I wish you’d rub your quills against my stomach

I wish you’d rub your quills against my stomach (2020-ongoing) encompasses a series of sculptures that reflect on skin, intimacy, touch and fragility in relation to the absent, the abject and the erotic. The works represent, on a slightly smaller scale, pieces of furniture to be used by two people with a clear emphasis on surface, trace and imprint.

Skin and objects accentuate the perception of our bodily limits. Borders with other bodies, a space that mediates between them. There, the erotic acts by means of a tapping that oscillates between the sweet and soft, and the bitter and sharp. Paradoxically, the skin is also a sieve that allows us contact with the outside. The traces of the outside on the body, and of the body on the outside, are folds of time; and the capacity to carry and retain them is also a capacity to transmit affection.

What is suggested with the series I wish you’d rub your quills against my stomach, is a complicit scenario of absent bodies, of their borders and of the remains of their intimate and domestic rites. A scenario composed of actions that have already taken place and where bodies have disappeared, leaving a narrative track through the form of ergonomic objects and metal structures that support and cross their borders, uniting them delicately and violently.

Artworks in this series:

Riding piece for 2 (2021), pp. 4-7
Sitting piece for 2 (2021), pp. 8-11
I wish you’d rub your quills against my stomach (2020), pp. 12-15
Riding piece for 2

polyester resin, fiberglass, stainless steel, plywood, atomised paint and varnish, 1 x 0.2 x 0.6 m.

Andrea Davila Rubio, Portfolio 2021
Sitting piece for 2

polyester resin, fiberglass, stainless steel, plywood, atomised paint and varnish, 1. x 0.3 x 0.6 m.
I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach
I wish you’d rub your quills against my stomach.
I wish you’d rub your quills against my stomach so hard, that the outer layer of your shield started to glimpse the most interior folds of mine.

Flooding the surface with a viscous black ink unveiled words would stain our lips and teeth, leaving an endless dance in our tongue which only our fingers could cease.

To host a thorn under one’s wing.

Beneath a glassy eggshell, laid on cold marble veins we protect ourselves with the warm of a furry skin, full of copper quills and stained with a very black ink.

Solely our lips highlighted by a word made of a burning wax-candle, which for the moment that its meaning is melted by the flames, so does the inner of our mouths as well.

Like in a skinned chess board game we try to protect our place, while hiding the thorn each of us put underneath the pink and yellow squares.
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