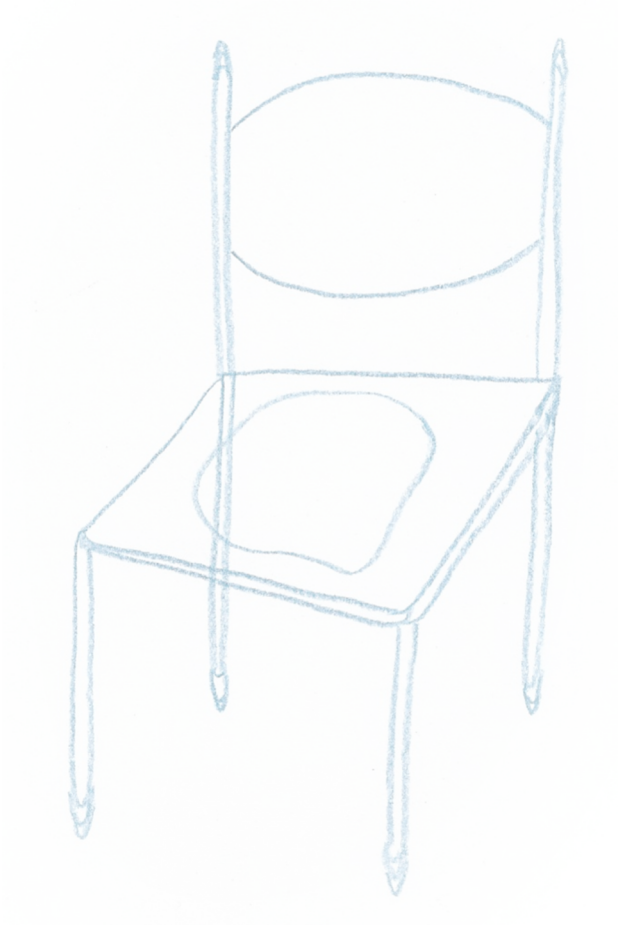
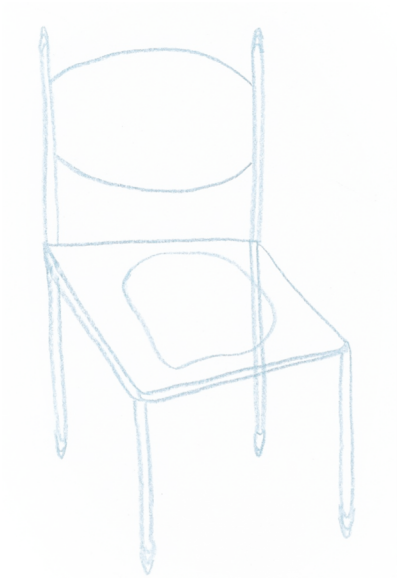
isadora parra





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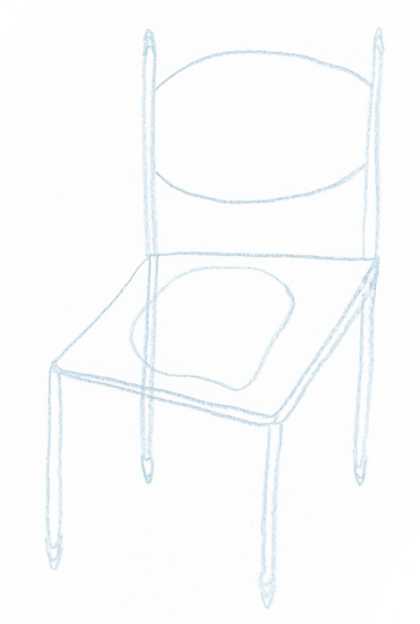
isadora parra (1995)

i am a latina woman, mestizo, lesbian and I live with a chronic mental health condition and also other more localized diseases in my body such as having so much blood, rivers of blood and that means that all the organs in my body function more slowly.

my artistic practice is very slow but very intense and takes place in conversations, in meetings with others, with my friends, my loves, feminist activism, historic archives, the authors I read, my neighbors and the objects that I find on the road or the spiders in a corner of my room.

i believe that the intensity of the encounter is what makes life possible and therefore, the work of art. my work is a poetic exploration of the performativity of sick and diverse functional bodies, feminism, sexual and queer dissidence and the potential for pleasure in normative dislocations. I work is transdiciplinary and I find myself recurrently from writing and between sculpture, photography,drawing and performance.

pechakucha / online portfolio: https://vimeo.com/462466215





macerada
2017



macerated
Installation
flesh, hair and saliva
Centro Cultural Itchimbía
2017

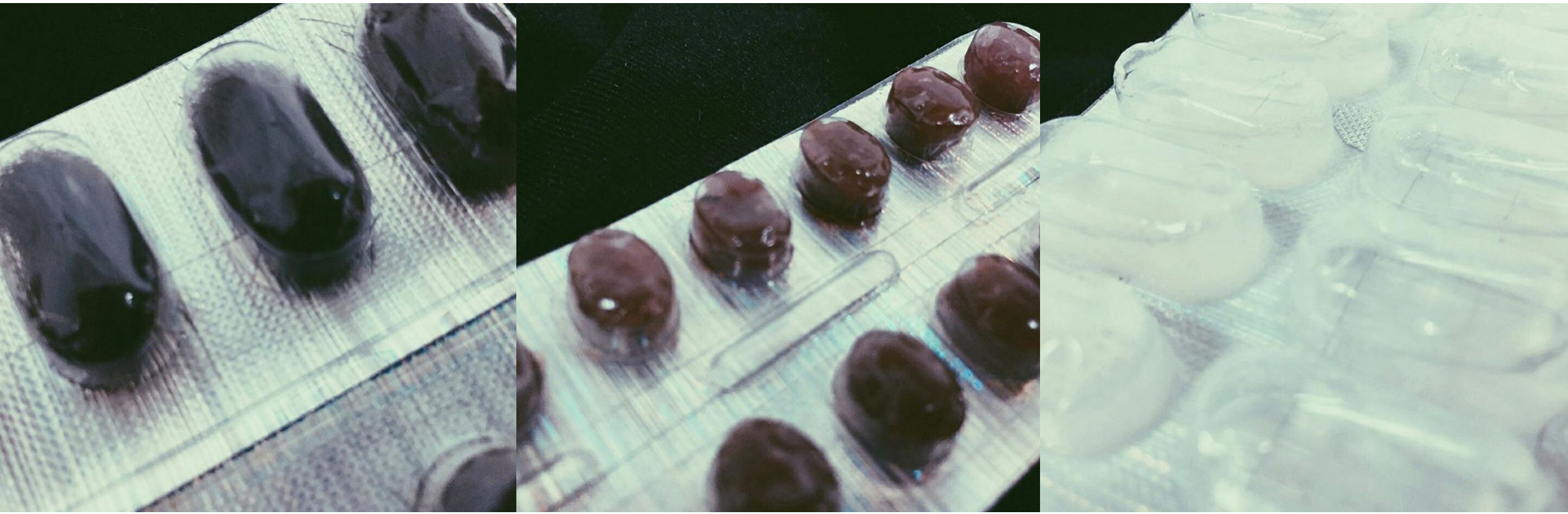
"I am surprised by the frequency with which the gynecologists I have visited during the last fifteen years propose to me, indifferent to my affirmation in lesbian, dildonic or anal sexuality, the pill as a contraceptive method (...) The question is to administer me the necessary pharmacopornographic dose of estrogens and progesterone to transform me into a submissive female, with large breasts, depressive but stable mood, passive sexuality or frigidity"

Paul Preciado

It was August 2018 and it had been two months since my girlfriend had been diagnosed with colon cancer and I had gone back on medication with antidepressants. We had our bedrooms full of pills, which apparently didn't help us much because the disease was still present. In this room I collected the containers of the pills we were taking and in an act of poetics of fakery, I put meat from the refrigerator inside the containers, cut my hair and collected a few liters of my saliva. I left them beside her bed, in an act of love, in an act of wanting to give my body to cure her.

I was interested in thinking about how medicine is extremely violent with sick bodies and fills their bodies with pills but is not interested in our affections, in the caress. After the pills were in her room, she was exhibited in a group exhibition.

Angela died a year later.





el episodio de desrealizarse regresa cuando tu vientre está en otra parte
ft. Vivian Rodriguez

2018



the episode of derealization returns
when your belly
is somewhere else
Photography
CAV
2018

"If death is a womb
then heaven
is a body without fear"

Marlene Dumas

Vivian is my friend, a woman from the coast of Ecuador, she is a poet, she lives with two birds and a rabbit, she lives with deafness and bipolarity. She reads my lips, touches my throat and my back to feel the vibration of my organs while I speak and so we communicate, while I begin my process of learning sign language. I enjoy photography as a pretext to meet someone, something. Invite Vivian to take pictures together. I prepared several texts to read together while we were taking the pictures, I made some sketches of the photographs and different body movements that came from the conversations we were having. While we were talking, I was taking pictures.

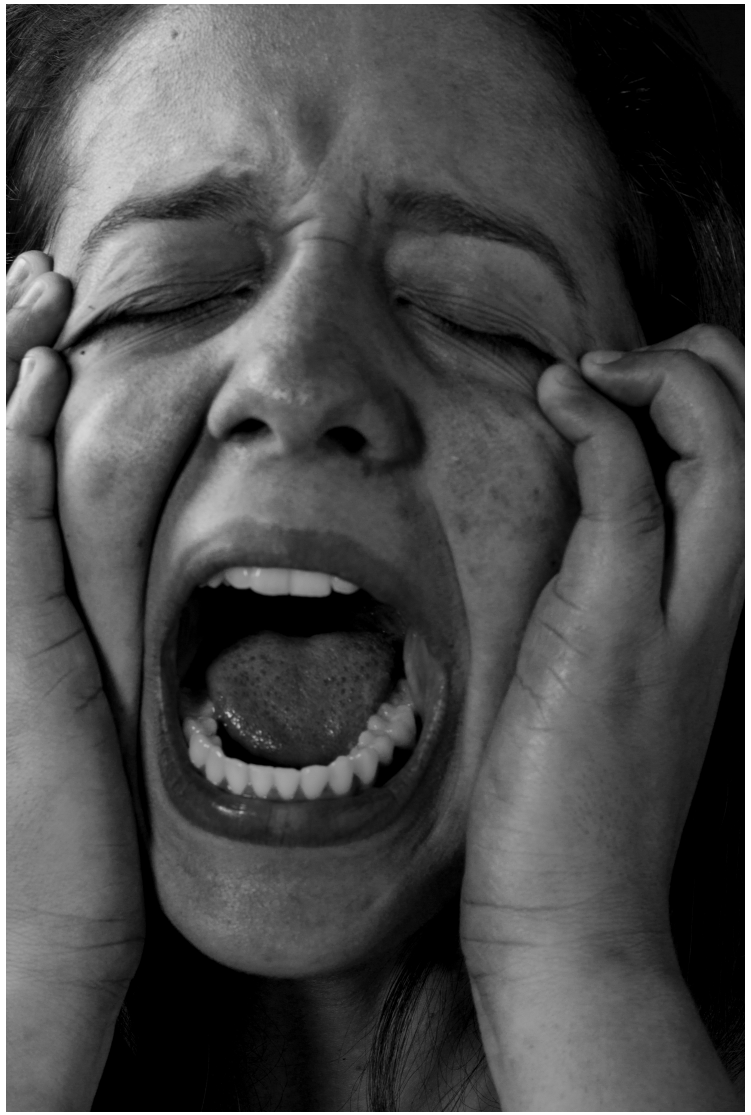
Some questions that came up were: what hurts when we walk? how do I relate to the world I hear in lighter ways? if I masturbate, do I feel less pain?. Few of the sketches I made ended up in photos. The movements and the captures of the movements were acts of catharsis between the two, of embraces, of new conversations outside of photography.





