

Luis Adelantado

Gallery

En las noches más oscuras lucen las más brillantes estrellas
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The sun danced in my eyes till, all of a sudden, it was covered over in the vast expanse of the sky. It was not my eyelids but the new moon. The sky darkened. The Earth dimmed. The shimmering opalescence of the solar corona behind the dominant moon. For a moment, night turned to day, magnifying the fleetingness of an eternity. And so, the darkening came. Darkening, as the I Ching hexagram 36 is usually translated, has been conventionally equated with an eclipse. In other words, with a profound absence of light or, according to other redolent metaphors, like the flame of fire inside a mountain which is never snuffed out but remains latent in the heart of the rock.

The image of the sun sinking into the Earth, as spoken of by the oracle, conjures other more poignant poetic and visual figures. Like the one that inflicts a wound: the gash of light that seems to sacrifice us to the worst of evils in a ruthless destiny. An ostensibly harmful situation that harbours the traditional notion of a fractured world divided in binary opposites: light/darkness, night/day, natural/artificial, material/spirit, creation/destruction... And, yet, nothing could be further from the truth in the reality of this metaphor of shifting boundaries. For the movement of the moon across the sun, the precession of the stars, or the mountain not quenching but harbouring the flame, all reveal the transience of bodies upon this planet. In fact, in the opalescence of the moon's veiling of the sun we discover a vision through other bodies and their transformations. And thus, the virtuality of the material, of objects, of beings and the processes reveals to us endless possibilities. In this sense, the exhibition *En las noches más oscuras lucen las más brillantes estrellas* us a number of artworks that explore paths where the material, the emotional and the spiritual are brought together by certain elemental convergences only to later unfold in very different forms that echo human, vegetal and animal traits. There where the dissolution, erosion and transformation of materialities take on forms of ghostly presences; and these strive to embody radiance and the unexpected.

It is also true to say that an effect similar to that produced by an eclipse takes place in the creative process, given that it involves a journey through darkness to the heart of shadows, where the only certainty is to feel your way, to grope in the dark or, what amounts to the same thing, to trust your intuition. This prompts two reflections underlying the production of the works of the artists here represented: Pablo Capitán del Río, Fuentesal Arenillas, Eleni Gkinosati, Mercedes Mangrané, Eduardo Martín del Pozo, Antonio Menchen, Belén Rodríguez, Silvestre Moros, Cristina Spinelli and Darío Villalba. On one hand, we see the steadfastness in convictions and the quiet retreat into one's interiority: hiding within the rock or, in this case, the studio, until the sun comes out again. And, on the other, the evocative power of the haptic, of feeling one's way. This shaping of material brings with it a contradiction. The thing is, as we engage further with the other, we start to activate an electromagnetic relationship in which both bodies mutually repel each other. And so, if we are to believe quantum physics, the attraction in the contact with another body is no more than the repulsion of a relationship of particles that at once have an impact on an infinite number of stories with unforeseen outcomes but also with surprising approaches. For this reason, the connections between these works and artists operate within an electromagnetic force field, attracting and repelling one another and refusing to be pinned down to any single meaning

As such, the exhibition is conceived as a poetic journey through the artworks that hopes to open up the experience to the construction of unstable atmospheres and discursive digressions. The show opens in the shadow of the eclipse. When night falls unexpectedly we bump up against the origin: the symbol and the scene. Fuentesal Arenillas propose a number of works that operate like gorge, hillside and peak. While their source of inspiration is a series of ephemeral and shifting architectures, it is also true that, in them, voices, primordial sounds, the act of speaking and of listening are all interconnected. These constructions may be precarious, yet they are also full of games and meaning. Eduardo Martín del Pozo draws us into the most vibrant side of the night,

where an abstract, symbolic and fantasizing geometry is cloaked in black to evoke the totality of all things. Nature at its most intoxicating reveals itself in collections of starry skies and night-time gardens teeming with flowers.

Natural and artificial landscape are brought together in the works of Silvestre Moros, Cristina Spinelli and Antonio Menchen. In Silvestre Moros's wood and plaster reliefs we come across a synthesis of the natural body. Through the use of materials with seductive forms he seeks a sensualist iteration in which the wildness of a prickly pear is apparently reconciled with the fragmentation of a self-absorbed microscopic gaze. A poetic of beauty encapsulated in artifice, in dreams and in oblivion emerges from Antonio Menchen's images in which poppies seem to be the last refuge of peace. Cristina Spinelli casts us headlong into the reproduction of experiences somewhere between artifice and mysticism, between faith and the disappearance of a myriad of digital images with a kind of second skin. Her works accommodate second chances for the material, lives transcending mere existence. Here, the sensed experience takes precedence over the real.

Pablo Capitán del Río also finds this emotional experience of the material in cement and the chirping of a community where the goldfinches have now vanished but have left their mark in the form of ways of life. Here, the act of doing and of being are adhered to a welding apron twisted like an animal hide, where sweat, sparks from the fire of craft and metal shavings become epidermal sediments. Skin, bodies and their transposition are also given form in the works of Eleni Gkinosati and Darío Villalba. In his scrap metal works, Darío Villalba evokes a body melded with the machine, the car crash and a man almost wrapped in a shroud. Once again, we are witnessing the end of an era where differences no longer subscribe to any belief. What is a body worth? What materialities coexist at the end of the journey? Eleni Gkinosati takes us back to the primaeval state of organisms through transformation and the life drive in brushwork rich in references yet uncommon today. What remains in a gesture full of energy when it is interwoven like the muscular and skeletal tissues of a living being? Painting is also flesh beyond the confines of the body.

As the sky clears, a new scene appears in the heavens and on Earth. The sun emerges on a new day. Belén Rodríguez's works connect with this alchemy of nature. Here the leaves, branches and barks of trees caressed by the sun, bathed by the storm and intoxicated by the morning dew give way to become sustenance, shelter and colour. They give colour to skin, water and canvas, which in turn becomes a garment for the forest. In Mercedes Mangrané's paintings we can note an energy that cuts through the body and flings itself upon the canvas. What bears the weight? The gesture or the material itself? The eye appears to wander erratically as it follows the shifting surface of the painting. And so, amid glimmering light it seems to find its way, cutting across the cells that interrupt the horizontality of a potential landscape.

I wished to close my eyes, thinking that night would return, and the sky filled with shining stars.

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