

The **Invisible** **Man**

JOTA CASTRO

THE INVISIBLE MAN HAS MY FACE

WORLD 01

One of these days
I'll have to decide where I'm from.

Wrapped up in you, culture, I left home
Thinking of distancing myself from all for your sake,

First lie I left for you, mother!

Like a Chinese who's proud of his new buildings,
I forgot to see the shit that covered your woman's life,
And again like a Chinese:
I didn't want to hear the cries of hundreds of thousands of lost souls
Like that Chinese, I left mixed up and alone.

From the airport where one guy lost his wings crossing the Alps
I saw my homeland for the last time;
I looked into my face for the last time.
I left my coast without seeing my forests,
My imaginary Indian, Swiss mountain with windy slopes are still there.
In my memory I had to decide if it was going to be Camus or Sartre,
It was Paris and its realities, which offend the Christians,
Which repelled the tepid faceless being, who had gone forth with faith
only...

BRU VI

When the more influential newspapers of the world talk about invisible
populations

In major Western societies, what are they really talking about?
What does the invisible social body of France consist of, for instance?
Does invisible mean of uncertain color?
Or simply different from the perfect French citizen?

Or does invisible mean without any future?

It's difficult to know why this topic worries me so; sometimes I think
it is because of
The color of my skin, and that bothers me because it obliges me to
accept that race continues to be a factor
That can alter a person's intellectual behavior at some moment of his life.

WORLD 02

And I killed, and I killed and I killed, I traveled and finally I saw over my
left shoulder;
I saw another internationalist Nigger roaring with laughter
Lebanese, Cuban, Syrian, Peruvian, Argentinean, and Irish they were all
roaring with laughter.
Before dying: smile.
Before loving: smile.

Before emigrating: smile.

Before walking the streets of the big city: wrap yourself up in the
invisibility of the poor,
And meander through any Babylon, your body transparent but your soul full.
Again my dead laugh, and I smile with them recalling that African sun,
Those skins that tear more brutally than a Soutine, and that smell,
and in the end,
As in the song, a kiss and farewell, revolution.

BRU VI

Before working: forget.

The fear running through Europe's veins has no face
No smell
But has a name: the other, the different future.

Yesterday in China the president of my republic said:
Free translation,

Trading with the empire of the blind
Would allow us all to be one-eyed: the dignity of the human being
Is not respected at all; but trains and nuclear power stations are up
for sale, and that is our best answer to their
Cheap shoes and mp3 players as plentiful as there are consumers in Europe.
Let them come invisible, visible mass, but visible their consumption, let
them suffer far away from us...
Let them consume close by, and let them suffer further and further away...

A country created a myth: the liberty that bathed the world in blood
in its name, and today that same country,
Sits atop of me and of everybody else, all perfumes of the world
united, don't let yourself be sold, stink like our times, be a permanent
colorless stain, be old and
purulent like old regencies, be transparent: the color of our times.

Be distant and forget if the marvelous whores of my country...
who always sold themselves
To the passing time without objecting to your white temples.
I dream of a Community building,
As I walk into the office building that serves as the hideout of
15,000 Eurocrats I see to the left, again, an old gypsy woman straight
out of storybooks panhandling like the hundreds of lobbyists and
ministers of the entire world, nobody sees them they're transparent in
this panhandling center that the Berlaymont has become.

WORLD 03

You have no name,
No borders,
The sky follows you everywhere,
Your blue is dyed grey when you don't want it
Your gods no longer exist
And your floor

Smiles at your face when you hide yourself.

Yesterday I saw you on TV, in your marine version, salty you were,
Nigger you are.

Seeing you I saw myself, drawing problems,
Filling my world of stone with castles
I saw your genitals steaming the air
And once more I went out transparent,
Visible only as a problem
Invisible only as a theme.

BRU VI

A pair of pants and a t-shirt, are they a set?
Or a way of paying less duty?

A head of garlic at minus 2, is that a frozen product?
Or fresh tomorrow with less duty?

Thus we think today of visible products and invisible men,
Nobody can be entirely software, not you, not me,
Not Europe,

My neighborhood in Europe is dyed suit-grey,
Grey the day,
Grey the bread,
Grey the frozen head of garlic,
Grey the frozen chicken,
Grey the Parliament, which forgets about China and rejoices
inregulated trade

Millions of cheap shoes and t-shirts
Fly all around the world, sail its oceans,
Avoid the conflicts and the smell of the poverty, turn here again to my left
Not tasty like mango pits

Not desirable biblical names

They are detachable pieces

That shine because of their numbers.

