

WORKS //
JENNY FEAL

Poetic and fragile, the works of Jenny Feal achieve to combine the chances and the intimate or public tragedies, personal and political. Her installations, often simple, mainly use natural materials such as clay, paper, tree leaves but also wood, she associates with personal items that build up a testimony of living conditions and history of Havana. Her sculpture works and installations often evoke the issues to build oneself and existing in an environment where political isolation is increased by insular seclusion.

If some form of sadness floats in her work, these dark feelings exist only thanks to an omnipresent poetry that irony and humor come to increase.

Each object that composes her work acts with the same protocol, these are the materializations of these thoughts and, by being a fragment of a partially shared personal history, that of the artist but also that of others. Objects become the repositories of limitless mental exploration...

Matthieu Lelièvre



**A la sombra y con sombreros
(A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux)**

2020

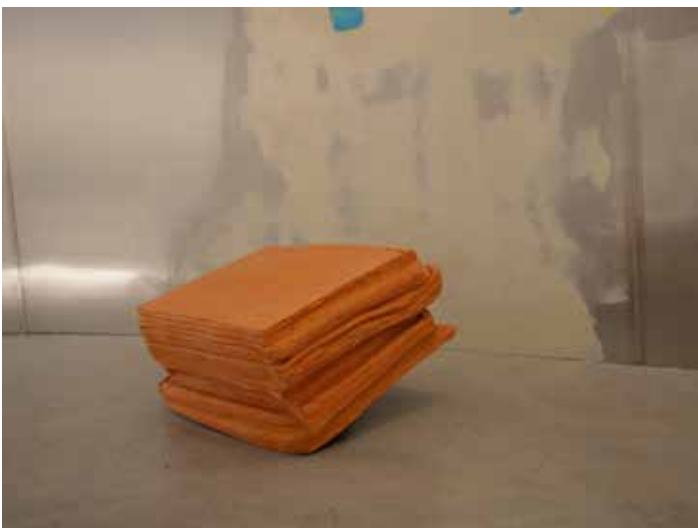
Installation, several materials, glass, fabric, wall painting, earthenware, variable dimensions, unique pièces
Production Fondation d'entreprise Martell

Exhibition *Places to be*, Fondation d'entreprise Martell, Cognac, France



A la sombra y con sombreros, it is an installation presented with elements loved by the artist: two hats, a hammock and a guayabera . These objects were built around a repetition of the combination of the colors red and white. The hats represent the yarey (straw) hat, incongruous in this interior space, in this cold and somewhat dark atmosphere, which changes with the natural light that invites to enter the room. Made of glass, these hats cool and freeze in this strange space. These hats are not there to protect from the sun, but to evoke it. They could also evoke the lack of human presence, the lack of someone's head to wear them. The hammock symbolizes a fusion of two colors, red and white, which represent two opposite ideologies in Cuba. They are intermingled and designed to accommodate only one visitor at a time. The latter's body is suspended to allow his or her thought to take over this library as a reading, inviting him or her to adopt another dimension of the space, to enter, somewhere, a little more. At the top, also hanging, a glass feather lets a red light to pass over the hammock. This representation of the individual plumage is similar to the human body of the spectator that rests slightly and horizontally, in the suspended hammock. The "pen" floats, without any problem, on the top of this air-filled vat, lightened by the ink that flows from it. Blood-colored ink, strange, and the story begins and ends there. This red ink witnesses a historical, symbolic, political and social violence, evidenced by a shadowy stain on the white cloth of the hammock. Once the visitor is on the hammock, the shadow of the red ink stain appears on the torso of the lying human body. Linked to this experience, a guayabera is placed as a vow, on a modest wooden shelf. She also has a red stain, this time well dispersed in the depths of this garment. Was it worn by a peasant? These everyday objects are part of an enigmatic story, of a disappearance. The spectator may think that this person will never return, because everything is absent. This library hasn't a language written with words, but full of dusted poetry, empty and plain, intuitive without words.

Jenny Feal



**A la sombra y con sombreros
(A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux)**

2020

Books detail, earthenware, sponge,
37 x 25 x 20 cm, unique pieces
Production Fondation d'entreprise Martell

Exhibition *Places to be*,
Fondation d'entreprise Martell, Cognac, France



**A la sombra y con sombreros
(A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux)**

2020

Two hats detail, blown glass,
color white and red, 34 x 17 cm, unique pieces
Production Fondation d'entreprise Martell

Exhibition *Places to be*,
Fondation d'entreprise Martell, Cognac, France

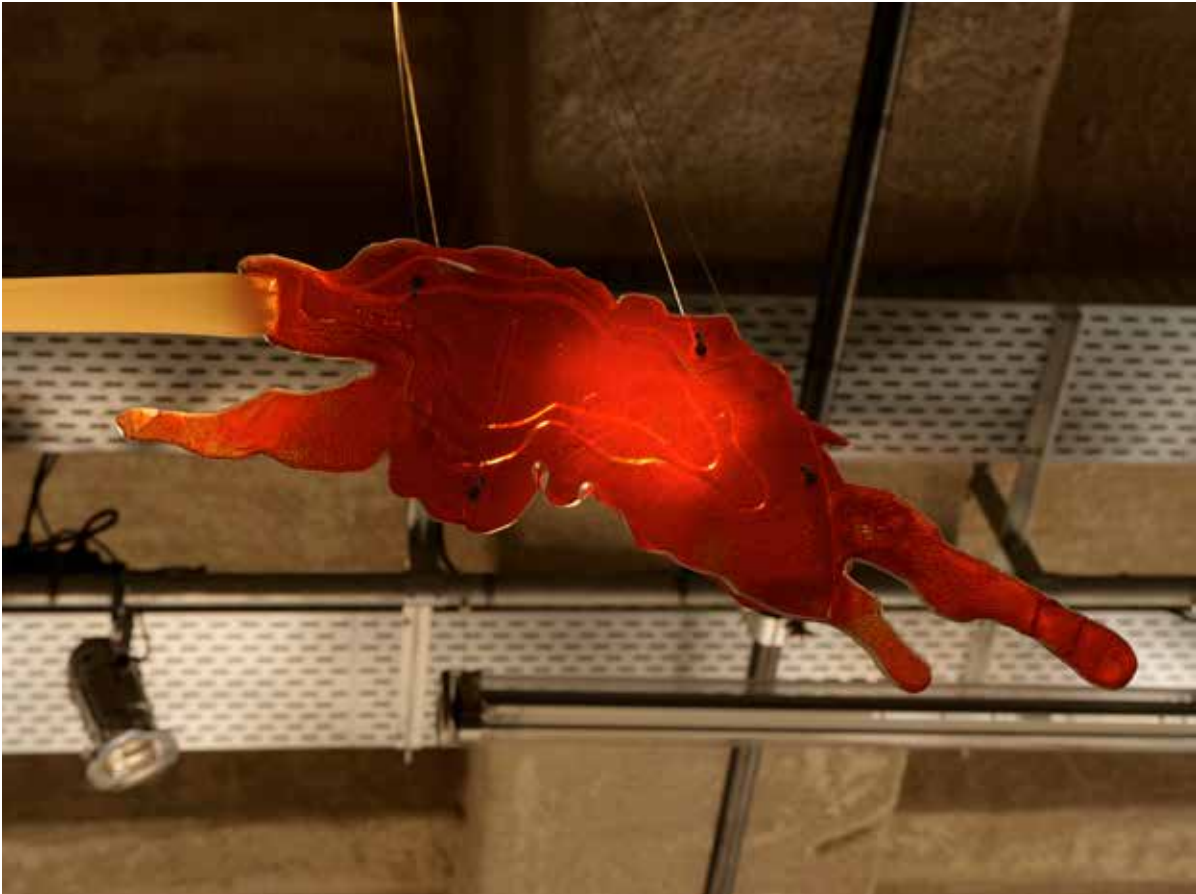


**A la sombra y con sombreros
(A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux)**

2020

Feather detail, blown glass and glass paste, white color, red and ocre , 210 x 40 x 4 cm, unique pieces
Production Fondation d'entreprise Martell

Exhibition *Places to be*, Fondation d'entreprise Martell, Cognac, France





**A la sombra y con sombreros
(A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux)**

2020

Hammock detail, white cotton, red dye, wood, 400 x 60 cm, unique pieces
Production Fondation d'entreprise Martell

Exhibition *Places to be*, Fondation d'entreprise Martell, Cognac, France





**A la sombra y con sombreros
(A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux)**

2020

Fresco detail, white painting, blue, yellow, grey earthenware,
variable dimensions 800 cm diameter x 210 cm high, unique pieces
Production Fondation d'entreprise Martell