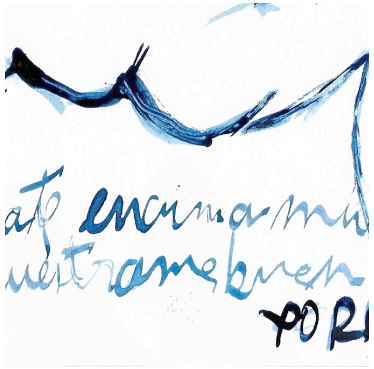












acercarme a la luz y no poder agarrarla
2018



Getting close to the light
and not being able to grab it
Drawing
CAV
2018

"If I commit suicide, it will not be to destroy myself, but to put myself back together again. Suicide will be for me only one means of violently reconquering myself, of brutally invading my being, of anticipating the unpredictable approaches of God. By suicide, I reintroduce my design in nature, I shall for the first time give things the shape of my will."

Antonin Artaud

I have been living with a neurological condition for several years. I live with a body that has been named by several diagnoses, such as depression, and this has turned into psychotic outbreaks, pictures that I have learned to live with. When I have a psychotic break I lose part of the consciousness that keeps me in space and time and I do a lot of damage to myself and I can do slight damage to other people. In some of these psychotic conditions or in anxiety crises, I have self-harmed. After I regained consciousness in one of these crises, I made some self-portraits and then drew them.

There is a very fine thread between pain and pleasure, between orgasm and wound, between what bodies drip when they desire and when they suffer, and these drawings show these explorations, these threads that are tensioned, broken, knotted.

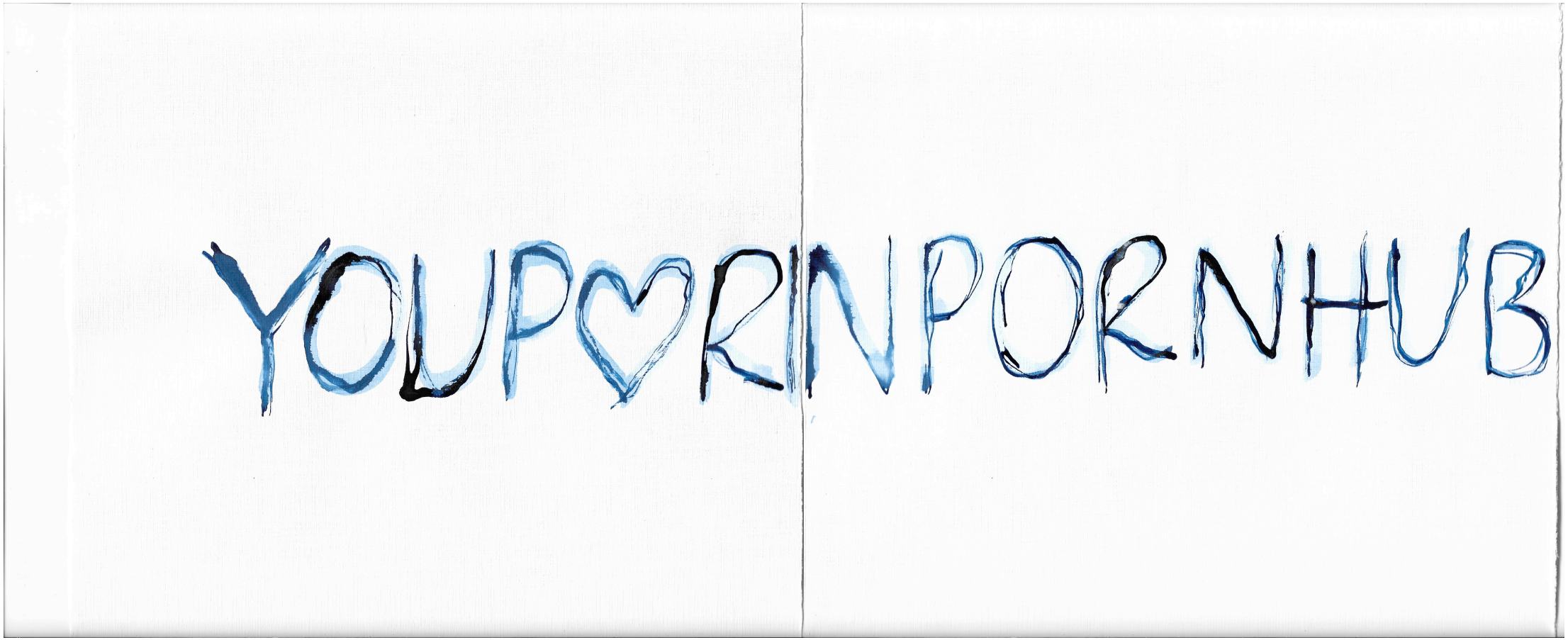

ACERCARME A LA LUZ
Y NO PODER agarrarla


NO PUEDO MOVERME
DE LA cama


sientate encima mio
y muestrame bien
PORN♡

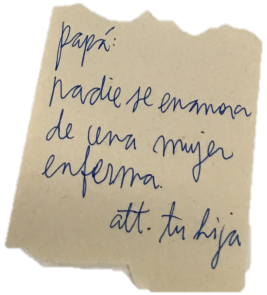



NO PUEDO
PARARESTO
NO PUEDO
NO


YOUP♡RN PORNHUB



papá, nadie se enamora de una mujer enferma
2019



Dad, no one falls in love
with a sick woman.
Ceramic
CAV
2019

"I am a piece of flesh without holes, without possible emptying, that's why to penetrate me you must wound me, you must pierce me because there is no way to enter me, everything is closed, there is no conduit, there is no way, you can only fuck me if first you make me a hole, a pussy, an ass, a mouth, and then you sink into that hole wound, bleeding and hot, and fuck me, fuck me, and I think only then I would scream at last. A real scream, only then would I feel completely real, because now I'm just an unreal piece of flesh with no holes, and you can exist if I write your name."

Angelica Liddell

It seems that the bodily orifices are made for the incessant, pleasurable and painful relationship with others, always and with each of these properties. When the body gets sick, the body closes, suffocates, becomes clogged, everything that could enter in relation to the world becomes painful, except for one thing, pleasure.

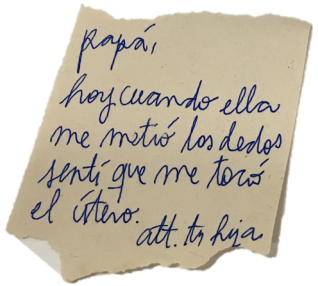
Dad, nobody falls in love with a sick woman, is a work of 7 ceramic pieces. It is born from the search for infallible methods to resist the disease, the one that kills the body, little by little. In this vital and artistic exploration of the orifices, I find myself with literary and corporal processes around pleasure and this as a powerful tool to moisturize the flesh without holes, the scar, the bleeding.

I assemble these moistened pieces of pleasure with artifacts created from the industrial, such as plastic, light, jewelry. Artifacts that in turn become metaphors for the medicalization of sick, non-normal bodies that seek and commit themselves to moisten with desire, the sick asphalt that becomes immobile.

Dad, no one falls in love
with a sick woman.
Ceramic
CAV
2019

Each of these pieces seeks openness, relief, humidity for themselves. I use clay because it is the material used for artistic purposes, closest to human skin, both for its contexture, the way it exists for modeling and its smell, as subtle and intense as the skin of anyone who sweats and moves. Each piece is a self-existing body that has and has no connection with reality.

Next to each piece, there is a piece of paper that tells a piece of a story that is told to a father, in my case, a murderous father, a father who is mine but could be anyone's father. They are intensely intimate stories that are usually secrets, stories that are kept, even for ourselves, and that find their peak in telling them to someone very close or very distant for the daughters, but it is one of the main archetypes of the collective unconscious. The patriarchal and phallocentric archetype with which their world and in which we have been forced to live, is sustained.



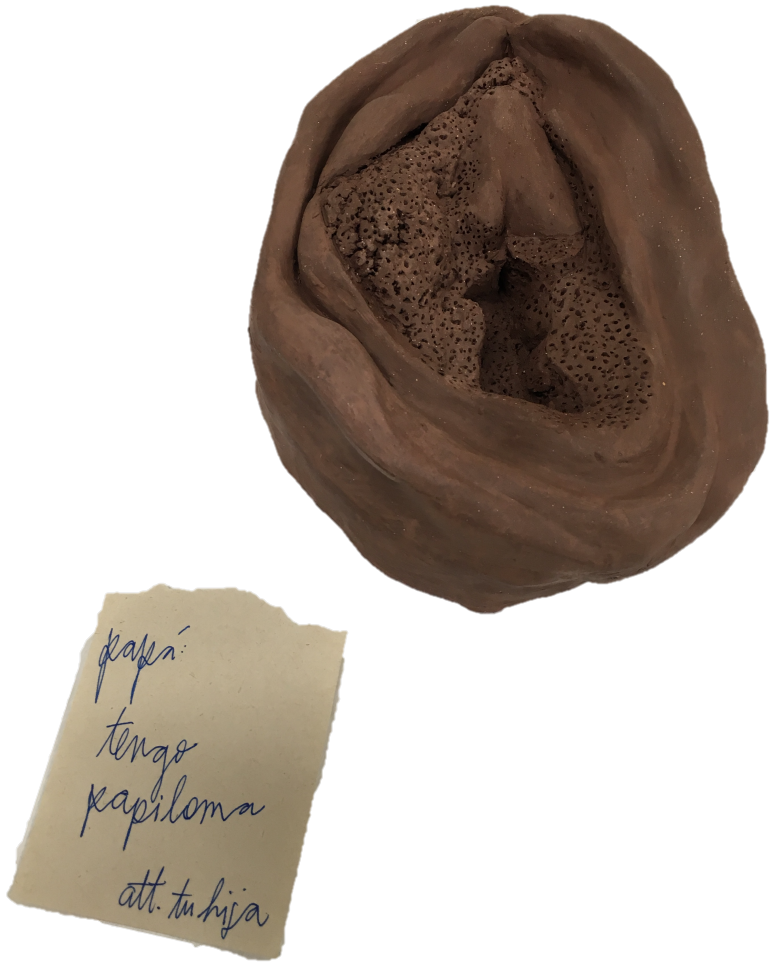
The approach to stories that we live or want to live. That we want to tell them or listen to them. To get closer to quasi-pornographic stories that guide us to moments of wet sheets. To approach the pleasures that are not regulated and that with the water they produce are committed to moisten the sick asphalt that becomes immobile.



