

Nothing is mine

Enric Farrés Duran
Curated by Cèlia del Diego

From 27th January to 23rd April 2018 at Bòlit
and Bòlit_StNicolau (Official opening at 12 noon)

Marina Vives, January 2018

Looking at things differently is a curious exercise, it seems to me. For instance, if you stand some work tables vertically they become paintings (*Painting to be seen*, Jordi, 2017), and this feeling becomes even stronger if they're placed in a display window that you can observe from a bench. In the days following my conversation with Enric about this text, I fix my gaze on elements that were previously landscape and routine, things that were 'mine' but aren't anymore. They no longer belong to me; they're at a remove and create a new awareness within me. I respect them for what they are: autonomous and subjectivised entities. Like ideas, like authorship. Belonging to everyone and no one; belonging to themselves. I get up one day with the thought of looking through the keyhole, as a special moment. That feeling, that distance. That prying and watchful observation.

Enric Farrés Duran approaches his exhibitions as a totality, and that's how we should try to understand them. The sources are intense and branch out, while the layers of interpretation peel away from each other. Certain elements follow these lines and offer us a way into his work, a way to observe through a certain manner of being and seeing.

For those of us who were born in the 80s, bossa nova, and samba before it, could be classified as the types of music that makes it easier to imagine a generation before us that was decidedly more sensual, fun and alive. Perhaps it can only be matched by a certain kinds of rock and roll or funk. At any rate, what I'm interested in is capturing this melancholy, of flesh once firm and bodies once vibrant. Bodies of others that we would have liked to inhabit, moments that are inside us even though we haven't experienced them.

Intrusive melancholy, like when admiration also goes beyond the intellectual and, from a fetishistic perspective, we visit their home. In the case of the architect Lina Bo Bardi it works to perfection because the *Casa do Vidro* (Glass House) in theory forms part of her body of work. We visit it in order to see it but also in order to be in it for an instant, to touch its objects, to inhabit its spaces.

There's a Brazilian feel in much of what we'll see (or won't see, because we can easily miss the details if we don't pay attention) in this exhibition comprising two spaces and many corners. Brazil is present in the bossa nova of un-lived memory and in the samba sung by Elza Soares and Roberto Ribeiro¹ at the end of *Nothing is mine*, the video-recorded play shown in the Pou Rodó space.

Brazil is also in the tribute to the architect Lina Bo Bardi, whose famous displays designed for the São Paulo Museum of Art (MASP) are incorporated by Farrés Duran in Bòlit_StNicolau. These revolutionary exhibition supports consist of a concrete plinth and a glass structure which transforms the pieces on display, turning them from images into objects, observable from more angles (the glass structure not only enables viewers to see the reverse of the paintings but also to walk around them). Moreover, from an architectural perspective, the plinths free up the walls, which can consequently incorporate windows and, therefore, natural light. They also offer an alternative to the linearity of the wall, which until now has defined the layout of both spaces and paintings.

Walls that are once again a crucial element, as they were in 'An exhibition to look at' at La Panera in Lleida, which served as a precedent for 'Nothing is mine'. They are cut through, connecting the inside and outside, enabling us to spy out from within the space. Walls that lead us to gaze as if we were doing so through that hole in the wall (*Painting to be seen*, 2017) –with that distance. Walls we must climb in order to get a view (*Toilet by Torres Monsó and Josep Masdevall*). Or walls and their absence (*Object fiction # A disabled display*), which stands out in particular in Bòlit_StNicolau.

Brazil is also in the exhibition poster, in the form of a graphic (one of Enric Farrés Duran's other interests) that recalls the poster of the first São Paulo Art Biennial (1951), by the artist and designer Antônio Maluf, a practitioner of concrete art who focused on the relations between art and architecture on more than one occasion. And Brazil is also in the title of the exhibition, 'Nothing is mine', since it unintentionally (or maybe intentionally, it's never straightforward with Enric) recalls the *Cannibalist Manifesto* published in 1928 by the Brazilian poet Osvaldo de Andrade, which identifies cultural cannibalism as the main identity trait of Brazilian culture. By the way, this manifesto would later be considered the inspiration of Brazilian modernism (a movement of emancipation involving poetry, architecture, visual art and politics) and a forerunner of the movements opposing European postcolonialism.