Exhibition *Places to be*, Fondation d'entreprise Martell, Cognac, France





**A la sombra y con sombreros
(A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux)**

2020

Guyabera detail, transparent and red glass paste,
32 x 28 x 3 cm, unique pieces

Production Fondation d'entreprise Martell

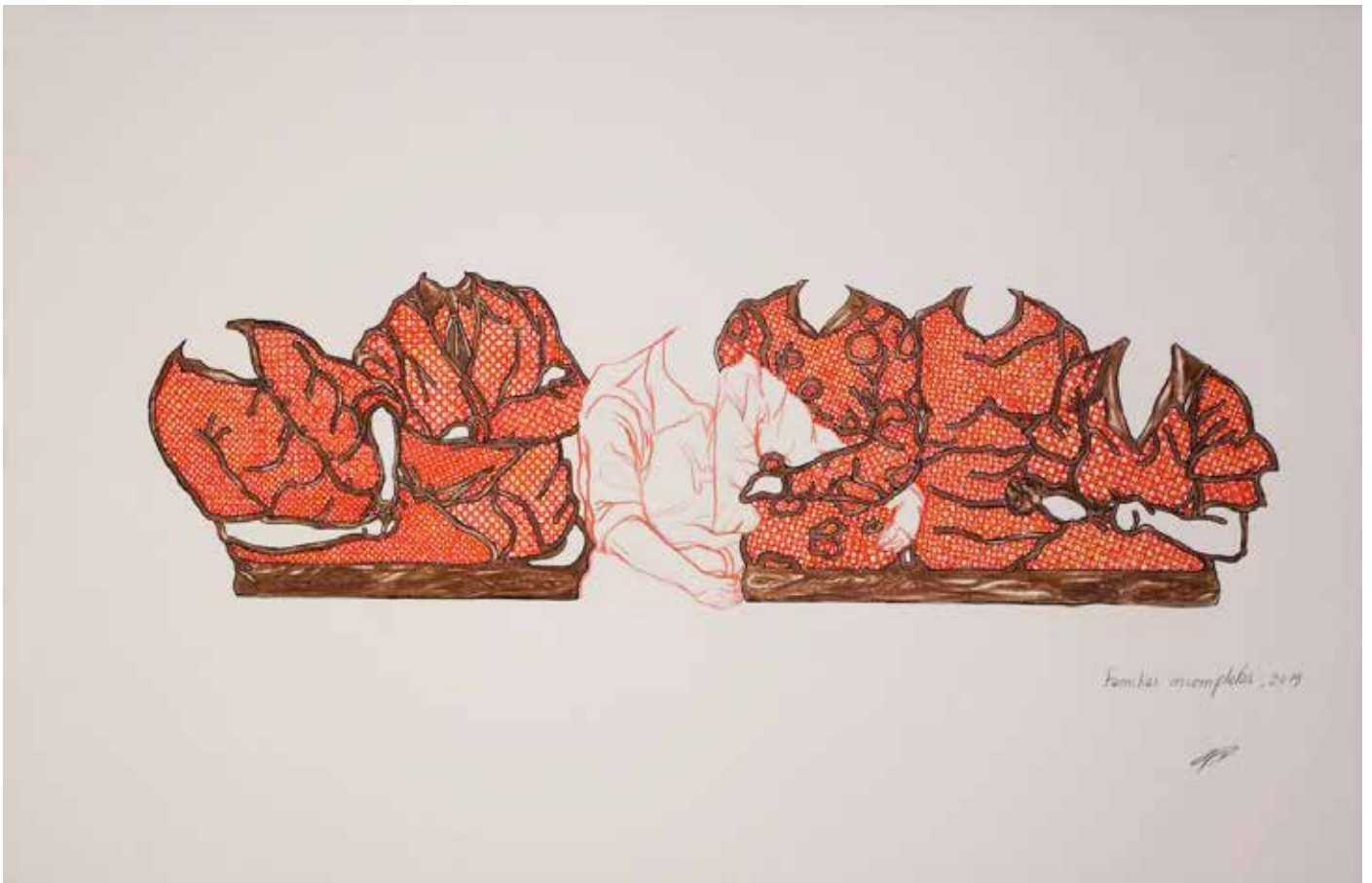
Exhibition *Places to be*,
Fondation d'entreprise Martell, Cognac, France



A l'ombre et avec des chapeaux

2020

Clay drawing on paper, 50 x 60 cm, unique piece



Familles incomplètes 1

2020

Clay drawing on paper, 40 x 57 cm, unique piece



Familles incomplètes 2

2020

Clay drawing on paper, 40 x 57 cm, unique piece



Familles incomplètes 3

2020

Clay drawing on paper, 37,5 x 57 cm, unique piece



Familles incomplètes 4

2020

Clay drawing on paper, 37 x 57 cm, unique piece



Mar oculto
2020

Clay drawing on paper, 80 x 60 cm, unique piece



Papillon cœur ou fesses

2020

Clay drawing on paper, 33 x 50 cm, unique piece



Portrait
2020

Clay drawing on paper, 80 x 60 cm, unique piece



The work of this young Cuban artist puts me, the almost old European woman, who, without really being aware of it, is steeped in progressive humanism and suspiciously colonial universalism, in front of my great questions as a teenager, to which it is probably not in vain to come back after a few years, with as much diligence as possible, to hope for the comfort that the sensation of a tiny answer could produce. Where does humanity come from? What is culture? What does the word nature mean? What was here before all this happened? Tim Ingold, in his book "Walking with the Dragons", returns to a vision of Western anthropology and proposes, in particular to answer these questions, to replace the current articulation of technology-language-intelligence with another articulation, capable of bringing man out of his environment, which would be craftsmanship-imagination.

It appears that Jenny Feal begins by brushing her workspace with a mixture of raw earth and water. This is the genesis of a fluid process that leads to the gesture. Spreading, modelling, drawing, engraving, placing objects and creating relationships, that is to say imagination. Then everything is in place for the narrative. It would be a matter of telling, or even singing, with gentleness and poetry, and of stitching together stories that have frayed as a result of too many consecutive analyses and as a result of identities constructed in opposition to other identities. As if it were necessary first to recast landscapes fragmented by historical, political, ideological barriers. To find in the mud these beautiful naked stories, without face to face and therefore without modesty. These stories without stories, which arise from contact with the environment, are constructed in an immediacy in relation to others, with nature, with the materials present and available for manipulation, for assembly. Once continuity is found again, once the landscape of before is mended to that of after, once the songs of the past are literally fused in aluminum (a particularly conductive metal), then yes, we can climb the mountain again. From there it is possible to have a point of view and symbols can dress our practices. But now we will remember their vernacular fluidity.

Why do tales, cruel as they are, still manage to comfort us? Is it because they are listened to, thumb in mouth, beyond the words, eyes fixed on the mouth that articulates them? Is it because they retrace this tireless effort to tame a humanity that absolutely must extricate itself from all forms of "savagery"?

Cécile Colle

Gravir la montagne

2020

Installation on site, wall fresco, several materials, 100 x 175 x 25 cm each fresco, uniques pieces

Exhibition *Gravir la montagne*, Angelinna Gallery Rivoli Building Espace, Brussels, Belgium



Jinete con cabeza de sillin

2020

Clay drawing on paper, 64,5 x 50 cm, unique piece



120 minutes

2016

Aluminium casset, 10 x 6,5 x 0,9 cm, unique piece

Exhibition *Gravir la montagne*, Angelinna Gallery Rivoli Building Espace, Brussels, Belgium





Le poids qui compte

2016

Clock, clay, 30 x 30 x 5 cm, unique piece

Exhibition *Gravir la montagne*, Angelinna Gallery Rivoli Building Espace, Brussels, Belgium



ST (une plante qui pousse)

2020

Coconut, glass of water, tile, clay, 30 x 25 x 20 cm, unique piece

Exhibition *Gravir la montagne*, Angelinna Gallery Rivoli Building Espace, Brussels, Belgium





ST (Katanga)
2020

Metal cage, lantern, 70 x 56 x 20 cm, unique piece

Exhibition *Gravir la montagne*, Angelinna Gallery Rivoli Building Espace, Brussels, Belgium



**Ayer
(Hier)**
2020

Ceramics, wood, 8 x 17 x 4 cm, unique piece

Exhibition *Gravir la montagne*, Angelinna Gallery Rivoli Building Espace, Brussels, Belgium



«ST» (Gravir la montagne par un oiseau écrasé)

2020

Jute, clay, wood, variable dimensions, unique pieces

Exhibition *Gravir la montagne*, Angelinna Gallery Rivoli Building Espace, Brussels, Belgium





(...) Jenny Feal often refers, in a symbolic way, to personal experiences: the sadness of a reality linked to the isolation or immigration. She conceals this behind a dreamlike and metaphorical universe. In the big mirror of Teatro Mella, the artist creates an abstract painting by clay, a terrestrial element. It is a spontaneous, gentle, and intuitive movement. Feal plays with the design of the architecture and colors of this space. This gestural painting, welcoming the traces that the artist left behind her intensive intervention, becomes a memory of a simple and well-known act, an act of liberation. What does the movement of an individual tell us about his identity? What meaning can we give to it? Can its identity remain intact in a context conditioned by norms? The movement seems to be linked to ideas of fleeing, escape, liberation. It refers to this vision of art as being capable of social transformation, a possible opening to the world and the Other.

Ex Situ

**Movimiento de (por) si mismo
(Movement of (by) itself)**

2019

Installation, raw pottery, metal, mirror, 700 x 500 x 6 cm, unique piece

Exhibition *Movimiento de (por) si mismo*, Teatro Mella, 13th Havana Biennial, La Habana, Cuba
Curator : Ex Situ







Photo © Ex Situ



Photo © ADERA

**Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras
(I think your verses are flower that fill the earth and the earth)**

2017- 2019

Installation, wood, cane, straw, raw mud, variable dimensions, unique pieces

Exhibition at the Lyon Biennale 2019, in MAC Lyon, Lyon, France

With the support of Brownstone Foundation, Artesylve, Frédéric Lorin, Gilles Blanckaert-aliée, Fonds de dotation Buchet Ponsoye, Fonds de dotation Thibault Poutrel, Roger Herrera Gutierrez, ARTICHOK and Dohyang Lee Gallery



Fourteen doors of four meters high protect a space that is forbidden to us, the visitor has to dare to enter this space that is in the heart of the artist's proposal, by choosing his own entrance door.

Behind the doors, a great fresco made with earth, brings us back to the first element of human life. Huge photo of a crime scene. In the right angle, below, a broken vase contains a bouquet of Mariposas, the national flower of Cuba, symbol of innocence and purity. More than a randomly chosen flower, she was of great use during the Cuban revolution against the Spanish at the end of the 19th century, also called the «10 Years war», from October 10th, 1868 to October 10th, 1878. The revolutionaries, sheltered in the mountains, had their wives in the villages in the valley. To keep them informed of the battles ahead in the valley, the revolutionaries' women wrote notes on these flowers.





Photo © ADERA

**Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras
(I think your verses are flower that fill the earth and the earth)**

2017- 2019

Sculpture, wood, jute, raw mud, wires, variable dimensions, unique piece

Exposition at the Lyon Biennale 2019, in MAC Lyon, Lyon, France

With the support of Brownstone Foundation, Artesylve, Frédéric Lorin, Gilles Blanckaert-aliée, Fonds de dotation Buchet Ponsoye, Fonds de dotation Thibault Poutrel, Roger Herrera Gutierrez, ARTICHOK and Dohyang Lee Gallery



A big jute canvas book casts its shadow upon the visitor, reminding him all the pages unwritten by this absent person that carries the story.



