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COVER ARTIST: **NARCÍS COMADIRA**

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FIVE JOTTINGS AND FOUR CLEARINGS FOR NARCÍS COMADIRA

by Perejaume

Endless trees. I am in the studio; the wooden palette is in my hand with the colours of the forest on it. Beyond the studio there is the forest, painting and painting. From amongst the shapes and colours of trees, a bright, dripping one asks me, 'Are these the colours?'. Trees everywhere. The studio is a home for trees. The confusion of trees is endless. The growth is of such lushness that I am forced to keep cutting it back in the studio. There is a poem by Joan Brossa which says, 'The last hand will be the hand of the forests'. And that is exactly it; if I were to stop, the studio would become wild; first overgrown and then completely wooded, with trees fusing together, fusing their roots. Not just a few trees around the house, but full and living works of art. It is all in Isaiah: 'Thorns shall grow over its strongholds, nettles and thistles in its fortresses. It shall be the haunt of jackals, an abode for ostriches.' (Isaiah 34.13).

I leave the studio. From the doorway I see the sea at Arenys, the hills of Montalt and the Corredor, as though recently finished. The colours of the trees bubble up like a spring.

(Two lines of trees completely deleted)

Large white and grey clouds lit by shafts of sunlight. There are clearings of sunlight too in the thick holm-oak woods. The scribbles, scrawls, and scratches eventually ramify. Alongside a patch of land are trees added in pencil. As for the trees painted into life, each tree, done and dusted, that comes out of the studio asks the others where it should go. From time to time a tree lets slip, 'Unity will make us prevail'.

There is a likeness and unlikeness between the trees. The painting defines, in the trees, that which corresponds to each tree. There are differently coloured trees and others more alike. And always the same ceaseless painting.

The blots get slowly bigger. The splotches of the trees come together as they grow, blending into one another. The sun moves and pulls the shadows out of the trees and takes them away, so every day the trees have to fashion new ones

(A complete potential forest left blank)

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Back in the studio. Trees spread their branches to prevent the sun's rays from coming in too directly. I fail in an attempt to give them new colours since the rays do not light the trees. Where I write work the word tree would also fit. I go out again: the trees are taller, blacker; different.

What well-made trees. I count a hundred. I climb one of them, the tallest, to see if I can make out what is written. It does not take much to see a forest as a system ordered by a form of writing with writing's social and untamed parts running through it. Narcís Comadira calls it the 'conductive availability' of the shoots. I see all the timber as a path to something.

(A good place to stop, then carry on)

Does the layout of the trees have any meaning? I imagine men coming and going, carry-

ing trees with their roots bound up and baskets of earth. A whole text written like that.

(A space ready for cultivation)

In the context of the forest, every artwork is collective. The text starts half-way up the hill, with the trees upright to receive me. No matter how much I read the trees their names in Latin —quercus, populus, robur etc. — they show complete indifference to what they hear. This holm oak, the one behind, and that one there: what a threesome! The thickness of the air is also forest-like.

In the middle of the wooded studio, among the branches, planted on the floor, are the initials N.C. with the rest of the name left blank. As if they were in need of something, the trees paint without pause, never tiring. Perhaps, when a perfect tree appears on the hill, they will stop.

An exhibition of Narcís Comadira's work can be seen at Espai Volart from 22nd January to 26th April 2015. 22, Ausiàs Marc St. 08010 Barcelona - Ph: 934 81 79 85 · www.fundaciovilacasas.com