It's already midday in Brussels

The sun remembers the Invisible and the Grey and rises like Priapus

Mother, there is a wide and alien world not called Paris,

It is called globalized world, not any more Hispanic or Portuguese,

Nor Christian or Muslim

Its name is whatever you choose to call it,

If you can afford it

WORLD 04

Te recuerdo, Amanda, la calle mojada... I heard that 73 times before

Wanting to go to the world where I would be invisible

The Night, my beloved companion, says I know what you are, but I don't
care.

I have enough light to cover your sorrow.

And I reply that an invisible man is not afraid of ceasing to be,
Only of being somewhere...

I wake up; reach for my gun, dream of Cuba and its color, I dream of Algiers

And its beautiful whores,

I dream of snakes, in my mother tongue.

I no longer remember what I dream of, all I know is that I don't know;

Classical root of my problem.

I want to kill and don't know why

I want to survive and don't know why

I want to frighten Mr Bogeyman and don't know why.

Being invisible is like being loved,

You just need one person who sees

And life is a carnival.

BRU VII

The European constitution, failed and beautiful like us
Is already as invisible as we are!

Something is happening because Brussels laughs,
Not only of itself and its complexes
But of its grief
Lights up with our colors
Hardware of the world where it can be invisible.

The Euro tightens its belt, which grows to the rhythm of its borders
New walls cover our tomatoes, they are white and go from
Almeria to Amsterdam,
Our ideas take refuge in Bologna or Venice,
Berlin and London are startled
Madrid dreams its own dream
Paris burns black

And we, the invisible
From here or elsewhere;
Dodge grief and
Forget the distant shame of the Slovakian philosopher
Shoo away the death
That brings life to the elders of the grey world
Work Black Man, consume, and don't forget your people
Don't dream with Cayucos
Daydream
Dream of men and women dressed in grey
Who rule the world without knowing it
Observe them and screech the ground over your anger...
Let them also open their veins...

The president of the meeting tells the interpreter that the

Meeting must go on, and the interpreter, wise in
Years more than wisdom,
Replies that the rule says that everything has its time
That tomorrow is another day.

WORLD 05

We, invisibles, have known that since our first dream.

PS.: I would like to end by copying out some verses of someone who loved the rain,
and who perhaps knew Brussels ; someone who wrote a piece that could well be the
national hymn of the invisibles. It goes: «Proletarian who dies of universe, in what frantic
harmony / your grandeur will end, your extreme poverty, your impelling whirlpool, / your
methodical violence, your theoretical & practical chaos, your Dantesque wish, / so very
Spanish, to love, even treacherously, your enemy!»

Fairy lights



Xie Xie

Xie Xie means 'thank you' in chinese.

The misery of a woman somewhere in China gave me what
I most dearly love.



La niña la pinta la santa maria



Morpheus

Morpheus is the god of dreams in Greek mythology.

This malian mask of virility is normally given to young adults.

Those same young adults who, because they are dreaming of a better life, embark on makeshift boats to try to reach Europe.

The mask is used horizontally instead of vertically and upside down in order to symbolize one of those makeshift boats.

With this gesture the mask embodies the paradox of emigration: leaving behind everything in order to help those who are left behind to survive.



Zauberwürfel



Amazonas



Amazonas is just like toilet paper. We use it, some even abuse it, we do not think so much about it, it is there for our convenience and some people take it for granted. But it will not last forever.

Shanghai



A circular jumble of large scale
Mikado sticks.

This is what international finance
is nowadays.

Whatever the game you are
playing, it will have repercussions
somewhere in the world.

The word Shanghai is the Italian
word for *Mikado*.

Ab Intestat

Ab Intestat (Intestate) makes an inherent irony manifest: man cannot be grown in the same way as a plant. This aims to explore the complexity of problems affecting humanity in the poorest part of the planet. It also touches upon the impact of environmental challenges, its protection or neglect, and how this affects the economy.



Uncomfortable handcuffs



Definition of uncomfortable:

conducive to or feeling mental discomfort.

Providing or experiencing physical discomfort.

Mortgage



The term mortgage comes from the Old French «dead pledge», apparently meaning that the pledge ends (dies) either when the obligation is fulfilled or the property is taken through foreclosure. The word «mort» in french means death.