Photo © ADERA

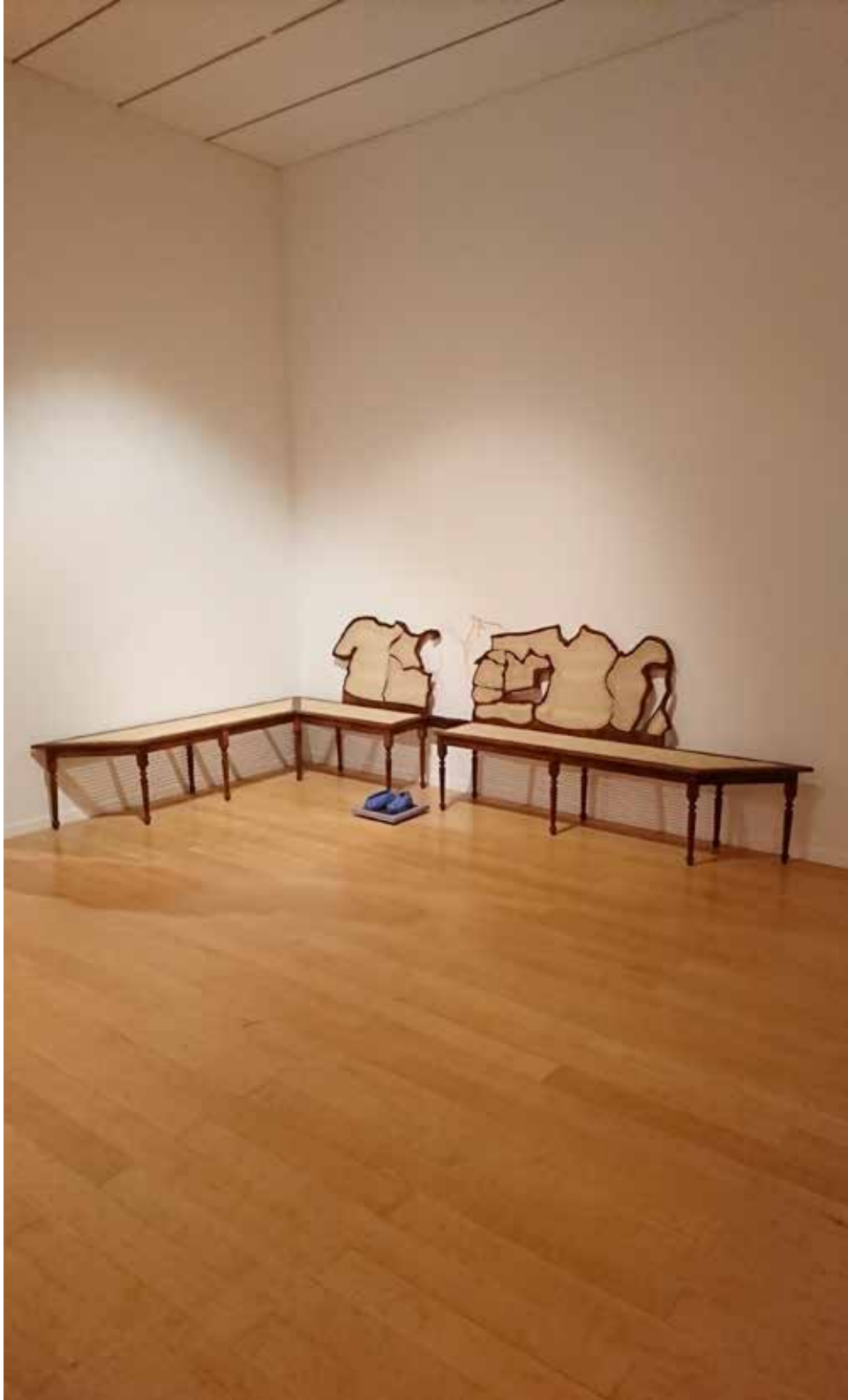
**Pienso que tus versos son flores que llenan tierras y tierras
(I think your verses are flower that fill the earth and the earth)**

2017- 2019

Banc, wood, cane, straw, earthenware, variable dimensions, unique piece

Exposition at the Lyon Biennale 2019, in MAC Lyon, Lyon, France

With the support of Brownstone Foundation, Artesylve, Frédéric Lorin, Gilles Blanckaert-aliée, Fonds de dotation Buchet Ponsoye, Fonds de dotation Thibault Poutrel, Roger Herrera Gutierrez, ARTICHOK and Dohyang Lee Gallery



The shapes of a family photo are transcribed in the back of a wooden and canned bench. The person in the center of the photo was taken away from the image, and from the bench, only his absence remains as a testimony. The cane is a porous material, that let flow matter, but also brings weakness to this piece of furniture, giving to it a kind of particular fragile beauty.

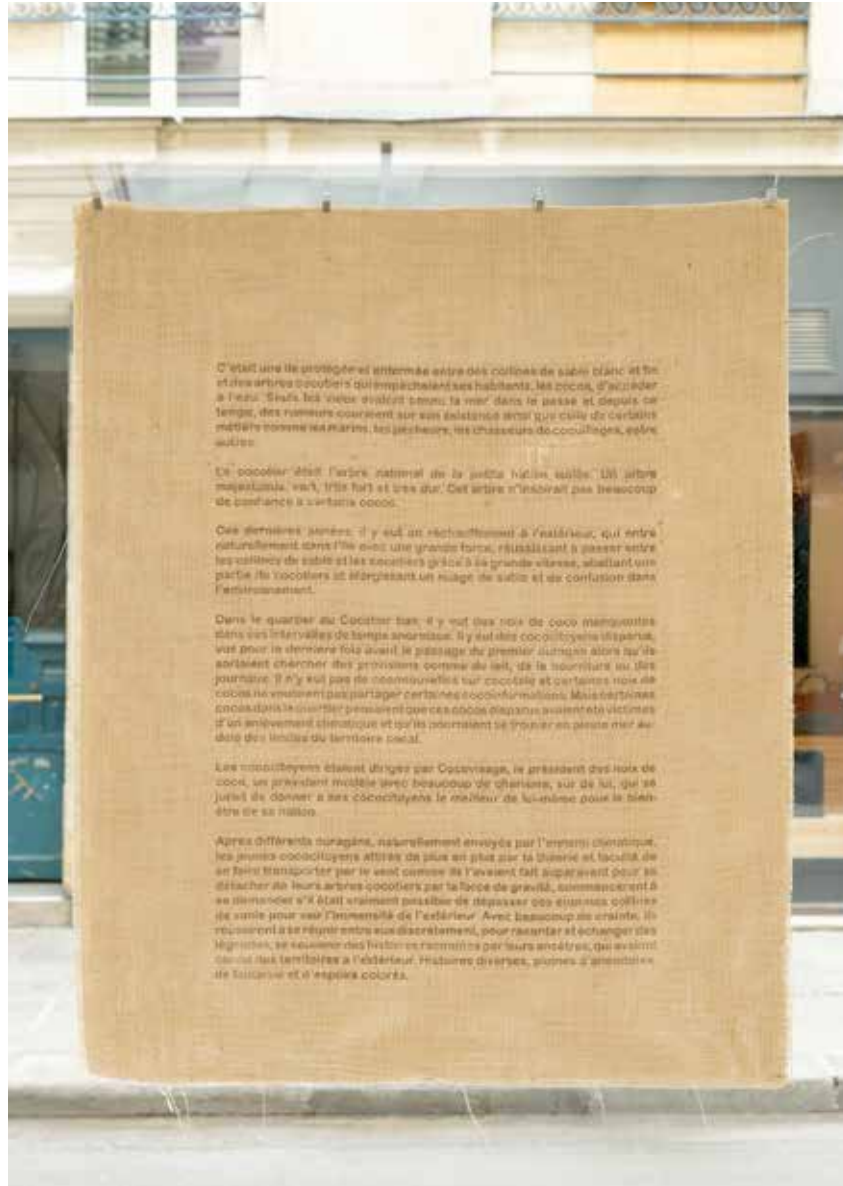


Photo © Aurélien Mole

The exhibition starts with a text written by the artist: the story of the Cococitizens, a fictional narrative of sand dunes and the inhabitants of an island who paradoxically have never seen the sea. Their self-sufficiency may be functional, but they live in confinement. This tiny eco-system lives under the thumb of a far-off government, and their only chance of salvation could come from being swept away by a cyclone. Economic and political confinement weighs upon them, and although they do not all question their situation, the younger generations discuss their destiny and decide to search for a cyclone. The narrative transcribes Jenny Feal's personal experience in Cuba.

Matthieu Lelièvre

Los cocoteros (The coconut trees)

2016

Silk screen printing on a jute canvas, 94 x 76 cm

Edition 13 + 2 A.P

Exhibition Mar Oculito, Dohyang Lee Gallery, Paris, France, 2019



Photo © Aurélien Mole

Tapis rouge, is a sculpture with the shape of a carpet that spreads on the floor. It is a red glazed earthenware carpet with a side folded up resting on the wall. By the fragility of the material that composes it, it is only an absurd proposition made to the visitor, after his passage through *Mar Oculito*, to wipe his feet before leaving again.

Tapis rouge (I am afraid of forgetting everything one day)

2019

Sculpture, red glazed earthenware, variable dimensions,
serie of unique pieces

Exhibition Mar Oculito, Dohyang Lee Gallery, Paris, France, 2019



Photo © Aurélien Mole

Mar Oculito is a sculpture composed with piled drops of dried clay suggest a hidden sea that exists as an idea alone, a dissimulated concept that discreetly creates an enclosed bond between all the fragments of a complex narrative hidden behind protective screens. Along with the sea, all types of water are summoned here. For example, the water in the visitor's body, an element that is as vital as it is destructive and clandestine. The entire exhibition is woven together in an underground, serpentine manner. Water connects all the pieces, and yet it seems to have evaporated completely, existing through its very absence.