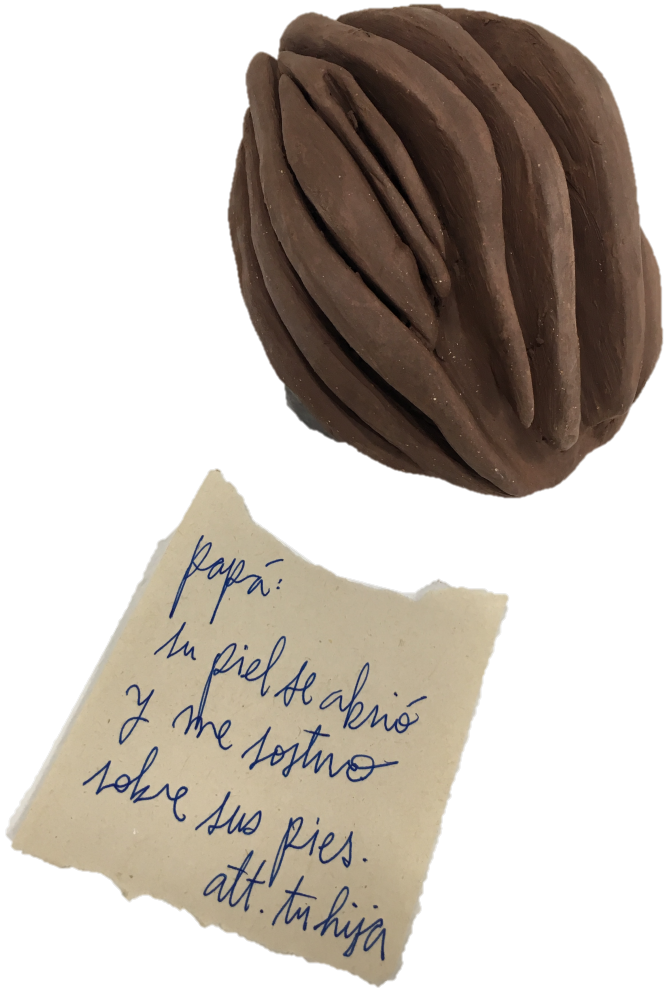
dad, no one falls in love with a sick woman
att. your daughter



dad, she ended up on me
att. your daughter



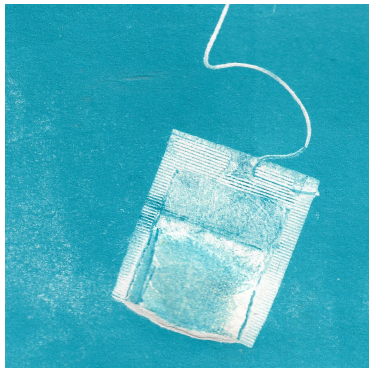
dad, I have papilloma
att. your daughter



dad, his skin opened up and he held me between his feet.
att. your daughter



dad, today when she put her fingers in me, I felt her touch my uterus.
att. your daughter



ninguna imagen me satisface
2019

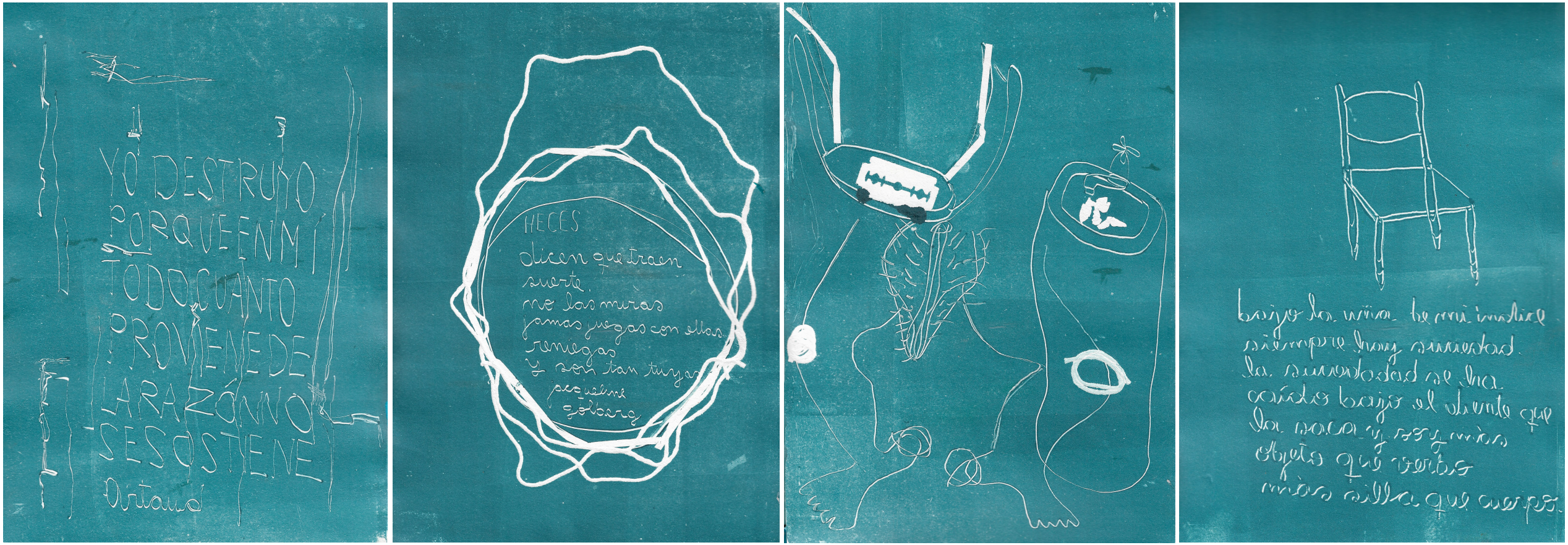


no image satisfies me
Monotypes/Artist's book
Centro Cultural PUCE
2019

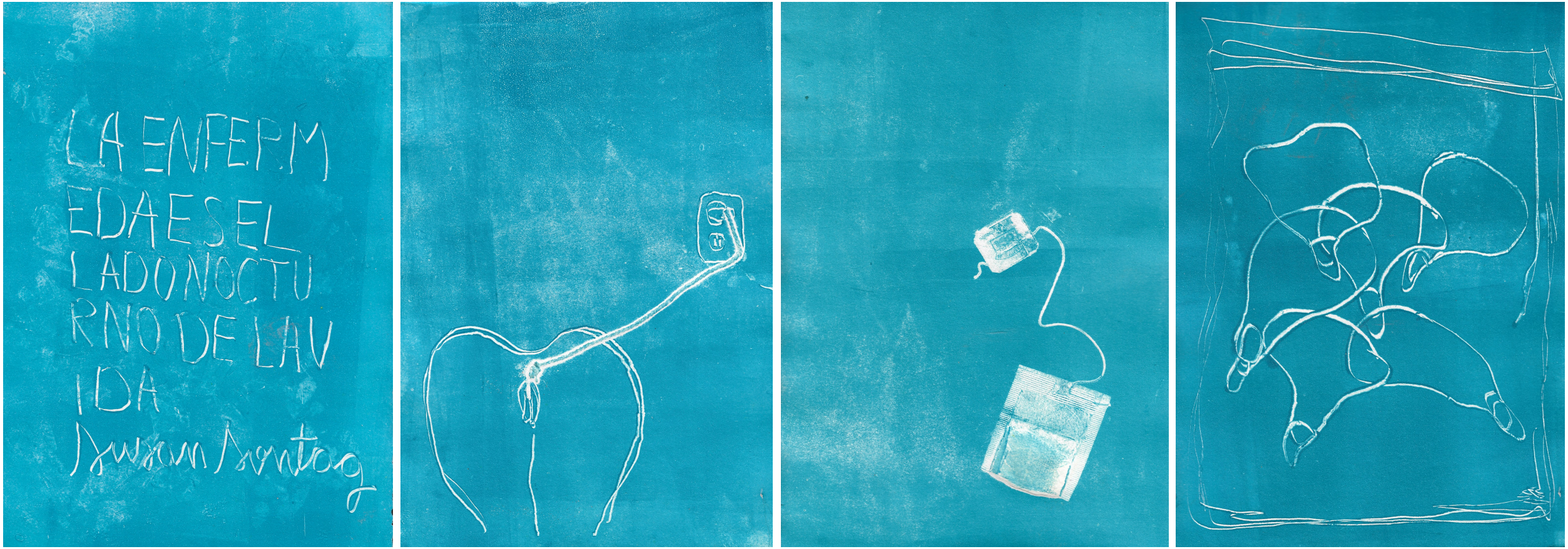
"Illness is the night side of life, a more expensive citizenship. We are all, at birth, granted a dual citizenship, that of the kingdom of the healthy and that of the kingdom of the sick."

Susan Sontag

Writing is that port from which I leave and to which I return. It is the time that composes me. The letters that start in the muscles and then melt on the paper. No image satisfies me, it is an artist's book that shows my passionate relationship with writing, which in one way or another is in all my work. It contains blue monotypes made in plastic with sharp objects, threads, cassette tapes and small objects. This artist's book contains texts by writers who reflect on illness and who accompany my creative processes through reading, such as Susan Sontag, Antonin Artaud and Jacqueline Goldberg. It also contains my poems and drawings that were made at the precise moment of tracing the line on the ink already in the matrix, at the precise moment of excavation.



ninguna imagen me satisface.Monotipos/Libro de artista , 2019



Ninguna imagen me satisface.Monotipos/Libro de artista , 2019



me vale verga tu opinión
ft. *Mujeres Difíciles*
2019



I don't give a shit about your opinion
Group Exhibition
"Mujeres Difíciles" (Difficult Women)
Ceramics
+Arte
2019

