

**GUIDED VISIT BY PERE LLOBERA OF
ROUND FABLE
HIS SOLO EXHIBITION AT LA CAPELLA**

ROUND FABLE, alone and crazy, between total precision and a song by Sau.

... it is time to rescue the religious sensibility from the ridiculous monopoly of the priests and the Brahmans, bureaucrats without art or mystery, etc.... I will tell you that through wonder, the sacred lives. ”

Cuaderno amarillo / Salvador Pániker.



My complaints about the absurd size of the exhibition's graphics did not get a response, and this is why the first painting that people receive in the exhibition must bear the monumentality of their own advertisement. This first painting (THE KINDNESS OF THE CLOWNS) acts as a prologue and tells of a suspicious faction of clowns who decide to build a cabin in the woods. The idea for this image is not my own, as it is a literal illustration of a poem by Kenneth Patchen of the same title. This painting / lackey, because it announces my exhibition, does not define well whether to feel compassion or fear for these marginal beings. Let no one doubt that if we made a switch between the clowns and the painters, the marginality would be the same.

Ambushed, they live in their own depressed world, no less fantastic. That may be a possible tone of the exhibition. But not the only one.



THE KINDNESS OF THE CLOWNS, oil on linen, 150x150cm



This is what it is; a set of layers and a route that seems to be suggested between the works. The artist (who currently uses the third majesty) feels tremendously self-conscious about his status as a maker of trading cards and has decided to erect vertical and sculptural pieces that hide his true fear; sculptures that impress and defeat space. The space had blocked him. He did not know that later he could fill three Capellas (Chapels) if he had wanted to and that this exhibition could have had 20 different formalizations depending on the combinations carried out with all the works made. And he didn't know it would be closed three days after it opened.

This exhibition then is a living organism.

A beam from which has no longer a structural function, its strength; a hinge has been installed right in its middle. It affronts the public who enters: do I jump it? or do I surround it? Both are allowed, the guards were instructed to leave people alone if they risked jumping the beam. Only I know that it is a crypto-message about a poem by Eric Casasses (La Era del Perer), in which the beginning is based on the contemplation of the ruins of a country house destroyed by the strike of lightning on one of their beams. Is it a lysergic country house? We cannot know. Nor can it be known if they are the real beams of the farmhouse mentioned in the poem. I will only say that I am crazy enough to go looking for them, as crazy as the Grail seekers, and total credit for it, since this entire exhibition is dedicated to the wonderful.

The next thing we see behind the beam is an arch of lights (TRIBUTE TO THE DREAM OF TITANIA). They are only going to be lit every ten minutes in order to not annoy the visitor and to not turn all this into an amusement park. They are the (real) Christmas lights of the town of Colldejou (Tarragona) and their arrangement in an "arch" have been a surprise even to me. Tired of not knowing where to put them (they were too powerful) I decided to turn them into a tribute to the painting that five years ago kicked off this exhibition: The Dream of Titania, by the painter Richard Dadd (if you look for this painting in Google you will understand the mimesis of the placement of these lights that imitate the floral ornamentation of this crazy painting). If you are very observant you will see that the figure lying under the arch emulates that of the nineteenth

century painting. In the painting is Titania, queen of the nymphs, drugged. In my “homemade” recreation, it is a gnome made in high-density polyurethane foam and with the face of the independent curator David Armengol. In other photos of this report, you will be able to see that this figure of the curator is suspended in the air thanks to a trompe l’oeil painted in situ that makes the base column disappear.

Is there an inferiority complex being revealed here? The message would be: you thought painting was shit and painters were slow, right? So look what I can do with it. I can make things disappear!!!. Then, at this point, people look at you in a funny way... like the clowns at the entrance.

I have a funny internal debate about the implications of being a painter nowadays :)







OGINO KNAUS / ANUNCIATION IN MILAN

This monolith painting seems very important but it is only one more. It is a hard working fellow, actually. It works for the exhibition at different levels: as a spatial strategy, as a slogan catalyst (the marvelous; wonder, remember?).

