



MENU



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La font que fon Jordi Lafon / The source that melts Jordi Lafon
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Jordi Lafon, an artist who lives in Vic, like Josep Vernis, Joan Furriols and Víctor Sunyol, has just inaugurated the exhibition *Here nothing happens* at the el quadern robot art gallery (in Barcelona).

El quadern robot is a gallery located in a modernist apartment in the Eixample, where the domestic space gives works of art a closer dimension. The gallery belongs to Anna Belsa and Carles Meléndez, who makes some very good visual poems and hardly ever shows them to anyone, only to Anna. Anna and Carles got married thanks to Joan Brossa, who when he saw these poems at the Joan Prats Gallery with Anna, told her that she should marry him (and she did). Anna worked for many years at the Joan Prats Gallery before opening el quadern robot, where she was in charge of programming and where she organized the first exhibitions of artists such as Jordi Alcaraz, Joan Furriols or Chema Madoz, among others.



It is fabulous that the first exhibition in Barcelona of the vital Jordi Lafon is at el quadern robot. If the *Here nothing happens* notebook had been stolen, a shepherd or a tractor would find it on the road, open it and life (or art) would come out.

Jordi Lafon melts many sources (many fronts). His work breathes history and process, I imagine that when he takes something he begins to ask it a thousand things, and this thing must undergo a kind of psychoanalysis and ends up allowing itself to be manipulated by him —with the understanding of artistic manipulation— until it transforms into something heroic, a superthing or something extraordinary.

For a while, Lafon took walks with his father that could well be framed as a work of art: the memory of a journey with a person and their conversation (or silence) is "art", if we want to put it that way. Because everything can be art—like Duchamp's urinal, artichokes or toys—and everything can stop being art, too. We are all artists, all art is a thing and every artist is a subject. And in my opinion, then, the most interesting (precious) thing is the integral whole of everything: art-life, thing-person, conceiving (considering) the whole of life as a magical (artistic) work. Carles Hac Mor says in a poem that is a sublime reflection, a compass or a map: "The most poetic thing is to suspect that everything is a seed."

In the exhibition *Here nothing happens* there is a work made with picture hanging nails that is worth paying attention to. I've been thinking about it for days: I don't know if it's a meeting of international nails or if they are nails to historical works like Munch's *The Scream*, the *Mona Lisa* or Van Gogh's *Sunflowers*. Perhaps Lafon went looking for them in museums around the world, explaining the idea of making his work and convincing them to change the original nails that held these works together with others that he had (which he must have bought at a hardware store in Vic). When I see him I'll ask him. I'm sure (I suspect) that Lafon suspected that the nails were seeds.

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