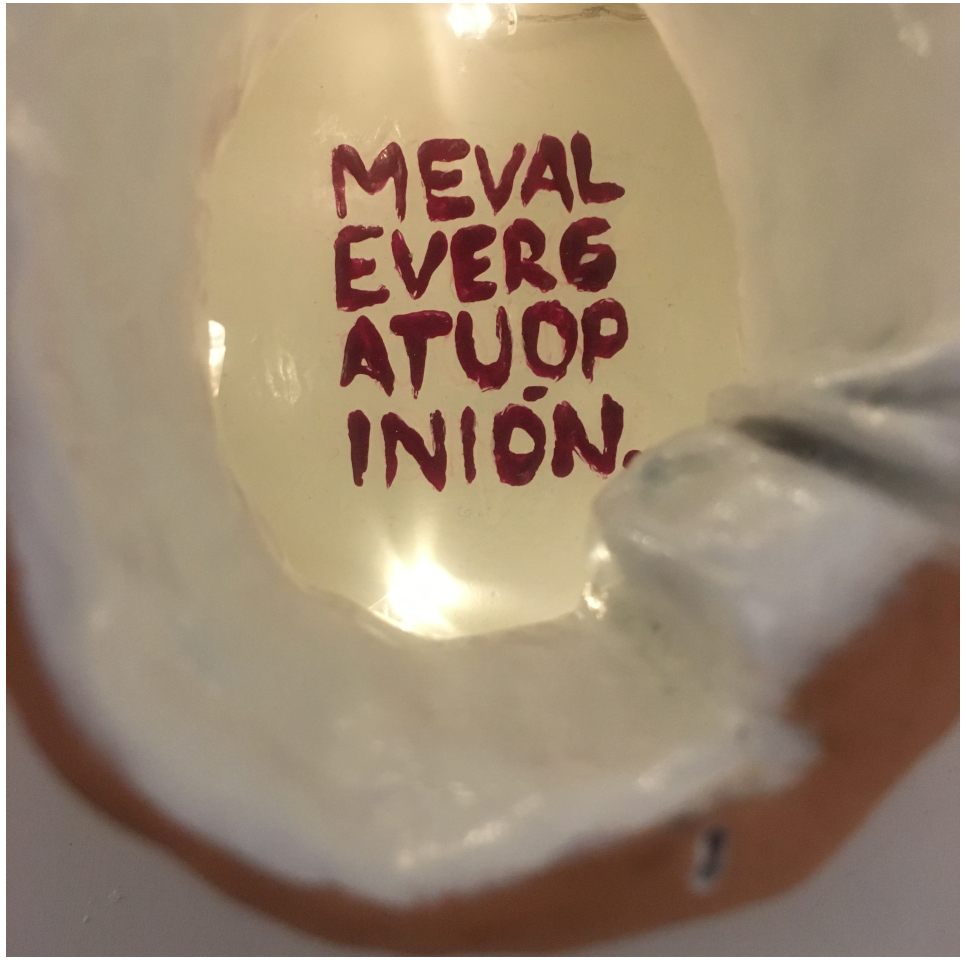
"I wanted to title the book 'Difficult Women' because it's a provocative and interesting title. Many of the women who star in the book could be considered difficult simply because they are human beings, because they have opinions, because they want to, because they feel deeply, and it's important to challenge the perception that a woman being herself doesn't mean she's a difficult woman."

Roxane Gay

Mujeres Difíciles was an educational and artistic meeting on Feminism in Ecuador that seeks to inform and raise awareness about the importance of feminism and the different ways in which it could be used as a social, cultural and political tool in the Ecuadorian context. Following the consciousness-raising model initiated in the 1970s in which meetings among women to disseminate information and self-educate became a crucial part of the feminist struggle, and re-taking practices that have been considered feminine through mini-workshops in ceramics and weaving, I seek to explore the way in which feminism is being thought, learned and put into practice in Ecuador.

This exhibition, which is the culmination of the project, will exhibit ceramic and weaving pieces that the participants developed during the practical workshops, which were nurtured by texts, discussions, reflections, theoretical workshops and the resulting relationships among the participants.


MEVAL
EVERG
ATUOP
INIÓI


MEVAL
EVERG
ATUOP
INIÓN.



hacer del cuerpo un río
hacer del río un cuerpo
2020



to make of the body a river, to make of the river a body
Performance
2020

¿What is the sexual politics of the flesh? It is an attitude and an action that animalizes women and sexualizes and feminizes animals?"

Carol J. Adams

In the Ecuadorian Sierra, there are many mountains and snow-capped mountains, which are part of the Latin American Andes. to make of the body a river, to make of the river a body is a performance that is part of a series of collective performances on the slopes of one of these mountains, the Cotapaxi. We got together very early in the morning to think, like other performers close to land art, how our bodies relate to the body of nature.... I was interested in asking myself what kind of body is close to the body of the river? What of my body resembles the rocks that embrace and contain the river?

This performance is not an act of animism nor of humanization, but of approximations to rituals that converse with the ways of relating that the city has taken away from us. To give back to our body the political, molecular relationship with the non-human animals, with the non-human bodies that share life with our bodies, that take care of us, that accompany us.



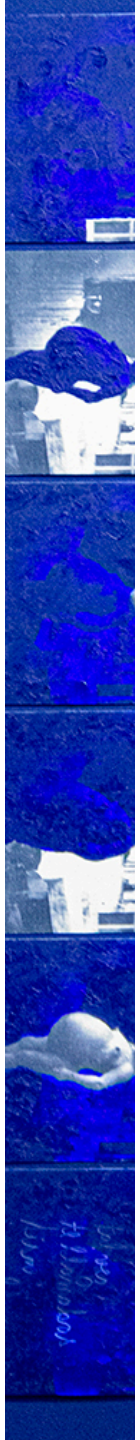




sobre esta silla que es mi cuerpo

ft. María Isabel Betancourt

2019



on this chair that is my body
installation
Parterre Gallery
2019

"Art detonates this new way of looking. As I investigate, I understand that these bodies must leave their stigmatized spaces. The gallery, the museum, the public square now welcome those who for centuries have remained in the hospital, in the therapeutic center, in the asylum, in the silence of their room and in family indifference. I think of my son and the spaces he occupies. I think of the perplexed gazes that examine him every time we go out on the street, in which I see the opportunity for exchange: the others must know that these bodies exist. Others need to broaden the spectrum of their gaze, even if that means making themselves uncomfortable. No longer the bodies perfected for the spectacle and the market, but the real bodies, those of everyday life, those of vulnerability, those outside the norm."

Karina Marín

I have also worked with disability in mind, in this piece In this chair, which is my body, I join a blind friend, Maria Isabel, to work with ceramics while we talk about the powers of eroticism, touch, caresses, the sea and plants.

While these meetings are taking place and in the midst of conversations with Maria Isabel, I decided to work with a historical archive photo of a pregnant dwarf indigenous woman. A photo that denotes the violent, sexist, racist and colonial look of the early twentieth century in Ecuador. I work with oil paste on the image, to make a kind of dissection of what was happening in the image. In the last photo, not saying in any file the name of the woman, I decided to name her with my name, a name that is indigenous and very common, I thought that maybe she could be called the same as me.

Along with this piece, I was interested in thinking an act of rebellion about the persistence of this image and I made some small wax sculptures based on the body of this same woman where she throws the chair to the public, a small army of pregnant dwarf women.
Finally, I decided to put in dialogue the dialogues that had taken place during those months in this collective exhibition.



caption final painting: *maybe your name was Sisa, like mine.*











posición de la carne

2020



Position of the flesh
Photography on scan
2020

"But what am I in the midst of this theory of the Flesh or, to put it better, of Existence? I am a man who has lost his life and who by all means seeks for it to regain its place. I am, in a certain sense, the Exciter of my own vitality: vitality more precious to me than consciousness, since what in other men is but a means of being a Man is, in me, all Reason.
In the course of this buried search in the limbos of my consciousness, I seemed to feel outbursts, like the collision of hidden stones or the sudden petrification of fires. Fires that would be like insensible truths and, by a miracle, vitalized."

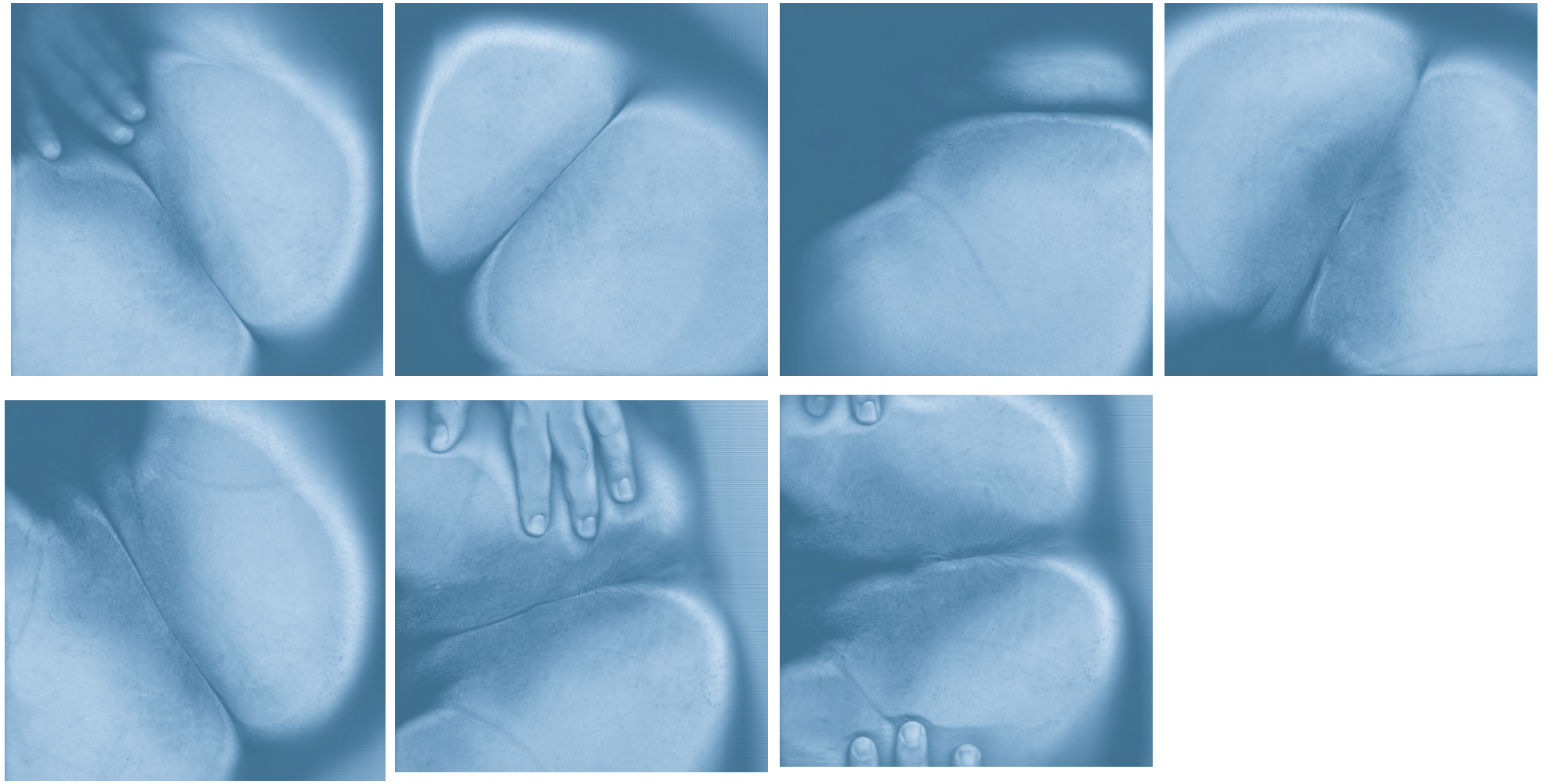
Antonin Artaud

This series of 17 photographs was engendered during the first months of the pandemic after spending a lot of time as many of us still are during the health crisis generated by the pandemic, scared, pained by all the deaths near and far, the burned bodies in the street, the shared and distant mourning and also sick, in bed, with the disease that accompanies me and has been visiting me for 16 years. I had spent many, many hours in bed unable to get out of it, unable to do much more than sleep, macerating smells in the sheets and getting up only to go to therapy by phone. The visit happened after a while and whenever he leaves momentarily a body mutation happens, as well as when he comes. When it leaves it is always towards places always related to desire, with the sensitivities of the rainwater falling down my back with such force that it forces me to move; with an affective/erotic/sexual encounter.affective/erotic/sexual encounter with enough force to open channels, rivers and laughter; with dialogues with those others who, living or dead, distant or close, approach me in ways you don't understand but are balms turned into conversations and drinks, readings, writings.

