

EDUARDO VEGA DE SEOANE

It grows in the grey like the need of the man for the trace.  
Canvass never asphyxiated, provider of places to lay down to say everything we were. Here there is nothing in excess: reflection that forgives, synthesis of movements that could open spaces, surfaces where every yellow would grow till its sun, blue edge of what is breathable. Veined rythm because palpitate the truth in its distance and the whereabouts of certitudes. Geometry that understands that up can be down, that yesterday could be today loaded of dried messages of too much meaning. It doesn't matter. Here is not the saying, but the glimpse of the backing of the hours, the succession of a prehistoric knowledge till our fight of going up till where. Everytime, an itinerary; every look, the diapasón of another encounter. Warm intersection of voices, fish that without bone can fly and become a shot core. Colour-finally- with its range of peaceful curves.

Marta Agudo, 2016

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