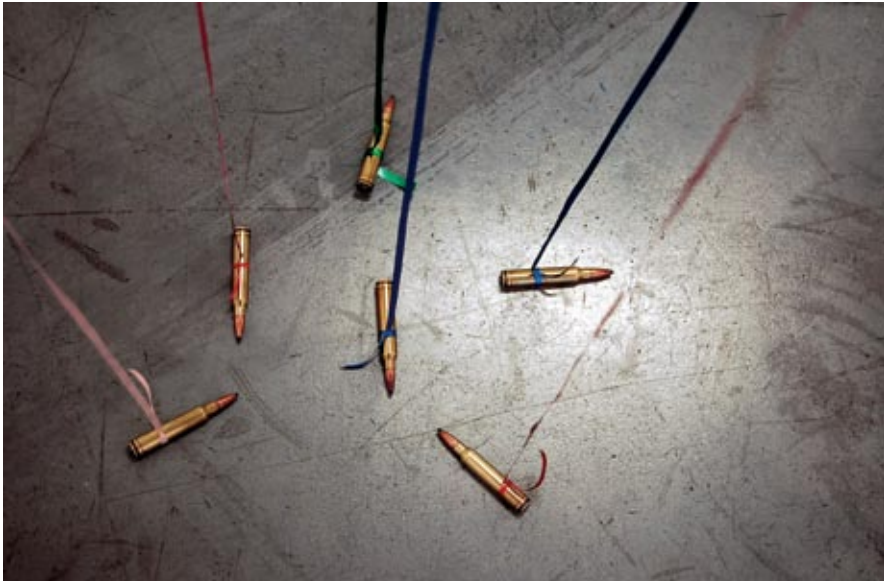
Lagrimas negras



As long as our world will need
fossil energy, fights will go on
and the world will cry black tears.

GO KIDS GO!





This is a colourful installation, full of joy until the moment when the eye alights upon what anchors the Go Kids Go balloons... bullets.



This work explores what it means to be a child afflicted by violence, in some areas of the world, violence that plunges a child into trauma which affects his/her childhood, and the rest of his/her life.

Private Dancer



2009



Private Dancer is based around the universal symbol: the dollar.

The dollar takes on a phallic form.

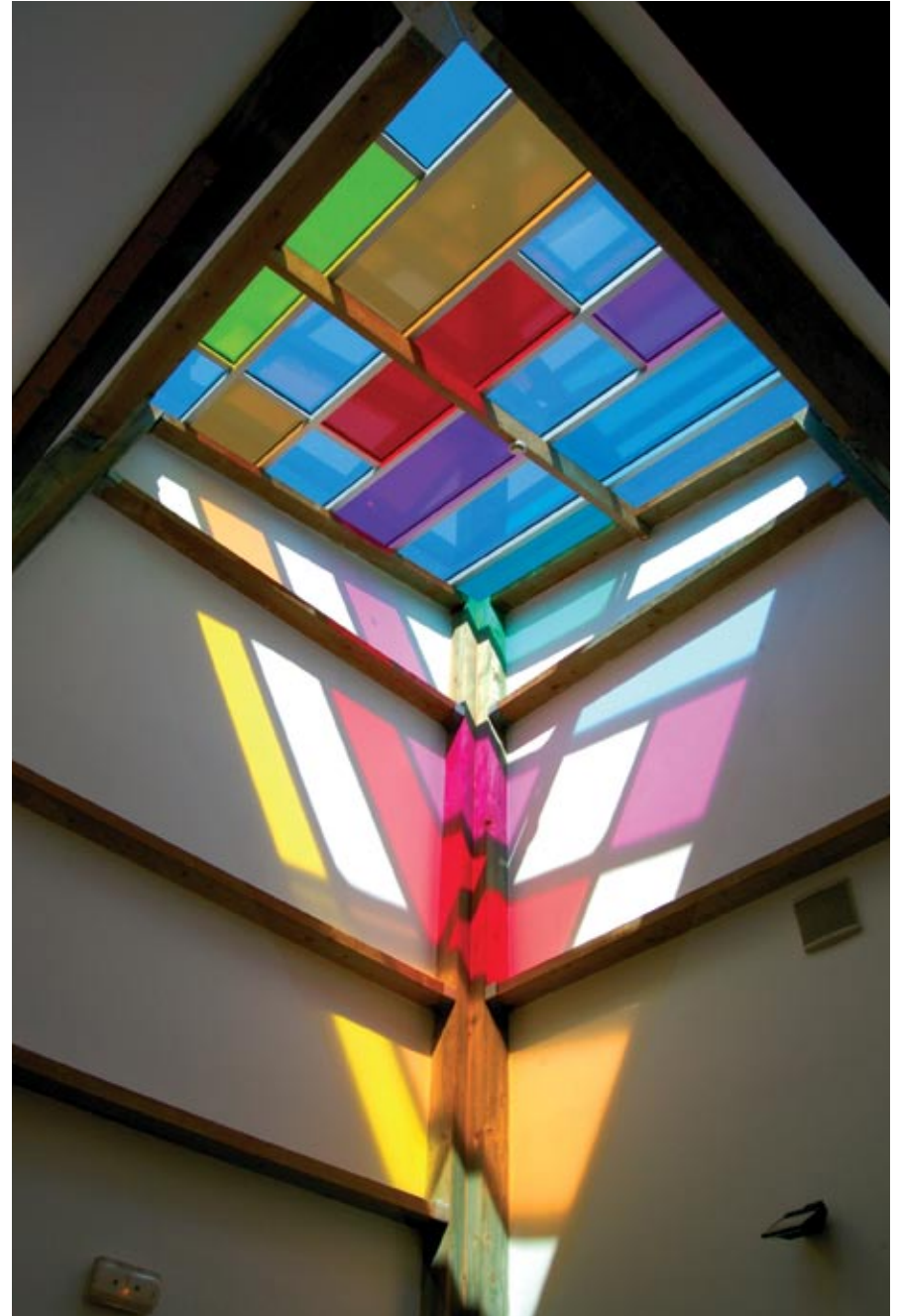
The whole world is dancing to the same music, a dance between what you are longing for but cannot have; uncertainty in a world where we all wish we had a fistful of dollars in our knickers.

