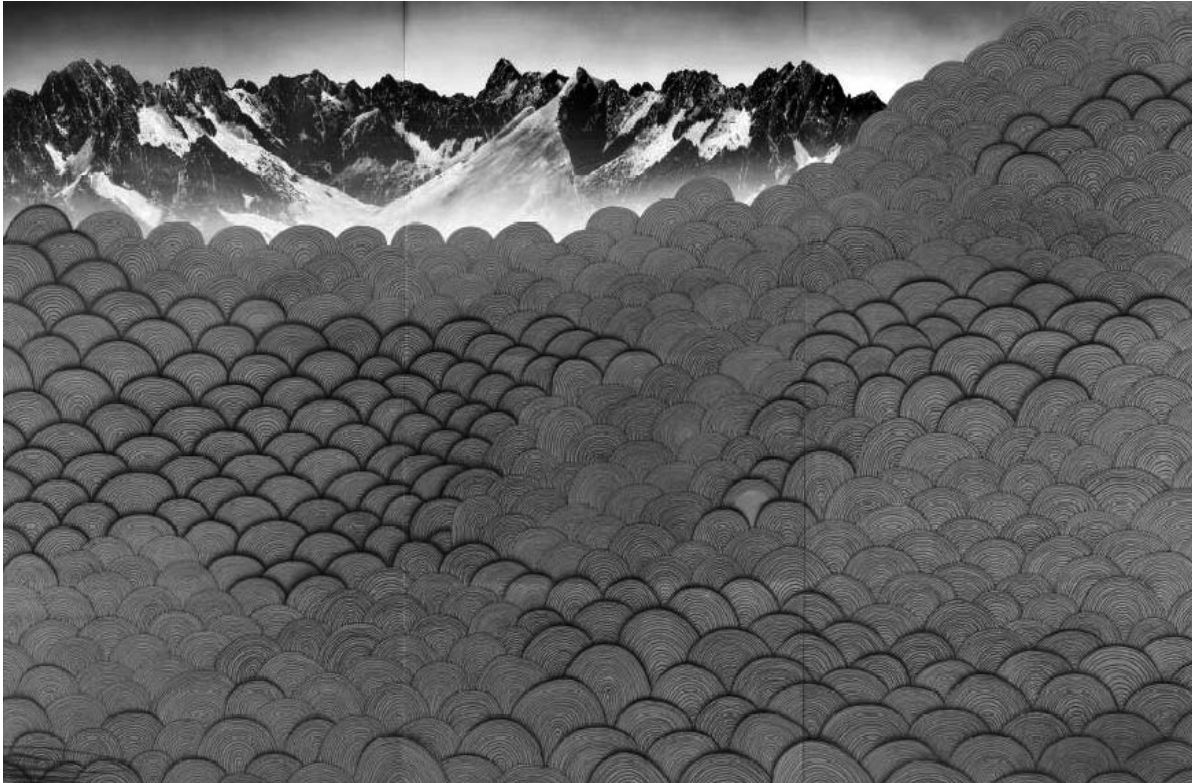


JORDI FULLA



My favourite time of year has always been from September to December. It stimulates me to advance projects, ideas, but it is also true that mysteriously each year it slips by ever more rapidly. I prepare myself during spring and above all in the summer, to savour the moment and then suddenly, flop! It's over.

Now I only seek a sort of slow calm, I want to look without doing anything else, without hurrying, I want to let things simmer... This is why I paint, why painting is so important. Important as it doesn't serve any purpose, because one doesn't have to understand anything. How beautiful this possibility is.

I love this sensation of displacement, of disturbance, going through life without having to give any explanations. I have followed this path all this time and now having hit my forties, looking back I see that all that

unnecessary stuff in life is a fraud, a falsity. I have the sensation that most of the time what we do is devoid of reality. I have the sensation that we only really exist when we do nothing, when our thoughts run wild without concreting into any visible action.

I'm left with the music that it transmits...

Now I just look, observe and don't want to be rushed.

Painting is a slow process, that raises doubts about what we really see and I enjoy the suspense of time in which one can use an open and sensitive prism. The fiction of painting for me establishes the most transparent reality. The detained instant...

I'm interested in the sensations provoked by painting, the sound of the act itself. Painting things as they dissolve, between having and not having, painting ambiguous atmospheres, in harmony with the cadence of one's breathing. Allowing paint to impose its own

reality despite my endeavours to shape it. It is in this dialectical conspiracy that the image of what is invisible appears, the gaze.

And the music that it transmits takes me back to the beginning, to drawing.

In the last few years I have gone back to drawing with a vengeance. I love looking at other people's drawings, because it is there that one finds all the dreams and pursuable options, it is there that one finds the skeleton of life. I went back to drawing during a stay in Japan that moved my very inner core. There I systematically drew every day, in several sketchbooks, because I needed that impasse of thought that drawing offers, in order to digest everything that I encountered and that rattled so many things inside me. It didn't help to take photographs, as I had done for so many years, I needed to redefine my thoughts in lines, one by one, sweating over each gesture in the sketchbook, mentally redrawing everything my gaze landed upon, everything I observed, everything that intrigued me. Thanks to those drawings and that process I still retain a vivid image of those things, those moments of thought, fruit of the observation of the little things that make everything possible. Just like when, as a boy, I drew the little chick...

There I found once again this possibility to discover the world, through the touch of the hand on paper, thanks to this magical natural human circumstance that means that we can take in with our eyes, process in our brain and translate, through the impulses of the arm, through the fingertips, following the suggestive touch of the sheet of paper. What magic, how simple, how easy and how immense all that is.

Since then, on returning from that time abroad, everything changed. I had almost found what I needed, to live in the void, chasing the music that emanates from it, and I decided to sit down on a chair at a small desk to rethink, without moving, beginning to draw from dawn to dusk, looking again for the darkness, the dream, the drowsiness.

Complex drawings of trees, branches, time consuming and very slow, with the need that each little line, each twig on a branch, each leaf, helped to attain the void. The void as a positive force, as a form of cure. To exchange a feeling of lack, for a sense of absence. Using the remnants of myself I was enriched, watching time pass by, its dimension, without any commitments, without any pressure. The work was laborious but sure, precise, a personal, painstaking process, with no end in sight, with no clear destination.

I will never know to what extent any of this reaches anybody but surely when something is born out of a need, the dialogue with the spectator unfurls, intensely and full of complicity. I'm not sure why but since then I have often woken up and set up the little table and during days and weeks, in solitude, unfolded those lines of what, despite whatever it may seem, can't be seen.

I'm here on the roof, watching time pass by, my time and I hold on to it tightly, I try with my work to escape the boredom, that interval of time that never passes by. And this is all I can leave you with, if you can find a use for it.

The important things are always important, or maybe not...

Espai Volart will hold Jordi Fulla's exhibition 'Sixteen-Thousand Days on the Roof' from the 22nd September to the 18th December 2011.

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