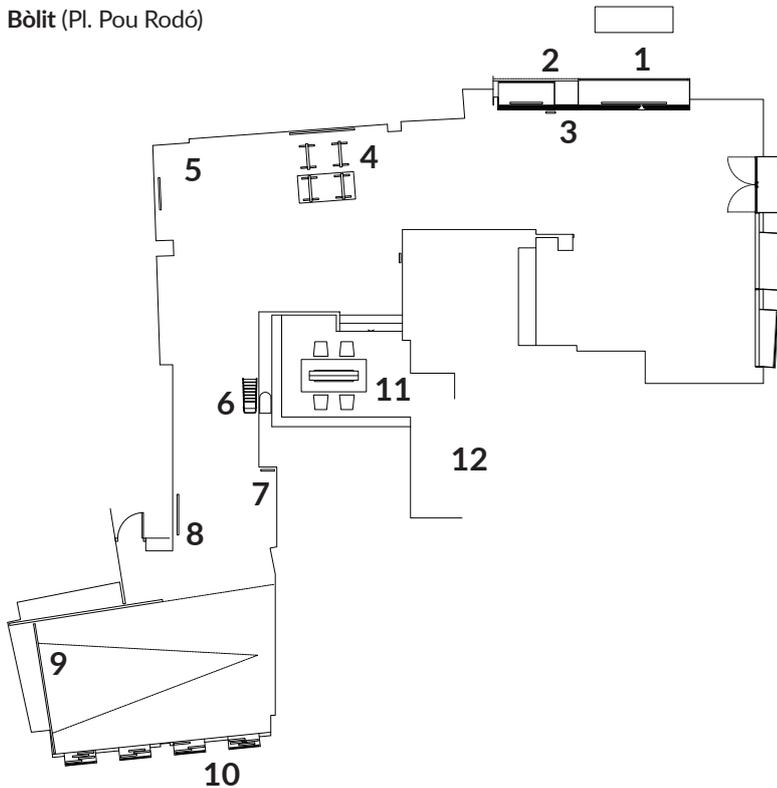
There is cannibal authorship in how Farrés Duran gobbles up both Meier's bench and Bo Bardi's plinths; a manuscript by Pla and some works of art from the collection of the History Museum of Girona; the (involuntary) abstract expressionism of some Fine Arts students from the University of Barcelona and a Calder that isn't there (*Nothing is mine*). Everything is borrowed, including the photograph *A good display*, 2017, of unknown authorship, which the artist came across in a flea market in Valencia. All gobbled up. Nothingness is all that belongs to Enric Farrés Duran, this empty space he offers us, this universe of playfulness and intrigue between what you look at and what you see, what you know or what you imagine, what is the right way round and what is back to front, what belongs to someone and what doesn't.

There is authorship and its concealment in the *Library without titles*, in which books are turned around in order to erase their title, mark, trace and name, and in which, also as a flipside, a compilation is shown of the publications made by Enric Farrés Duran over the length of his career (*Special publications and artist books*). There is authorship that turns the style of John Berger on its head, speaking about ways of looking, showing a flipside (*Three figures and a landscape*) which furthermore, as in the Bo Bardi display, is capable of showing, questioning the mechanisms through which a thing is. Imprint, mark, archive. Trace, record, memory. Memory of that which we haven't experienced. Memory of this nothing that is so much a part of us.

Staging. The theatre staging leads on from the exhibition staging which is also entitled 'Nothing is mine'. The play is staged in Bòlit_StNicolau during the assembly of the exhibition. It's structured as a progressive display that gradually takes shape, assembling itself, enabling the observation, step by step, of each element of the whole. Theatre staging with an audience seated in two rows of chairs facing each other, in between which there is a space with nothing in it, lighted only by the stage spotlights, intensifying the emptiness before everything starts. Enric Farrés Duran says nothing is his. Staging as structure, as a raw concept, as that which is not normally seen but which now takes on an identity as we observe it. A spatial staging that once again pays tribute, by the way, to the work of Lina Bo Bardi and her Teatro Oficina built in São Paulo, Brazil. Staging and playfulness, fiction and legacy. In 'Nothing is mine', everything is very much his own.

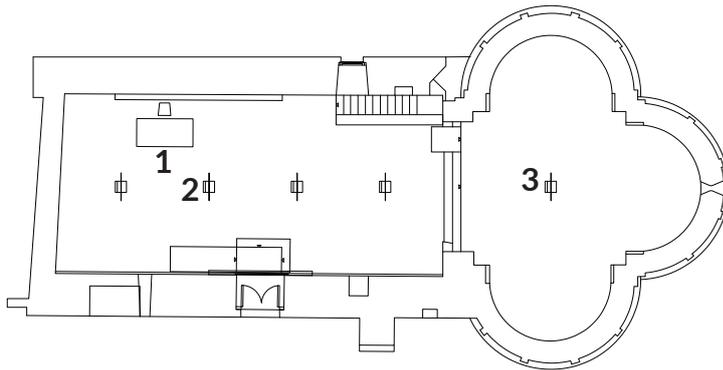
¹ *Swing Negrão* (Elza Soares), *Brasil Pandeiro* (Assis Valente), *O Samba Agora Vai* (Pedro Caetano), *É Com Esse Que Eu Vou* (Pedro Caetano), from album *Sangue, Suor e Raça* (1972).

Bòlit (Pl. Pou Rodó)



1. Painting to be seen
2. Jordi
3. A good display
4. 2 tables
5. Non-literary unpublished manuscript
6. Structure to view old work
7. 2 Figure (Tableaux 1456)
8. Structure and Tableaux 3568
9. Video of Nothing is mine play
10. Three figures and a landscape
11. Special publications and artist books
12. Library without titles

Bòlit_StNicolau (Pl. Sta. Llúcia)



1. Tableaux 3345
2. Fiction object # A disabled display
3. Nothing is mine

Activities

***Nothing is mine**

A staging concept by Enric Farrés Duran
Thursday 25th January at 7 pm
Bòlit_StNicolau / Free pre-registration at info@bolit.cat

***Nada é meu**

Talk by Enric Farrés Duran
Thursday 8th March at 6.30 pm
Bòlit / Free admission

***Publication**

Presented by Enric Farrés Duran
Thursday 19th April at 6.30 pm
Bòlit / Free admission

Guided tours for groups (free of charge, book by email)
Educational and family activities (from 15th February)

info@bolit.cat
972427627
www.bolit.cat

ORGANIZED BY



WITH THE SUPPORT OF



IN COLLABORATION WITH



SPONSORED BY

