

THIS IS OZ, NOTHING MAKES SENSE - By Ugly-Kid GUMO



Strange, what this world has become ...
These faces apathetic to the world, rather scanning, watching the world, watching the men, scrutinizing them-selves mutually, internally. They do not judge. Bystanders, they seem to say: "Strange, what this world has become!"
"Strange world where no one knows how distinguish the false from the true, the real and the imaginary, the concrete of the chimera. Surrounded by the countless faces of Gumo, feeling watched by all, but at the same time they are indifferent to all other human but to themselves. Gumo's work is strongly originated and stamped by the urban life. The awareness of such passion is almost painful. Urban child, his works are about the city and our world, this illusion of bittersweet. The art of Gumo makes no concession. It shows our civilization as he sees it, without prejudice, without ointment and without hypocrisy.

Gumo painted out loud what many hide quietly

These faces are universal. These faces represent each and every-one. They operate in the world and observe impassively, stoically. It's us they watch, they observe. They absorb without judging. They learn from our dreams, our hopes, our fears and our mistakes; as if it was their own. Like us, they are the result of today's world. Much organic than mechanical, they emerge and reveal the visceral side of human beings formatted by the machine they built them-selves; the warmth of the animal, coldness of the machine, fallibility of the animal versus the regularity of the machine. Gumo brings together opposites, he doesn't object but only construct harmony; shows that this controversy only exists in the minds of men. It reconciles the eyes of all the opposites that were never separated.
In his exhibition these faces confront the visitors taking them into a reality they have buried deep within.

Gumo painted out loud what many whisper quietly.



The faces melt into this crude, obvious, powerful & sharp substance, as if men thought they could make the world melt into them. "Man is a wolf to man." Gumo shows in his work and the current reality of that adage. Man came to the world and thought the world had come to him. He thought he could control it as he thought he is in control of him-self. The man believes he can shape the world. Gumo here shows that it is the world that shapes the man who shapes the world. This world is made of skin and cardboard. The skin becomes the card-board; the cardboard becomes the skin as an artificial-natural blend, organic as mechanical. From synthetic material to human expression, the tag is nervous, the spray offensive. Sometimes a crying face surfaces from this violence, drips, melts, decomposes, and shows its fragility. For the works of Gumo are not aggressive. They are sweet and sour, soft and sharp. Like the world of men. The spray will defy the fluorescent eye. It provokes, incites to contemplate and reject the eyes at the same time. It impels the eye to open and see the world. It dares insult and creates awareness. Sour, it consumes the illusions and prejudices.

Gumo painted out loud what many judge quietly.

In this eagerness to condemn the world, Gumo's works are messages for hope.

What good does a revelation of defect if it isn't to bring awareness and encourage improvement?

In his fervor to reveal the ambivalence of the world, Gumo uncovers its ability to harmony. Observing the faces the man sees his own reflection, faced with himself, he discovers his faults and his errors, but also its weaknesses, its fragility, its joys, its hopes for the world and for himself. In his denunciation of a world that tends to focus on hatred, Gumo shows his hope to improve it, his ambition to anthropomorphize what is left of love and peace in the world.

Gumo painted out loud what many hope quietly.

Strange what this world has become; source of anger, source of hope an inspiration.