



Melanie Matranga

A single card rests in an otherwise empty room:
The World.

Traditionally the final card in the Major Arcana, it promises completion, unity, a sense of arrival. But here, that promise feels suspended. The card stands alone—an emblem of totality surrounded by absence. Something seems to be missing, or perhaps, missed. A world held in miniature—flat, symbolic, and unsatisfyingly whole.

Melanies voice seeps through the walls - soft, cyclical, calling like a chant of rupture.

Through peepholes, another scene unfolds in the neighboring room: a second world, hidden yet central to any deeper understanding of the first. The viewer stands outside, implicated in the act of seeing - a confrontation more than a choice.

Red moons cycle across the walls. Time is measured not by progress, but by repetition. Each phase returns like a tally scratched into prison walls - counting freedom, or marking the slow, recursive ache of survival? The decision lies with us.

A single mattress beneath the Palestinian flag - too intimate to be merely symbolic, too symbolic to ignore. This is the discomfort of looking. This is the impossibility of immediate intervention. This is what Melanie Matranga reminds us of.

We know that looking away makes us complicit. Yet to look is to risk becoming voyeurs - or guards. Observation alone is not enough. It demands reflection, followed by action.

The room-within-a-room becomes a sealed chamber of echoes: of collective trauma, of internal and external wars, of waiting, of wounds that do not heal. But also, of the will to change. Like Jessie's locked body in Gerald's Game, chained while ghosts of trauma rise - this interior is saturated with captivity: emotional, physical, political.

Focusing the eye back onto The World and away from the peephole, offers no comfort - only a chilling suggestion of redemption.

The boundaries of inside and outside blur.

We want ease. We want to erase discomfort.

But we cannot ignore the invisible space, the other layer that resonates from within.

Like the moon pulling at the tides, these red cycles stir the vast ocean of our subconscious - quietly dictating rhythms we pretend not to feel.

Mélanie Matranga (*1985, Marseille) lives and works in Paris. Her artistic practice explores the tension between solitude and conviviality, creating immersive environments that navigate the blurred boundaries between public and private life. Rather than demanding intellectual interpretation, her works call for emotional attunement — a sensitivity to spaces where intimacy, vulnerability, and interpersonal tensions quietly unfold.

Matranga constructs delicate atmospheres through a language of the everyday: familiar materials, restrained gestures, and fleeting narratives. Working intuitively across various media — including drawing, video, light, sculpture, and architectural interventions — she choreographs environments that are both scenographic and affective. These are not merely spaces for viewing art, but emotional habitats, where feelings rise just beneath the surface and the personal and communal converge.

Her installations often function as ambiguous havens — spaces where one can feel simultaneously exposed and unseen, alone yet among others. Matranga's works resist resolution, instead offering open-ended experiences where presence and absence, self-perception and longing, desire and disillusionment quietly coexist. The result is a subtle poetics of emotional space — scenes that invite reflection on how we perform, relate, and dwell in contemporary life.

Mélanie Matranga has presented solo exhibitions at institutions such as Nottingham Contemporary (UK), Furiosa (Monaco), Villa Vassilieff (Paris), Centre des Éditions Contemporaines (Geneva), Karma International (Zurich), Indipendenza Studio (Rome), and Palais de Tokyo (Paris). Her work has also been included in group exhibitions at the National Gallery (Prague), Le Delta Espace Culturel Provincial (Namur), Musée d'Art Moderne de Paris, Le Plateau–FRAC Île-de-France, Fondation d'entreprise Ricard, and the Archives Nationales (Paris).



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