



PRATS NOGUERAS BLANCHARD

Victoria Civera

Refugio, estímulo y deseo

Madrid

Apr 29 - Jul 24, 2026

Prats Nogueras Blanchard is pleased to present *Refugio, estímulo y deseo* [Refuge, stimulus and desire], a new exhibition by Victoria Civera at its Madrid space. Bringing together a group of recent works spanning painting, installation, and objects, the exhibition underscores the artist's exploration of refuge, memory, and the construction of intimate spaces. Civera's practice considers the idea of "home," not as a fixed place but as an emotional territory—fragmented and in constant reconstruction.

Donde habite la casa [Where the house may inhabit]

Estrella de Diego

Gaps and Collage

The "house", the supposed territory of belonging, is often vague and unstable; very different from the one we inhabit in the present and even in the past. For the house is, above all, the desire to inhabit it, wherever it may be; it refers to a threshold we are not even capable of reproducing in our memory with precision. The "house"—belonging—is a longing, a necessary void, something we need to feel we have inhabited, though perhaps we never did: A collage of memories, rather.

So it is better to build it anew each time we need it, and to imagine ourselves living there—in Clifford's 1854 photograph of the Alhambra, which awakens in Barthes what he calls in *Camera Lucida* the *désir d'habitation*: a desire to inhabit, not merely to look at or visit. To inhabit even the "homes" dreamed up by others, since, after all, the "home"—the familiar—springs up where one would least expect it—, if we are fortunate enough for it to appear at all. How strange: to live in a photograph from long ago; to find one's own home in a past that did not even belong to us.

This is what Bachelard refers to when he describes "poetic space"—which the writer associates with the lines of an engraving when he refers to the "home" of memory, a utopian time, and sated voids. For him—and in this he recalls Barthes—it is a feeling that is both powerful and elusive, perhaps just like those associated with the "house" itself: the sense that one ought to live there, between the lines of the engraving; uninhabitable places in a physicality that becomes possible within the gaps of desire itself. Where does the "home" dwell? What do we call by that name if the ultimate memory of belonging—the place we believe we recognize and seek relentlessly—refers to a territory of impossible return, the place that inevitably transports us to a collage of gaps: past longings.

Filling in the Gaps

The rain catches Vicky Civera by surprise in her studio. It's not unusual. She spends many hours there. She makes the most of her time there. That's her way of working: she tests colors on the walls, creates mock-ups, and rehearses the set designs that will guide the installation... The works do not form a unified whole in the classical sense; rather, they unfold as a kind of staging that spreads out in search of a necessary refuge—an architecture of emergency, akin to the structures of Japanese architect Shigeru Ban, made from paper and recycled cardboard tubes. I would prefer to call it an “architecture of shelter.”

Civera is searching for refuge, exploring nothing less than a space of comfort, a “home”; an embrace, in Vicky's words. The task requires a skilled hand to stitch together the scraps and remnants—often literally speaking—the Pantone; an invisible hand that understands how to weave together raindrops as they mingle with the sound of the sea; when the vertical and horizontal movements of the water compose a symphony that envelops and carries us far back in time, to childhood, to those earliest memories of comfort.

Working right up until the last moment—something we women know all too well—; leaving nothing to chance: chance is powerful enough as it is, without us adding to it. I would venture to say that Vicky loves being in her studio, and not because her studio is her home—which it is, of course—but because her studio is inhabited by those homes she builds in every piece, in every painting, in every object; in every material, a fundamental part of her work—selecting them, finding them, even seeking them out. “Going out to meet them is like traveling to a different country; engaging in a dialogue with the landscape they offer; taking things out of context or visualizing what truly surprises the eye,” she writes to me in an email.

And so the studio is home to the refuges that give rise to her works, and to Vicky Civera, who manages to capture them. She creates poetic spaces of habitability that expand with each work, leaping from one to another and infusing them all. They emerge in the gaps, stitching them together, fostering a refuge of spaces that—despite being built in fragments, or perhaps because of it—offer the embrace the artist often speaks of: a sense of safety, I suppose.

There, in the gaps inherent to any collage—a tradition to which Civera is often said to belong—the approach to visuality takes on a certain syncopated quality that is revealed even in his large, self-contained paintings. In these three large-scale works presented here as well, the interplay of materials and scenography within the scenography is evident: through his works, Civera

experiments with different ways of communicating, and I would dare to say with moods that move comfortably between the figuration of *En el camino de Saja* (the name of Civera's granddaughter and a reflection on adolescence), and the abstract worlds of *Gensō* (in Japanese, fantasy worlds that appeal to art and, once again, to comfort and the pleasant) or the third painting, *Privado*, a strategy for protecting intimacy and feeling safe. In these two latest works, Civera returns, in a way, with her planes and constructive forms, to the tempered works of the 1980s and 1990s—the artist's "patchwork" surfaces—fragmented, with scraps of dazzling fabrics, both physical and metaphorical. It is a strategy to establish the architecture of shelter that Civera seeks and needs, which she crafts to protect herself.