Somewhere over the rainbow

One day I will forget even my name
But today
I write and I am what I write
I am afraid beyond the rainbow, if only I
could
Forget only the evil, this would not disturb
me
If the face of my daughter disappeared
from my memory
The taste of my wife's skin, what would I
be left with
To be honest, beyond the rainbow
I have trouble with my memory and tonight
I want to engrave
My adult life into a piece of my being.
Unknown to the gods and to disease, a
safe place
For me to remember...
And then I understand that the evil is
mixed in with the good, that for each joy
there is a pain, and that behind the rain is
a rainbow.



*Charles Richet Hospital,
Villers Le Bel, France*



Tricky



These balls, made in China, are the epitome of the neo capitalist system and the rush towards low-cost. But they are covered with barbed wire. They represent modern slavery. Our development model has created economic prisons.

Tricky is a delicate interplay and balance between a financial jackpot and a lack of freedom.

Ebay01

All the materials used to make this work were bought on ebay.



La palabra de los mudos



La Palabra de los Mudos is a performance about communication barriers and the need for inclusion in the context of the emergence of an integrated global scene.



A highly political and personal speech was delivered in sign language in front of an audience who in its great majority could not understand what was going on. This performance took place during the V Summit of Heads of State and Government of Latin America, the Caribbean and the European Union.



Sleep tight



I saw my grandfather's lust and my grandmother's furtive look, and then I saw five little girls taken out of the convent as soon as their first period arrived. I saw their surprise and their pain. I saw the force of a pathological desire.

I saw from where I came and why I left.

Since then, death has done its job and carried away my mother and her secrets.

I have remained with my answers and a sense of emptiness.

When a problem is finally given a name, its space is defined, it has an outer edge and everything becomes possible.

It is of this possibility that I speak in this exhibition.

I am not guilty and I have finally accepted that.

Family secrets are the silences of a lifetime.

Brussels, a day of sorrow.

It took me a long time before I could tie up the different strands of my story.

The truth was only spoken after thousands of miles and long hours of therapeutic conversation.

After years of separation I had the opportunity to see my mother again before she died.

I was able to speak to her one evening in Rome. In our memories we returned together to the forest in Peru and finally from her lips came my story.



La hucha de los Incas

I am not sure whether in Spain or in any European country, the history of the conquest is taught in the same way as in Latin America.

I remember that as a child I was very surprised by the story of the rescue ransom proposed by the Incas to recover Atahualpa. An enormous place was filled with gold and silver brought in from the entire empire to save our king.

It was useless, the Conquerors killed him anyway.

To my surprise, when I told this story to friends from some of the poorest countries in the world I discovered that they all had stories of paid ransoms, unkept promises and executed or, in the best cases, exiled kings.

To simplify the problem and visualise it better, all individuals from the third world who were raised in a colonised country are potential Incas; they have paid a ransom, their language, sometimes their religion, their guilt, their trauma, without being able to save their Inca.

Fill the moneybox to the brink and we will see later what to do with the depreciated money and with my complexes.



