

PAMEN PEREIRA

Tampoco el mar duerme (The sea does not sleep either)

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IN A NATURAL WAY

Between chamber music, interior, and opera, the complete exercise; between object and explosion; between image and words, sounds, voices and echoes. Pamen Pereira's work is made of wavering, synthesis, travelling, dialogues, actions and mystery. With the passing of time, she has unfolded, has become charming, fascinating but still magical. The origin is the same as when she first came to Madrid thirty years ago: an idea on a piece of paper, a somewhat clumsy but precise drawing, a whiplash right to emotion. As an artist, Pamen Pereira is stunning and her work is somehow like Pandora's box: on the verge of revealing her mysteries.

If we recall her first individual exhibition in Madrid, some of her workpieces could be seen as poetic objects: small, manual, with shapes and colours, even weight. They were pieces to be observed, motionless even if the plant shapes and lines looked as if they pretended to escape. They stopped being poetic objects long time ago in order to become poetic actions. Shapes levitate fascinated and free: they represent the emotion, the gesture, the flight. They contain and transmit energy.

Pamen Pereira was born in Ferrol, like Gonzalo Torrente Ballester. In his *The saga/escape of J.B.*, the writer tells the story of Castroforte del Baralla,



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the fifth Galician province that does not appear in maps nor history books due to its inhabitants' ability of levitating when they are worried. Civil servants in charge of the population census are not even aware of their existence: they never found anything. Pamen Pereira's objects levitate because they are energy, thoughts; because they forget about weight or because they assume that in reality they are her poetic voice, something aerial, so fragile but so intense.

I am a fan of Pamen Pereira's, but rather of her work that, although being a prolongation of her, is independent and levitates. She is obstinate, pursues the impossible and never gives up: she has managed to finally make the objects float without support, just by the presence of energy, and has insisted on capturing a fragment of the most violent sea. Just as a prestidigitator, she makes everything in front of our eyes, slowly, unfolding her work in a natural way.

Tampoco el mar duerme (The sea does not sleep either) is the title of a magical piece whose idea is condensed in a fragile and moving drawing. Pamen Pereira captures a fragment of a storm. Many may think about tsunamis and cyclogenesis, in cinematographic and expansive scenes, when in reality it is the synthesis of the sea trapped in the hollow of a hand, the certainty of its living and feeling. Pamen Pereira reads poetry and you can feel it, she sways in eastern thoughts and engagement. She knows what she wants: her world is the idea, the poetic thought, the image and the process. She resorts to the support of science but she looks at and seduces it until it comes to her field. She chooses the fragment, she cancels the actions. Her work has something of this storm's heart, but the main character is the sea where the storm happens.

Jardín volador (Flying garden) is another happy thought. The origin is a project carried out in the Hedjuk Towers, in Santiago de Compostela's Cidade da Cultura. When Peter Eisenman devised this project he wanted to make a tribute to his architect friend and so he rescued what we know today as the Hedjuk Towers, integrating them in the outline. The towers saw the works evolve and stood as two speechless witnesses, slightly outside, lonely, isolated from the perhaps sensual display of Eisenman's



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architecture. They do not levitate but they claim their place by playing absent. One day Pamen Pereira was asked to take over them and she offered them life: a suspended, autonomous, flying garden as their heart. I think it should have stayed here, but it was taken away and the towers are again lonely and sad.

Pamen Pereira continuously plays with perception: the impossible encounters between objects as surrealists talked about become in this case conversations intermingled with echoes and whispers. *El mundo visible es solo una excusa VI* (The visible world is only an excuse VI) is a work that claims the encounter of materials that want to intermingle, contradict and float: cows' vertebrae with lead wings fly about and conform a suspended sphere without touching the ground. It is the idea of suspended movement, of objects trapped by inertia, levitating. *El caballo blanco penetra la flor de la caña* (The white horse penetrates the cane flower) is the perfect encounter of a deer's antler and a palm tree flower, assembled as if this were their natural, unavoidable fate. In *El emperador* (The emperor), continuity leaves way to the voluntary clash between a bronze skull and an inverted palm tree root, in a symbolic encounter that reminds us of the world of tarot. In *El tomillo* (Thym) a mountain floats along with a blanket of roots, according to the tradition or aerial pieces, but *Ecuanimidad* (Equanimity) does not stay unnoticed either, a hat that finally levitates. Pamen Pereira knows that the image of that hat of dripped wax with a lighted candle, apart from being a historic reference to the artist's work like a jacket or shoes full of material, is for her a recurrent determination visible in smoke drawings and aerial installations. It is most meaningful when she makes the object rise without any support, she charges the empty space between the object and the stand with intensity. She places them in front of our eyes, in the foreground: like the pause, the rhythm of someone who reads a poem.

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