

# That light from between the mountains

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Hypnotized by the Sun, absorbed by a blinding light that melts between the mountains. A mystery lies hidden behind the star, a hazy aura that has fostered countless visions and beliefs throughout history. The Sun is a magical, untamed star — one that marks both beginning and end, brightness and darkness. It is our point of reference, the star around which we orbit and the source that makes light — and consequently the vision of our surroundings — possible. This exhibition begins with different optical perceptions mediated by the Sun: experiences that have inspired diverse speculations and hypotheses, opening up an amalgam of narratives.

In his artistic practice, Albert Gironès delves into the search for images that challenge cognitive mechanisms of clear and immediate recognition: Marian apparitions and UFO sightings — two experiences that strongly impact the social imaginary and have enabled the development of unruly narratives that question the human logic of reason. These are stories that slip through our fingers, helping us imagine and conjure parallel realities, proposing other possible ways of living. In many cases, such narratives have become an outburst of hope, an escape from what we already know, what we reject, and what we sometimes need to flee in order to experience the lightness of shadow and of meaninglessness.

When the ephemeral and the unknown emerge, a pre-established way of moving through the world dissolves. Rays that only moments before radiated understanding and clarity become dense, making room for a desire for discovery — even if it occasionally takes on a darker form. As this desire grows, we seek to put words to what escapes us, driven by an urgent need to describe the mystery. It is at this moment that narratives arise to respond to the experience, unfolding a series of conclusions deeply marked by context.

In November 1979, amid a speculative surge surrounding UFO sightings, Pep Climent presented a photograph of a sunrise in Sóller that contained an anomaly later described as an unidentified flying object. Some decades earlier, in 1917, in the town of Fátima, the collective ecstasy provoked by a series of luminous visions around the Sun was attributed to an apparition of the Virgin Mary, establishing a precedent for future Marian visions.

Often, the narratives that unfold are relegated to a category: conspiracy theories. Collective experiences are cast into doubt, yet skepticism alone is not enough to annul them.

Conspiracy emerges as a creative tool, validating knowledge through a system of shared beliefs. In this context, to conspire means to summon an idea, to give voice to a story that extends beyond coherence. It requires the involvement of multiple individuals and the coexistence of a set of clues articulated through a swarm of events. It is within this logic that Albert Gironès operates — sometimes allowing himself to be carried away by an archive of imprecise, blurred, fragile, and hypnotic testimonies from those who have had experiences close to the apparitions. At times, he attempts to reproduce them, to live them firsthand; at others, he simply seeks to narrate them.

Yet by the mere act of naming them, he condemns them to life. These visions are fleeting — sensations and perceptions that challenge the limits of language. He confronts the complexity of articulating them while remaining aware of the inherent deception that such articulation entails. Hypotheses and contradictions permeate his imaginary, and the narrative takes shape.

Within this exploration, photography emerges as a means of investigation that goes beyond the mere capture of images. Albert Gironès uses the camera to seize past moments, reintroduce them into the present, and open the door to the hidden dimensions each image may contain. Photography becomes a tool for exploring the mysterious layers and nuances that escape the impatient first glance.

The importance of context becomes evident in the construction of meanings and possible interpretations. What happens when there are no images, no clues? When the threads of investigation have exceeded all their margins of error? Can we free ourselves from the narrative? It seems we are driven by the curse of wanting to believe in something — we try to explain the inexplicable, to give body to the report, to answer questions that are alien to us or that we keep in silence. Yet we are only truly free to move when uncertainty burns away the narrative.