Although shelter is, after all, an elusive, ungraspable concept. It certainly does not inhabit the studio, but perhaps it does not even inhabit the pieces themselves; rather, the care taken in the relationships between each piece—which distills a seriality like an expanded narrative that is fully (re)cognized only within the individual pieces and the juggling act that extends toward the others—weaves—yes, I think this is the word I'm looking for—a comfortable place to inhabit—once again, the lines of Bachelard's engraving. Certainly, Civera's gaps trace a map of poetic spaces.

The rain and the sound of the sea catch Vicky Civera working in her studio: the pieces must never be considered finished, nor the world. And some sounds draw in other musics. They attract them to the artist's imagination, an improvised mixing board. After all, her work has something of a mixing board about it, where the needle stitches up the gaps—those that, in a paradox, become essential for sheltering from the inclemency of the passage of time. Or, above all, from any other inclemency as we drift away from that first childhood memory, where the whole world was an infinite embrace. She seeks it in her studio when she can't quite bring herself to go out and prefers to listen to the rain that brings news of the eternal, of the frozen moment. Civera seeks to heal herself, and in her search, she ends up healing us.

Cracks, Shelters

I call these pieces sculptures. Civera prefers to call them objects. Shelters, to be more precise. And the difference is not merely semantic—quite the contrary. To call Vicky Civera's shelters sculptures is to imbue them with a certain solemnity that the artist neither desires nor seeks. Her pursuit lies elsewhere.

Civera's work is a collage in the broadest sense of the term, a maneuver in which the large and the small speak; the abstract

dialogues with the figurative; the constructive—traditionally cold—with the warm geometries of textiles, the warmth in the style of Lygia Clark and Helio Oiticica. And the backgrounds transform into figures—once again the imaginary mixing console so evident in the sound pieces—imperceptible and subtle shelters, taking the radicalism of Ángel Ferrant in his sophisticated pieces a step further or adding a twist to Oteiza's Experimental Laboratory. The small pieces are, for me, among the most extraordinary in Civera's work.

Because Ferrant's found objects—in Civera's case, river stones, carved stones, or constructed artifacts—are transformed by something absent in the other two artists mentioned, Ferrant himself and Oteiza; something extraordinary and assertive in Vicky Civera. In the shelters she creates in 2025 and 2026, as in so many of her works, the fabrics—soft and malleable—subtly intrude upon the visual narrative, which is sometimes blue; blue for years now. In Syria, it is the color of mourning, mourning for that rain that fell in another time, I think as I stand before Civera's work, searching for my own home. They disrupt tradition. The scraps—textiles—add and trace new paths through stitching and recycling, turning traditional collage on its head and turning our eyes toward Lévi-Strauss's idea of bricolage: working from what is available.

Working with what is already there seeks to gradually incorporate the everyday, which is why I have spoken of a patchwork strategy—one rooted in the practices of radical women. Gifts from friends, relatives, neighbours; colours that interact with the scraps; scraps that find refuge in the hollow of the small object. There, inside, the fabric lives.

I am moved by this small space where the material takes shelter from the elements. The crack, the broken, transforms into a refuge, into a shelter. In these necessary fissures, we find comfort. The hollow, at last, embraces us. If Freud suggested that without loss there is no narrative, perhaps without a crack there is no shelter either.



