

I.- There are dialogues that are monologues. There are monologues that are dialogues. In the theatre world the monologue as a play consists on a single actor on stage. Nevertheless, can it be considered a monologue when done in front of an audience? In a similar way, is it an exhibit a monologue? And in this very moment, I'm addressing to you and it could be a monologue. I wouldn't apply it neither for a message said aloud nor for something said with the sculptures. I want to tell you confidences. With these sculptures I also give you my reflexions around aspects of cultural life, in short, about life being turned into objects. And with the correspondent titles they are subjectivated. They are subjects speaking. I am talking to you, these pieces talk to you.

Art begins inside the mind and in the artist's hands, in the quietness of the creative cloister, uterus to labour, "**ideobjects**", until opening to the world as sculptures, in this case, in front of staring eyes, your eyes. It is an arc that finishes in the receptivity of a few or a lot. It will be dialogue if it rings out inside those sensitive spirits to artistic experiences, receptive, experiential. It rings out today in this **Cloister of la Mercè**. Cloister means closed place, a retreat place, a place of **contemplation** I will refer to in a minute. This place was closed long ago. It is open now, and it has been opened for the **Escenaris** exhibition. When I was little I discovered it when it was a military hospital and we came to the nearer church of *Dolors* to receive the catechesis in order to do the first communion. This cloister gave off sadness, sounded hoarse, was a bit spooky. Now it revives as a festive platform, playful, with creative effervescence, with **Fine Arts** students passing by, and people, as myself, eternal learners of something that gives us a wisp of existential enthusiasm.

Following the thread of confidences I have to tell you I consider myself a *privileged* person, because I can be as a motherhood cloister. The artist is a permanent pregnancy and has the privilege of being the first to see his creatures. Firstly, hallucinating them before the labour. *Miquel Angel* foresaw in the marble block the David, or the slaver, or the Moises... A non-pathological hallucination is being able to foresee what it will become. Later, you are the first to watch it born. And finally, in some ways, it doesn't belong to you because you offer it as a gift to the others. Every finished work of art is an act of cultural generosity, may it be a poem, a musical piece, a theatre play, a cuisine... The work of art will dialogue for ever as it exists with you or others, indeed.

II. We can name this dialogue as **contemplation**. Yours and mine in this cloister today. Being contemplative is also a privilege. I'll quote the poet *Joan Alcover*: "Art is, first of all, pure and unselfish contemplation... When someone contemplates, it is not to live, but to be alive. That way, human beings are born to be more or less artists. Art is life feeling and watching itself without other end as contemplating itself..."/ "Contemplation means an expansion of the soul above the contemplated object, unique way of possible possession. From heaven and earth a tree is born; from human spirit and Nature, joined by contemplation an artist creation is born, not always smoothly, but with the easy or painful spontaneity of a natural phenomenon." /It can be ratified and complemented, as the architect, art theorist and also a poet *Joaquim Espanol* points out in his book **Entre tècnica i enigma (Between technic and enigma)**: "Art is to be enjoyed, and its interpretation, even if it supposedly enhances our comprehension, it hardly enlarges the pleasure of the direct experience of the artwork, compatible with its non-comprehensible aspects." The contemplation, the direct experience, to enjoy it, to live it,... try to get much closer to its less comprehensible aspects because, certainly, artworks when displayed also hide a little or a lot of its enigma. This is its attraction, kind of magnetism which get us closer to its secret without finishing it off.

