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By Ben Macintosh

Your world is a world made of plastic, where men walk over thin lines of grey matter, and colour is covered in the most recondite places, found only on special occasions. Your images of tearing are often voluptuous, but it's a voluptuous that doesn't belong to the realm of matter.

A lot of them seem blindfolded and embodied in such a suffocating atmosphere, in the picture of three people on the glass there is an inexact, oscillating reality between the outer grey matter and the spirit itself. A back, shadow,  
circular labels.

The profound transparency of the synthetic cold abandoning its element,  
water covering the harps of the image, something new is being synthesised

I think,  
the shivering air barely surrounding the image.

A multiple wound scattered around a cupule.

A centrifugal pulse around the puddle, moving in a circular motion  
over the images.

They remain impregnated in me. And every time I see them I try to explain to myself how they came to be. You are a very pure spirit that is being registered by its surroundings. There is the appearance of invention as an infinite process mediating the image,

of splitting,  
cutting;  
recreating that which no longer exists.

This is for me the path of labyrinths and memory.

There is a natural and synthetic aspect wrapped and unwrapped constantly in these photos. A cardinal structure of the world.

Trees for the trees, platinum leaves.

By Nehuen Deferrari

#### **List of works:**

*'I Took a Screenshot of the Whole World'*

Inkjet print on paper, document sleeves, curtain tracks, line, tape, stone  
Works available, inquire within. 50 sliding

*cupules, puddles, thimbles*  
Sandstone, thimbles, water, EVOO