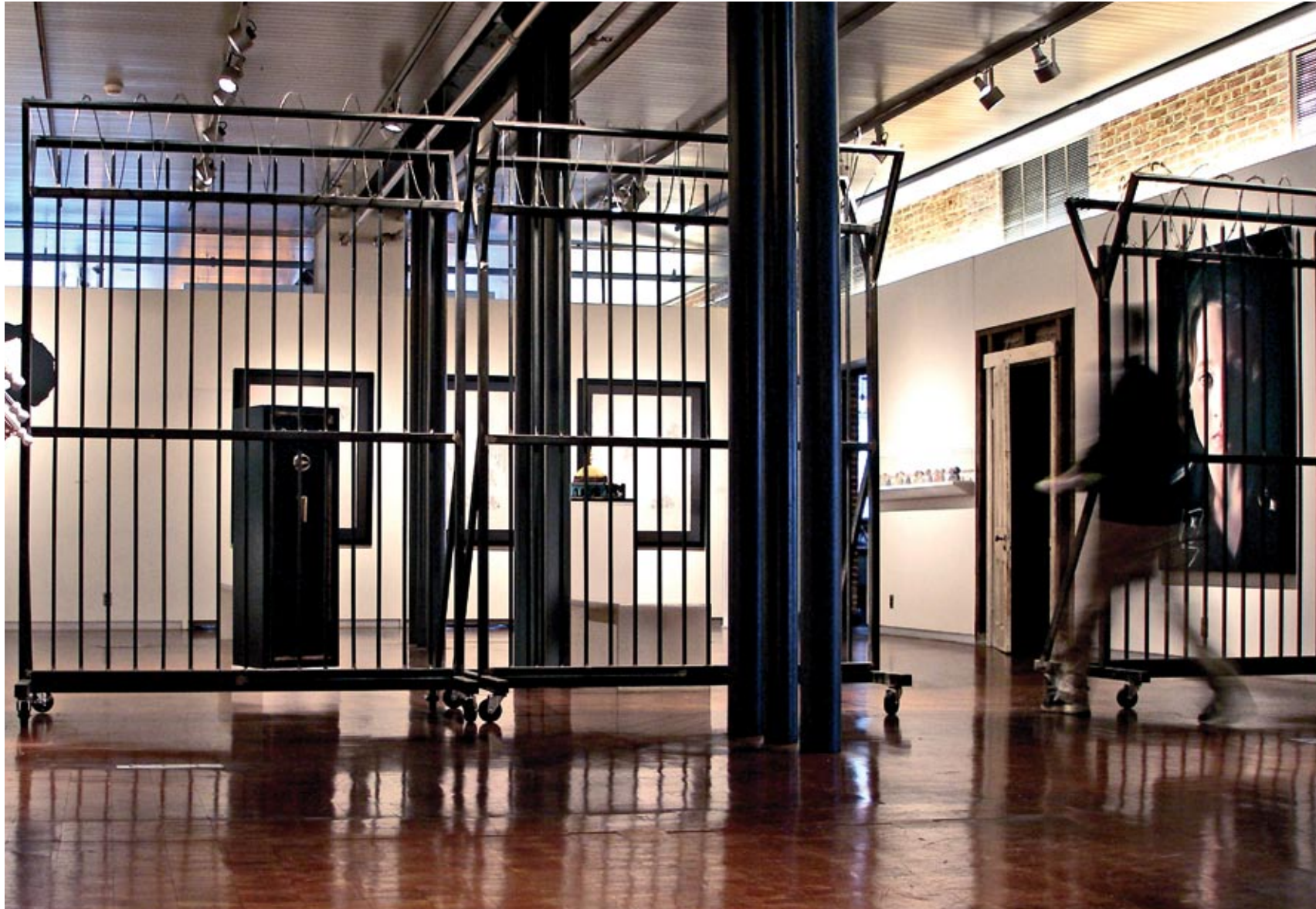
Motherfuckers



Motherfuckers never die

Juan Abelló	Adam Lindemann
Paul Allen	Margaret & Daniel S. Loeb
Plácido Arango	Vicki & Kent Logan
Hélène & Bernard Arnault	Eugenio López Alonso
Armando Andrade	Ninah & Michael Lynne
Hans Rasmus Astrup	Luigi Maramotti
Debra & Leon Black	Martin Z. Margulies
Christian Boros	Pierluigi Mazzari
Udo Brandhorst	Julie & Edward J. Minskoff
Edythe L. & Eli Broad	Philip S. Niarchos
Frieder Burda	Peter Norton
Joop van Caldenborgh	Maja Oeri & Hans U. Bodenmann
Angelo & Francesca Chianale	Sammy Ofer
Ella Fontanals Cisneros	Judy & Michael Ovitz
Patricia Phelps de Cisneros	Giuseppe Panza di Biumo
Cheryl & Frank Cohen	Gregory Papadimitriou
Steven Cohen	Mary & John Pappajohn
Paolo Consolandi	Bernardo Paz & Adriana Varejão
Eduardo Costantini	François Pinault
Rosa & Carlos de la Cruz	Miuccia Prada
Dimitri Daskalopoulos	Renato Preti
Eric Decelle	Cindy & Howard Rachofsky
Lieven Declerck	Patrizia Sandretto Re Rebaudengo
Charles Diamond	Louise & Leonard Riggio
Ernesto Esposito	Ellen & Michael Ringier