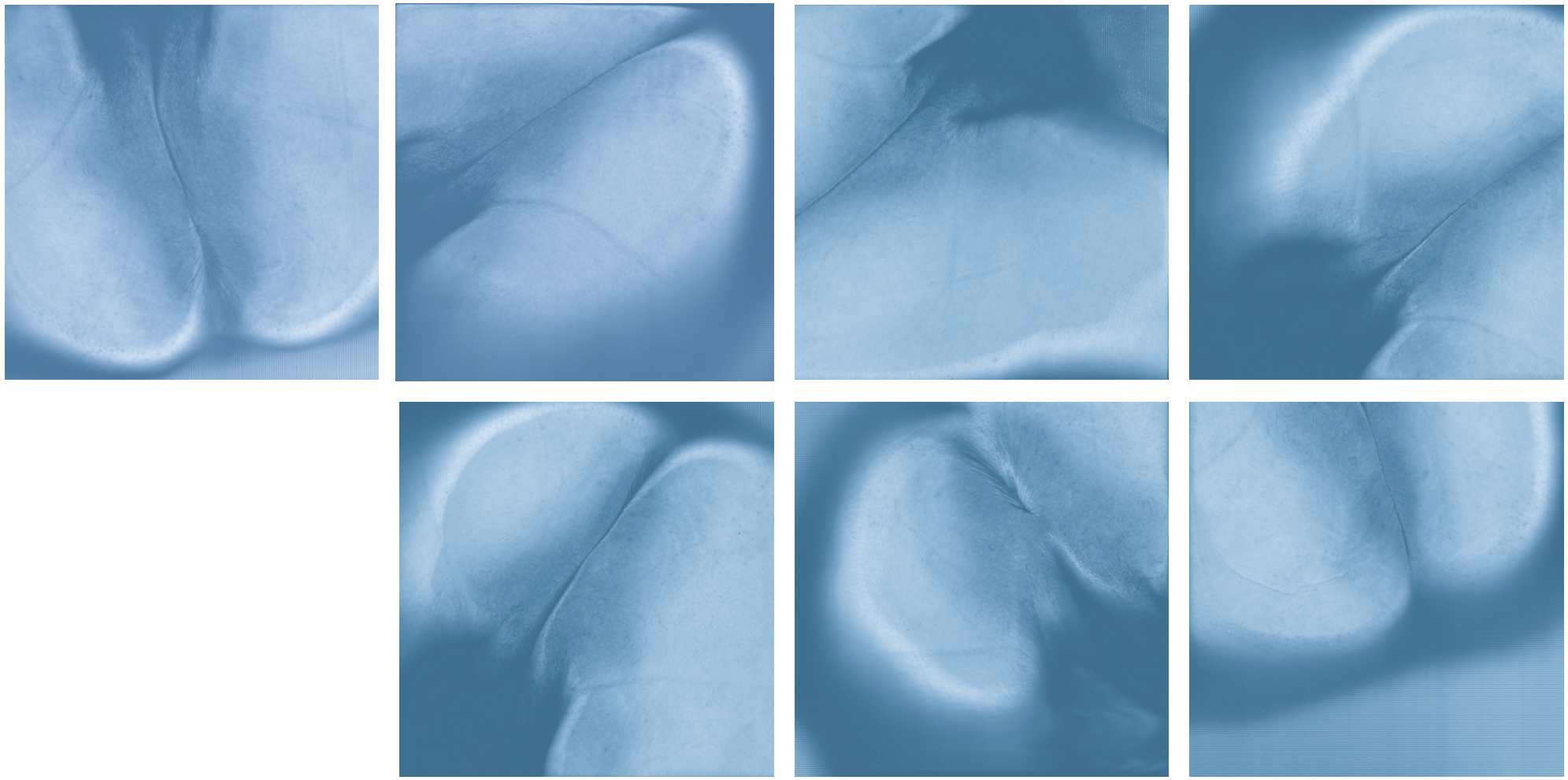


Position of the flesh
Photography on scanner
2020

In Position of the Flesh, I sat on the scanner asking him questions about the carnal state of the back of my body, a part I cannot see except with the help of some kind of mirror. I wondered what happens to the back of the body when it spends so much time drowning in exhaustion and experiencing the whole world of sleep, of insomnia, of horizontal sleepwalking. I had not gotten out of bed for many, many days and I got up to listen to a Latin American poetry recital by zoom and there I found myself with the scanner, with the need to see in what state was that flesh that I could not see.
I wondered about the chair and its work. One sits to eat, to shit and to pee, we sit in schools and chairs indoctrinate and discipline the position of our body, our look at the world, our feelings and our thoughts. But one also uses the chair and sitting for disobedient purposes: one sits on the face of one's lover and sits on the floor with friends; one sits on the sand to watch the sea and sits on the bed to think about the pains that run through one's body. The act of sitting as a disobedient act against the upright and vertical disciplining that applies to the uses in which we learned to sit had to do with settling the body, the lower spine, the coccyx to rest; settling the body that cannot be leveraged; settling the word of the body, settling the thought, settling the sensitive.



Posición de la carne. Fotos tomadas en escáner,2020



Posición de la carne. Fotos tomadas en escáner,2020

Hambre

ft. Andrea Zambrano & Salomé Quitto

2021



Hunger
Performance
2020

We are hungry and that is what we say with the recipe we prepare and serve for the Government. The hunger we feel was one of the reasons to go on strike in October 2019, when we protested against the neoliberal onslaught in Ecuador. This onslaught was and is led by the economic power groups in alliance with the Ecuadorian government, and in a relationship of servitude to the transnational power groups in the world. The hunger we have is not of now. The colonial development model and the processes of accumulation of corporate and financial capital of the economic power groups in Ecuador are based on a historical relationship of dispossession, invasion and servitude.

The Moreno government and the governments of those who preceded it, with their extractivist policies, have been dispossessing and dispossessing us for decades, of our bodies, land, water, sea, sky and those who inhabit them/us; therefore, of food as well. These days, facing the individualistic isolation and the dismemberment of the collective and organizational, to which the State, in alliance with the racist, capitalist and patriarchal market, wants to push us, with the discourse of health security by the coronavirus, to homogenize and manipulate us easily; the social bodies of which we are part, in heterogeneity, we organize ourselves, we resist and we exist. From that place we say: HUNGER. I name the social bodies in heterogeneity as variegated[1], diverse, multiple bodies. We recognize ourselves as integral social bodies, in their completeness and complexity, articulated and articulators, caretakers and potentiators of life. We are hungry for food and to live without fear, we are hungry for dignified conditions to live and to weave and share things, we are hungry for freedom.

We are the social bodies that recognize ourselves in oppression and to whom we turn to solve the situations in which power crushes us. Who are sustaining food during the pandemic despite the lack of recognition by the State and the capitalist market, which even restricted the supply and circulation of food, as happened in Quito, with the closure of several popular markets, endangering the lives of all those who work and feed ourselves from those markets? The peasants, the indigenous and peasant networks and organizations, in collaboration with popular networks and organizations in the cities, students and dissident and popular feminists, again as in the strike: the organized people! The experience we have in our bodies of knowing what it is to feel hunger leads us to search together with others for food, medicine, shelter. We are not alone and we know it.

Andrea Z. Rojas, Salomé Quitto, Isadora Parra
https://vimeo.com/444700386








HAMBRE



pulsión del desvío

2021



pulsation of the detour
Instalation
Mediaagua
2021

25. Goethe was interested in the case of "a lady who, after a fall in which she injured her eye, saw all objects, but especially white objects, glowing with color to an unbearable extent". This story is only one example of Goethe's many accounts of people whose eyesight had been injured or impaired and who seem never to have healed.
and who seem never to have healed, even if the cause of the damage was of a psychological or emotional nature. "This indicates extreme weakness of the organ, its inability to recover on its own," he warns.
Maggie Nelson, Bluets

what regulates the objects that coexist with us?
How are the bodies aligned in the firmaments?
when do the organs of the objects become extremely weak? where does time bifurcate them to?
what deforms the detour?
Who diagnoses the ailment of objects?
how long does the mourning of a spoon last?
in what way do I disorient my contact with you?

In this photographic series I was interested in thinking around a question, what would happen if objects were also named sick? what objects are in the same category as human bodies living with diseases? Old, broken, dirty objects, objects that need others to continue functioning, objects that do not center their existence around the function of the human on them. How do they support each other? Towards which objects do we, the bodies that live with illnesses and disabilities, feel identified? What oddities inhabit our flesh?

https://www.mediaagua.ec/exposiciones

















torcer mi nombre es conjurar tu cuerpo

2021



Twisting my name
is conjuring your body
Instalation
+Arte
2021

Curatorial text by Andrea Alejandro

If the writer is a witch, it is because writing is a becoming, writing is traversed by strange becomings that are not writer-becomings, but rather salt-becomings, blue-becomings, becoming-conjurings and twists of becoming.

Gilles Deleuze - Félix Guattari intervened and dislocated

To twist is to bend. To bend is to increase. To conjure is to say. To say is to expand. To expand is to trace. To trace is to inhabit. These elaborations are not certainties, they are hypotheses of correspondence. That is what Isadora does in this exhibition: to cast incantations, to trace atmospheres that are hypotheses about bodies and their twists/diseases/propagations.

How does one twist a name? How does one conjure a body? How does one twist a body? How does one conjure a name? The twisting and the incantation need at least two bodies, a space or territory and time to happen. To construct this installation is to make an indentation in space and time, it is to propitiate a moment for another
to inhabit this territory that is not only human/animal, but also mineral/cellular/gaseous.



Twisting my name
is conjuring your body
Instalation
+Arte
2021

How do the manifestations of flesh-matter expand into a text-space? By widening the interstices, blurring the borders between one and the other.Conjuring are alliances between bodies. To conjure is to ally oneself with someone, generally by means of an oath, for some purpose. The incantations proposed in this exhibition are twisted, they have gone astray, therefore, they serve no other purpose than the alliance/crossing/encounter of diverse bodies.

The word illness comes from infirmitas, which literally means "lacking firmness". To be/being sick is to be/being shifting like salt. To become ill is to become fragile/vulnerable. One of the powers of the fragile lies in the possibility of folding, bending, multiplying and moving continuously.

This exhibition invites us to transit/walk/walk/crawl/breathe/touch/inhabit a mineral ecosystem, a salt reserve
that moves and slips through space. Salt also occupies the space in your entrails.