Matthieu Lelièvre

Mar oculito (Occult sea)

2019

Sculpture, glazed earthenware, jute, wood, unique piece
Exhibition Mar Oculito, Dohyang Lee Gallery, Paris, France, 2019





Photo © Aurélien Mole

**Tratando de acostarse sin hacer un pliego
(Trying to sleep without making a single fold)**

2019

Red glazed earthenware, fabric, wood, mattress, variable dimensions
around 140 x 200 x 68 cm, unique piece

Exhibition Mar Oculito, Dohyang Lee Gallery, Paris, France, 2019



Tratando de acostarse sin hacer un pliego is a sculpture where a bunch of whole or chunky red plates build a bed's support. This piece of furniture suitable for sleeping and resting seems difficult to use due to its fragility and the danger of its base. The title proposes a challenge: to succeed in lying in this bed without violently the sheet with a single fold. The red plates represent a domestic object, fragile and banal, but also embody the "mess" to be paid by the author "of the committed facts". The sheet represents the tragic history of incomplete families.



In the *Esgrima anónima* series of photographs, Jenny Feal reveals a part of the national fencing team in Cuba. Cuba has once been ranked one of the best teams in the world. The country performed best in the early 2000s while the country's economy was in great trouble. She picks up a fleeting moment from an activity both local and global. This serie reminds us of the precarious training conditions of this national team and shows a questioning of the future of this pictured young generation. With *Esgrima anónima*, Jenny Feal seeks to link personal and intimate stories with collective and local memories.

Esgrima anónima (Anonymous fencing)

2016

Serie of coloured analog photographies printings, ink jet on adhesive paper,
Dibond glued on aluminium, 60 x 88 cm, edition of 5 + 2 A.P







Vacios y estan (Empty and here they are)

2016

Serie of coloured analog photographies printings, ink jet on adhesive paper,
Dibond glued on aluminium, 88 x 60 cm, edition of 5 + 2 A.P





Vacios y estan (Empty and here they are)

2016

Serie of black and white analog photographies printings, ink jet on adhesive paper,
Dibond glued on aluminium, 88 x 60 cm, edition of 5 + 2 A.P



Vacios y estan (Empty and here they are)

2016

Serie of black and white analog photographies printings, ink jet on adhesive paper,
Dibond glued on aluminium, 60 x 88 cm, edition of 5 + 2 A.P



Patterson

2016

Black and white analog photography printing, ink jet on adhesive paper,
Dibond glued on aluminium, 60 x 88 cm, edition of 5 + 2 A.P



Entrenamiento (Training)

2016

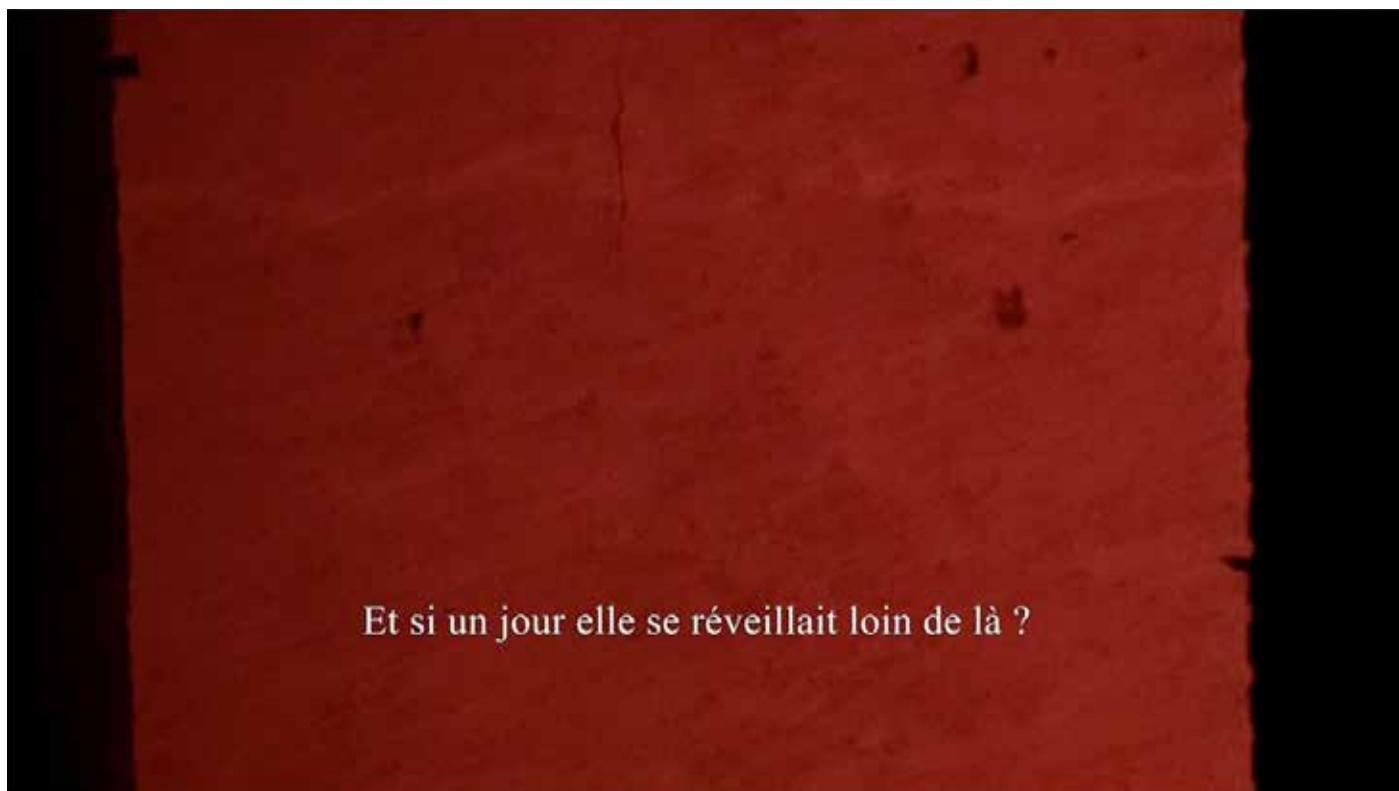
Black and white analog photography printing, ink jet on adhesive paper,
Dibond glued on aluminium, 60 x 88 cm, edition of 5 + 2 A.P



Como levitando (Like levitating)

2016

Coloured analog photography printing, ink jet on adhesive paper,
Dibond glued on aluminium, 60 x 88 cm, edition of 5 + 2 A.P



Regreso de Otra Amalia (Return of another Amalia), is a melancholic reflection upon freedom of expression and opinion nowadays. In this work, Cuban artist Jenny Feal whispers a poetic text on exile and displacement, in dialogue with images of water, air bubbles, algae and other natural elements carried by the stream. The images were filmed in 2017 on the Durolle river, during her residence at the Creux de l'enfer during which the artist wrote this text. Inspired by her grandfather's book of poems, and in opposition to the article *Perdimos Cuba* (We Lost Cuba) by Amalia Agramonte, the great-granddaughter of Ignacio Agramonte (hero of the first war of Cuban independence), Jenny Feal uses aquatic imagery as a metaphor of human life.

Simona Dvořáková

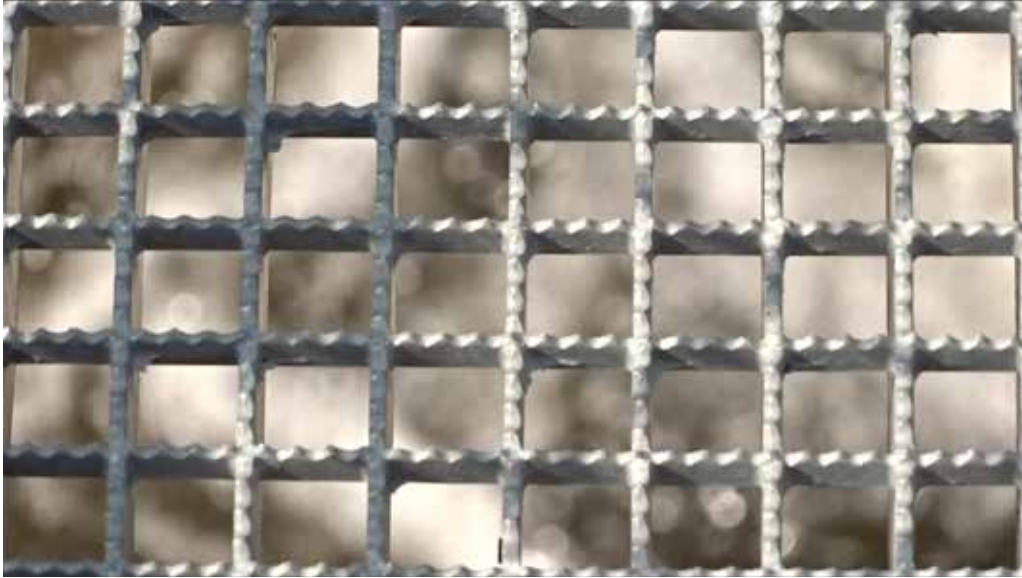
Regreso de otra Amalia

2018

HD video, color, monophonic sound, 25'56''

Edition of 5 + 2 AP

galerie dohyanglee







Aguas interiores (inland waters) embodies a set of bodies. We can interpret these coconuts on a full scale like the coconut-citizens, the characters of an island who dreamed in secret to see the sea. The “coconut, a fruit very present in Cuba is a metaphorical object, but also an exotic box containing an exquisite liquid - the coconut water. The idea of death is present by the loss of the internal fluid of these coconuts”¹. The water that leaves the pile makes them fragile and leaves them empty inside. It metaphorically embodies the betrayed ideals and the lost hope of several generations. The white earthenware mixed with coconut milk leaks from inside of this installation and contributes to its fragility and even to its transformation during the exposure period.