This is the precise moment in which an Italian contraceptive system failed in the late 1960s, causing a stir and, in consequence, my birth and that of a lot more people. In many windows they receive their “announcement”. It is no longer a chosen one, nor a palace, but many chosen ones and ordinary houses. It is a game with religious iconography in the purest Buñuel style, in the context of a chapel that was once pious and now a nest of heretics.

As Pep Herrero (the photographer) approaches the monolith with his camera, we arrive at the most vertical piece of the exhibition **THE PINE RESIN GNOME**: a five meters drop of resin that looks like a gnome. Sometimes it is nice that things have no explanation, at least non-verbal. I felt like I had to do this piece. And little by little we reach the large intestine of the exhibition, which is behind the giant painting.

After we will go back to the intestine.





THROUGH WONDER, THE SACRED LIVES

It is time to rewind because we have left a couple of works behind. It was easy to miss them because they are in corners and when you enter and look at the beams, the monoliths, the arches, etc... that is simply forgotten behind your back.

This is a 23-second loop projection featuring René Higuita's fabulous **SCORPION KICK**; The crazy goalkeeper of the Colombian football team and the painting **THE ROCOCO GUARDRAIL**. Both, the projection and the painting, shared the appearance of the unusual





THE ROCOCO GUARDRAIL, oil on canvas, 150x120cm

THE PICTORIAL CHAPEL

Two white buboes stick out of the Chapel. They are the only two spaces where you can enjoy a white wall and they are small. In one of them I have installed paintings, without further ado. Okay, yes, paintings that have lost their narration, the same way a madman's speech also loses meaning; or the lyrics of Antonio Vega.

Three paintings that draw the letter "A" in different ways:

-THE "A" JUMPER

-S / T

-THE THREE ERAS OF THE IMAGE



S/T, oil on canvas, 97 x 73 cm





THE THREE ERAS OF AN IMAGE, oil on canvas, 130 X 97cm



THE JUMPING "A", oil on canvas, 200x160cm

THE CATALAN CHAPEL

If this exhibition is a polyhedron, the identity roll could not be missing. The bizarreness of my own demarcation must have a space. And this happens in the second bubo.

Joan Brossa, eccentric, appears seated on a chair that is in turn stretched out on the floor of the terrace of his house in Barcelona in 1951. The photograph is by Román Ferrer, consigned by the Joan Brossa Foundation. I wanted to place in parallel this photograph with my painting **THE BIRTH OF A NATION**, in which an spermatozoid with the face of the Virgin of La Moreneta seems to compete with Brossa in an absurd race.

The light is more dramatic, because there is something sad about the culture of my place. There are happy madmen in the culture of my place, but fermented by sadness and countryman's life. That would explain the **BACANAE** jug/porró by Bernat Daviu that mixes the popular roots of Catalonia with another root, mandrake in this case, of Catalan surrealism.

This chapel is drunk with absurdity and in this context you could not miss the **FIGHT AGAINST THE SEA**.

This work, which again betrays my painter complex, plays in two forbidden leagues, or that sometimes seems forbidden to combine: classical painting with conceptual art.

After painting a plein air painting, struggling, in last year's peak of the cold, I throw myself in the water with it trying to stop the waves of the sea. The documentation of this action was made with an analogue Leica, in the true 1970s style, drawing a line between my current situation and the boy I was, also in the 70s, who used to play the game of stopping the waves of the sea. It would be the second tribute to my own life, together with Ogino Knaus







FIGHT AGAINST THE SEA, a series of 18 photographs in which the artist is fighting with a painting against the sea, plus the painting used for the performance.



Different views of the exhibition and some details of the trompe l'oeil column (Image on the right hand)

Also some hints about the diptych **KINGDOM OF COINCIDENCE**, which I will talk about it later.

