



## PORQUE ME DA LA GANA NATUKA HONRUBIA

DECEMBER 21, 2023- FEBRUARY 3, 2024

Opening: December 21 at 6 p.m.

### Real fantasy in three spaces

And all is one, the conscious, the unconscious and the purification of art with no deception. Take a good look at them. Be careful with the little signage. Don't forget the apprehension. Take into account the other, and get an understanding circulating to inquire into the balance in the order of eternal cycles.

Here is an exhibition with artworks, legends and sculptural awakenings. Animals, toys, babies in communicating vessels. Sensitive and delicate material revealed, slit wide open, with no deceptions. Sometimes they smile, even if one cannot see it; sometimes, even if one doesn't interpret it. Sometimes, even if it hurts. In the dilemma between painting and literature, there is a continuity of the contingency between language and the pencil. The origin, which shapes and releases the hand, which doesn't work alone. That is Natuka Honrubia. Remember her name and her exhibition to the public because it is anything—life, real, monstrous? —but ornamental.

*Because I feel like it (Porque me da la gana)* or regarding the achievement of coming out of my own world, could be a map with twists and turns that a girl can see with clean spectacles in spite of all the crap. Or because of it. It is a dedication from an artist to be contemplated in all its detail while watching from afar, because in fact it is very close. If not, there is a risk of interpreting any perspective without the other—which, as you know, leads to oversights.

It is a questioning of coercion, which is worse if invisible, with the courage and the desire for you to sleep well. What's that about having to explain anything when someone gets on your nerves? Once upon a time there was a love at first sight. A love on the fly with spring in bloom when a sudden cramp sets in and it begins to rain. A story with what comes after, and which always comes back, when sensations slither rolled up in a game of dice; stitched together between lightness and a twist of fate, which sets alight the fuse life after life. And all so that the anemones in the depths squander sea salt and hallelujah!

Beings, at last, alive in an interpellation. It is an art in search of heads that work, playing at not allowing erasure when one listens and pays attention and understands, and beingbold is worthy of distinction. Telling stories that are not created but for almost somebody. Don't tangle me up with that story again, the neighbour might sing. *Cómo quieres que te quiera, si tú no estás aquí (How can you want me to love you, if you're not here)*<sup>1</sup>; that melody. They are remnants that emerge and take over with no payback. Although—or because—it is inevitable that one language emulsifies another, what if not a collage in our time to take that which is required to observe, breathe deeply and find calm, alone or in company, fishing for plastic; the piece has value without written justification.

First of all, she is precise in creation and dedication, and the freedom required by the avenue with no way back. First of all, it is an experience that listens to objects, their divergences between flatness and dimensions. With no meaning. And first of all, there is dialogue between what is imagined and existences.

Endeavour; so many times in the supermarket seeking solutions to solve the painting and assemble the materials, at first, on the surface...Technique? Between some and Pluto's head, not ceasing to dare with her devil. To debate whether the opposite of the cognitive is an angel. Her girlfriend, it is well documented, is longer than she is tall.

It always gives results to look faithfully inside your head. Within the widenings, the failure implied by terror is shared, which will gradually turn out to be a privilege. And here, in search of paper, in making good use of work while Los Chunguitos<sup>ii</sup> play.

From *Twelve Angry Men* to *Night falls on Manhattan*, at the bottom of the hoarding on a day like today perhaps someone may be able to make out *Critical Care*. And only then will they see women involved in children's games. Take note, you who don't dare to look. Take your time, because there is colouring. Green, how I want you green (*Verde que te quiero verde*)<sup>iii</sup>. And all is one, the conscious, the unconscious and the purification of art with no deception.

María Tomás. Writer.

Translation by Gary Smith (Glokalize)

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<sup>i</sup> Excerpt from the song *Nunca estoy* by C-Tangana.

<sup>ii</sup> Spanish rumba flamenca group.

<sup>iii</sup> Excerpt from the song *Verde* by Manzanita, from the poem *Romance Sonámbulo (Sleepwalking Ballad)* by Federico García Lorca.