1. Extract from the text by Simona Dvořáková for the Exhibition Catalogue *Par tout mais pas pour très long temps*, 2018

Aguas interiores

2018

Raw red and white earthenware, water, variable dimensions

Aguas interiores was shown in the collective exhibition *Rendez-vous*, organised for the Biennale de Lyon 2017, Centro de arte contemporáneo Wilfredo Lam, Havana, Cuba







galerie dohyanglee





Mamey

2017

Red and gray raw ceramics, wood, wicker, water, variable dimensions

Solo show *Mamey*, La Spirale, Toboggan,
en Résonance with the 14th Biennale de Lyon, Décines-Charpieu, France

Curator : Sara Alonso Gómez

With the support of La Ville de Décines-Charpieu, le Toboggan, La Médiathèque,
l'ADERA and the Collectif la Coulisse

We go through the threshold of the door of the space *La Spirale del Toboggan* and a sensation of embarrassment gets into us; the double impression of seduction and strangeness in front of an incomprehensible *situation* at the first sight. The rules of the game are not previously evocated, but the visitor should discover them step by step and then, he will accept his active and activator role in an immersive play, that invites to the circulation and the participative implication, and whose sense is not complete without assuming the previous variations.

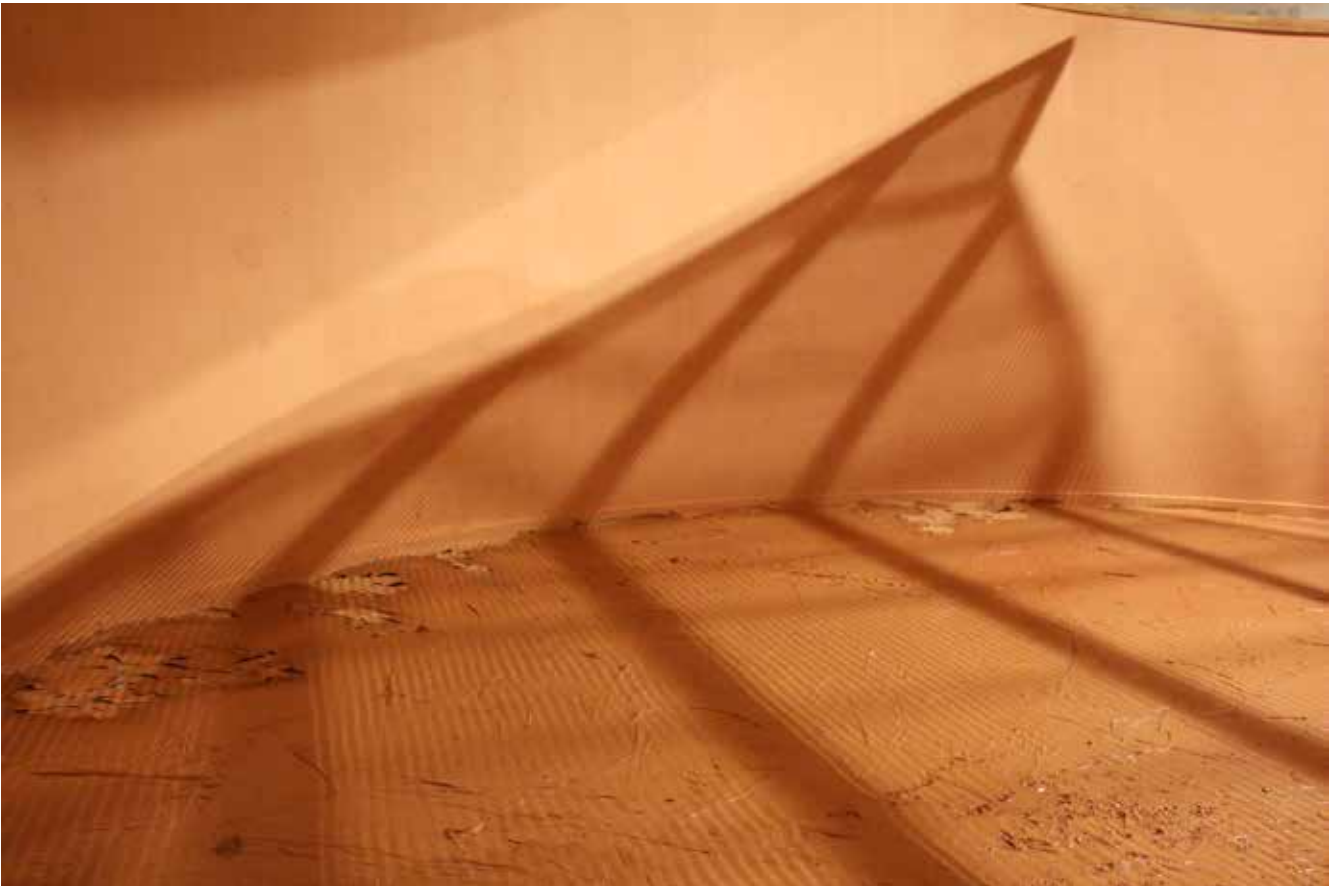
Starting from the name of an exotic fruit from West Indies (mamey), Jenny Feal invites us to accept the journey to the interior of its pulp, in a combination of sensitive experiences, even synesthetic. Their components, however, only participate in an allusive and parabolic way in order to create a new system of relations that takes distance from the realistic reproduction to undertake the way of action. Then the pulp is transformed into a stable mud lake, that invades all the surfaces of the space, and its seed of wicker (wicker is a material with great resistance and elasticity, that permits aeration, and that's why is widely used in the construction of furniture in hot countries.) suspended in the air, becomes into the small sacred chest that keeps the inaccessible things - the fortuitous existence of a small note book of annotations, twice unreachable because of the materials used for its constitution and its location, revealing this incapacity.

The experience is complete when you climb the spiral, and situate in a new position, which low angle perspective, obliges us, as in a film sequence, to move our angle and change our attitude. Our passive role of observers, change with the appearance of an incredible object (this cube is typical and frequently found in the Cuban "batey", where the slaves lived in the sugar plantations during the colony era.)

A new process starts and gives place to a cycle, that gathers different elements and factors: the transforming gesture (In the Cuban culture with afro Cuban influence, to throw water out from the domestic place, means to clean the limits of the house and to send away the bad spirits.), the water as an activator agent and the natural light as a track of its immanent temporality. And this previously steady lake, starts mutating in time and in its development, goes to the state that precedes the creation of a mud piece- manifestation widely explored by the artist, closing this way an essentially vital cycle. Return to earth?

Mamey (Mamey is a perennial fruit from the Calophyllaceae family of sweet fruits. Can be eaten and probably comes from the West Indies.) then reveals as a *black hole*, with gravity and own characteristics in its vocation to generate an infinity of possibilities and horizons of events. Not without risks and uncertainties, of course. To go through this tenuous frontier of possibilities is up to the spectator In his acceptance of the challenge that represents the adventure of a piece of art experience.

Sara Alonso Gómez, Bogotá, October 22th, 2017



galerie dohyanglee





*From the wood to the mountain range / one thousand exquisite fruits / are given to the goddess /
Tender mother Venus / takes them one by one / and approaches them to her lips /
She hardly deflowers them / mouth still impregnated / with the delicious nectar /
Enraged Cupido / finally presents / from the delicious mamey / its perfumed essence.*

(*Mamey*, by Juan Clemente Zenea, important Cuban writer of the second half of the 19th century.)

galerie dohyanglee



galerie dohyanglee







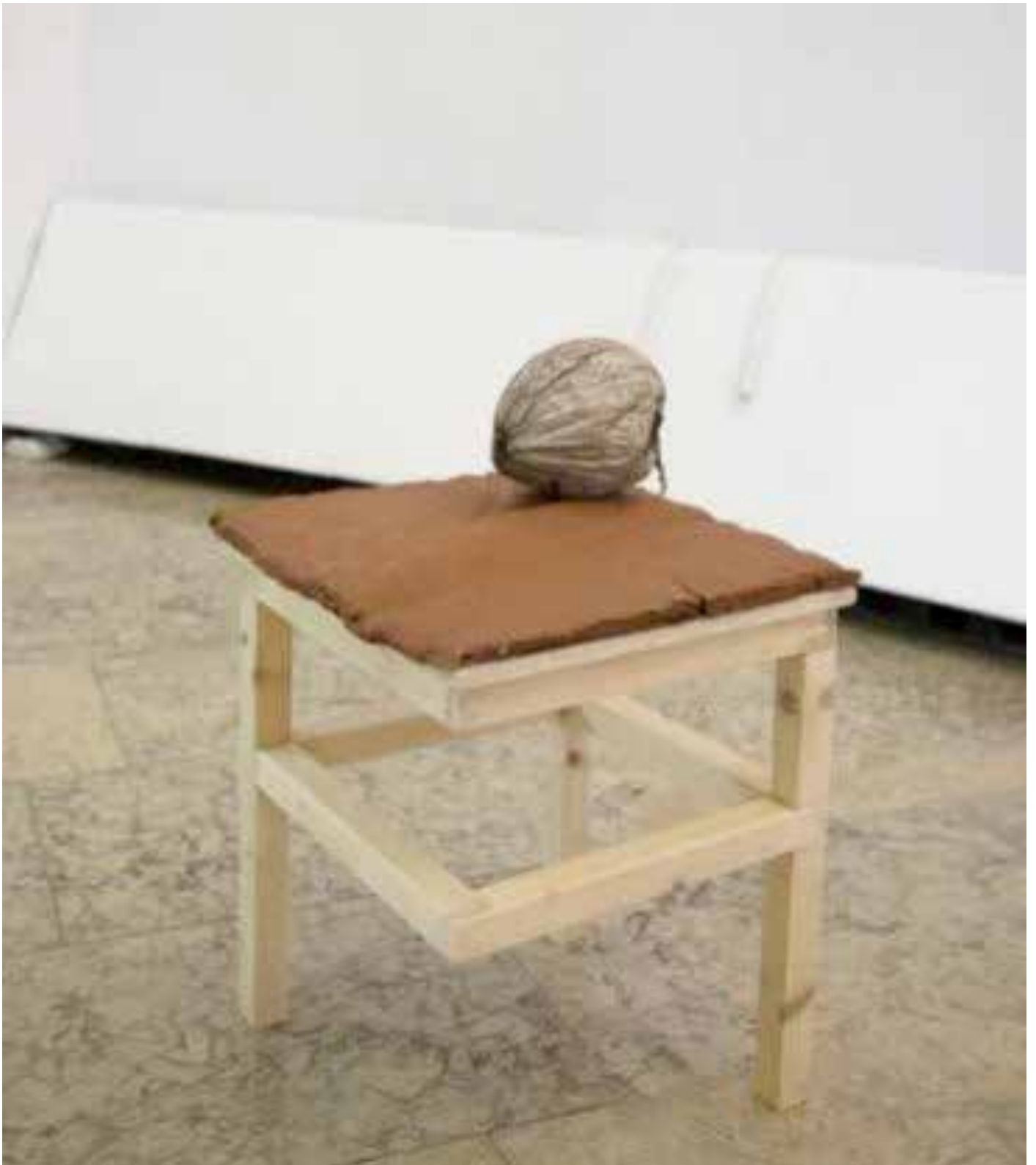
Niveles is an installation consisting of two elements in space. The first is on a wall. It is a sloping wooden shelf that carries books of gray clay. They have been crossed by a horizon of red clay. The natural colors of clay, recurrent in my work, represent two opposite ways of thinking. The second element is a little more secluded and consists of a square stool that lacks a foot. On this seat rests an arm that exposes an armpit in low relief. It reveals a sensitive, sweaty body part hidden by human geography. This moist ceramic holds a dry coconut collected during a trip to Cuba. The water of the coconut escaped, so its counterweight function on the stool balance is doubtful. The absence of water in the coconut can evoke the sensation of strangeness felt when you return from a trip. The incomplete stool is an unbalanced chair intended for reading.

