



## (Extra)ordinary narrations

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Let's be porous, they would be sentimental, taste, smell and view, let's be all ears, we would like the noises and fly the riot, and from the silliness, and from the inactivity.

We would go back telling our children stories better one good than thousands of senseless words, like the truths of life, the good and the bad ones, it's necessary to know them. Because in it are the images shivering, raging and often needless, curious result which two visual artists are begging us to listen to their works, telling us that we shall stop with our attention, our reticular and our ear, about this they tell us, flying from the image without history, to tell us in a slightly whisper, in a heartbreaking scream, five fables with moral, all like persons we would like to listen to, five fantastic stories which nourish our ethic and, without doubt our aesthetic, five (extra)ordinary narrations, as real as life.

Once upon a time there were two Andalusian artists, who shared life as well as creation, two artists with birds in their head, in their case parrots which come and go, same as inspiration, over which they reflect and with which they work, inspiration and transpiration said the genius, therefore when the muse catches you working, being in a cold sweat like a parturient in the moment of the birth of the fetus "I lent you my body" said the mother distorted from exertion "now I give you my life" she continues whispering with a loud scream. And since the power of this pregnancy started the artist – because it's a part of her – her photographic metamorphosis and tells us about buying and about the ones who sold her, from the art and its market, from life and its foulness, and from these barbarian and unsupportive capitalism which always crucifies and changes short before dying.

Like the art itself, which never dies because of continuous change and sometimes kills, like in the following fable "who reads this is dumb" writes a child with waterproof adding on any wall and turns the reader into an idiot, "who sees this is dumb" eliminates any contemptuous artists the rivals, but whatever, give the same like the creating subject is an extraordinary phenomenon brimful of ideas – and the method with which they construct – or that the doer is a curious bird who forced to copy which they will have found, for pronouncing it, in the internet. The ways, the course, the concepts – and their developments – in definitive made in the authentic work based and with truthfully content, is the most little. In our banal and participating society, in which we have time for nothing, we only assess the result, only believe what we see, only understand what assumes stress and only wish

that someone's smarter than us – in advance and without barely tending – when we're sold.

And when they sell us, they bought us, bought us for being free and buy, in their turn the ideas which are worth the pain, the pieces which are the best, they bring them probably from this project, probably those by Verónica Ruth Frías, probably by Cyro García – because the last ones are his – those, the form more evident concerns the uneasiness of both about their whole translated life, for spinning a tale (with) fabulous, an anatomized movie combines the imagined with the shining reality, crosses the borders of the plastic and the exquisite, for infiltrating without taboos and squiggles, into the ambient of the philosophy, and it was that, what she said without swinging, the ant to the cricket.