Doris & Donald Fisher	Aby J. Rosen
Aaron I. Fleischman	Eric de Rothschild
Friedrich Christian Flick	Mera & Donald Rubell
Maxine & Stuart Frankel	Charles Saatchi
Soichiro Fukutake	Kathy & Keith Sachs
Antoine de Galbert	Tatsumi Sato
Danielle & David Ganek	Ute & Rudolf Scharpff
David Geffen	Eric Schmidt
Josée & Marc Gensollen	Helen & Charles Schwab
Ingvild Goetz	Adam D. Sender
Giuliano Gori	Jeffrey Steiner
Nathalie & Charles de Gunzburg	Beth Swofford
Donald Hess	Dana & Jim Tananbaum
Erika & Rolf Hoffmann	Benedikt Taschen
Ovidio Jacorossi	David Teiger
Dakis Joannou	Gemma De Angelis Testa
Jeanne & Michael L. Klein	Carlo Traglio
Uli Knecht	Nicolas H. Vafias
Robert P. Kogod	Bernies & Walter Vanhaerents
Marc Landeau	Juan Carlos Verme
Joseph Lau	Bruna & Matteo Viglietta
Anneliese & Gerhard Lenz	Abigail & Leslie H. Wexner
Mimi & Filiep Libeert	Reinhold Würth

Homeland security



Monoteistas



500 ways



Cheers



China



No more no less

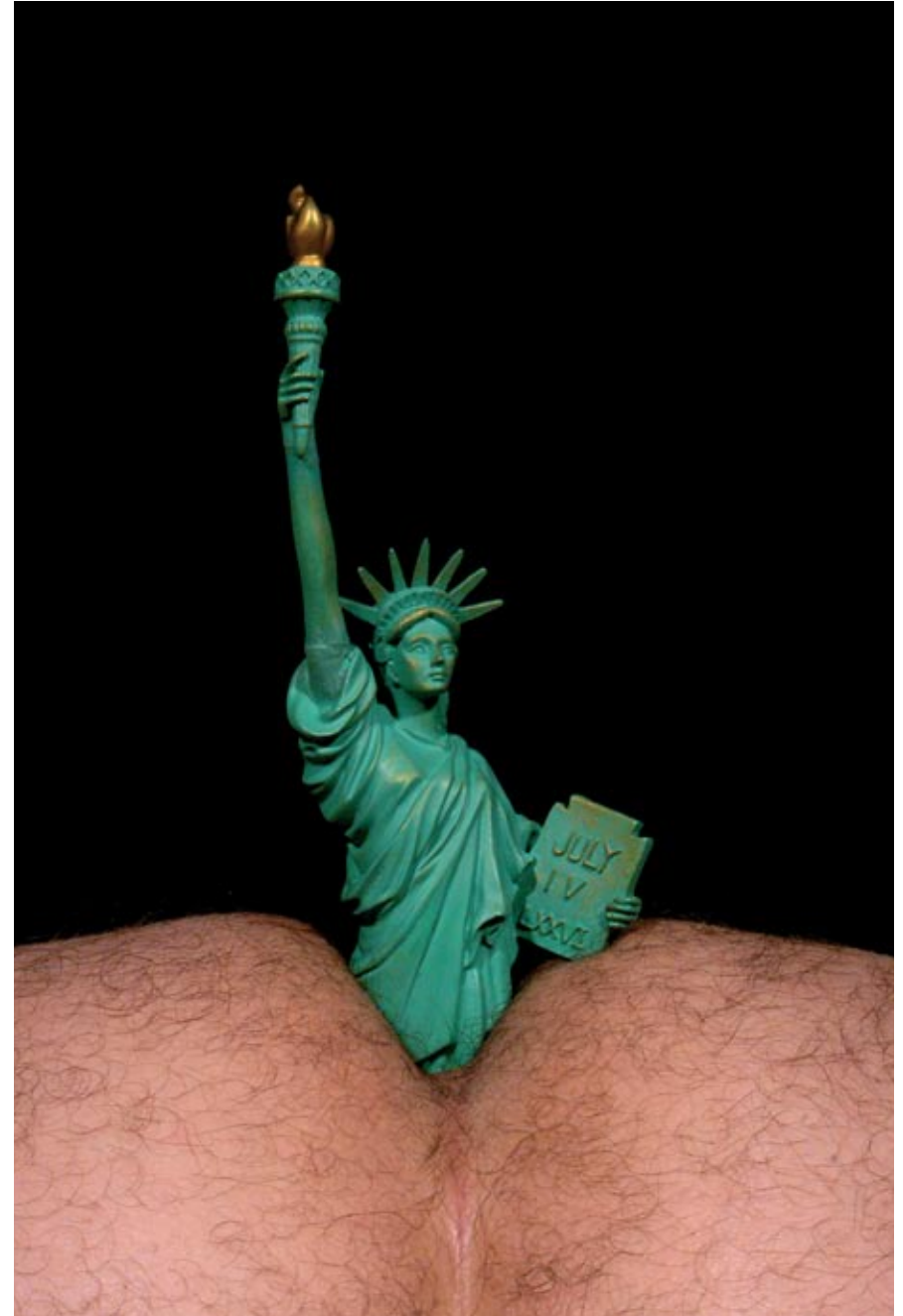
This project arose during a conversation with my analyst.