Niveles (Levels)

2017

Red and gray raw ceramics, wood, coconut, variable dimensions

This proposal was part of the exhibition *Double Trouble*, Maison du livre, de l'image et du son, Villeurbanne, France







This installation presents an indefinite place, recreated with elements taken from the reality and objects invented that belong to *another reality*.

Filmed footage shows men fishing in a deep dark night. In parallel, two off voices talk about their situation of confinement on an island where they can neither see nor touch the sea, just listen. They (the voices) compare the fate of those men who launch their fishing lines to that of their neighbors on the opposite island. The island of Cocos, whose inhabitants, citizen coconuts can not access the water to causes of large sand dunes and royal palms. They must wait for the passage of a hurricane to leave the island and, once in the sea, they become fish. The two voices off then imagine solutions to escape them too.

A sea of still wet red mud dries in front of the video. In a corner, a frozen water melts in a bottle. On its label are drawn two talking coconuts. A little further, a fan prevents a lure from reaching its target. Elsewhere, a coconut has been metamorphosed into bronze fish. A mud-soaked cloth rests in front of an open window and two stools are arranged in space, one occupied by a handle and the other placed at the disposal of the viewer.

Te imaginas (You imagine)

2016

Pottery, bronze, handle, stools, fabric, fan, fishing rod, decoy, plastic bottle, variable dimensions

HD video, color, monophonic sound, 4'54"

<https://vimeo.com/184974860>

Renaud Foundation Price, ENSBA Lyon, Lyon, France

galerie dohyanglee



galerie dohyanglee



galerie dohyanglee









Le coco qui est devenu poisson

2016

Sculpture, bronze, 20 x 9 x 7 cm, unique piece



Two libraries that reflect two opposite systems of thought. One Socialist or Communist and the other Social-Democrat and Christian. They belong to the two grandparents of the artist who lived in Cuba during the Cuban revolution of 1959. One struggled to emerge from rural poverty in the hope of a better distribution of wealth and rights. The other, educated psychiatrist, poet and composer, supported economically the revolutionary ideals in its beginnings before leaving during the determined communist turn by the leaders. He was imprisoned for 17 years as a political prisoner before being exiled in the United States.

This installation reproduces integrally the socialist library of her grandfather, who stayed in Cuba, the one she met when she grew up, confronted with the library of her deceased grandfather in Miami, built according to the references and the exchanges that she could have with him.

Libraries of grandparents

2016

Raw pottery, metal, wood, paper, electric lamp, variable dimensions

In the collective exhibition *Les Enfants de Sabbat 18*, Centre d'art Creux de l'enfer, Thiers, France

galerie dohyanglee









This bronze braid was melted according to the technique of lost wax using a hair braid as a positive, rather than wax. In many cultures, the braid has a significant symbolic weight and the fact of cutting it is a sign of rupture.

Trofeo (Trophy)

2016

Bronze, 24,5 x 3 x 7 cm



This is an *anonymous* fencer portrait. On his back are his last name, Patterson, and Cub, for Cuba. This member of the fencing team of Cuba proposes a questioning about the future of his generation. The name on his back will disappear along with the golden age of Cuban sport.

Patterson

2016

Analog print, inkjet on adhesive paper, 47 x 72 cm



These are forms of clay that have two sides, one at and the other hollow. Their grouping tends to fall. Other forms that managed to join the group were arranged elsewhere in the same room.



Aquí - allá (Here - there)
2016
Clay, variable dimensions



As with the FARC, the guerrillas grow their beards as a symbol of a moment of transition and revolt. In Cuba for almost 60 years, its main leaders have preserved it. Inviting them to cut their beards, to put it gently, this sculpture proposes to leave space for the new generations.



Córtate la barba (Cut the beard)

2016

Bronze, newspapers, steel, mirror, variable dimensions



It is about a close shot of a door frame inside of a house. As we come closer, there are stains showing the wood is worm eaten. We can hear a sound coming from inside, letting us imagine who inhabit the frame.

Termites

2016

HD video,color, monophonic sound, 7'

<https://vimeo.com/217252521>

Era una isla protegida y cercada por lomas de arena blanca y fina. Además, estaba rodeada por cocoteros, pero sus habitantes los cocos, no podían acceder al agua. Solo los más viejos conocieron el mar en el pasado y debido al tiempo transcurrido, comenzaron las especulaciones sobre su existencia y la de algunos oficios como marineros, pescadores y recolectores de conchas entre otros.

El cocotero era el árbol nacional de la pequeña nación aislada. Majestuoso, verde y firme. Este árbol no inspiraba mucha confianza para algunos coco-ciudadanos.

En los últimos años hubo un calentamiento en el exterior, que entró naturalmente en la isla con gran fuerza y pasó velozmente entre las montañas de arena y los cocoteros; derribando algunos de ellos y esparciendo una nube de arena y confusión en el ambiente.

En el barrio Cocotero Bajo, hubo coco-ciudadanos desaparecidos en intervalos de tiempo diferentes, cosa muy extraña en la isla. Los mismos fueron vistos por última vez antes del paso del primer huracán, cuando salieron en circunstancias difíciles a buscar provisiones y periódicos. Nunca se dio la noticia en coco-TV y algunos coco-ciudadanos no querían compartir ciertas coco-informaciones. Pero algunos habitantes del barrio Cocotero Bajo, pensaban que los coco-ciudadanos perdidos habían sido víctimas de un raptó ambiental y que podrían encontrarse en el agua que estaba por fuera de los límites del territorio-cocal.

Los coco-ciudadanos eran dirigidos por su líder, Cara de coco, un presidente modelo con mucho carisma, seguro de sí, y que juraba entregar a sus coco-ciudadanos lo mejor para el bienestar de la nación.

Después del paso de diferentes huracanes, enviados naturalmente por el enemigo climático, los coco-ciudadanos jóvenes atraídos cada vez más por la teoría de poder transportarse con el viento, como lo hicieron al desprenderse del árbol cocotero por la fuerza de gravedad, comenzaron a preguntarse si sería realmente posible traspasar esas inmensas montañas de arena para ver la inmensidad del exterior. Con mucho miedo lograron reunirse para conversar e intercambiar leyendas, recordar experiencias contadas por sus ancestros, quienes previamente habían conocido territorios exteriores, mediante historias diversas, llenas de anécdotas cargadas de fantasías y esperanzas cocoloridas.

Los cocoteros (The coconut trees)

2016

Ink print on paper, 70 x 50 cm

Translation of the text Los cocoteros

This was an island protected and enclosed between hills of fine white sand and coconut trees, which avoided its inhabitants, coconuts, to access the water. Only the old people had known the sea in the past and due to the time elapsed since then, speculations began to run about its existence and some jobs like sailors, fishermen and collectors of shells among others.

The coconut tree was the national tree of the small and isolated nation. Majestic, green and firm. This tree did not inspire much confidence for some coconut-citizens.

In recent years there was a warm-up on the outside, which naturally entered the island with great force, making it pass quickly between sand mountains and coconut trees. Knocking down some of these, and scattering a cloud of sand and confusion into the environment.

In the neighborhood Low-Cocotero, there were coco-citizens disappeared at different periods of time, a very strange thing in the island. They were last seen before the passage of the first hurricane, making difficult to look for provisions like milk, food, newspapers, etc. The news was never given on coco-TV and some coconut-citizens did not want to share certain coco-information. However, the neighbors of Low-Cocotero, thought that the lost coco-citizens were victims of an environmental abduction and maybe they could be in the water outside the limits of local territory.

The coconut-citizens were led by their leader Coconut Face, a model president with lot of charisma and sure of himself, who swore to do the best he could for the welfare of the nation.

After different hurricanes, naturally sent by the climate enemy, young coconut-citizens increasingly attracted by the theory of being able to transport themselves with the wind, as they did when leaving the coconut tree by the force of gravity, they began to wonder if it was really possible to cross these immense mountains of sand to see the immensity of the outside. With great fear they managed to gather and exchange legends, to remember stories told by their ancestors, who had once known foreign lands. Diverse stories, full of anecdotes loaded with fantasies and colorful hopes.



This facility is a newspaper that the artist maintains since 2012, a serie that she started in Cuba, making dishes in a ceramic workshop. At that moment, she had begun to make a series of illegible writings on the plates about political questions. They were a superposition of ideas that protected themselves from possible wrong interpretations. The first dishes remained in Cuba and, arriving to Lyon, she continued writing this diary, feeding it with writings of my self-censored political resentment.

