

PAN

AMSTERDAM

FRANZIS ENGELS GALLERY



Babel Tower Emmurée

Keramiek 60x26 cm.

Willing to express the power and fragility of the natural world, Nathalie Campion's work is informed by the Cycle of life and nature.

In her sculptures, the body is secretly present. The different shapes, the tree stumps imply this presence.

They have no face, like a tribute, one last elegy, the ceramics remind us of distant forests.

The clay is lifting, unraveling. Nathalie Campion works with this material as if it was a living body. Her relationship with it is tactile, carnal. The final result is the main evidence of this relationship. The earth, the clay, becomes a vector of sensuality, an object that desires, a subject. Spring is slowly coming.

Nathalie Campion's use of color is a reject of the inessential. It allows the existence of those shapes, give it as they are, empty of unnecessary artefacts. Peeled like a fruit in which we would discover a secret treasure, the work seems to be slowly crumbling. It starts a journey towards the damp soil.

A paradox then appears : between fascination and repulsion, fear and desire, miracle and sacrifice. The work

of Nathalie Campion addresses the questions raised by this duality.

A tree stump is a river. It's the resilience of a strong nature that renews itself while going through death. It is a magnificent self sufficient system, the second part of a cycle, the idea of a sacrifice.

Nathalie Campion creates with this violence. The viewer being the main witness of this brutality. Death - suffering clay, all those elements tend to demonstrate human heritage bringing a lot of pain to the world. The material goes through critical states, it almost breaks.

The planet, the human behavior, everything is melted together, everything seems to be about to collapse.

Anger, anguish, suffering of the mother earth, are illustrated here in a plastic vertigo, expressing the inescapable with strength and melancholy, a paradoxical combination of two powers: Nature and Humanity.

Nathalie Campion's sculptures carry this paradox that makes them go from birth to death in an endless circle.