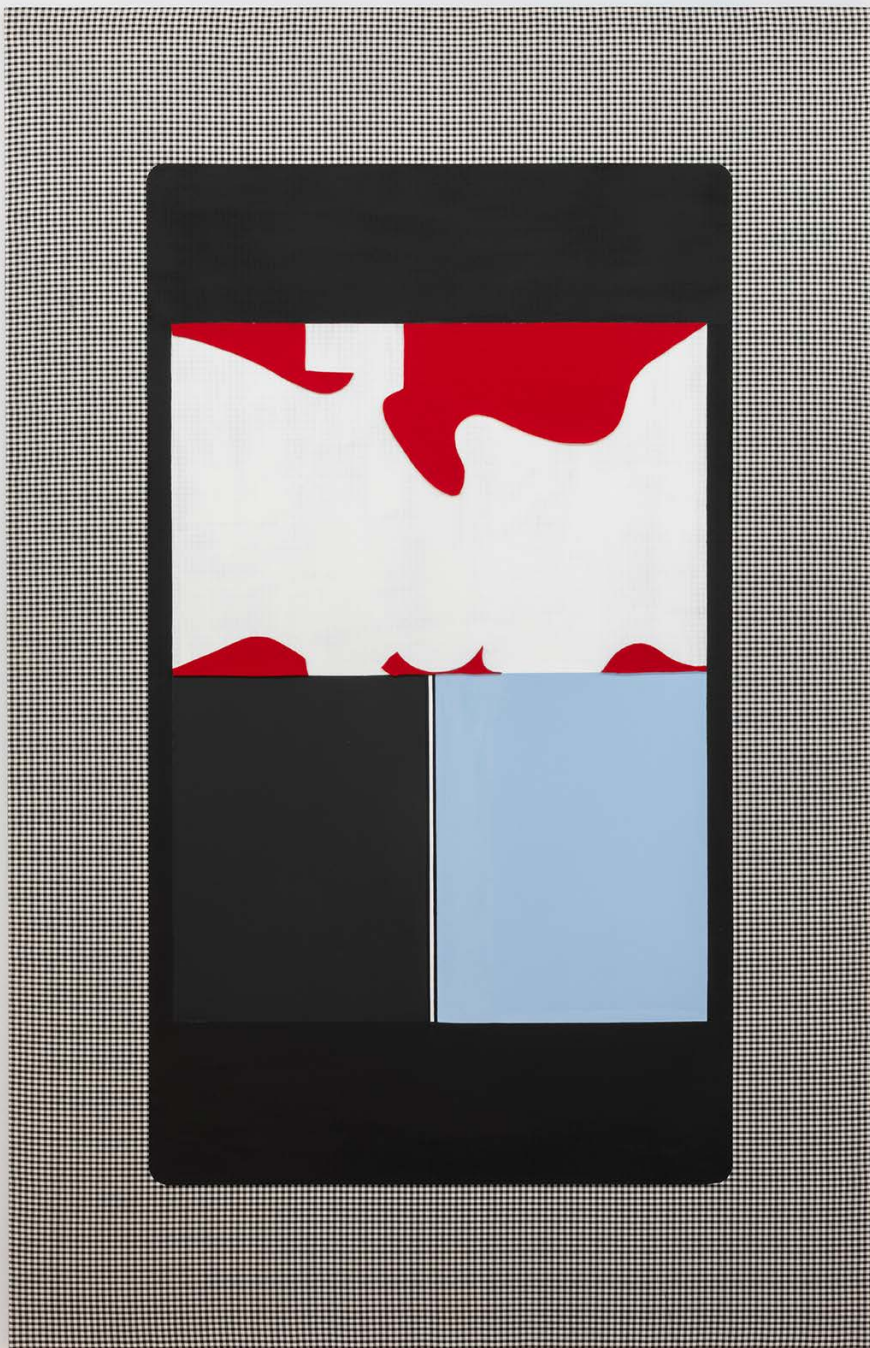
Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Victoria Civera
Gensō (ilusión), 2026
Acrylic, felt on fabric
250 x 160 cm (98 3/8 x 63 inches)



