



Marcel·la Barceló PHOSPHENES

Exhibition from march 15th to april 26th 2012

Preview march 15th from 6pm



Marcel·la is an artist overflowing with creative energy.

She paints and draws in a spontaneous and compulsive manner. Hazardous spots, the automatic amalgamation of forms and the innocent purity of her pen stroke come together to form nightmarish visions. Like a child with a powerful and prolific imagination, her first solo exhibition presents us with dark tales of coloured images. Strange creatures, resembling Alice or the artist herself, inhabit a universe alternatively and at once maritime, volcanic, spatial and celestial. Each one of her stories insidiously reminds us of our childhood and our forgotten fragility.

On the threshold of Da-End, the doors to a chimeric world are open to us and we are irresistibly lead into Marcel·la's somber wonderland.

'There are certainly other worlds, but they are all under the same sky.'

From a very young age, I thought I had invented a fabulous game. You only had to turn out the lights, to be in a room where darkness reigned, to see the walls dyed with the night come to life. I had at my finger-tips the power to be faced with creatures in metamorphosis and it didn't really frighten me, apart from the few times when I lost control of their transformations. It became over time, a ritual before falling asleep. The first elements of the dream which would follow. The Alice's rabbit hole, the other side of the mirror, where I could go whenever the desire took me.

To begin with, the darkness of the room starts to sizzles, moving spots, blurry, colourful, luminous ghosts and their exciting shadows. Then my room, imitating an inkblot thrown into water, dissolves, melts and writhes like smoke. Once caught, these abstract spots begin to dance and give way to kaleidoscopic forms; flowers, diamonds, drops, stars begin to mutate and become increasingly figurative.

The phosphenes, these bright spots trapped beneath our eyelids. One only has to concentrate a bit to begin with, for the kaleidoscope to burst, and for each of its forms to come to life and have an identity. A flower stretches upwards, it is a bird which slowly unfolds its wings. Here it is as a bat, now a dragon, which becomes enormous and throws something up: other flowers-phosphenes, which in turn divide, they are eyes, thousands of cat's eyes. No, they are the eyes of an enormous tiger! I lose control of my hallucinations. A feline with a thousand eyes starts to attack a dragon and then becomes a firework, explosions, a war, then dead trees stretch up towards my ceiling, from which spring extraordinary fruits, which mutate in their turn into marvellous dreams.

I fall asleep, lulled by these images which seem to forget that I am always watching them. Even with closed eyes, lying in my bed they are now imprinted, sewn to my retina, and they help me to weave the beginning of my dream. The real one.

'There are certainly other worlds, but they are all under the same sky.'

At night, if I detach myself from my body, the duplicated version of my sleeping-self wanders and collects images which it will then staple to my mind upon awakening. These images must not be forgotten, so I collect them. But they are badly filed in the drawers of my memory. They are mixed up with my fears, and this gives me even more images which must be tamed as they weigh me down. They are sometimes painful, aggressive and poisonous, sometimes soft, sweet, in love.

They make me smile naively. And so I spit them out the next day, impulsively and collect them, for real, they are tangible, there in the drawers of my studio. But still a mess.

Marcel·la Barceló, Paris, february 8th, 2012