**TERESA LANCETA**

***El paso del Ebro.***

From September 10th, 2015 to November 7th, 2015.

Opening: **Thursday, September 10th,**from 17pm onwards.

***El Paso del Ebro*** is the title of the first solo exhibition of **TERESA LANCETA** for the **Espacio Minimo** gallery and is about her weekly journey from Alicante to Barcelona and back since 2013 that forced her to cross two times the river not far from where the first soldiers did it on the night of July 25th, 1938 that began the Battle of the Ebro.

Very close, from Terra Alta is her family, so since she was a child she has heard the stories which came to her mind on the train while she was crossing the river. From all this matter, she has built the work presented in this exhibition featuring five tissues for the five months that saw the battle and which recall it with his grandmother’s tissues that wrapped bread when she brought it from the oven and two photographic series of 115 photographs from the journey and 115 from back, all taken from the train, which lasted 115 days fighting and three videos. The exhibition is completed with an object of great evocative value for the artist.

All work is accompanied by a narrative text of the journey and the stories passed down of the lived and suffered those days.

*September, 2013*

*The fog was imposed to become this strange day in Winter, in which I was waiting the passage of the Ebro river.*

*Classes have begun and with them the weekly trip from Alicante to Barcelona, always by train, a landscape in which I recognize myself. I read.*

*I looked up from the book and I could see that the mountains have faded into the horizon and the Mediterranean’s placid green ground, wet from the rain today, extends everywhere. Beside me, a guy type strongly into his laptop changing scores that fill the screen. I hear someone discuss in french, and a woman talking on the phone.*

*The field starts to show the nearness of the Ebro. Suddenly, appears the river, paddy fields flooded and the canals that provide wáter to neighboring fields. Small rice seedlings poke where a tractor was plowing not long ago. A truck crosses the bridge of the A-7 highway, and the train crosses it at the same time upstream, where some men, changed into soldiers, crossed the Ebro the night of July 25th, 1938.*

*No one seems to realize of that brief moment in which the Ebro is under the train and the color blue silvered is covering the window.*

*As I read about the survival of humanism, the fence that form the mountains is getting darker and it contrast with the brightness of the sky. The late sun shines into the trees like metallic reflections. A deep green is shown at the top of the pines. The darkness takes the landscape and sky draws only what dominates the skyline, the rest are just lumps of indistinct borders*

*The mountains come back again and the fields climb on the terraces. Restless and eager to move, I can see, mirrored in the window, my own boredom. The sharp relief of the Iberian system becomes in inert witness of my continuous yawns that try to free the tension. Meanwhile, pines, scrub, palm trees sometimes, some of them eaten by the red palm weevil and, hopefully, cranes, not always clarify their destination, hovering between neighborhoods and houses, hidden among fences and trees. Another thursday ends while the night comes respecting the light on a full of water clouds.*

*See it by yourself: the way is not the same as the back.*

***TERESA LANCETA*** *has an outstanding and unique career since the 80's. In 1989 showed Red Carpet his first major tissue sample on the Moroccan Middle Atlas in the Museu Tèxtil i d’Indumentaria of Barcelona that was completed in 2000 with the exhibition Moroccan Textiles in Museo Centro de Arte Reina Sofia in Madrid. His work has been part of the last edition, the 31st Biennial of Sao Paulo, Como (...) coisas que nao existem and is represented, among other important collections, in the Museo Centro de Arte Reina Sofia in Madrid.*