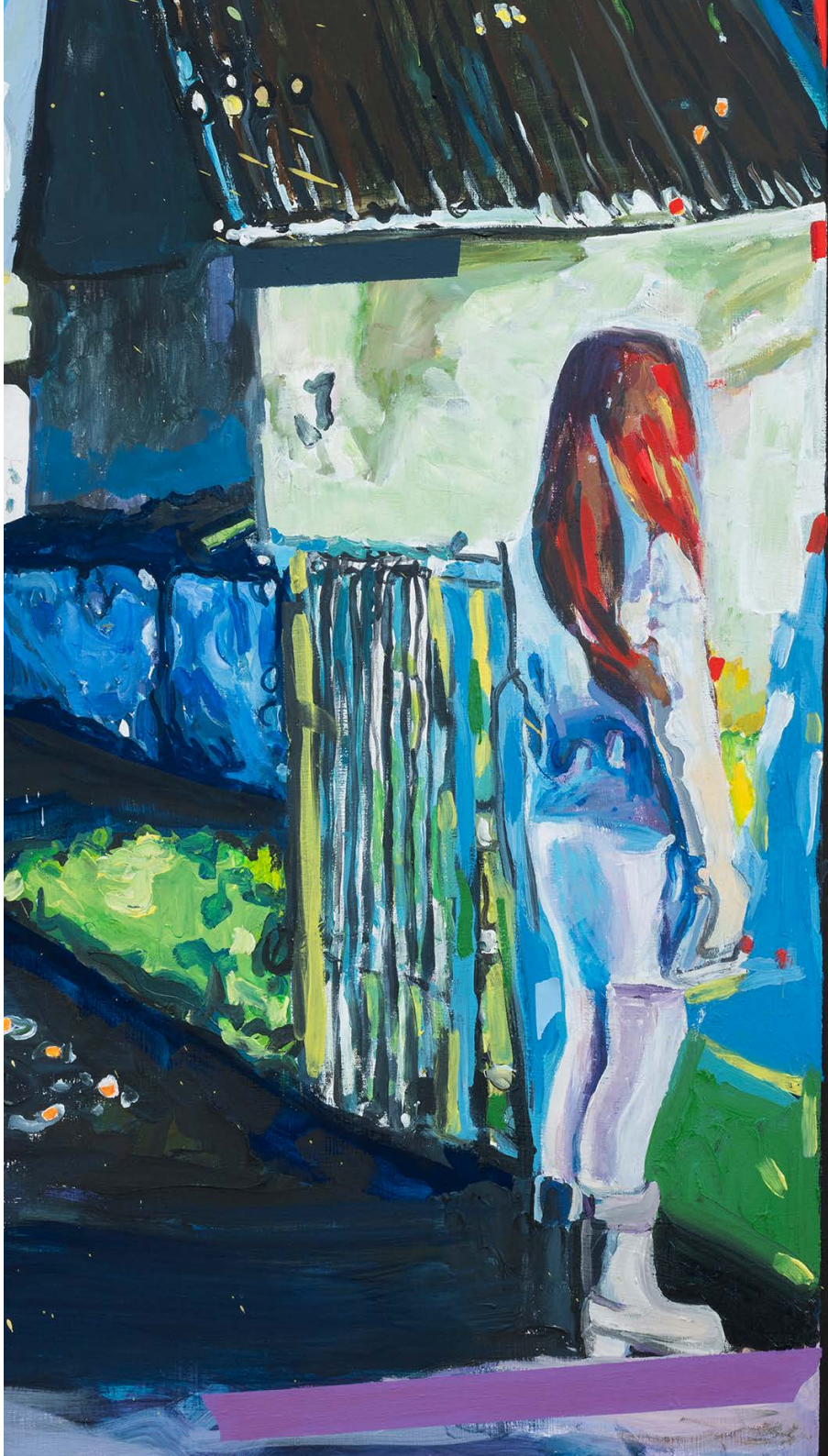
Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid

Victoria Civera

En el camino de Saja, 2026

Acrylic, oil on canvas, methacrylate
250 x 160 cm (98 3/8 x 63 inches)