To conjure bodies is to twist matter.

March 2021

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uz-jIPfFcOk



Twisting my name
is conjuring your body
Instalation
+Arte
2021

To twist my name is to conjure your body is a project that brings together photographic, object and sound pieces that inhabit a saline ecosystem and reflect on the sick body and the powers of fragility. It seeks the composition of an anti-capacity art space that can be visited and inhabited by all bodies, but especially by bodies that live with diseases, disabilities or dissidents from the norm and that historically their behaviors, speeds and slownesses have been questioned, monitored and retained within museums and galleries.

The exhibition asks, what are the powers of the fragile, and explores some questions that follow this main question: how does a sick body move and how does it relate to other bodies in the world? Illness, as that becoming, gives the body that sensibility of listening to life, that possibility of returning, reviewing, revisiting the body and the forgotten affections, which the speed of the production systems have forgotten.

Listening to the body does not only imply listening to the landscape we embody, but to the bodies of the world, to the body of the air and the mineral body, to the body of the institution, the body of objects, the body of love; it is that listening to the relationships that unprotect and repress us, or those that sustain and take care of us. Thus, the selection of works explores these reflections in a saline ecosystem, where the body of salt is thought of as a metaphor for the sick body.



Twisting my name
is conjuring your body
Instalation
+Arte
2021

The narrative of the exhibition responds to this metaphor from a space that allows a sensory experience different from the everyday with an element that we are usually used to perceive in pinches or crumbs because it has a lot of power, not only because of its taste but also because it is harmful to the body.

When we are surrounded by salt, the salt is diluted in the sea but very rarely do we perceive solidified salt, in crystal and in large quantities. The exhibition presents an ecosystem composed of two tons of salt grains, the salt that burns the body or absorbs its humidity when exposed to much exposure. A space that transits between the hostile and the friendly. A vivid ecosystem, where nothing can be broken or damaged but a space that, according to the arrangement of the works, proposes to the public's body to fold, twist, lean, crawl.

Salt resists taxonomies because it mixes, persists and conforms almost all the bodies of the world. Salt as that otherness that resists language and is confused, camouflaged. The body of salt as that mineral composed of metaphors about divinity but also about punishment or death, metaphors also applied to the sick body, the body disca or any body that twists the norm. Powerful but fragile bodies. Fragile but powerful bodies.

Salt as the origin of wages allows us to reflect on the politics of care around its use, that with which we feed, with which we wash the body or the sheets of the sick and so many other tasks of reproduction of life, not a-salt-waged. Urgent policies for those women and feminized bodies that without salary but with salt sustain the stomachs of their communities.

Becoming salt or becoming ill is also hostile, violent and does not allow a body to be inhabited for so long, because it burns, dries, suffocates, dilutes and is diluted.

