

# A Chain of Events

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Pep Duran

#03

## ABYSS OF WHITENESS

We advanced with certainty through that abyss of whiteness.

J. V. Foix, 'Blanc', *Quatre colors aparien el món...* ['White', Four Colours Mend the World...]

The biggest difficulty with everything, always, is the start. Getting the origin going, putting it motion and breaking the established order of things that went *before*. It would all be simpler if we were able to know, or at least intuit, everything that existed previously and provokes this beginning. Perhaps *simpler* isn't the word, maybe it's *more normal*, everything would be more normal because the feeling of continuity would not be broken and, as a reflex action, we would instinctively understand the causes and effects. At the beginning of his book of memoirs *Speak, Memory*, Vladimir Nabokov wrote: 'The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness.' We worry about death, the eternity of darkness that will swallow us up and remain afterwards, when we no longer exist, but we never think about the previous darkness, everything that existed before and which, one way or another, has conspired so that we might come to be. Possibly this previous darkness is more mysterious and decisive.

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All beginnings are false then, a convention that we accept, much as we accept our birth as if it were a voluntary act. If we're talking about a work of art, for example, the ideal would be for us not to see it as a thing that begins and ends, but rather as a part of an infinite whole, a desired accident – there being a creator behind it – that seeks to add itself to the whole and at the same time aims to transform it, to change the course of things. It's no accident that Pep Duran has entitled his work presented in the Capella MACBA *A Chain of Events*. The contribution he offers on previously consecrated ground such as the chapel, so well defined through history, has obliged him to investigate the darkness pre-existing his work and reach the crack of light through 'a process of intuition'. These are the words Pep Duran used in explaining the project to me the first time we met. A process of intuition, and a changing one, that he learned from modernity, understood as that put forward by Baudelaire, which is to say 'confronting tradition, which is unalterable'.

The chain of events one discovers on entering the Capella MACBA is a whole and at the same time is fragmentary, unfolding and growing, as the ultimate aim is the very construction of meaning: what you see is both mystery and certainty, certainty that in turn brings about more mystery. The chain can be seen as a loop in which the final link connects to the first and it all begins again – this a formula that avoids the jerk of a beginning. But it can also be seen as a length of chain where events await an outside (and *provocateur*) agent to complete it. 'Accidents modify and transform the work,' I noted down at our first meeting, and Pep Duran's sentence has now come back to help.

Be that as it may, during the creative process Pep Duran has borne in mind a series of elements that constitute a part of his artistic career and also influence his perception of the space of the Capella. Over the past few months we've met several times to talk about it; I've observed him and prompted him into saying things he might have preferred not to say. I will now try to sketch a path through the chain that is not intended to be a map or guide. I'll use what's closest to hand – notes, literary references, the artist's words – to create what he calls a 'dramaturgy'. Perhaps it's just a buffer to make the inevitable beginning – entry into the Capella – seem like the continuation of something we own.

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### *If this space could talk*

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—*Introibo ad altare Dei.*

James Joyce, *Ulysses*

These are the opening words of James Joyce's novel *Ulysses*. The story begins *in medias res*, in the middle of something as if it weren't a beginning, as if following on from a previous and unknown page, but however he did it Joyce found a very ingenious way to give a sacred beginning to a work that was to be very profane. *Introibo ad altare Dei* is the priest's first pronouncement when conducting Mass in Latin. Having young Buck Mulligan say it, with him holding the most mundane objects in his hands, Joyce seeks a sense of irreverence in the scene and at the same time a kind of secular blessing of his work. If we could steal the essence of this literary moment, we would be helped enormously in our description of the ideal state of mind in which to enter the Capella.

The artist, and this has been said a thousand times, transforms space with his work, but what happens when that given space is not neutral but emits, or contains, a symbolic force – like a gravitational pull – that is so strong it alters everything taking place within it? In the case of the Capella dels Àngels, the history of more than six centuries of religious worship, from its origins as a chapel for Dominican nuns to its later forming part of the Convent dels Àngels. Meanwhile, however, it saw events such as the *Desamortización de Mendizábal* [Mendizábal's Ecclesiastical Confiscations] and the *Setmana Tràgica* [Tragic Week] when it was used as an arsenal; later still it was designated for the personal use of the Francoist mayor of Barcelona, Miquel Mateu, and finally today as a cultural venue.

'This space puts its stamp on me and conditions me, so I can't do whatever I feel like,' said Pep Duran when I asked him to recall his first steps with this project. 'I have tried to bring my world in here, and let the space talk. If the space talks, I can say something as well.' So a dialogue was called for.

The uncertainty as to what could be done there was heightened by two factors. Firstly there's the respect for a sacred space, 'which is the anti-museum' because the Unknown, the food of Faith, was celebrated here, and it has traditionally housed *iconographic representations* with a clerical purpose, which have

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subsequently become works of art. And then there's a modern tendency, very fickle (and very fashionable), that sees museums as the cathedrals of the twenty-first century: complex buildings erected slowly, designed by architects with vision, where citizens make their pilgrimage to adore something; constructions whose purpose is to display to us the virtues of a secular god – collecting – and thus new idols are created, to broadcast a faith: the faith of investment in art as something with market value and which, by the by, offers spiritual comfort.

