

PRESS RELEASE

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JAVIER PÉREZ

BROTÉS

24, RUE DU VIEUX-BILLARD

OPENING ON 11-12 NOVEMBER

A selection of the unexpected

Brotés de violencia, brotes epidémicos, brotes germinados. Brotés de angustia. Brotés de sol¹?

Buds.

I'm walking and thinking about it all.

The music is too loud on my headphones and the whole thing speeds up my step. I can hardly hear the helicopters anymore.

Today is Saturday, October 28, 2017, 4:10 pm, Barcelona. I arrive a little late.

Javier opens the door with a smile in his eyes and his smile prefigures the calmness we breathe inside.

The day² before we had arranged to meet on *whatsapp*. I had written to him in anguish from my train from Madrid to Barcelona. Her reply, as anxious as it was determined, was a confidence.

When I arrived at his house we went to work naturally and without delay, without the embarrassment of silence and strangers. In a Japanese atmosphere, I suggest that he speak in French and he replies "si, claro³".

We are both sad, individual and collective reality in return. However, we tell ourselves that from this *saudade*⁴ is born the force that makes us do.

On the screen of his iMac polished bronze buds seem to agree. Branches that have already left us connect these cuttings to a heart that is still there, out of breath.

Up to three times the artist sculpts hope, hope. A stoic olive tree⁵, a flowering almond tree⁶ and a peach tree⁷ whose love is held by bees are thus held by animal enthusiasm. Life begins again in spite of everything because the heart is still there.

I imagine the branches hanging on the wall - branches of a tree, antlers of a deer - another mineral personification of the metamorphosis on which the artist feeds ad *infinitum*. I think of Stendhal, and of the unbearable beauty that the artist summons, when he says, "If he enters a grain of passion in the heart, he enters a grain of possible fiasco⁸". Javier speaks as he shapes, as he draws: a terrible beauty is born⁹, the spark piercing the appalling.

He came as he is, with overwhelming sincerity. He can't help it.

I see jewels that promise me eternity because they translate a fleeting and passing temporality. These three sculptures demonstrate the antagonisms that are evident in the artist's production, whose different artistic languages only draw. He draws the permanent and undeniable transformations that are the source of life.

*Fuente de vida*¹⁰ bursting with violence in the drawings he already displays. Red, red everywhere and again. He explains to me the uncontrollable: the light, piercing, sharp ink; the paper soaked to the marrow;

¹ Spanish for "Outbreaks of violence, epidemic outbreaks, sprouts. Anxiety attacks. Outbreaks of the sun? »

² On Friday 27 October 2017, the Catalan Parliament adopted the independence of the Catalan Republic and the Spanish Government will respond by applying article 155 by which it takes away the autonomy of the Catalan Region.

³ Spanish for "of course".

⁴ Saudade, feminine name. (Portuguese word, from the Latin solitas, atis, solitude): Feeling of delicious nostalgia, a desire for elsewhere expressed in fado and morna. (Larousse French Dictionary). Generally considered the most difficult Portuguese word to translate, there is no exact word that corresponds to Saudade in French. The musician Pierre Barouh defines it as "inhabited lack".

⁵ Brotés I (Buds I), 2017. Bronze sculpture, 115 x 125 x 70 cm.

⁶ Brotés II (Buds II), 2017. Bronze sculpture, 110 x 110 x 100 cm.

⁷ Brotés III (Buds III), 2017. Bronze sculpture, 130 x 135 x 65 cm.

⁸ Excerpt from the essay *De l'amour*, 1822, by the French writer Stendhal.

⁹ "(...) a terrible beauty is born (...)". Excerpt from the poem *Easter*, 1916, by the Irish author William Butler Yeats.

¹⁰ *Fuentes de vida* (Sources of Life), 2016. Series of five drawings. Watercolour, ink, gouache, pencil on paper, 70 x 50 cm.

the explosion of the raw material. "A duality between the precious and the violent found in nature". Thus spoke Javier.

Let's continue. What remains for me to hear is an excerpt from his story, because in the work I will discover later, he gave himself the task of drawing his diary. He begins by telling me about a set¹¹. It is composed of monochrome inks that I can imagine being deposited on the cotton according to his gestures describing the passage of the colour with the help of imaginary brushes. A total of eight drawings, eight performative sessions whose duration is dictated by the drawing itself, which proves to be spiritual and combative because it reveals as much as it revolts¹². Eight *selfies* of the spirit.

He continues on *Lapsus*¹³, a series that follows on from the previous one. The dimension widens, the colours multiply and the layers are superimposed to let them appear organically. The artist explains to me that for him it is a question of *pneumograms*; horizontally, close to the ground, breathing and gesture come together in the same spirit, close to the meditative, to trace the daily imprint of his body. His interest in the slip lies in the immediacy, which suddenly emerges from the unconscious, the error that composes us, the in spite of us.

We end our interview by talking about the series *Manifestaciones*¹⁴. His precise hands begin again to describe a hypothetical struggle. Copper, bronze, gold and silver ink layers accumulate several times with those of the painting. Fluidity and thickness wage a battle that spares a certain spirituality in favour of matter and the power of a metallic, mineral texture. The loop is closed.

Roland Barthes said "Language is a skin: I rub my language against the other. As if I had words as fingers, or fingers at the end of my words."¹⁵ » Javier Pérez is a seductive treasure seeker, he flirts with us with his words which are matter, which are features. In his diary of strangeness, the artist establishes a dialogue with the works and allows himself to be overtaken by them to maintain the affair. His pieces become scores that can be read and reread, each time drawing new, velvety melodies.

Drawing is his language and he is the medium to show something that was already there: the rapture of what is beginning to grow out of oneself.

Buds.

Art is its translator of the world, the tool to understand it better and to understand oneself better. Thus spoke Javier. He can't do otherwise.

18h11. The sun is still beating hard at the corner of Nou de Sant Francesc street and I'm off again. The next morning, I will write these lines. We will hear loudly propellers (re)turning (in) the sky again. I will put my headphones back on.

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¹¹ Revelaciones II (Revelations), 2017. Set of eight inseparable drawings. Ink on paper, 76 x 56 cm, 170 x 260 cm all together.

¹² The Spanish noun *revelaciones* comes from the verb *revelar(se)*, which can be translated into French as reveal and (se)revolt.

¹³ *Lapsus*, 2017. Series of nine drawings. Ink on paper, 153 x 115 cm.

¹⁴ *Manifestaciones* (Manifestations), 2017. Series of eighteen drawings. Ink and acrylic on paper, 75 x 56 cm.

¹⁵ Excerpt from *Fragments d'un discours amoureux*, 1977, by the French philosopher, literary critic and semiologist Roland Barthes.

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