



# the **murmur** of the Sea

**PERCEVAL  
GRAELLS**

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The Royal Spanish Academy (RAE) defines the word “murmur” as a “confusion of voices”, such as that made by a crowd, a storm, or by the sea. “Murmur” is a pleasant word to say; it seems to comfort the skin in a warm, tender way. The exhibition staged by artist Perceval Graells before you now inspires similar sensations. With the sound, or “murmur” of the sea, the Alicante-born artist returns to her childhood, to the salty waves of the Alicante Mediterranean where she grew up, to the murmur of the sea that rocked her to sleep and fun during seemingly endless summers. Brought up among the coves of the Alacantí district, this exhibition by Perceval Graells takes us back to a past when we enjoyed ourselves in the salty sea and when bathing would cleanse our souls. The sea, which is referred to as feminine in Spanish by those who live close by, is healing, just like our salty tears. The sea cleanses us, and its sound brings us peace, while also providing the necessary intensity that cries out to be expelled. A time when the senses, immersed in pleasure, smiles, and sometimes pain, prepare to weave stories intertwined with memories.

Thread, an element also present in the exhibition along with water, is what embroiders, stitches, repairs, and unites what is separated. It is the material that intertwines and also protects; a thread and a colour, red, which supports glass droplets within a fabric suspended from the ceiling of the room. In total, there are about fifty, of different sizes. Inside, they hold water from the most significant coves in the artist's life, such as the coves of Albufereta, the Baños de la Reina (Baths of the Queen) in El Campello, Cala Cantalar, Cala Palmera... all from the region where the artist was born, where she has enjoyed, shared, and also cried. The glass droplets of water are caressed by the red thread with which the net covering them has been woven, creating a reminder of our ancestors and the stories of women, intertwined in sisterhood, through which knowledge, affection, customs, and traditions have been passed down. So many women have woven nets with their hands, embroidering, crocheting, making nets for fishermen, and crafting palm fronds, that all of them, silenced by time and history, deserve to be remembered and honoured for sustaining life for centuries.

Beach Droplets, the video following this, expresses the sound of the murmur, the caress of the water with its own voice, and the flow that nourishes the body and mind, inviting us to let go and to think that everything is temporary because everything continues. And so, as we go deeper and become lighter, the murmur—ours and that of the sea—frees itself from the inevitable weakness of our fears, and we prepare to feel...

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