Diario (Daily)
2016

Plastic, enamel, variable dimensions

galerie dohyanglee



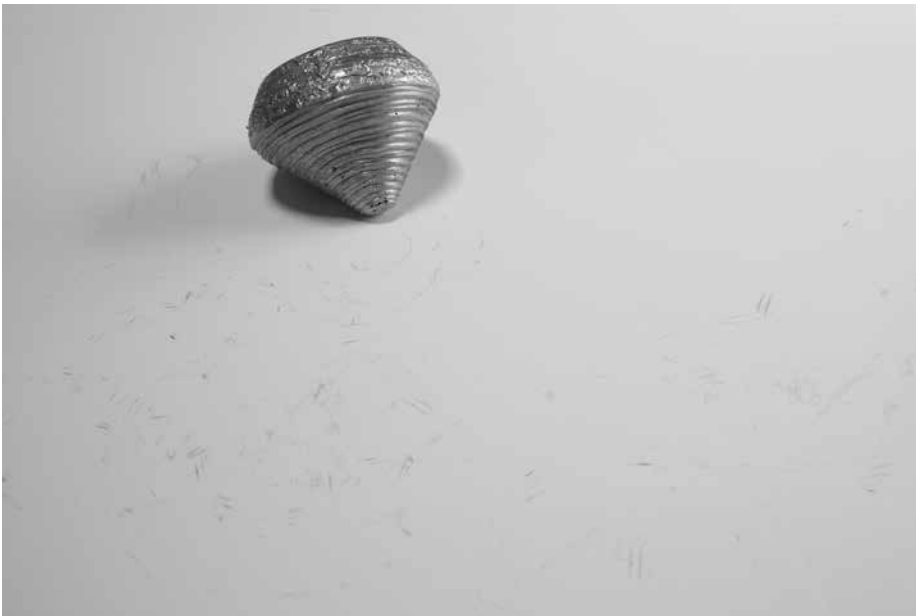


Untitled
2016

Ceramics, broom's handle, electric cable, variable dimensions



This is a writing tool that can be thought, due to its movement, that never ends. In his body is recorded an unpublished text in positive. The spinning aluminum top leaves an unreadable writing on the paper, an exographic imprint of its trajectory on it.



Trumpet of scriptures

2015

Table, engraving paper, aluminum,
80 x 176 X 86 cm



The artists brought to France some of the Cuban books that had survived the *reading* of termites in her grandfather's library. With a beautiful and dangerous journey through the words and phrases that are missing, these volumes inspired her to create her own books without text, keeping the size of the originals. The work of reference contained a set of *official* histories and ways of thinking that she does not share anymore, so she disappeared the texts.

Termite reading

2015

Paper, screen variable, dimensions

This proposal was part of the project *¿Cuántos mundos?*, Exhibition *Lejos del teclado*, 12th Biennial of Havana, Cuba
This exhibition was supported by l'Institut Français, the French Embassy in Havana, ENSBA Lyon,
the Higher Institute of Art of Havana and the Wifredo Lam Center





As time goes by, the clay dries out and the body of the clock that works on the wall is detached. A cyclical correlation is established between the two elements : time and weight.

The weight that counts

2015

Clock, clay, 30 x 30 x 6 cm

This proposal was part of the project *l'Alfabeto*, exhibition *l'Analfabeto*, La Cisterna, Villa Medici, Academy of France in Rome, Italy
This exhibition was supported by the Rhône-Alpes Region, ENSBA Lyon and Alfabeto Association



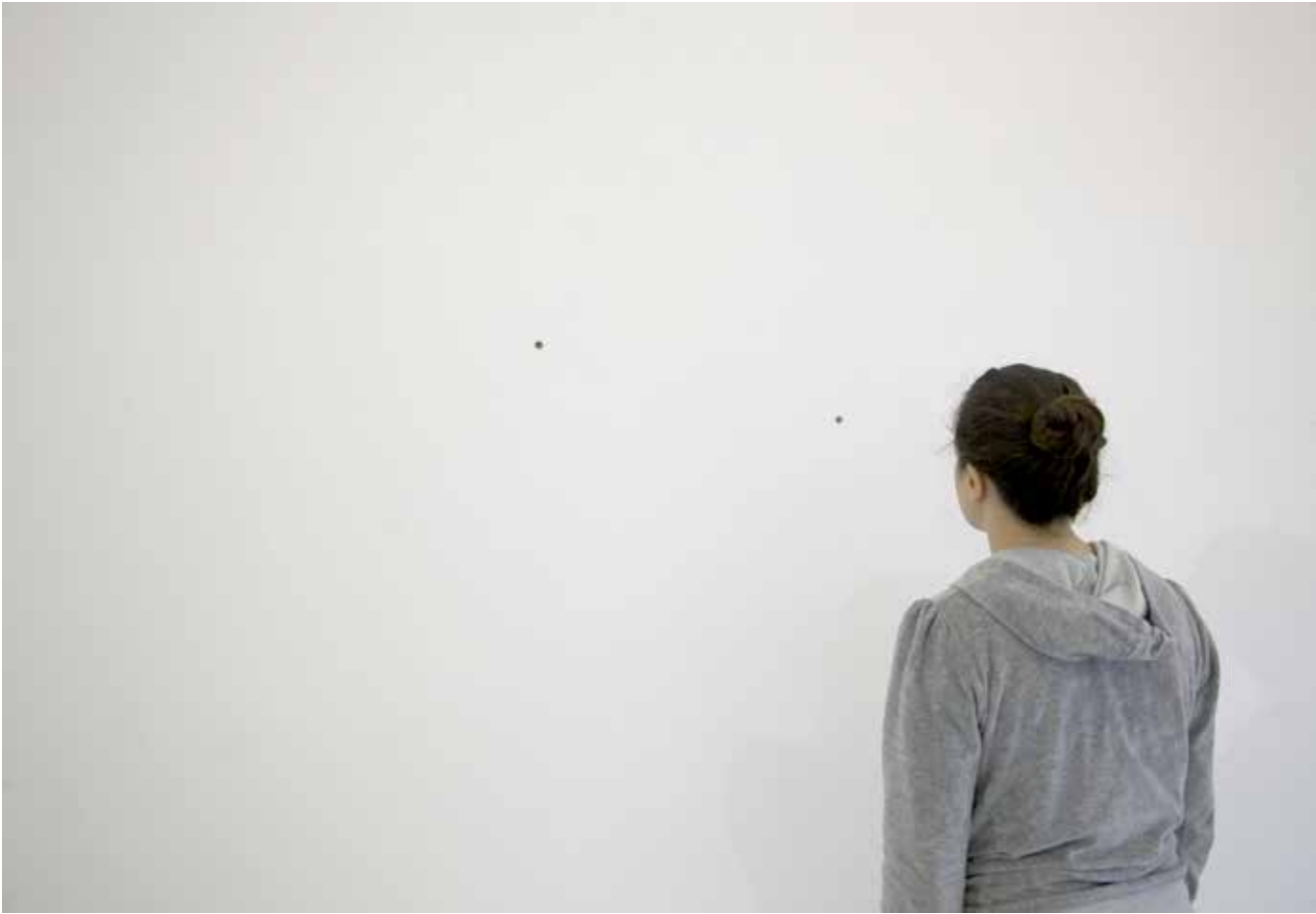
These aluminum balls are placed on this table. They are in dialogue with the two holes on the wall, suggesting a possible absurd use. These earplugs allow us to be isolated and to isolate the wall. A new situation is created in which two ideas emerge : the refusal of the words we don't want to hear anymore and the impediment for the wall to listen to us.



Earplugs

2015

Aluminum, table, plaster, variable dimensions





This installation was especially designed to be shown in La Cisterna, the exhibition hall of the Academy of France in Rome. This cistern has maintained its name and its original structure giving way to certain water entries in space, especially when it rains. Therefore, it is a particularly humid place, which walls, floors and ceilings are covered with mold. The sponges found in Cuba become cisterns, flooded and fragile bodies sometimes placed barely visible in the water entrances of this underground place. During the exhibition, they change color with water, giving the illusion of being in their natural habitat.

Cuerpo de cisternas (Body of tanks)

2015

Natural sponges of Cuban origin, water, variable dimensions

This proposal was part of the project *l'Alfabeto*, exhibition *l'Analfabeto*, La Cisterna, Villa Medici, Academy of France in Rome, Italy

This exhibition was supported by the Rhône-Alpes Region, ENSBA Lyon and Alfabeto Association



This sculpture is a floor of 63 tiles that have an embossed pattern. She drove a bicycle without stopping on the tiles. During this process, the enamel in dust was rising from the tiles with the aid of the wheels constantly moistened. The result is a moving drawing, a kind of puzzle to assemble and disassemble.



Fixed dust

2014

Clay, enamel, 220 x 310 x 3 cm



The spinning trumpet has a unique history as a traditional game. It belongs to diverse cultures, for example, to Latin American culture. This toy has constantly changed its shape in order to be adapted to the increasingly refined and sophisticated times, materials and systems in order to attract children. The trumpet is very successful with children on the streets of Havana. *Trompo* is a large-scale soap sculpture that *dances* until it disappears physically. Placed in the middle of a puddle, she will begin to melt after her fall.