Detail



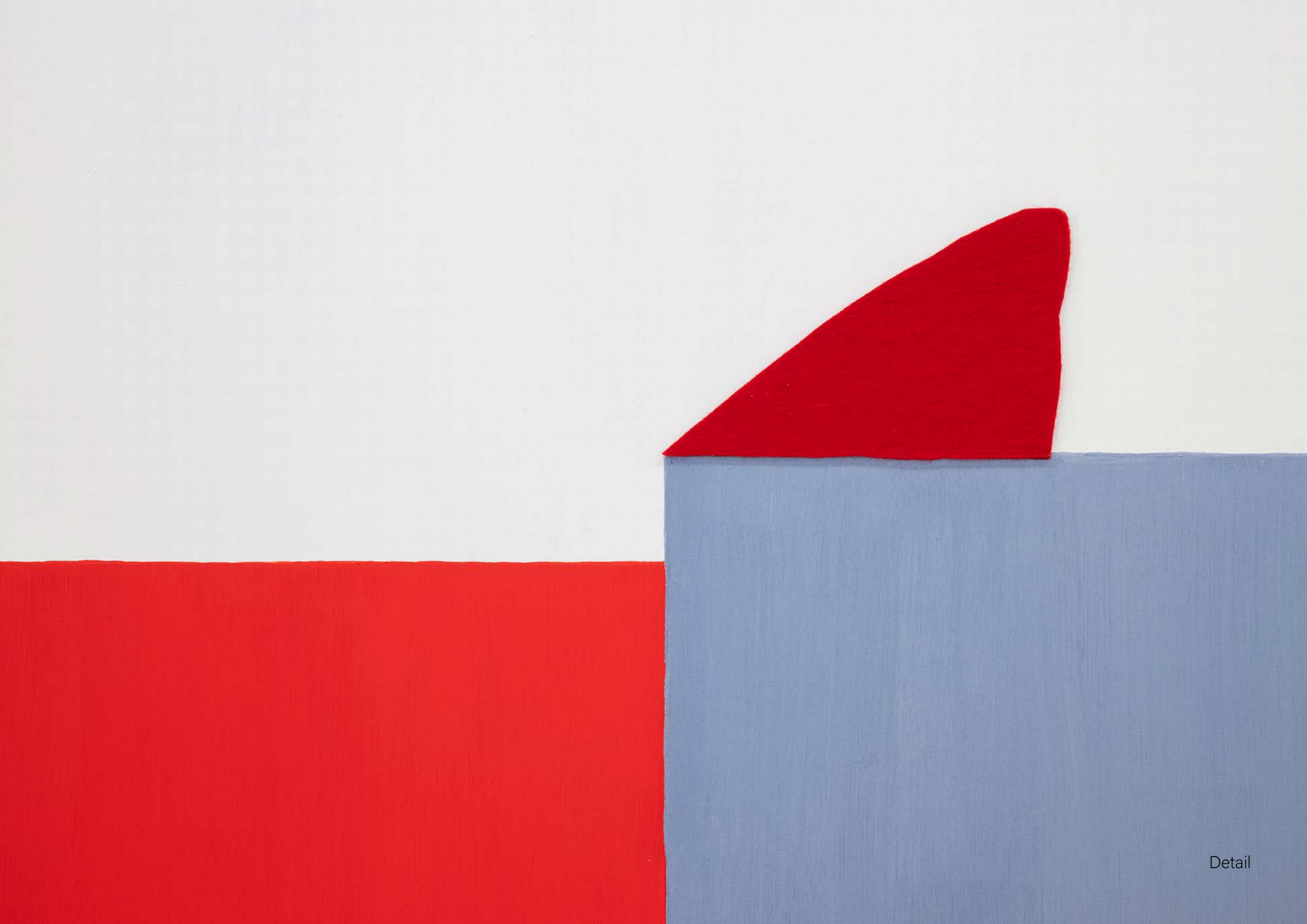


Victoria Civera

Privado (Imaginario), 2026

Acrylic, felt on fabric

250 × 160 cm (98 ⅜ × 63 inches)



Detail



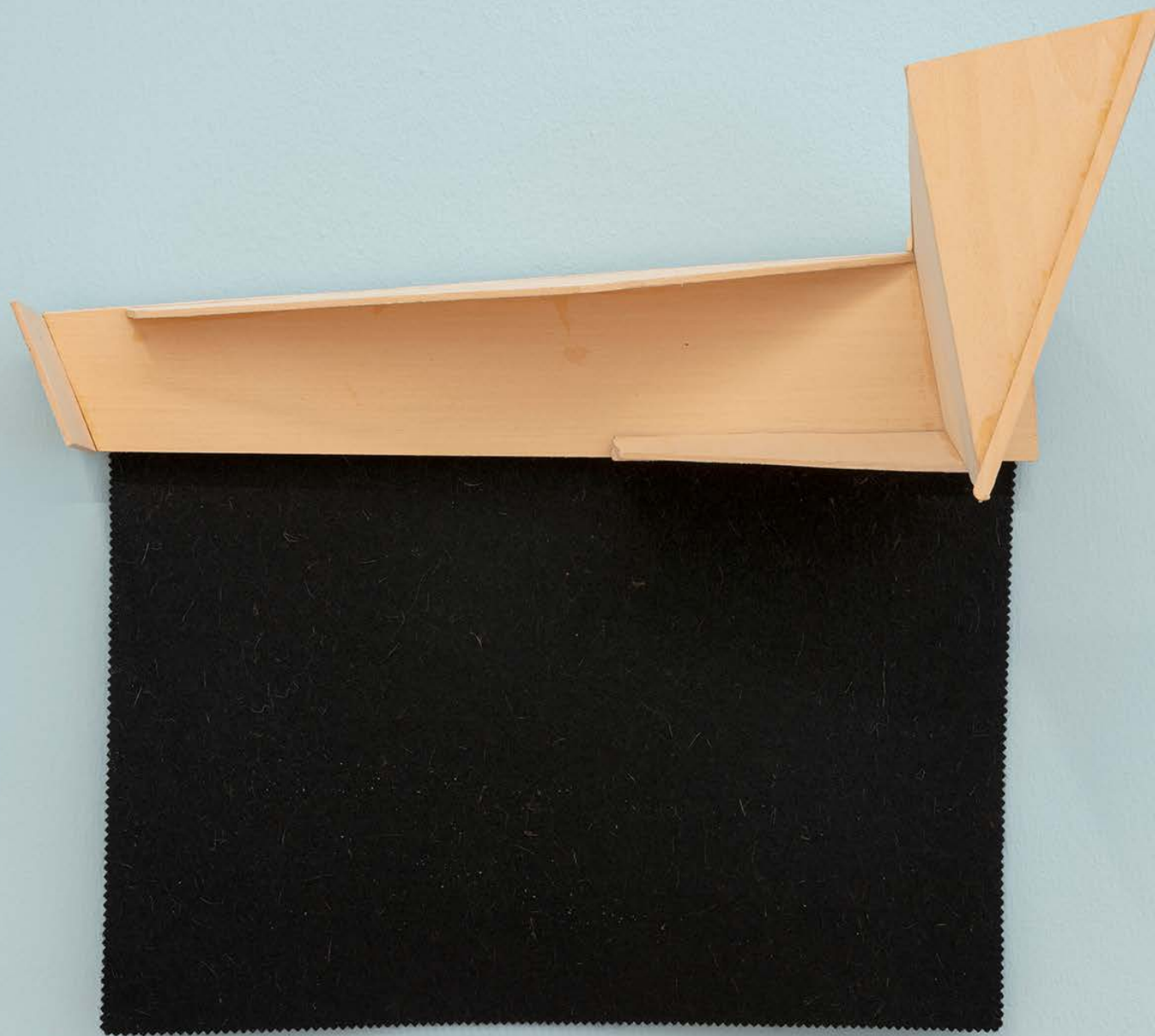
Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Victoria Civera