(...Earlier to the world of artistic creation if we look at natural spaces, we find countless scenarios and astonishing details. When we find ourselves in front of a funerary stele, a dolmen, a menhir, a mastaba, a pyramid, a Tibetan stupa, a stone with Sanskrit handwriting from **Nepal**, some specific constructions as houses, ... what has changed about all the natural things? We become aware of human intervention and points out some beliefs, some attitudes towards life, settings as footsteps valued by humans, confronted by them, lived leaving a trail, leaving evidence. It is a second kind of Nature. Shapes left a deeper mark further ahead from themselves, more conceptual. Serve as an example the pyramids, large prisms raising as ladders to return to the Sun god, immense scenario on the high plateau of **Gizhé**. Maybe they respond to the vision of a particular community or to the vision of the architect's and vizier *Imhotep* more than 4000 years ago... They have remained for ever as a vestige of a not enough well-known civilization. Unmovable, they speak to us, they shake us, they leave us questions without an answer. As it also makes us feel like little ants, **Machu-Pichu** or the whole of **Venice** and more other human works, the amphitheatres, the coliseums, the theatres, the temples... they were scenarios settled for important moments and their shapes were at the service of their uses, architecture went along its function, it gave magnificence and it was there where feelings and collective emotions were moved ...)

III.- What will I say about these subjectivity displayed artworks **ESCENARIS?**

My intentions are not into grandiloquent realities, not even majesties, but as a reflection and recreation of shapes coming from the theatre world, from operas and shows, or from life itself, as I did not so long ago with the musical world as an example in **Partitures de ferro (Iron Scores)** at the *Auditorium in Girona*. As symbols, as logos

breadcrumbs," **logos spermatikós**", little bits of language; all this series would be as a stroll through symbols, references or fragments (metonymy) of their shapes: the mouth of stages, the skeleton, the carcass of the flying system, the backstage, costumes, masks, hats, musical instruments (again) or little theatres which can synthesize an opera or a play... They are not all of them here, just a few of them. And some of these metonymical artworks can be made as monuments, in bigger dimensions as displayed to value the work of several artists, authors and musicians.

Shall I give some clues, or not, about the exposed artworks, bits of my reflexions?

In **T de teatre (T from Theatre)** the letter T has suffered a metamorphosis. Why is it made in the shape of a knot?

In **Escenari - IV "verdet" ("rust")** what is the reason for being shown smashed and rusty by time?

In **Escenaris- I -**, in plural, shapes interact among themselves, stages inside stages as in real life...

In Escenari – II, with this one it comes to my mind the vault at the Agullana palace, on the left of the Seminar stairs, postcard and Girona setting where **Nits de poetes (Nights of poets)** have passed by for a few years.

In **Utopia entre reixes (Utopia between bars)** all of us can understand which scenario we refer to. Hereby my/our homage to political prisoners, to exiled, in particular to our president and ex-major of our city, Girona, **Carles Puigdemont**: I/we can never thank enough their personal cost due to the democratic project and historical restitution, awaited and not yet fulfilled; trustworthy and noble in a horizon full of lies, vengeance and vexation, anti-dialogue, anti-contemplation, anti-art, institutional, structural and paranoid violence... Hope this nightmare doesn't last long. Unfortunately, there will always be scenarios of repressed utopias.

Pointing to the opera world as **Nabuco (o Aida)** (its plot is based on the aspirations of a nation for its freedom) the sculpture **el faraó de la música (the pharaoh of music)** concentrates reminiscences of this proposal. The alterations with musical elements of the pharaoh are signs inside the opera show.

I wanted to say little and I said too much for everybody to dialogue in their way with them.

IV. I would like to finish explaining an anecdote lived at the beginning of my time as a sculptor. The multifaceted artist *Carles Vivó* was aware that *Manel* was making sculptures. And he expressed his desire to see what I was doing. No problem. We set a date, he came home. I pulled out from under the couch a couple of boxes and started to show them to him. We can say, at my satisfaction, that I noticed some admirations. Later he commented in more than one place: This *Manel!* The stuff that has to be

exposed in a gallery or a museum *Palahí* has it under the bed!.. (There are already some of them there and inside my head too...)

My gratitude to the **Girona town hall** and the **Centre de La Mercè** for their agreement to show my works. To the **Taller Perez - Rafart**, of **Sarrià de Ter** for the good times of adding efforts and trade and making possible these works of art. To some other artisans for works that are not here today. To the enthusiasm and help of my family. To all friends who stand by me and to those who give me good vibes. And to those I could have forgotten. From time to time I will pull out some pieces from under the bed and I will call you in. **Thank you very much to you all.**

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