

English **Quim Pujol, *Verde croma*. April, Friday 13, 2018. Live performance project. *Barcelona Producció* is an initiative of *La Capella*.**

Quim Pujol says “chroma green” and we think of the green by Pantone, the colour matching system brand that has become embedded as the idea of “precise colour”. The same thing happens with the Kodachrome brand and 20th-century colour photos, or Sellotape, a name referring to any kind of sticky tape, despite the fact that it is a specific brand. But Quim Pujol is not looking for the best colour or the precise colour; quite the contrary, in fact: he seeks a certain artistic paradox through colours assigned to things, ideas or situations: “green with envy”, for example. All of this, as well as the character indexed in the form of a litany, may link Quim Pujol’s poetic action to Xavier Sabater’s underground poem *Saba-Sanyo-Casio*, which launched polypoetry in Catalonia in the 1980s.

In the first instance, his *modus operandi* comes from his Futurist-Dadaist grandparents, and that is how we imagine the influx of Jean Arp’s method in the *collage* composition: cutting out a large number of pieces of coloured paper by hand and letting them fall like a shower of confetti onto a “canvas”; in this case the canvas is the thick Romanesque, Gothic and Baroque walls of La Capella and, beyond that, the

spacious halls of our listening neurons.

In the second instance, Quim Pujol is indebted to Joan Brossa and his ultralocal Dau-al-Set *surreosimbolismo* (surreal symbolism), a kind of casino magic amplified in the figure of the quick-change artist Fregoli, admired and lyrically praised by Brossa, and illustrated by Tàpies with a shower of pink confetti à la Arp, which Pujol, in a masterful *détournement*,¹ transmutes into green confetti and objectifies when reproducing the 2D *collage*-painting as a 3D book-thing. It could be said that the confetti is still flying around...

Quim Pujol takes on the role of Fregoli in *Verde croma*, constantly changing into everything he says, and he says that everything is green. Pujol is a monochromatic “green youth” higher in honour than Malevich: *Green Square on Green Background* (it could be said by hypnotic inertia). In a cosmic coincidence, Quim Pujol polypoetically echoes Stephen Prina’s extraordinary *Monochrome Paintings*,² which literally involves reproducing all the great paintings of the 20th-century history of monochrome paintings on canvases of identical sizes, all painted in the same colour – a Volkswagen green. This last quote about the art

world does not appear in his poem, but I am reproducing it here to explain the essence of his work (he reproduces other, funnier ones):³ “Warhol’s white wig, green... / *Tirant lo Blanch* (a title meaning “Tirant the White”), green, Tirant lo Verde (“Tirant the Green”, by analogy to the former)... / Klein’s blue, green, Klein’s green... / Picasso’s blue and rose periods, green...” (in general, paradox and humour prevail); “Yellow rain, green... / The Red, green, the Green... / Darkrooms, green...” (and sarcasm); “Blue blood, green... / The red duchess and the red baron, green...”.

Quim Pujol’s litany contains nearly three thousand words, almost as many as the number of Montjuïc stones in this old chapel, aligned in ashlar walls and flooring, a large cave that today reverberates green: “Ultraviolet rays, green / Black interstellar space, green / Galactic grey, galactic green”, says Pujol. Pujol (meaning “hillock” as well as being a surname), green (I conclude). That is what science says!

Joan Casellas

Les Escaules, Spring 2018, with a yellow (yellow-green) ribbon

¹ Within the debate opened up by photography in the early 19th century and the limits of the hand in art, among the most important contributions are *collage*, which Braque invented but Picasso led with his fabulous *Still Life with Chair Caning* (1912), and Duchamp’s revolutionary *readymade* entitled *Bottle Rack* (1914). Duchamp also introduced a third form of work by slightly modifying a pre-existing image in *Pharmacie* (1914), involving two drops of colour on a commercial landscape, or in *L.H.O.O.Q.* (1919), where he drew a moustache and beard on a postcard of the *Mona Lisa*. Marcel Duchamp included all of this, *grosso modo*, in his bag of *readymades*. The Lettrists and Situationists of the early 1950s found a more precise name: *détournement*.

² Stephen Prina, *Monochrome Paintings*, MoMA PS1, New York, 1989.

³ Among the vast number of explicit and implicit quotes, there is one that does not appear, and that is something to be applauded because it one that is often used. But, to keep his secret, I am not going to mention it either; instead, I’ll leave a clue for the cryptographers: it bears the name of prefabricated wood in *the mirror*...

Quim Pujol (1978) is a writer, curator and artist. He works at the boundaries between writing, the live arts and contemporary art. Since 2014, he has been exploring and modifying existing body techniques for political purposes. His latest works along these lines are *Trance colectivo* (2014), *ASMR del futuro* (2015), *BDSMmm* (2016) and *Fregoli* (2017). He has shown work in exhibitions such as *Intervalo. Acciones sonoras*, at the Antoni Tàpies Foundation, and *Visceral Blue*, at La Capella. Together with Ixiar Rozas, Pujol edited *Ejercicios de ocupación* (Ediciones Polígrafa, 2015) on affective theory. He curated the Irregular Section at the Mercat de les Flors between 2011 and 2015 and he has also taught on the Independent Studies Programme run by the MACBA (Barcelona Museum of Contemporary Art).