Refugio oscilante, 2018

Wood, felt

31 x 30 x 12,5 cm (12 ¼ x 11 ¾ x 4 ⅞ inches)





Victoria Civera
El regreso, 2016
Acrylic on wood
15 x 61 cm (5 7/8 x 24 inches)



Victoria Civera
Tenue interior, 2026
Acrylic, oil on linen
40 × 40 cm (15 ¾ × 15 ¾ inches)



Victoria Civera
La pérdida (Duelo), 2025
Ink on silk
31 x 26 cm (12 ¼ x 10 ¼ inches)

Victoria Civera
Huida, 2025
Ink on silk
31 x 26 cm (12 ¼ x 10 ¼ inches)





Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Victoria Civera

Refugio I, 2025

Microfiber, cotton

11 × 23 × 15 cm (4 $\frac{3}{8}$ × 9 × 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches)



Detail

Victoria Civera
Refugio VI, 2025
Wood, cotton, nest
37 × 18 × 18 cm (14 ⁵/₈ × 7 ¹/₈ × 7 ¹/₈ inches)







Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



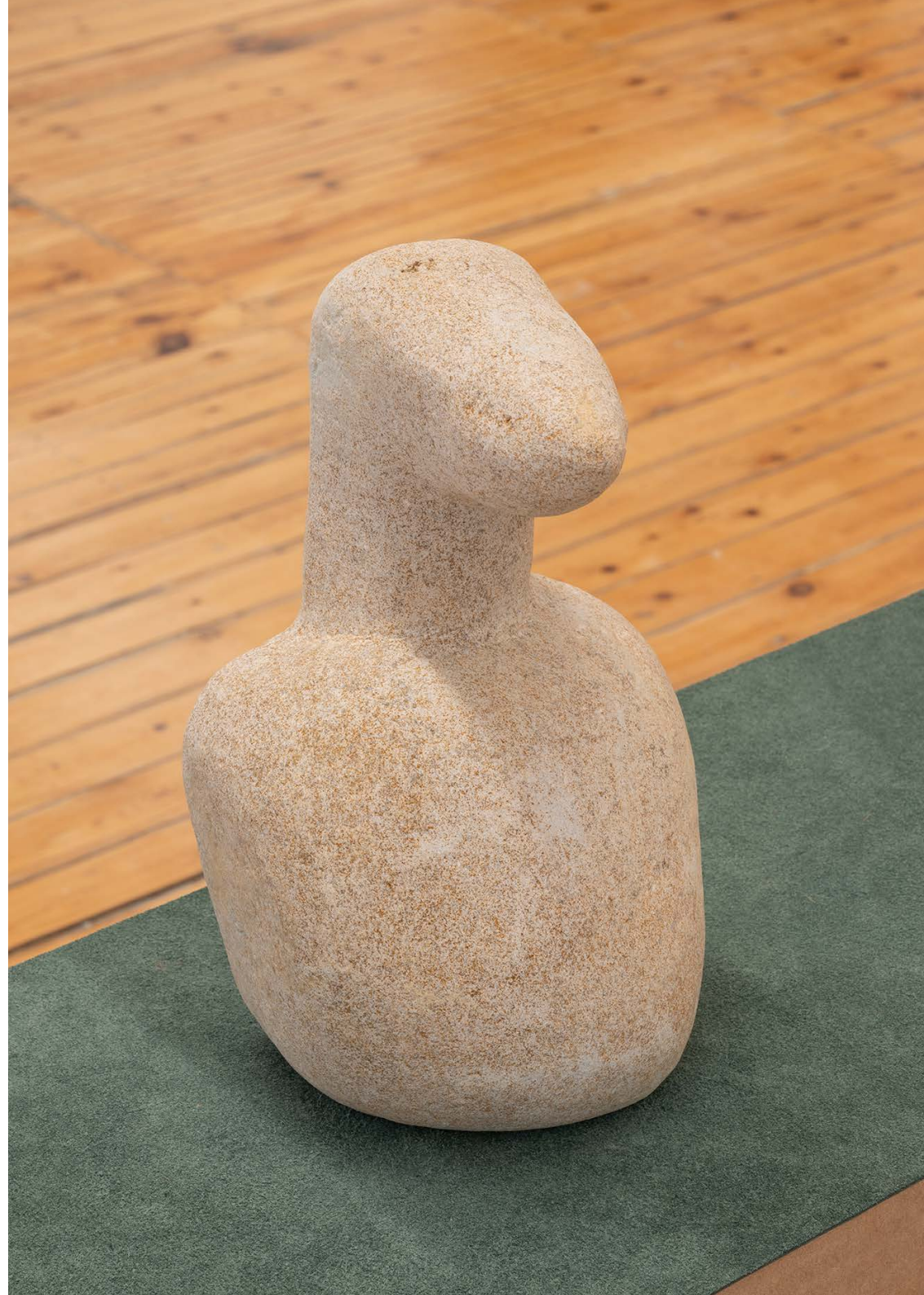
Victoria Civera
Refugio III, 2025
Sandstone, charcoal, felt
24 × 19 × 14 cm (9 ½ × 7 ½ × 5 ½ inches)



