



09 - 2018
Oil/Paper
90 x 100 cm

GEOMETRÍAS DE LA MEMORIA LIDÓN ARTERO

DECEMBER,13 2025 – FEBRUARY,14 2026
OPENING AT 12h.

WHISPERINGS

Create a diary by tirelessly collecting fragments and collecting fragments tirelessly for her diary. Over time, connect the pieces in search of that which cannot be spoken of, of that which she cannot speak about. She knows that the link between language and the world is dreadfully weak and that language has been deteriorating over the years, worn down by a use filled with countless perversions.

She decides then not to raise her voice and to eliminate histrionics. She decides that her actions should be modest, so she addresses only to those who are willing to bother to listen. There is something ancestrally feminine in her actions; she waits for the arrival of dusk to whisper her yearnings to us.

During the day, she drifts through the mists of her inner world, pondering accidents without merit. She has been distracted by the red hat of a sweating passerby and by the kindness of the Lexus driver who yielded the right of way. She has chosen photographs from old magazines and paused to admire the displays of many patisseries, one of them offering only mouth-watering bites of cheesecake and mere fragments of cheesecakes, something she thought she would never sell. However, she would do so if a piece of cake came with the dismembered arm of an old doll. Another piece alongside an incomprehensible collage of paper and wood, and yet another, inseparable from the strong scent and the button of an old, presumptuous dandy's waistcoat.

This is how she would work

This is how she works

A point as a beginning

A net

A partially coloured net, a game of connections learned in a home where women were constantly knitting and never raised their voices. They would always whisper.

In that home, life wandered along tangents.

"Language knows nothing of my closed mouth. Language dies away when the image speaks to me of the wind, an autumn wind that chills me after passing through a tangle of branches in an unbreathable forest that conceals my astonishment at the presence of a single tree without roots.

That day I walked with a desire to dance. My arms disrupted the sensibility of movement with strange and wrathful twists. Composure escaped me, and in the spasms, I thought I would turn into dry branches, tree nothing more than dry branches, a network of branches that would slowly envelop me with gentleness, a network that would decompose into fine and repeated parallel lines, forming eerie landscapes close to silence.

Sorrow, bonds, obsessions, and anxiety. Your statement is blasphemy.

I never use phrases in capital letters, I never write pamphlets against the academy, nor do I believe that chaos is the only truth, and yet...

Weaving obsessive nets whose colour whispers

Of threatened landscapes.

Blood and darkness

Solitude and desire.

Precise clots engendering obsessive nets

Whispering landscapes of blood, darkness, solitude, and desire."

II

In Bela Tarr's films, main characters are not the characters themselves but the long tracking shots and the dreadful environmental conditions.

The gaze expands in his dark and endless long takes filled with air and rain.

Lidón Artero's work also compels us to slowly traverse her landscapes:

A hill with two rows of withered trees.

And above them,

A tangle of gnarled branches attempting to intercourse

While scattered notes of a sad piano are heard.

On the horizon, the light escapes

And the thickness frames and invades.

The whispered desire

Timidly

Announces itself.

And life strolls along tangents.

Pepe Romero

References:

Greek Lessons. Han Kang. Random House

Cuentos atados a la pata de un lobo (Stories Tied to the Paw of a Wolf). Angélica Liddell. Malas Tierras Ed.

Satantango 1994. Béla Tarr and László Krasznahorkai

The Turin Horse. 2011. Béla Tarr