DOUBLE EXCALIBUR

Two swords emerge in unison. The lady of the lake in the Arthurian novel has lost its uniqueness and seems to respond to a phrase by Imre Kertész that impressed me a while ago:

“The world is metaphysically abandoned and this is certainly a dangerous situation for mankind.”

The duplicated, cheapened, humiliated miracle tells us of a misdirected world, which has lost its mystery in the worst way due to hyper-connectivity and its legion of “smart” people.





DOUBLE EXCALIBUR, oil on canvas, 130x97cm

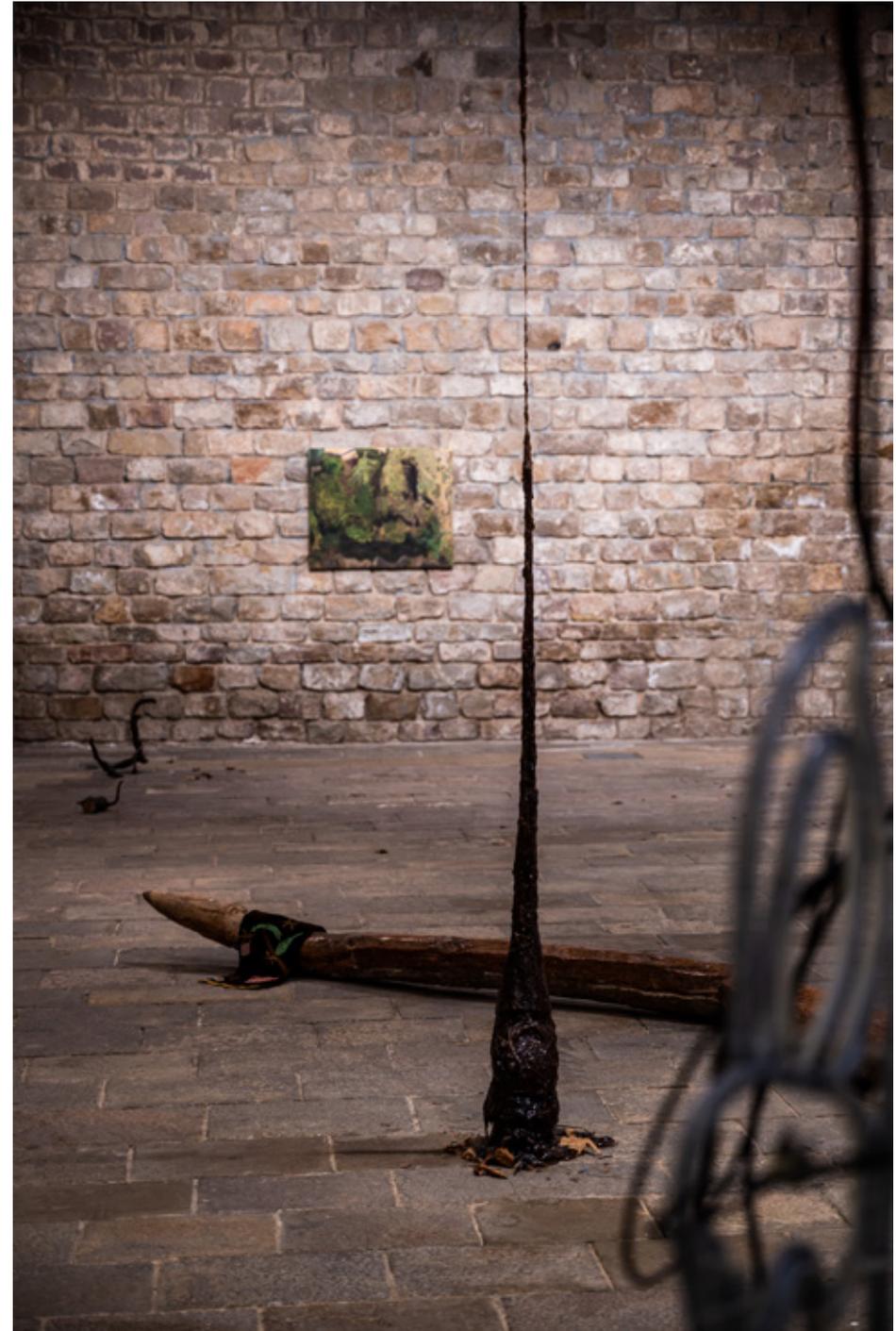
THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN