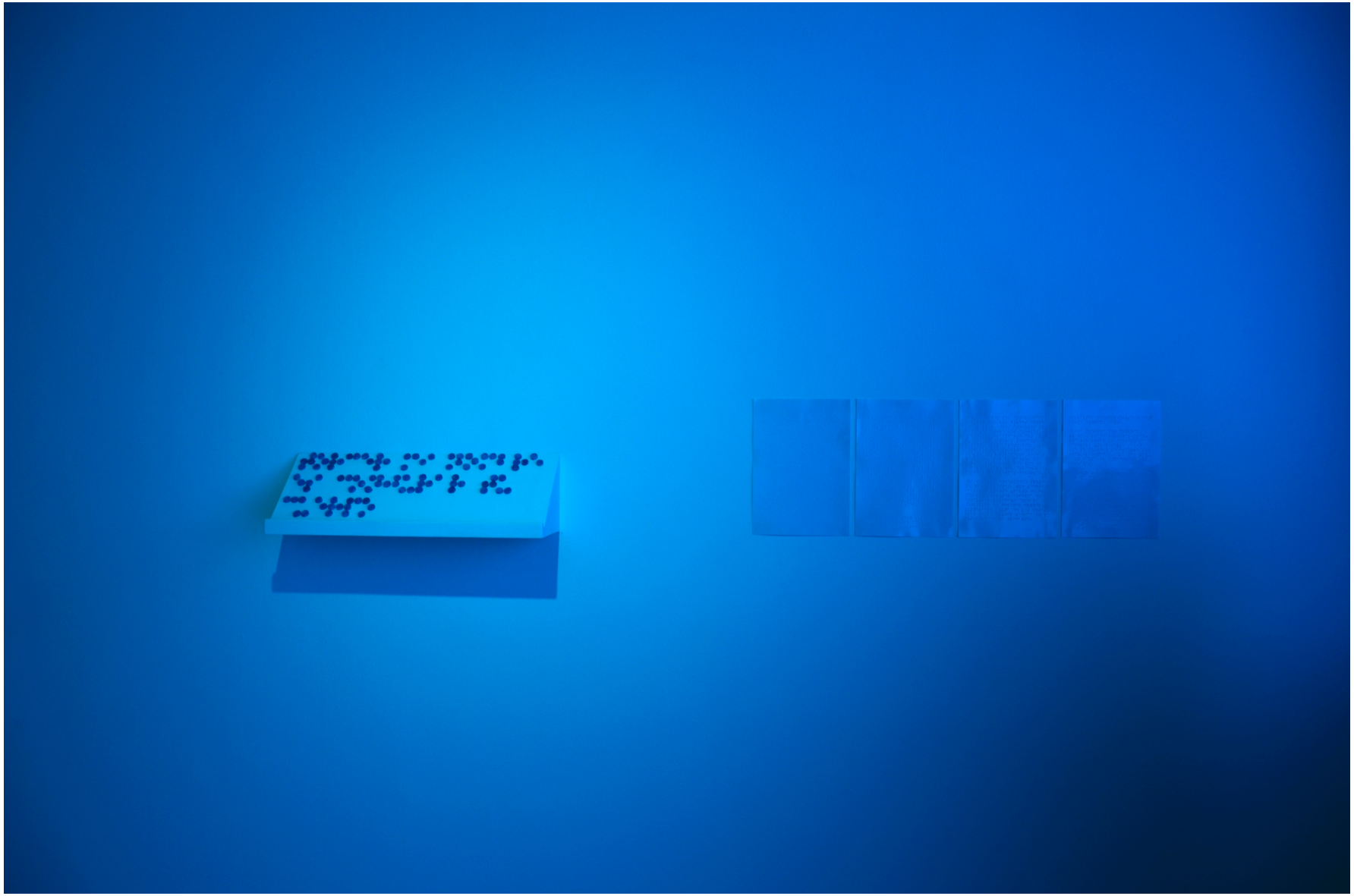






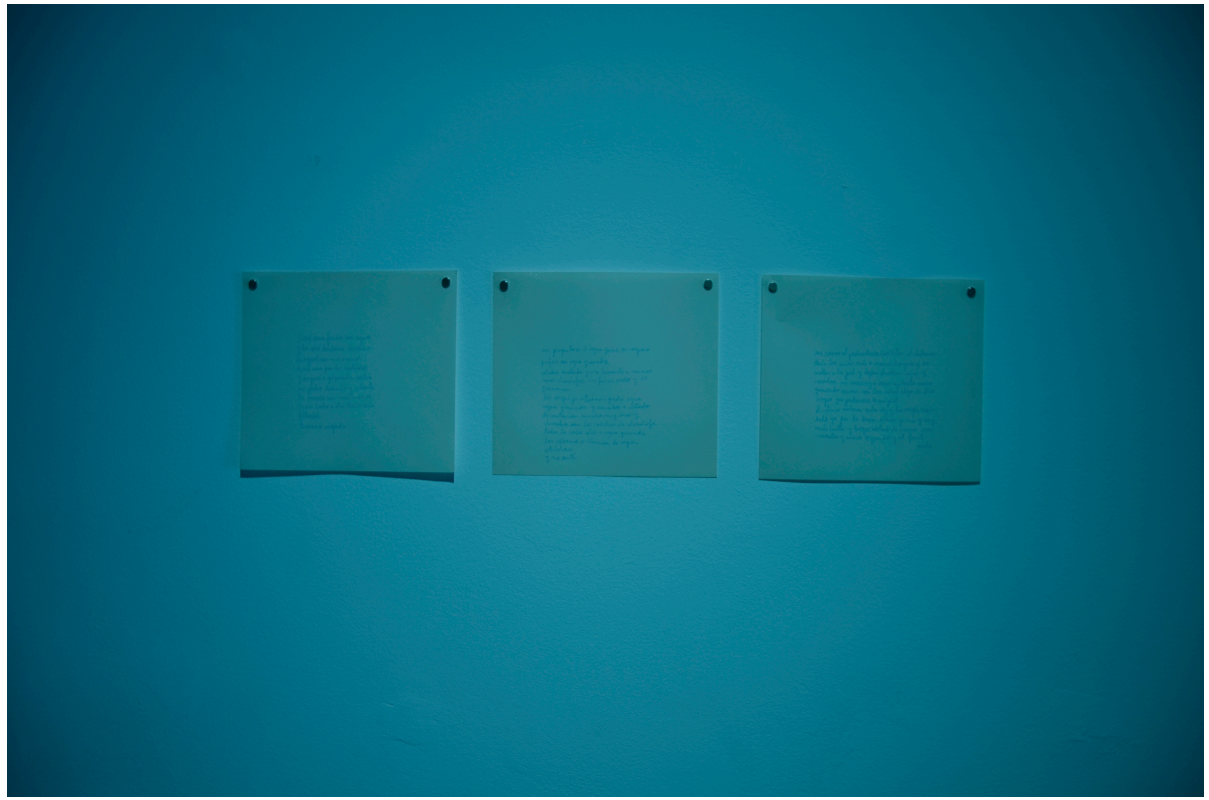




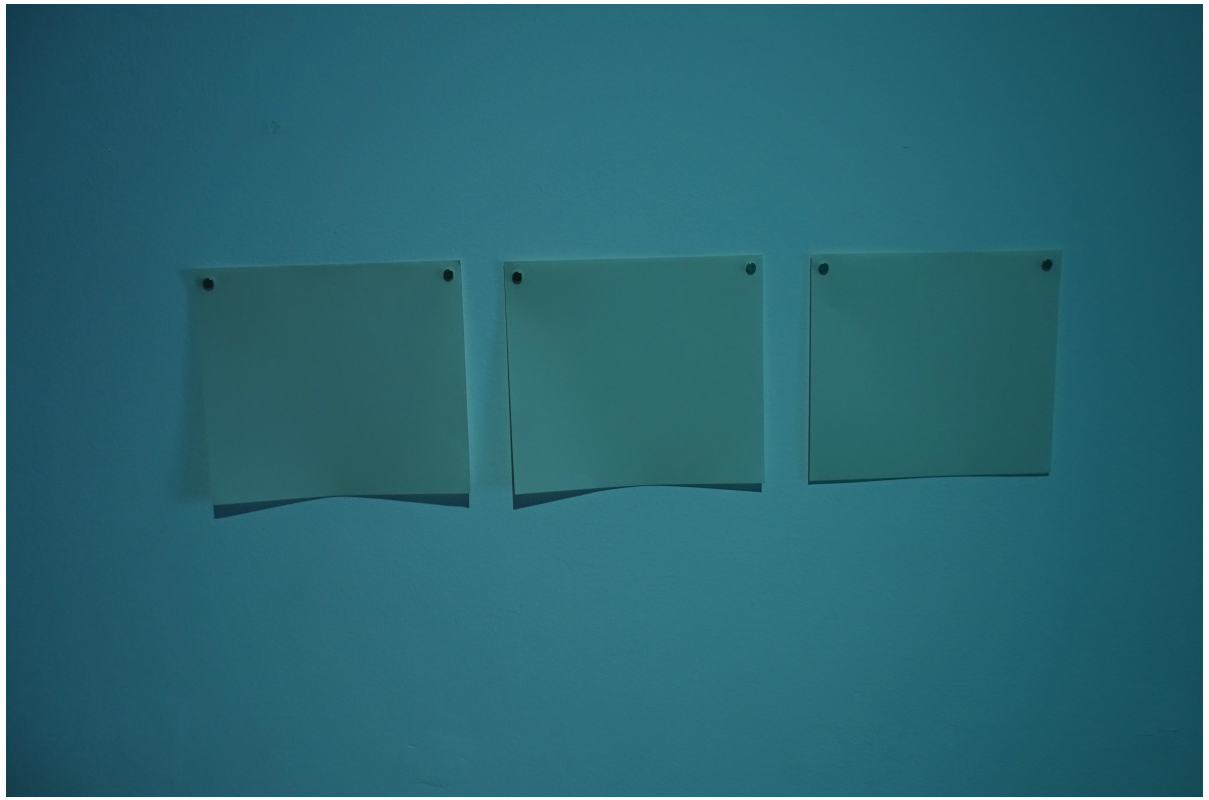


to twist my name is to conjure your body in braille, blue soap, 2021
and curatorial text in braille





3 poetic translations of the sound piece on paper



3 poetic translations of the sound piece on paper that disappeared due to humidity of the salt in the gallery

I

I filled a cover with water And I closed it, hard, hard I grabbed it with my hands, It was falling down my sides, I hit it against my body A cold naked body I moved it with my hands From one side to the other But it leaked and I ended up wet. II scratch hard my chest, my tits, my abdomen. I had more or less long nails and they get into the skin and leave red and pink traces.

II

I scratch and sometimes I squash as if I wanted to pull out with my nails something that doesn't belong to the skin. the rhythm accelerates each time and the breath already comes out of my mouth. sometimes I stop and slow down and then accelerate again. it's forty-four seconds and in the end, it burns.

III

I wonder if the water wants to be steam or prefers to be burnt water. i was cooking some artichokes, i left for a while and they burnt, i took them out but there was still water left, burnt water, it smelled burnt but then it turned into steam. it sounded hard and clashed and rubbed against the artichoke residue. the whole house smelled like burnt water. the sheets filled with steam, they styled and i sat down.

poetic translations of the performance of the sound piece that plays in the installation/ intended for deaf people

pencil on paper, 2020



position of flesh, photography on scanner, 2021





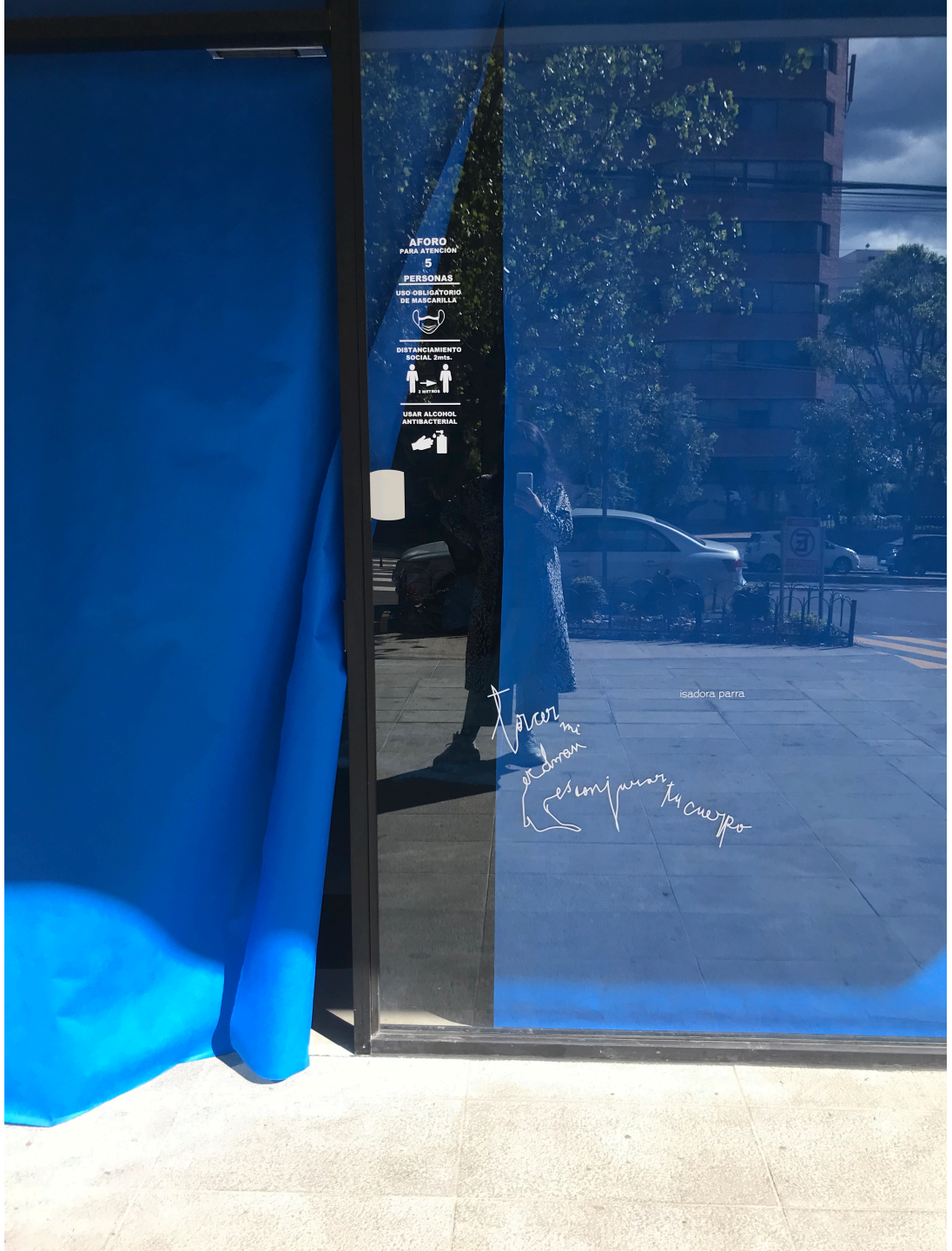






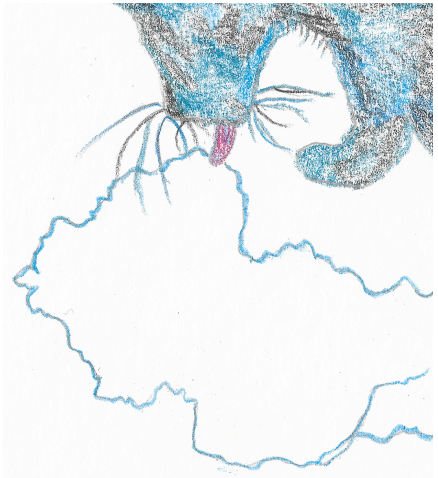




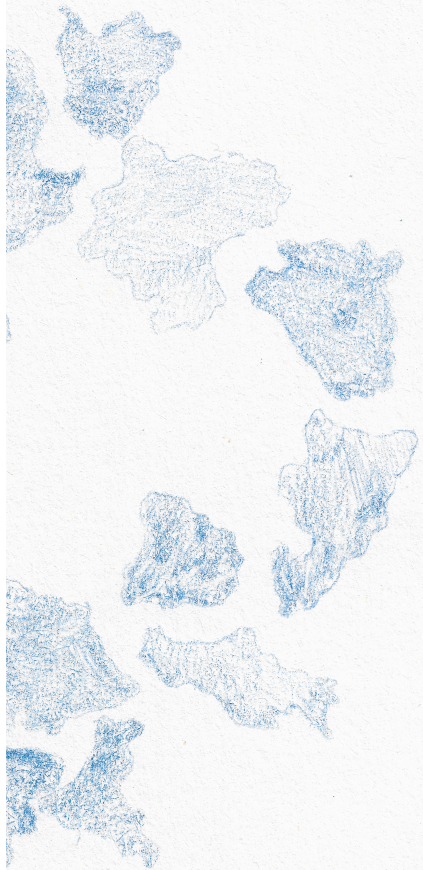

AFORO
PARA ATENCIÓN
5
PERSONAS
USO OBLIGATORIO
DE MASCARILLA
DISTANCIAMIENTO
SOCIAL 2mts.
2 METROS
USAR ALCOHOL
ANTIBACTERIAL
isadora parra




isadora parra
forcer mi
recuerdo
esconjurar tu cuerpo



oler a sal
ft. Andrea Alejandro
2021



smell of salt
Web project
drawing, audio, video, letters, performance and poetry
Q galería
2021

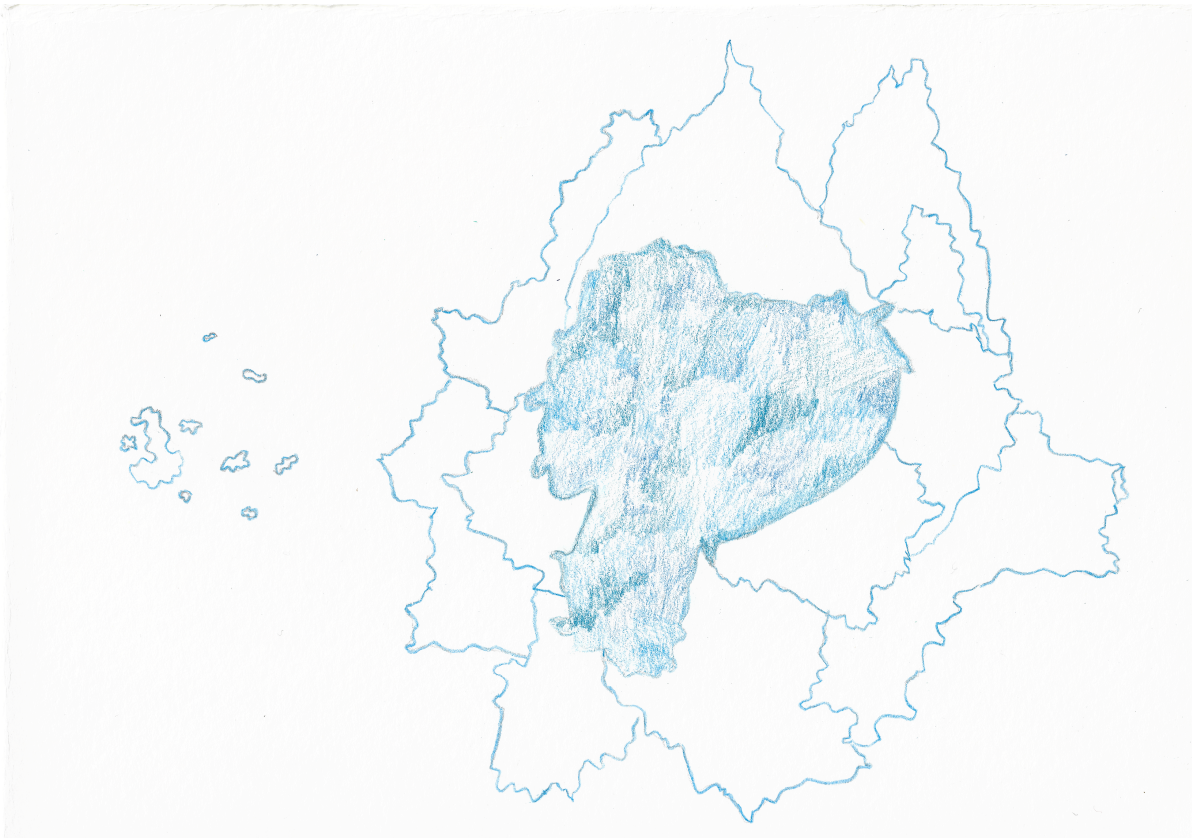
If the oceans were to dry up completely there would be enough salt left over to build a wall 180 miles high and a mile thick around the equator.