Trompo (Trumpet)

2014

Soap, wood, pool liners, water , 250 x 120 x 10 cm

Within the official framework of Marseille-Provence 2013 European Capital of Culture,
5th edition of the Ephemeral Art Festival at the White House, Marseille, France





Aireando comunicación (Airing communication)

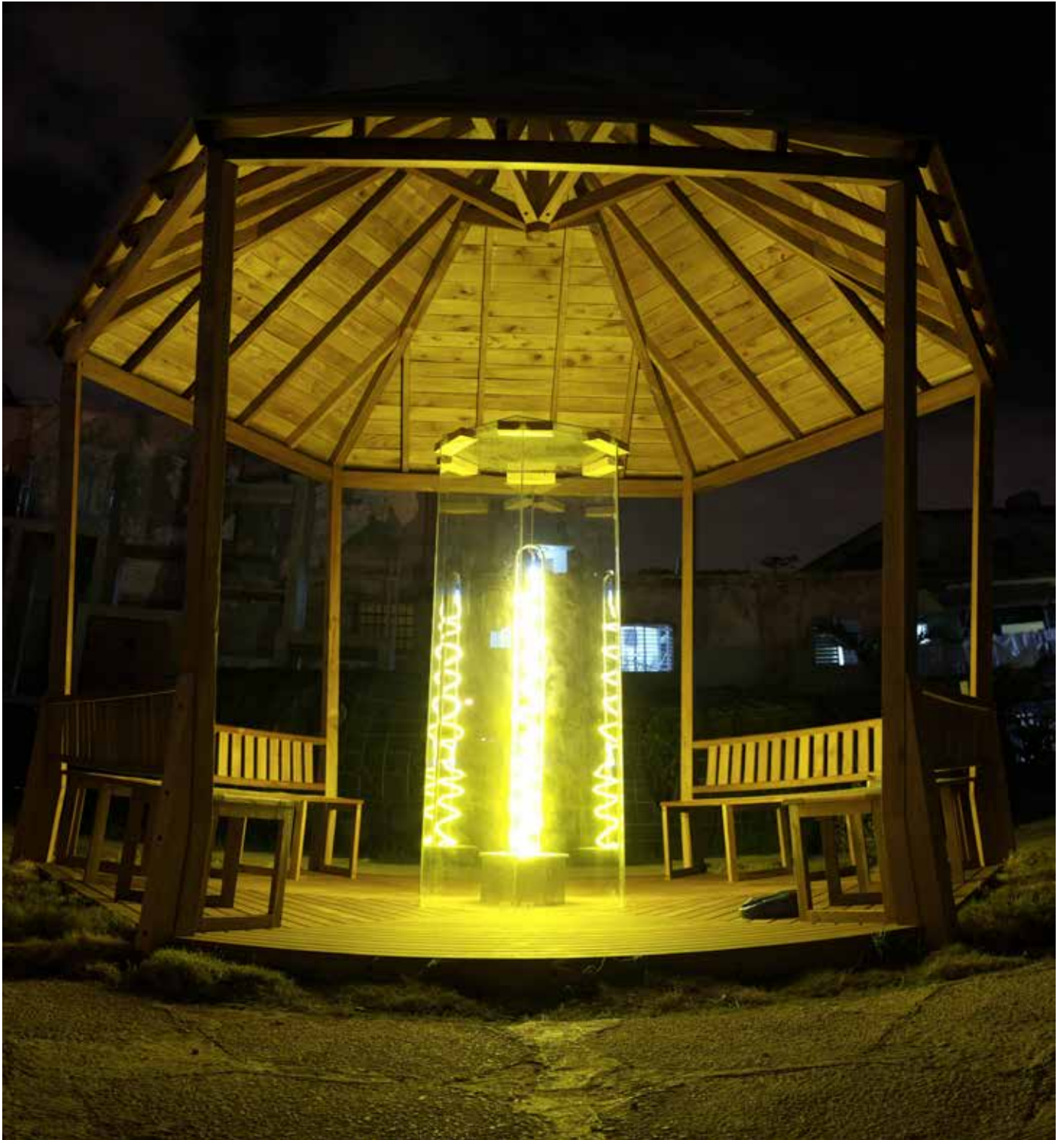
2013

Fans, extension cords, variable dimensions

Exhibition *Les appartés 4*, Galerie Domi Nostrae, Lyon, France



Everywhere exists the desire to preserve the objects, extending its useful life. The objects in general in the works of the artis acquire human characteristics. The fan as an equipment that is used to give air and, at the same time due to its use, generates in itself an overheating of the motor. In her house, this concern became a somewhat absurd obsession. When a fan is turned on, it is necessary to prepare another one as a replacement for when the one in operation is overheating. That's why, they have a good amount of fans. To release herself from all responsibility and concern, she installed a group of fans in a circle, so that they interact with each other refreshing themselves. Each fan is running to cool the fan in front and at the same time, has a neighbor working at his back. So, all fans are working together without *suffering*.



Calle Loynaz (Loynaz Street)

2012

Miscellaneous materials, 600 x 600 x 850 cm
Performances, readings and meetings inside the roundabout

Calle Loynaz (Loynaz Street) collective exhibition *Ciudad Generosa*, 3rd and E, Havana, Cuba

Within the official framework of the 11th Havana Biennial, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica

With the support of the Instituto superior de arte de La Habana, Consejo nacional de las artes plásticas de Cuba,
the French Embassy and the Spanish Embassy in Cuba

galerie dohyanglee









Calle Loynaz was the personal proposal of the artist to *Ciudad Generosa* (Generous City), a project of the collective 4th Pragmatic Pedagogical in Havana Arts University, in which she was inserted from 2009 to 2012. The main idea of this project was to build a kind of city open to all the people, where each member of the group had to conceive and manufacture his own house. A house to welcome visitors and invite them to stay, to talk and to live without pre-established time.

For her personal proposal, she was interested in the history of this small and almost forgotten park in the capital neighborhood of Vedado. It was part of the forest of Havana in 1880. The ruins that we can observe today belonged to the Trotcha Hotel, which construction dates from the late nineteenth century and was financed by Buenaventura Trotcha. The modernity of its facilities attracted the Commission of the American intervention in the early twentieth century, who were looking for a quiet place to stay in Havana. To complete the requirements imposed by US officials, an electric lighting system was installed in this hotel, possibly, the first in the country at that time.

Reading the private diary of Enrique Loynaz, brother of the poetess Dulce María Loynaz, she discovered that, during her childhood, she went to the gardens of the Trotcha Hotel to admire the electric light. This image would be the most alive memory of the childhood of Loynaz, present in her work. In the design of her house, she tried to link this story to the contemporary representations built by the neighbors of the neighborhood. Her research on the Trotcha Hotel taught her that it had a large garden with roundabouts where visitors would settle at night to chat and relax in the glow of electric light bulbs. Therefore, she designed her house as a gazebo open for everybody, as a space on the border between public and private place. In its center, she placed a large polygon of glass surrounding a neon that suggested the filament of a light bulb. Her goal was to return the light to a public space that had been left in the shade. Around this bulb, she placed wooden benches and straws, imitating those in the hotel at the beginning of the last century. On the floor of the gazebo there were two footprints of ceramic. Originally, these were her own footprints. However, after the ceramic burnt, they reduced in size, making them look like the footprints of a child, remembering Dulce María Loynaz when she came to admire the lights of the hotel. The poetess was somehow present in her space through these forms.

Three weeks before the inauguration of *Ciudad Generosa*, the Cuban State denied her permission to work in the Trotcha Park, because it was located at one of the avenues taken daily by the President of the Republic. The organizers offered them a new park located a few blocks from there. Her work was deeply tied to the history of the Trotcha Park, it seemed absurd to me to present it in the other park. Finally, she decided to install my gazebo in the second park, but creating a link with the other place through performances.

Every day she wore clothes similar to those used in the early twentieth century and read poems written by Dulce María Loynaz in her gazebo. At night, the light projected by the bulb attracted people who came to share stories, poems and moments. According to the name of our city, each artist should generously give a souvenir to the visitors. In her case, she gave them small mirrors, so that the visitor could play, expand and communicate with the light bulb reflections and, somehow, take some of the light from her house with them.

The last day of *Ciudad Generosa*, she made a performance to connect both parks. She went to Trotcha Park and walked among the ruins.

Performance Description : After a few minutes, she turned on a small flashlight she had in my hands. She walked and thanks to the light, she drew in the air my roundabout, the light bulb exactly where she had originally planned to install. With the light on, she made the walk for *Ciudad Generosa*. When she arrived to the park, everything was dim, in order to metaphorically return the spirit of light. The moment she set foot in the gazebo, the giant light bulb turned on. she sat down and started to play with the light and the mirrors, depositing them on the floor around the light bulb. Step by step, the audience approached and spontaneously began to play with the reflections of light using their mirrors.

galerie dohyanglee



Control de calidad (Quality control)

2013

Clay, enamel, hammer, glasses, gloves (performance), variable dimensions

Collective exhibition *Trust*, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica, Galería Factoría Habana, Havana, Cuba



The bowls present in the installation were produced manually using the same matrices during three months. Their surfaces reveal differences between them; textures and common mistakes during the drying and enameling of ceramics. In this proposal the manual and industrial work are confronted in the quality of the artist's production as a worker. The primacy of Cuban industry prioritizes quantity over quality. The fulfillment of quantitative objectives given by the State blinds the quality of the result. The duty to commit quantitative objectives without worrying about the nature of the outcome are very present approaches in the Cuban economy.



**Cuba prevé un crecimiento económico del 3,1 % para el 2011
(Cuba expects economic growth of 3.1% for 2011)**

2011

Clay, concrete, variable dimensions

Collective exhibition *Banca Rota*, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica, The Royal Bank of Canada, Havana, Cuba



This installation was made at the Royal Bank of Canada in Old Havana, currently in ruins. Speaking in a context where money and economic presence reigned during its golden age, lies this place, a royal bank that has now become past, under the shadows and debris of the oldest of our Havana's. In the middle of a global economic crisis, from which the artist is not sure, if Cuba participates or escapes, economic plans are being drawn. How can Cuba achieve an economical growth of 3.1%, if China proposes to reach 8% this year? Perhaps it would be utopian to think about how a 3.1% growth in our lives can truly be reflected in a country that knows the crisis very well or knows how to differentiate it from blossoming moments in our economy. 2011 is going to be a tough year in which 146,000 state jobs will be definitively abolished and 351,000 public employees are expected to move to other forms of self-employment. I place this repetitive figure in uncooked clay on a column of crude cement. A very illusory 3.1% in a space that was a luxury bank before The Cuban Revolution. Routes, restored or newly placed, each piece proposes to question a true meaning of what that figure represents.



This body lets us see through its interior the transparent element on which is floating. An object, whose relation with the water is inevitable. In this case, it gives us access to a world usually far from our hands, floating on a sea of clarity, without fixations and without limits like an endless filter.

Tragante (Drain's)

2013

Analog print, inkjet printing on paper, 36 x 24 cm

Collective exhibition *Classpool*, 4ta Pragmática Pedagógica, Private House, Havana, Cuba