This painting, again painted at plein air, old style, even though no one would say that due to its imagined painting aspect or dream in a sort of Anglada Camarassa style. This painting shows the fountain in the garden of the Prior's house in Barcelona. In the pond, the water that descends from the fountain of the Prior, the fish experience imaginative transformations. As if El Bosco was looking for a psychophony through the water.

A FACTION OF GNOMES STEALING MICHAEL JACKSON'S GLOVE

I made this painting the weekend before the opening. In other words, in the midst of the final editing, showing that when I define my exhibitions as living organisms, it is not just a way of speaking.

The faction of gnomes stealing Micheal Jackson's glove is an intersection between reality and fiction. Michael Jackson wanted to live so much in fiction (Neverland and all that) that he opened an interdimensional door, in the true style of Stranger Things, between the central European fable represented by the gnomes that Dieter Roth knew so well and the strange self-confinement of a real human being in an illusion. The idea is that it Jacko's desire to escape reality was so strong that he managed against all odds to become an epistemology among the inhabitants of fiction, making them decide to overcome the thick border between reality and fiction to find their Grail. And steal it!!





THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN, oil on canvas, 73x60cm



A FACTION OF GNOMES STEALING MICHAEL JACKSON'S GLOVE, oil on canvas, 92 X 80 cm



A GINGER ROOT

If a platypus, a ginger root or an octopus were to be found in a space survey's ship, saying that this is life found in other planets, we would believe it.



FILM NUMBER 6

A frame from Yoko Ono's film where John Lennon's ass appears. The same one who said (correctly) that the Beatles had more influence on the youngsters of the time than Jesus Christ himself.