I was talking about the problems of being of mixed race and, in particular, of living in a place where everyone tries to make me believe that an individual's race and social origin are not determining factors in a person's social and affective life.

Most of my work emerges like this.

I came out of my appointment firmly decided to explain the phenomenon of transculturation in a blatant and visual manner. What does it mean to come from a place where one culture dominates another to the point that the dominating culture becomes the individual's vehicular culture? How can we show that accepting this situation means being possessed, used and dominated? Of course, I live in the best of both worlds and this situation is supposedly enviable. A king once said that Paris is worth a mass and my mother used to say that sometimes one must close one's eyes and think of something else. So, what am I complaining about? Nothing basically, I am just feeling privileged and obliged to tell the truth.

The feeling of inferiority is something that takes a lot to get over and, well, whilst arguing with friends from different origins, living among other languages and cultures, being accustomed to raising professional and social curiosities and doubts, we came to the unanimous and perfectly visual decision to illustrate the phenomenon of transculturation with the image of a bottom penetrated by a phallic symbol from cultures that have dominated or currently dominate the world. This is how this visual way of talking about a subject as ancient as the world that we live in arose.



Enjoy your travel



BIOGRAPHY

Selected Solo exhibitions

- 2009 **Jota Castro**, Metales pesados, Santiago, Chile
Jota Castro, Gallery Barbara Thumm, Berlin, Germany
Low Cost, Gallery Oliva Arauna, Madrid, Spain
- 2008 **La Palabra de los Mudos**, Lima, Peru
Sleep tight, Elaine Levy Project, Brussels, Belgium
- 2007 **Enjoy your travel**, Gallery Umberto Di Marino, Napoli, Italy
- 2006 **No More No less**, Gallery Oliva Arauna, Madrid, Spain
Rear Window, Kiasma Museum, Helsinki, Finland
Jota Castro, Uplands Gallery, Melbourne, Australia
Born to be alive, Elaine Levy Project, Brussels, Belgium
- 2005 **Exposition Universelle 2**, B.P.S 22, Charleroi, Belgium,
Exposition universelle 1, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, France
Taking part, Sterdelijk Museum's, Hertegenosch, Netherlands
Introduction to Jota Castro, Uplands Gallery, Melbourne, Australia
- 2004 **Bouc-émissaire**, Gallery Kamel Mennour, Paris, France
- 2003 **Motherfuckers never die**, Galleria Minini, Brescia, Italy
Love Hotel, Maisonneuve Gallery, Paris
- 2002 **Et si c'était à refaire**, Palais de Tokyo, Tokyorama, Paris, France

