

# Galeria Estrany-de la Mota

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## Jonathan Millan. Petit drama sobre actuat

Opening: Thursday, September 4th 2015, 18.00 p.m.

Exhibition: 04.09.2014 – 31.10.2014. Monday to Friday from 10.30 p.m. to 7.00 a.m.

Some things I see at the exhibition, and although it goes well, I would like to share:

The Murals. It is the first time I make murals. They have the distinction of being an image that can have giant proportions but disappear as soon as you finish the exhibition. That provisional character is where I feel most comfortable and where I try to move along everything I do. I do not believe anything for a long time.

Also in this case I like the fact that the murals function as autonomous works but also have a role of an allegorical image of the entire exhibition. As if they were ghosts that have emerged from the wall itself and condense concepts or atmospheres into a single image that flows and travels throughout the entire expo.

One such idea is to bring things to a primary state. To strip them of complexity and noise to see them clearly and apprehend them properly. The entire show, including myself, is subject to this search.

*Looking at a photo of myself as a baby.* A content of existential tone (looking at myself as a baby, thinking about my life, etc) but formulated with a comic style of flow and humor. I enjoyed this fusion of reflective tone and immaturity.

I also was amused that the image functioned as cover of the expo, as a condensed summary. Everything that happens down the hall, is located in the small stretch between the picture (baby) and my face (adult).

*My mother and I seeing us.* The mural located at the far end of a white room where there is hardly anything seems to encompass the entire space as if pretending to turn it into a psychological container, including in the scene the very spectator (which also observes the image).

The image is taken from a scene from the movie *Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives*. In the film that sequence as it appears: a boy and his mother appear splitted and looking at themselves while watching TV. I liked the scene a lot and I felt like drawing me and my mother replacing the characters in the film. Actually the scene could be starring by anyone, and in each case, in the subjective reading of each individual, would be infected by the specificity of the relationship he had with his mother or his way of seeing. That is, it was a very democratic kind of image-container.

When I happened to turn it into a mural I realized I was returning it (with my own media: drawing) to the size at which it was perceived when I saw it in the cinema. As if the image of the film had pierced me, impregnated my biography and returned to the screen by dragging my uniqueness.

Something that I am particularly interested in this piece is the fact that my only contribution is to exist. I don't enunciate anything; I just interject the path of an image.

The three old pieces: Little to add. To reclaim them in a new context extracting their value from the fact of being a physical residue of a genuine moment.

Sculpture and baby video: Nothing to add here.

Drawings mosaic: Little to add. Drawings made at different times during the past two years without an intention of becoming an artwork (they were more outbursts or drafts) from which, now looking back at them, I found a fairly complete picture of myself. You can see three main thematic lines: my parents, girls and art.

*Two Neanderthals fucking*: Important to note two ideas.

1-To represent a basic and ancestral act established at the origins of humanity from the perspective given at the other end of history, in a manner reminiscent of moments supposedly sophisticated and futuristic, almost arrogant, ultimately naïf, of the design and architectural worlds.

A friend mentioned the analogy with the ellipsis (bone/spaceship) from the movie *2001, a Space Odyssey*.

2-To further even more the distance between abstraction/representation that I began with *Pile of dirty socks* and *From the kitchen to the dining room*. In this case I found that title and form are so remote to each other that people find it impossible to make the match. Or think the title or see the form but can not merge them together.

I like the idea of it being a conceptual and temporal distance. The history of the man does not fit on the head of man.

*Small drama and posturing on a raft*. My idea was to have an impact on something very small: the idea overact or act out something in the middle of a real drama, and do it only directed at myself.

I remember once when I was a teenager I was alone crying in my room, probably for some girl. It took a long time crying and at a particular time I decided to make a sort of grinning mocking the very fact of mourning a loss, overacting the drama in which I was immersed. As if on one hand, in the background, I did not take it very seriously, as if I wanted to be creative even at that time when I was in the middle of the mud.

In the case of the raft I also like the idea to reduce the creative act to exaggeration. I on a raft: the normal. I overreacting on a raft: Art.

The remaining drawings accompanying this series are zooms to fictitious pieces that not only are very minimal and ephemeral but also occur in a huge and isolated frame, the ocean. Which brings it all to the limit of absurdity.

All together, mural and drawings of shipwrecked, meant to be a sort of corner of isolation or timeless space in which we reflect or from which to view otherwise the scenes of my life on the mosaic of drawings in front of it.

*Carlota sleeping* and *Pile of dirty socks*. These two final images function as an epilogue, as a kind of way back home. Both return us to a immediate, quotidian, real present. I wake up and see the back of Carlota. I did not decide to see that image (my position has evolved during my sleep) and when I see her I'm half asleep and there is hardly any thought, and there it is, a picture of the world.

Conclusion. It is as if, in general, the idea was to strip layers of opinion, intellect, wit and creativity so that all that's left, my only contribution, were a bunch of singularities that come given by the specificity of my biographical spatio-temporal coordinates. Looking at myself as a baby, to my mother, or Carlota reduce my field of action to the act of seeing and try to be aware of my existence. The intellectual or creative hierarchies are questioned seeking to emphasize the singularity of any individual, but especially mine.

— Jonathan Millan

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