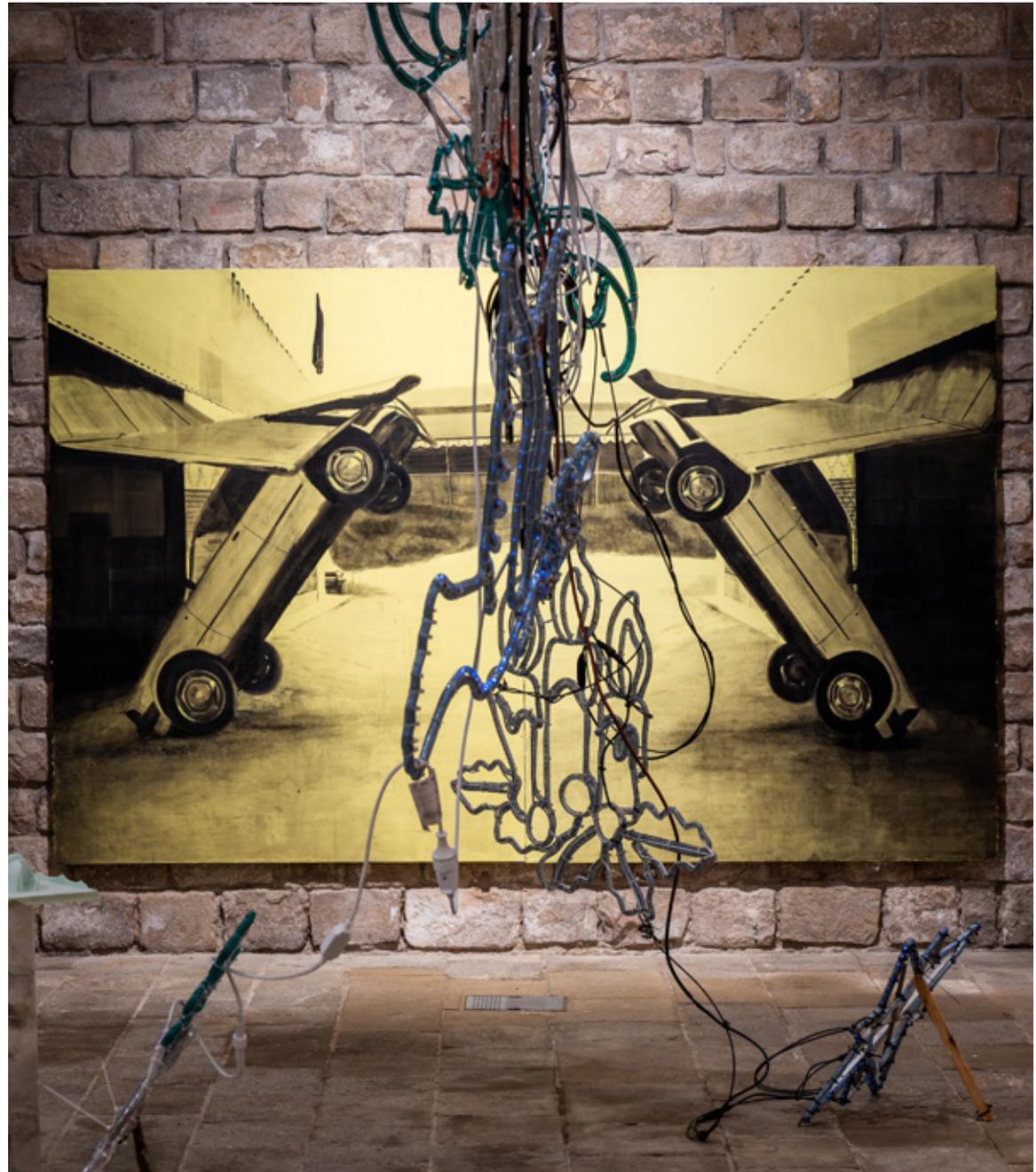
An ass draws a cross. It's fair that we give to a church the place that John Lennon deserves!!

THE KINGDOM OF COINCIDENCE

Now the one who steals something is Miguelito, a famous car thief. In his escape, he leaves the car in a grotesque situation, trapped between the ground and the metal door that has aborted his reverse ram-raiding during the escape.

What if this happened twice, in the same place, on the same day and at the same time?

This type of thing is the ideal portal for an artist to go through. Always attentive to the anomalous, to the lateral, ... to the rare. To think differently and to the fabulous, of course.