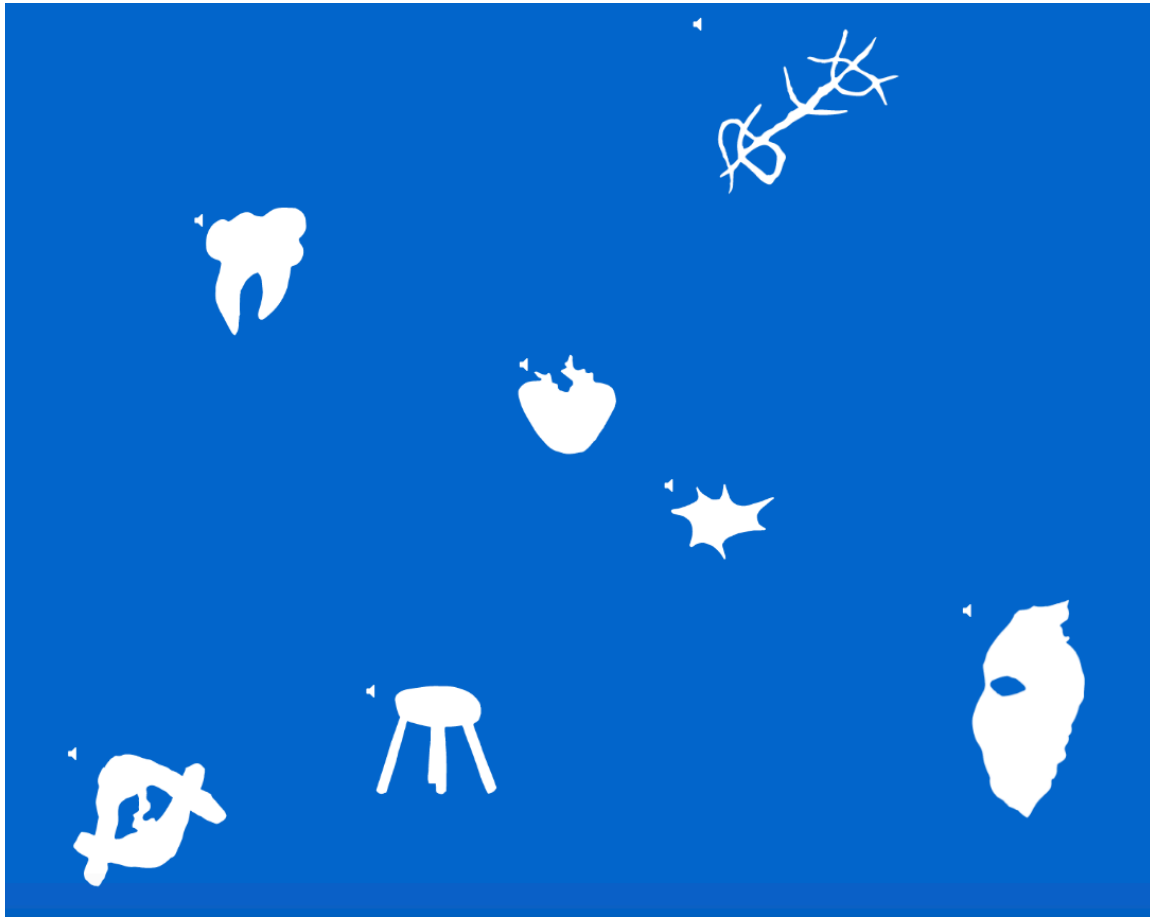
Andrea Alejandro, Isadora Parra

Smelling salt is a series of exercises that has been desired as a conversation about the overflows of the body of salt and our approximations with the worlds that it has composed, throughout the history of life. It is an exchange, where we have played in a non-hierarchical space, between different types of knowledge and affectations of the saline.

http://qgaleria.com/sal/







Deja tu pregunta para entrevistar a la sal

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4 comentarios

Daniel
06/08/2021, 11:52 pm

¿cuán viejas son las rocas saladas que yacen en el fondo de los océanos?

Carlita
06/08/2021, 11:54 pm

Qué movimiento/sonido emiten los animales no humanos para referirse a ti?

Isabella
06/08/2021, 11:56 pm

¿cómo es tu relación con el agua?



En el trato entre las personas, el pacto de sal consistía en que las dos partes que estaban de acuerdo llevaban una bolsita de sal, y para sellar su pacto unían el contenido de las bolsitas. Una vez unida la sal era imposible distinguir una de la otra porque eran iguales. La unión de la sal hacía que el contrato fuese permanente.

un intersticio de sal.
salfrica?
salhilaya.
no te parece curioso que el nombre de la sal varíe a través de la relación que tenga con otro cuerpo?
mi mama me cuenta que cuando toma leche de sus senos nacía sal de la punta de mi nariz.
mi nariz es un océano que se atesta de sal cuando el sol se acerca o cuando me calientas
Cuando te caliento llamo al mar salado.
y el mar llega con mucha concentración de sal. Cuando mayor temperatura ambiental hay, la concentración de sal en la superficie de mares y océanos se incrementa.
hace unos días descubrí que cuando sudo la sal está en mi lengua y en mis ojos.
cuánta sal hay en los océanos?
50 billones de toneladas.
y en tu cuerpo?
Tu cuerpo y el mío tienen casi los mismos elementos que tiene un grano de sal.
tanta sal en el mundo moviéndose de aquí para allá
la sal es nómada, se disemina y se adapta al cuerpo que la contiene.
Si los océanos se secaran por completo quedarían suficientes restos de sal como para construir una muralla de 180 mi

CV



Education

Bachelor on Visual Arts, Visual Arts PUCE, Quito-Ecuador, 2019.

Solo Show

2021 “torcer mi nombre es conjurar tu cuerpo” +Arte Galería Taller (Quito-Ecuador)

2021 “Oler a Sal” Q galería (Quito-Ecuador)

Group Shows

2022 ”Coordenadas” Q galería (Quito-Ecuador)

2022 “TSD_ PDF 022: It’s when the tourist get diarrea at south america” Tiger Strikes Asteroid (Chicago, USA)

2021 ”A las escondidas” Mediaagua (Quito-Ecuador)

2019 “¿Cómo?” Centro Cultural Universidad Católica del Ecuador (Quito-Ecuador)

2019 “Mira hasta el final” Galería Parterre (Quito-Ecuador)

2019 "Mujeres Difíciles" +Arte Galería Taller (Quito-Ecuador)

CV



Curatorial involvement

2021 Book launch: “Brujas, salvajes y rebeldes, mujeres perseguidas en entornos de moralización, extractivismo y criminalización en Ecuador” of the publisher Traficantes de Sueños (Museo de la Ciudad)

2021 “Manto Sagrado” Memotecnica, Mantícora (Quito, Ecuador)

2019 “P/E” Galería Parterre (Quito-Ecuador)

Residencies and art mettings

2021 Cuerpos, historias y trazos, Encuentros entre el arte y la discapacidad (Quito, CAC)

2020 Truequé (Ayampe, Ecuador)

Talk and lectures

2021 “Meetings on body, illness, art and feminism” Mediaagua (Quito, Ecuador)

2020 Commentator at the launch of Karina Marin's book “Sostener la mirada”, Ethics of Disability (Quito, Ecuador)

2020 “Performance Conversations" Puce and Visual Arts School

2016 “Feminist and Gender Research: Towards an intersectional reflection on inequalities” Flacso Ecuador (Quito, Ecuador)

CV



Activism

2021 until today Latin American Study Group *Decolonial Animalisms* of the Latin American Journal of Animal Studies,

2013 until today: Member of Feminist Collective *Mujeres de Frente.*

2017 until today Member of *Feminist poetry in crisis times*

2016 until today: Member of the Editorial Board, as writer and editor of the Feminist Magazine *Flor del Guanto.*

2013 until today: Accompanist/educator in literacy and completion of primary school for adult women from urban/marginal sectors with popular education and Montessori methodologies at the. *Escuelita de Mujeres.*

2014-2016: Member of *Justicia para Vanessa*, feminist collective against feminicidal violence.

2012- 2014: Member of *Marcha de las Putas Ecuador*

publications

"A Slit In Space And Time" About Isadora Parra's Installation In + Arte Gallery

http://www.artealdia.com/Galleries/A-SLIT-IN-SPACE-AND-TIME-ABOUT-ISADORA-PARRA-S-INSTALLATION-IN-ARTE-GALLERY

Isadora Parra: "Cuando una ama y cuando una desea, se tuerce hacia el otro"

https://radiococoa.com/RC/isadora-parra-cuando-una-ama-y-cuando-una-desea-se-tuerce-hacia-el-otro/

Poéticas disidentes en el arte emergente: David Jarrín, Isadora Parra, Stephano Espinoza

http://www.paralaje.xyz/poeticas-disidentes-en-el-arte-emergente-david-jarrin-isadora-parra-stephano-espinoza/

Torcer mi nombres es conjurar tu cuerpo, Isadora Parra, +Arte Galería

http://masartegaleria.com/exhibiciones/

Hambre, platos de memoria para quienes gobiernan

https://laperiodica.net/hambre/

A las escondidas

https://www.mediaagua.ec/exposiciones

Un registro de TrueQué Vol. V

http://www.trueque.work/vol-v-trazos-y-transiciones.html

Mujeres Difíciles

http://masartegaleria.com/2019/02/15/mujeres-dificiles-o-el-poder-de-las-mujeres-cuando-se-juntan/



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