Selected Group exhibitions

- 2009 **Oltre il moderno**, Palazzo d'Ericco, Piacenza, Italy
El Dorado, Kunsthalle, Nuremberg, Germany
All's fair in Art and War, 21c Museum, Kentucky, USA
SOS48, Murcia, Spain
The Fear Society, 53rd Venice Biennial, Venice, Italy
2nd Canary Islands Biennial, Tenerife, Spain
- 2008 **U-turn**, Quadrennial for Contemporary Art, Copenhagen, Denmark
Gravity, Museo Artium, Vitoria, Spain
Black-Paris, Black-Bruxelles, Musée d'Ixelles, Brussels, Belgium
Art in the life World, Dublin, Ireland
Arte e Omosessualità, Firenze, Italy
Fate Presto, Salerno, Italy
- 2007 **Informacion Contra Informacion**, CGAC, Spain
We are your future, Moscow Biennale, Russia
Confine, MAN - Museo di arte di Nuoro, Sardegna, Italy
- 2006 **Ars06**, Kiasma, Helsinki, Finland
Third Tirana Biennale, Albania
People, Museo Madre, Napoli, Italy
Travel, W139, Amsterdam, NL

Prize

- 2009 Winner of the European Festival of Visual Arts in Hospitals
- 2004 Gwandju Biennale Prize (Korea)
- 1983 Young Peruvian Poet Prize

NON-EXHAUSTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

- 2009 **Terra**, «Oltre le utopie di ieri e di oggi. Come immaginare mondi ancora ignoti» Francesca Franco, Oct.
Janus 25, «Somewhere Over The Rainbow» Olivier Galaverna, Fall-Winter
Bayerischer Rundfunk, «Menschenrechte - ein uneingelöstes Versprechen» Sept.
Deutschlandfunk Dradio.de, «Brüchig gewordener Traum» Gabriele Mayer, Sept.
La Verdad, «El pabellon de Murcia en la Bienal de Venecia recibe mas de 15.000 visitantes», Sept.
Art Forum, «The Fear Society - Pabellon de la Urgencia» Marguerite Shore, Sept.
Metro, «De l'art pour réconforter les malades» Alexandra Bogaert, July
Art Fag City, «Jota Castro Gets His Collector Hate On» Joel Holmberg, June
El Pais, «El arte no tiene patria» Catalina Serra, June
Art Nexus #73, «Solo Show - Jota Castro» Dermis Perez, June
El Pais, «Cuando musica rima con filosofia» Nerea Perez de la Herras, May
La Verdad, «Jota Castro: El arte debe ser el sudoku del espiritu» Gontzal Diez, May
Pulp, «Paint N Politics» Storme Sen, April
Art Forum, «Jota Castro» Ana Finel Honigman, Feb.
Kunst, «The Essence of Human Dignity - On the solo show of Jota Castro», Spunk Seipel, Feb.
- 2008 **The Prague Post** «Straight Shooters» Tony Ozuna, Nov.
Die Welt, «Du siehst, wohin Du siehst, nur Eitelkeit auf Erden», Nov.
e-flux, «Alta Tecnologia Andina», April
Le Monde, «Le marché de l'art contemporain défie la crise financière» Harry Bellet, Oct.
e-flux, «Volta NY», May
Henry Spencer, «Jota Castro y La Palabras De Los Mudos», May
Andina, «Jota Castro presenta las Palabras de los Mudos», May
Le Journal des Arts, «Exquis exils» Roxana Azimi, April
La Libre Belgique, «Paris-Bruxelles en art et noir» Roger Pierre Turine, March
Art In America, «Newly energized Artissima» David Ebony, Feb.
El Pais, «¿Quién se ha llevado mi escultura?» Abel Grau, Feb.
El Pais, «Entre el hedonismo y el nihilismo, nostalgia» Txema G. Crespo, Feb.
- 2007 **Le Journal des Arts**, «Artissima, bon tournant» Roxana Azimi, Nov.
Artforum, «Critics' Picks» Eugenio Viola, Jan.
- 2006 **Libération**, «A Sète, la rue est aux performances» Pierre Daum, Sept.
Verity Magazine, «Discrimination Day: Jota Castro and Identity Art» John Holten, Oct.

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- 05 **Fairy lights** 2009
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300 x 25 x 25 cm
- 06 **Xie Xie** 2009
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25 x 22 x 24 cm
- 07 **La niña la pinta y la santa maria** 2009
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- 08 **Morpheus** 2009
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- 09 **Zauberwürfel** 2009
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- 10 **Amazonas** 2009
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- 11 **Shanghai** 2009
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- 12 **Ab Intestat** 2009
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- 23 *performance in Lima Peru*
- 24 **Sleep tight** 2008
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- 27 **Homeland security** 2008
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- 28 **Monoteistas** 2007
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- 29 **500 ways** 2007
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- 30 **Cheers** 2007
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- 31 **China** 2006
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- 32 **No more no less** 2006
diasac photography
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- 33 **Enjoy your travel** 2006
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230 x 120 x 370 cm

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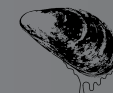
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LA MOULE HEUREUSE
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VITAM
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