

Catalina León
Muda (Mute/ Molt)
Alberto Sendrós Art Gallery. Pasaje Tres Sargentos 359.
Until December 7th.

Muda is actually the shape that ended up taking with the passage of time *Todo se pasa* (Everything passes), an installation by León in the framework of the collective exhibition *Mientras sea posible* (As long as possible), back in 2009, at Casa America in Madrid. To the general climate of the piece contribute the most typical features of the work of the artist: her intimate relationship with the surfaces on which she works, her ability to mediate between materiality and image and manage to entwine them until becoming practically indistinguishable, the construction of exuberant settings that never cease to be a summary of tiny experiences and emotional presence, translated into hundreds of remnants, portraits, small perforations and embroideries almost moving on objects as if they were ants' phalanxes. Teeth, keys, necklaces and all kinds of parts stripped of any symbolic load float and hide around the room, with no justification other than its own unexpected appearance, as if they were the only surviving elements of a story so long that it merged with all the others. Somehow, León allows herself to repeat the process carried on in *Cruz Imaginal* (Imaginal Cross) when she built a hornero's nest on a human scale. She once again strengthens the weak and secreted matter through a dedicated craft and introduces a new item to her inventory: scores of leaves sewn together with threads of different colors, forming long banners that hang from the ceiling of the room and cover sections of the wall. In its' steepening they mix up with the sheets and painted boards that stand in the exhibition space. So then we have on one side the Catalina that demolishes and scatters, who makes her way into solid matter until its' softening and turns it into a polyhedron container of a thousand visions. On the other, the Catalina who builds, who mends, who gives herself into her trance of patience and devotion to give unity to that which was loose. Each leaf is a scale on the dry skin of the creatures crossing instances of transformation and molt, leaving behind the useless commemoration of their change. Protected by a mound on which fabrics, wool and painted branches accumulate, lies a kind of heart made of putty that seems to be the director behind the autumn uprising that stirs in the room. Because, even though León's interest is always focused on earthy and worldly ingredients –the land living-, the overall feeling transmitted in *Muda* is of an abrupt upward movement, or, as the new fans like to call it of "Rapture". The painting that greets the visitor just before entering the main hall of the gallery is traversed by eruptive strokes, elongated to disappear into a strip of deep white. This verticality might suggest that the historical and emotional density that the work intends to contain is of such magnitude that it ends up taking off, by mere rebound effect, to colonize the spaces prohibited for men. Garbage gets tired of waiting in silence its' atonement, memories get bored in their cells and stables. In *Muda*, León presents the most expansive instances of her *psychedelia of the substrates*, in which the elements do not simply converge but begin to rise, driven by the force of human experience. A continuous rise till the heavens be flooded once and for ever with the

plague of doubt and insecurity; but also with the verses, the secrets and the love stories.