THE KINGDOM OF COINCIDENCE, oil on canvas, 200x300cm



ROCK MY RELIGION / DAN GRAHAM

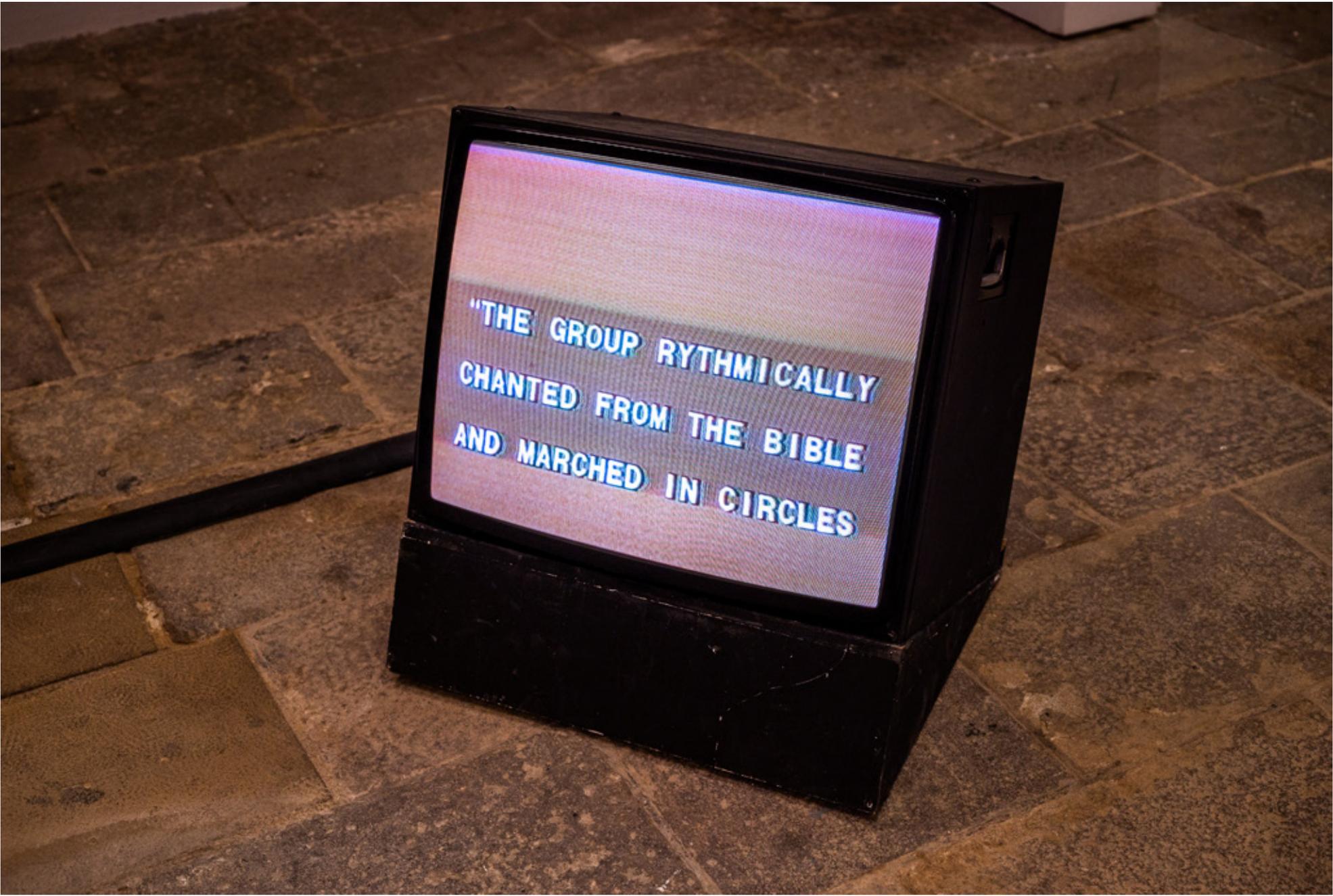
Such a luxury to have this documentary by Dan Graham. Building for him a viewing set was almost a moral obligation. A dirty bench and a disquieting painting by David Byrne in his *Stop making sense* tour, which filters the viewer who really wants to see that work and those who don't, who don't even put their asses on the bench.

The documentary revolves around a comparison between the Protestant sect of the Shakers, who managed to reach ecstatic situations through singing and jumping, and Rock and Roll, as a new way of conveying this sense of belonging to "a beat", that leaves the concept of God aside.

And the rest of the images are random details, frontal views of paintings, etc...

I hope you enjoyed this strange guided tour.



A small, black, rectangular monitor sits on a floor made of large, irregular stone tiles. The monitor's screen is lit up and displays three lines of text in a bold, blue, sans-serif font. The text is slightly tilted upwards to the right. The background of the screen is a light, textured grey. The monitor is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the frame, with the rest of the stone floor extending to the right and top.

"THE GROUP RYTHMICALLY
CHANTED FROM THE BIBLE
AND MARCHED IN CIRCLES







