

CONTORTED REBIRTH

...on being an octopus like the mystical idiot of Dostoevsky or Kazantzakis, its material malleable and adaptable to any environment, and all the answers (or elements of resolution) to your questions on this exhibition:

“One should not race along the Sacred Way in a motor car—it is sacrilege. One should walk, walk as the men of old walked, and allow one’s whole being to become flooded with light. This is not a Christian highway: it was made by the feet of devout pagans on their way to initiation at Eleusis. There is no suffering, no martyrdom, no flagellation of the flesh connected with this processional artery. Everything here speaks now, as it did centuries ago, of illumination, of blinding, joyous illumination. Light acquires a transcendental quality: it is not the light of the Mediterranean alone, it is something more, something unfathomable, something holy. Here the light penetrates directly to the soul, opens the doors and windows of the heart, makes one naked, exposed, isolated in a metaphysical bliss which makes everything clear without being known. No analysis can go on in this light: here the neurotic is either instantly healed or goes mad. The rocks themselves are quite mad: they have been lying for centuries exposed to this divine illumination: they lie very still and quiet, nestling amid dancing colored shrubs in a bloodstained soil, but they are mad, I say, and to touch them is to risk losing one’s grip on everything which once seemed firm, solid and unshakeable. One must glide through this gully with extreme caution, naked, alone, and devoid of all Christian humbug. One must throw off two thousand years of ignorance and superstition, of morbid, sickly subterranean living and lying.”

-Excerpt from *The Colossus of Maroussi* by Henry MILLER

To the sound of Cheri Cheri Lady by Modern Talking, the melody takes us to Road to Nowhere by The Talking Heads.

...and all this under the aegis of the sun..!

Octopus, jellyfish and squids, mollusks all which do not entirely resemble us. Light on their forehead, to enlighten us on their substance and composition with infinitely more interesting and brilliant colors.

So 5 octopuses, 4 jellyfish (cybernetic against Jason) and 6 squids fly in a very young and dynamic dance towards the track with the video game star Mario-Peach road.

...in “Idiot Jesuit”

MARGUERITE (oh flower!) Yourcenar the writer, wrote *Memoirs of Hadrian*, [or rather the emperor Hadrian engendered Yourcenar, or something a little more complex...] Thus, we bring together this already somewhat alchemical experience of Yourcenar, of the improbable, real and crazy concept of the completely sticky, nauseating and fetishistically horripilation substance of Goosebumps, which we find on the shroud of Christ painted by Zurbaran-their forms resulting from both, so cold that it is almost warm, something improbable,

A body appears, then. Menacing, turgid, but nevertheless amplified by nothing. Yes, only nitrogen is inside, he is an idiot... a Jesuit idiot... he has been a believer since he was very young... inside it is empty, it is a shell, a hull, a seashell... He is beautiful, without gender, his tissues are like a whale of drapery, a pornographic bed.

Fortunately, to balance it in life, satellites are there... yes, above our heads, in the sky. They are lunar, like solar panels or water tanks on the roofs of Athens.

Present to maintain and fill our imaginations with space dreams, Apollo missions, Gagarin, Sputnik...

Incredible worlds of spatial lightness where we rub shoulders with angels, coming out of a rocket, a helicopter or a plane... ... Added to this is the architecture of Nicolas Ledoux, utopian and martyr of the French revolution, his ideas so lightweight that they only served as benevolent designs, beneficial for citizens. Is that really the truth, is the truth really important?

Inspired by Magritte’s *Voice of space/ 1931, Choses legeres depicts* bells as weightless objects of purely extraterrestrial origin, as much as Herman Hesse’s flying saucer hat, ying yang beans and Simon Pasioka’s art. Here it will be compared to Chinese ravioli filled with pure white crab or fascist black as Jean in Fautrier’s painting of the wild boar? These ravioli can also be Italian and then open a huge door to the frescoes of Rafael Sanzio and his light school of Athens or Heliodorus and his space-flying angel.

In “The Battle of the Gymnasium,” we find silhouettes inspired by Balenciaga dresses from 1964-66, which levitate in space. The atmosphere here is inspired by the design of Ross Lovegrove. In this canvas, a real complete intestinal system is born. It is rich in protein and lactose, a mythological cosmogony (quite suitable), mature and good to be eaten or consumed, reflected upon, perhaps analyzed ?

Under Leonardo Cremonini’s infinite beaches of ample freshness, we will descend the Moirés, real hyperfast crosswords, algebraic serpents of the mathematical palace of the Escorial, we will come across Frank by Jim Woodring and his impeccable colors.

It is a well-researched balance, complete yoga, notably by the study of the solar system that is proposed. In the middle of the stage as in the theater, 2 wrestlers fight, one could think of Abel and Cain, is it a question of Manicheism?

Everything takes place in a fast gymnasium, borrowed from Yorgos Lanthimos in *Alps* (2011), white mannequins by Georges Segal, or else with solid but light figures, Greekly aerial.

Gentle softening under the sun, except for the weightless cockfight by JL Gérôme (1846), melting wax, Beuys’ grease... Rubens, the genius of fat...

It is that cooking is an artistic discipline, and lightness can be found in the Teppanyaki, this Japanese cooking method, which allows food to be cooked by flying it on an extra-hot plate, would not have been denied by Lucio Fontana and his spacialism.

OTHER WORKS

Idiot Jesuit, oil on canvas 2024

The Battle of the Gymnasium, oil on canvas, 120cmx 2024

Boy on a dolphin/ agapo-agapi-parakalo (love, love, please),
oil on canvas 2024

Choses Légères Spatiales, oil on canvas, 2024

Iphigénie, oil on canvas, 2024

Light Solid Spazialism or Light Othon, oil on canvas, 2024

Castor and Pollux, oil on canvas, 2024

Psyche, oil on canvas, 65cmx ,2024

Sevillane Fautrienne Boar Hunt, 2024

Hadrian the Emperor, oil on canvas, 27cmx24cm, 2024

Portrait of Julius Caesar, the first fascist dictator, oil on canvas, 2024

Acrobatic Fascist Contortion Makavejev-koons, oil on canvas, 2024

...in Idiot Jesuit, Gallego describes....