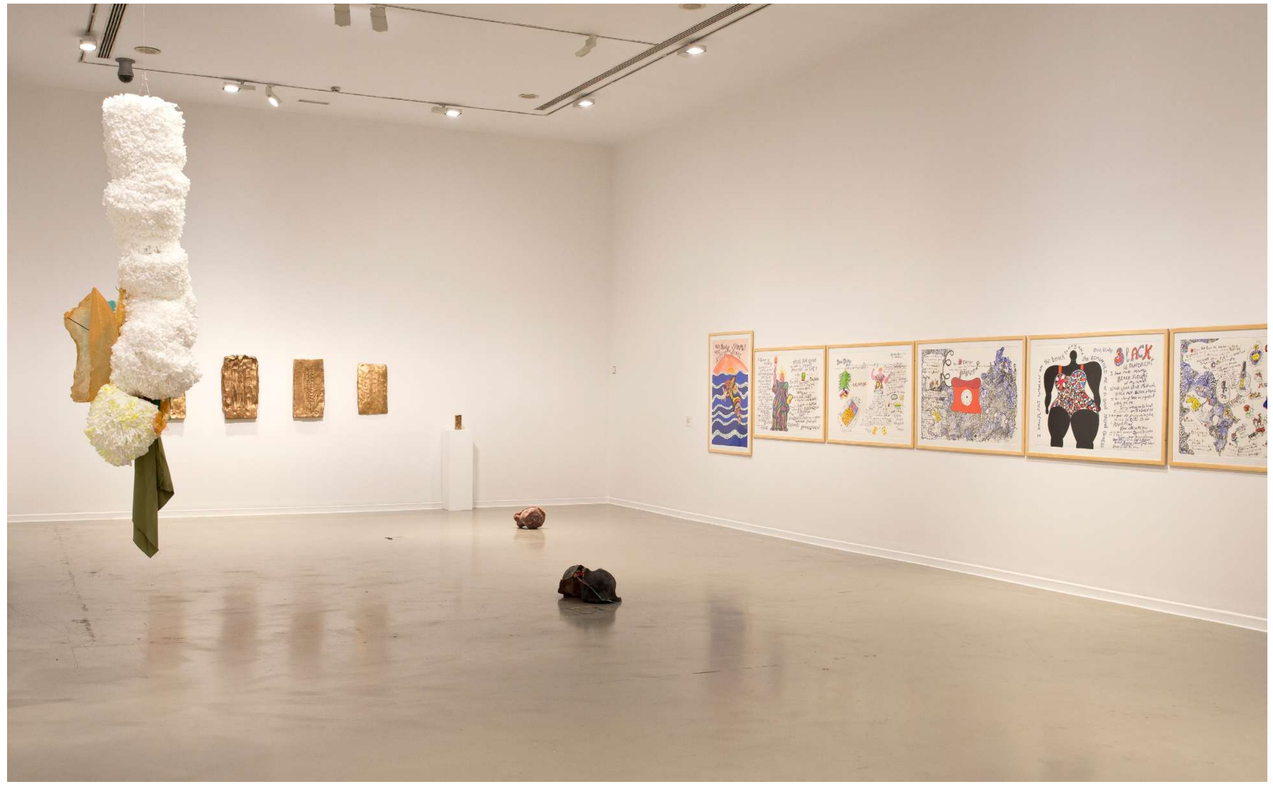
Artists in the show:
Pilar Albarracín, Elena Blasco, Sol Calero, Ester Gatón, Daiga Grantina, Camille Henrot, Dorothy Iannone, Engel Leonardo, Jonathan Monk, Niki de Saint Phalle, Mika Rottemberg, Samara Scott and Teresa Solar Abboud.

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Tiriti titi

67 cm circumference each, 13 pieces scattered arround the rooms.













2018

Work acquired by Comunidad de Madrid Collection

Curatorial text by Beatriz Ortega Botas

“Oh, how we need a new language to go with our new bodies!”*

Lidia Yuknavitch
The Book of Joan: A Novel (2017)

Skin grafting is a dermatological technique by which healthy tissue from a given area of the body is transferred to another area with damaged tissue. The protagonist of Yuknavitch's aforementioned novel becomes, in a post-apocalyptic future, a fully-fledged expert in skin grafting, which has gone from being a merely medical technique to an artistic exercise, through which skins are not only transferred from one body to another, but they are marked, burnt, drawn upon and stretched. In the catastrophic year 2049 as described in the novel — a time ravaged by the control over bodies, the exclusion of everything feminine and the overbearing phallocentricity of language — the practice of grafting and marking skin has a political sense of creative rebellion. If, in the novel’s totalitarian regime of signs, everything, even bodily experiences, is mediated by language, then the creative and transformative potential of skin grafting resides in the possibility to make language itself incarnate, applying its malleability and capacity for change to the material stratum of reality, to skins and bodies.

The linguistic paradigm that has dominated the humanities for the last few decades deems language both limiting and enabling, i.e. open to variations in representations of reality. Skin grafting, in *The Book of Joan: A Novel,* is linked to feminist critique and the materialist turn, directing creative and revitalising energy towards material reality itself, and not only towards the discursive consensus in which this is understood. However, it is the poetic and sensual character of skin grafting that allows it to be taken even further. Grafting, and working with material surfaces, is seen as a practice that deals with the ability to give form to and record those recognised material interactions in a palpable way. In the year 2049 — when all possibility to desire and form affective relationships with others has ceased to exist — the poetic trope as practiced on bodies, while it gives rise to non-literal, figurative speech, is a way of sculpting desire and shaping sensations.

There is already a non-verbal figuration that takes place in our bodies: fibres and nerves behave poetically, giving shape to our sensorial reactions to the surroundings — “allegorising”, “metaphorising” and “translating”, they shed light on this contact with the world in a true act of bodily poiesis, of creation. From an artistic perspective, the poetic is speech embodied — an exercise in the materialisation of tropes that, beyond inscription and representation, considers the appearance of forms as based on material relations.

In the work of Esther Gatón, the sensuality of grafting is propagated through her artisanal technique. Disparate materials are brought together, the gaps between them narrowed in a trope-like game of seduction in which organic and osseous forms appear as a reaction to the surroundings, while also being reflected as a stimulus, being placed and assuming their position within a material history of both past and present circumstances. Skin grafting: poetic transplants of marked and reactive material, of speech embodied, and skins that become tropes. Reddened, shiny and wrinkled, with bruises and scars that are infected, contorted and embellished, material surfaces are a simile and hyperbole for what surrounds them.

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costillar

Extruded polystyrene, enamel paint, silicone, clay and plaster. 33 x 95 x 46 cm



Bees Jàr Cantinha Fei

Circuitos Grant
Sala de Arte Joven, Madrid
2018

Curated by Bernardo Sopelana

Extended Spaces
Group show
Irène Laub Gallery, Brussels
2019

Curated by Sérgio Fazenda Rodrigues

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Bees Jàr Cantinha Fei

Iron, cotton, hemp rope, and brass.