Detail

Victoria Civera
Refugio IV, 2025
Sandstone, felt, cotton
29 × 17 × 13 cm (11 ³/₈ × 6 ³/₄ × 5 ¹/₈ inches)







Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Victoria Civera

Refugio VII, 2025

Linen, wood, rubber, natural fiber,
glass, plastic casing, on a wooden easel
131 × 122 × 30 cm (51 5/8 × 48 × 11 3/4 inches)



Detail

Detail





Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid

Victoria Civera
Refugio V, 2025
Sandstone, cotton, metal, felt
30 × 26 × 24 cm (11 ¾ × 10 ¼ × 9 ½ inches)





Detail



Victoria Civera

Refugio II, 2025

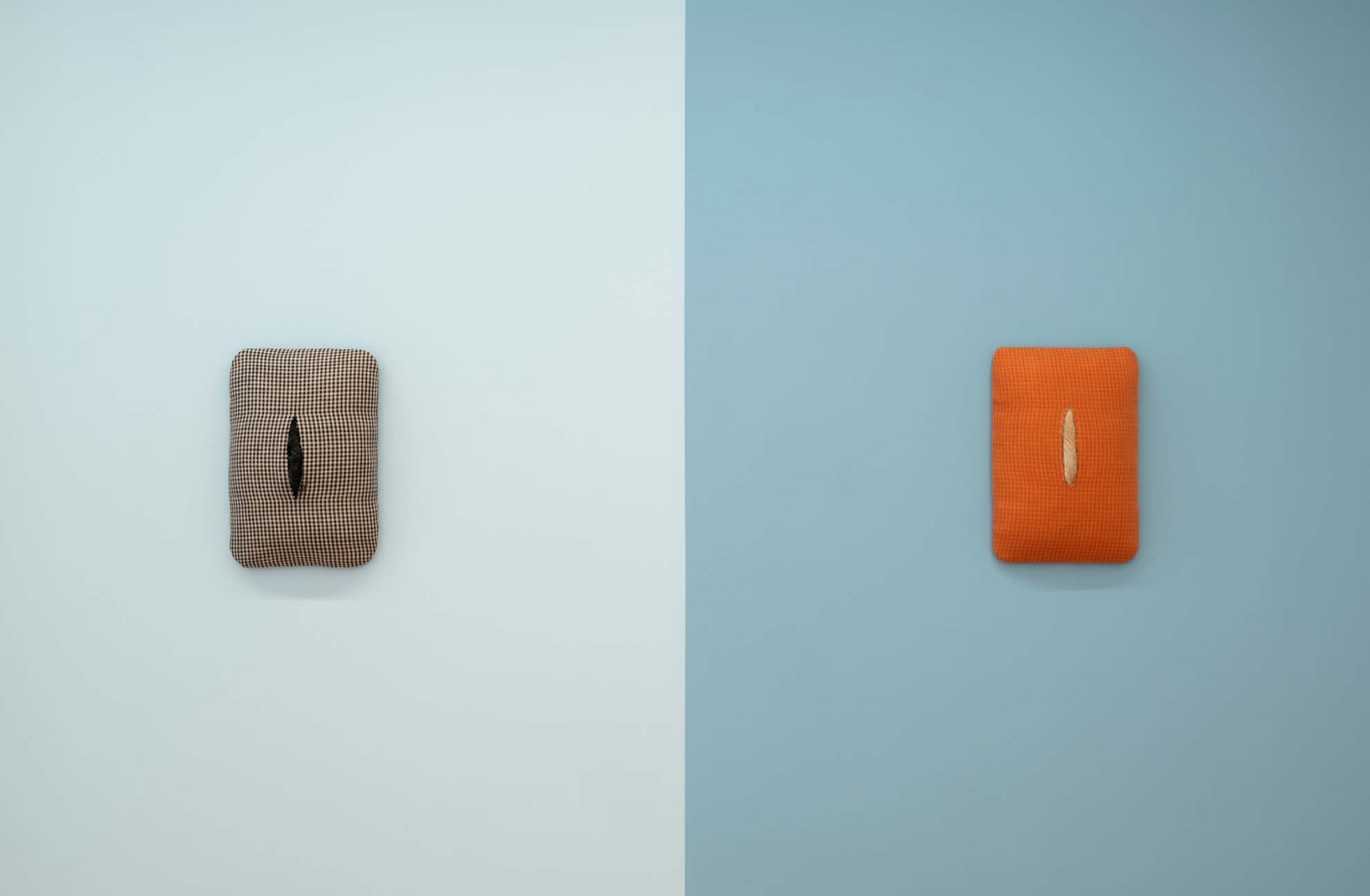
Sandstone, natural fiber, linen, cotton
16 × 33 × 30 cm (6 ¼ × 13 × 11 ¾ inches)



