

GREGORI IGLESIAS



A SIDEWAYS CONNECTION BETWEEN PAUL AUSTER AND GREGORI IGLESIAS

Little Pol finds a copy of *The Moon Palace*. You do not understand how, but out of all the books, his hands always, inevitably, alight on a crucial work. The volume has now been turned into a jumble of lines, colour splashing the blackness of the type.

I never know if you hear our voices, or if they are drowned out by the sounds in your head that stop you sleeping.

When the sounds in your mind give you no rest, no chance of finding that longed-for moment of silence, you go to your bookshelf and reach for *The Moon Palace*, just like young Pol. If it has already been taken by his simple, intuitive hands, hands silently complicit with innocence, you take down another title by Auster, any will do, and open a page at random. Just like Pol, except that he, in his simplicity, is ruled by chance, while you take refuge in sought-for coincidence; a coincidence that is dreamt of and longed for.

They told you not to go out today, but your head is exploding and your anguish is urging you to break down the walls. You leave and take the road to a new place with unfamiliar streets and

unknown faces. You do not wait for coincidence, which is the motor behind Auster's writing, but provoke it... the sounds in your mind fade out and are replaced by sounds from your imagination. Starting with a film-still of that coincidence, everything happens almost as if you were following a film script that resonates into the future and the past. Then the words from the book you have left half open on the bench in your studio.

That morning was filled with the criss-crossing of strangers, moving up and down in the spaces of Can Framis. Finding refuge in front of one of your libraries, I thought about how the most important thing is to intuit absences and follow their trails left in paint, as in your books, which survive the collapse of the roof which sheltered them. And there, your characters come in from the light outside, from cracks opening in the walls of the building, attracted by that other light intuited in unopened pages. It is the same process you use with the letters on show in the exhibition, in the sealed envelopes with texts unread by you, which are only to be opened by anonymous gallery visitors.

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