Detail



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Victoria Civera

Laguna fontana II, 2026

Cotton, synthetic fiber on wood

40 × 30 × 10 cm (15 ¾ × 11 ¾ × 3 ⅞ inches)



Detail

Victoria Civera

Laguna fontana III, 2026

Cotton, natural fiber on wood

40 × 30 × 10 cm (15 ¾ × 11 ¾ × 3 ⅞ inches)







Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid



Installation view at Prats Nogueras Blanchard Madrid

Victoria Civera

Refugio IX, 2026

Wood, leather, felt, nest, butterfly *Idea Leuconoe*

58 × 25,5 × 25,5 cm (22 7/8 × 10 × 10 inches)







Victoria Civera

Luz en el corral, 2025-2026

Sound

4' 17"

Ed. 2 + I AP

The piece was activated at the Catedral del Redentor (Anglican Church, Madrid)

Click on the icon to play



Victoria Civera

1955, Port de Sagunt, Valencia, ES

The feminine universe is at the heart of Victoria Civera's practice, explored by means of fetishism, irony and even humour. Her multidisciplinary work—spanning sculpture, installation, painting, and drawing— connects her personal history to universal themes of pain, desire, eroticism and solitude, with the body as a recurring motif.

Memory, both individual and collective, shapes her practice, particularly through the lens of female experience. Her art becomes a vital cartography, a form of personal healing and shared knowledge.

After moving to New York in 1987, her work took on a more intimate focus, incorporating materials like latex, rubber, silk, and cotton, and expanding into sculpture and installation while remaining rooted in painting.

Her solo exhibitions include: *Círculo Vital*, Sala Verónicas, Murcia (2025); *Punctum Imaginario*, Nave Sotoliva, Santander (2024); *El tiempo es circular en el silencio*, Museo Patio Herreriano, Valladolid (2023); *Inasible*, Real Casa de la Moneda, Madrid (2019), *Every Day. Ni la palabra ni el silencio*, Centro de Arte Alcobendas (2017), *Sueños inclinados*, IVAM, Valencia (2011), *Atando el cielo*, CAC, Málaga (2010), *Túnel eterno*, Palacio de los Condes de Gabia, Granada (2006), and *Bajo la piel*, Espacio 1, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid (2005). She has also participated in exhibitions in art centres such as CGAC in Santiago de Compostela, MAS in Santander, Bombas Gens in Valencia, Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, Rotterdam, Caixaforum in Barcelona, Mumok- Museum Moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig in Vienna, MACBA in Barcelona, The Rose Art Museum, Massachusetts, Musée d'art moderne et contemporain de Saint-Étienne Métropole, The New Museum of Modern Art, New York. Her work is part of the collections of institutions and museums such as MACBA, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, IVAM, CAC Málaga, Es Baluard de Palma, Artium de Vitoria-Gasteiz, Colección Banco de España, Colección "la Caixa", Patio Herreriano de Valladolid or Collection European Bank.

Victoria Civera lives and works between New York and Saro, Cantabria (ES).

For further information and images please contact Cristina Spinelli
+34 91 506 34 84 or cristina@pratsnoguerasblanchard.com
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