Admittedly the Capella is not the same size as a cathedral and it's not strictly speaking a museum, but in practice it does perform a role as the intersection of these two spaces and their respective concepts. So, what do you do there? The answer to this enigma was to be found in Pep Duran's own professional career. Once again, nothing starts from zero; instead it originates from before.

Pep Duran has worked for many years as a stage designer. His shapes and structures have performed as naked, visceral and also encyclopaedic reflections of the dramatic experience, an ordering of the world the representative fiction of theatre aims to dismantle (and reconstruct). We have seen this, for example, in *Backlot/Sessions* (2002–03), a macro-installation of leftovers from theatrical sets, which, through a process of accumulation, seeks 'suppurations of behaviour' and a new meaning, involving the rewriting of the secondary meaning (on the stage set) while questioning the primary meaning of these objects. We also saw it in *Temporal* (2002) and *Mudo* (2003), where Pep Duran – as Vicente Molina Foix said in the catalogue – brings about 'the invasion of the sickness that is reality, all the walk-on parts we men and women perform in our daily acceptance of roles'.

When he wants the space to talk, he has in mind the great masters of the stage: Artaud, Kantor, Heiner Müller. He calls for light and objects also to be actors, for example. One day he told me about Müller's idea of seeing theatre as the realisation of social fantasy, and quoted the German dramatist's words. I hurriedly wrote them down: 'What I try to do in my writings is to strengthen the sense of conflicts, to strengthen confrontations and contradictions. There is no other way. I am not interested in answers and solutions. I don't have any to offer. I'm interested in problems and conflicts' ['The Walls of History', in *Semiotext(e)*, 4, 2, 1982].

### *A secular altarpiece*

Confrontation and contradiction can therefore be perceived in the first image the visitor comes across on entering the half-light of the Capella: the vertical altar, the white wall (a white made of whites) that draws our attention as if it

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were an idol awaiting adoration. We observe it transfixed, and without yet being entirely aware of it, we become a part of a chain of events. When he describes this first display, Pep Duran most often chooses to use the expression ‘a secular altarpiece’. He goes on to expand this by saying that he uses the whole process to search for ‘sacred forms in a secular space, and secular forms in a sacred space’.

The secular altarpiece, illuminated because its setting radiates light, is thus constructed as a paradox that investigates conflict. This piece, about seven metres high, comprises sixty white monoliths, of enamelled ceramic and all the same size, which come together to form a wall that, at first glance, is without a break. The white colour immediately imposes itself on us and unfurls a frame of references that act as bait – I should point out, however, that these must not be trusted. Centuries of tradition are on the side of first impressions, and it’s tempting to see the white symbolising purity: the white of snow, the white of milk, the white of cotton and white sheets. The birth and origin of light. The holy space makes us think of the body of Christ, the consecrated host. Historical artistic reference is also present in the white of sculpted marble, Apollonian alabaster. Baudelaire would proffer another more impertinent analogy: white make-up, which in a playful spirit I reproduce from his famous article ‘The Painter of Modern Life’. ‘Virtue, on the other hand,’ writes Baudelaire, ‘is *artificial*, supernatural, since at all times and in all places gods and prophets have been needed to teach it to animalised humanity, man being powerless to discover it by *himself*. Evil happens without effort, *naturally*, fatally; Good is always the product of some art’ [Charles Baudelaire, *The Painter of Modern Life and Other Essays*, translated and edited by Jonathan Mayne. Phaidon Press, 1995].

Holy altarpieces, placed behind the cathedral altar, were structured by geometric rules and their impact derived from a division into different scenes that then became a whole. Each set of images told a story accumulatively, articulated through a many-sided reality and with an implicit narrative. Looking at an altarpiece, the eye at one and the same time sees the whole and also distinguishes the constituent parts. When we approach Pep Duran’s secular altarpiece, we realise that its sixty monoliths also emit the same spirit. Then the immaculate primitive white, a non-colour, becomes more nuanced.

Pep Duran said at the outset that his intention was to bring his world to the Capella, and *let it happen*. The fragmentary nature of altarpieces fits very well with the artist’s career, his pieces often being assembled with items ‘retrieved’ from other works or theatrical sets. And so, for the secular altarpiece to make sense, each and every part must suggest a shape and then fit together to form a joined-up narrative.

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One day, when Pep Duran and I were in Granollers at the studio of the ceramic artist Toni Cumella, I was snooping through his project notes when I came across a quote from Maurice Blanchot. I don't know where it's from but I think it's pertinent just now: 'A museum is not the receptacle of erudite contemplation or an ordered inventory of cultural discoveries. It is the space of imagination where artistic creation, in constant struggle with itself, searches unceasingly for renewed self-discovery, and newness rejected out of hand.'

### *The object is the form of the object*

The art commissioner and critic Ferran Barenblit has written that Pep Duran's work springs from the combination of three creative acts around the object: fragmentation, destruction and reconstruction. Sometimes it is enough to fragment and arrange and at others times the whole operation is necessary in order to achieve a result. And so establishing a new artistic reality does not come out of nothing, *it isn't born*, but pre-existing materials are recycled and transformed in search of new meaning. It's an urge that drinks as much from the well of the British artisan philosophy and practice of Arts and Crafts – everything finds its use, you could say – as it does from the intuitive process that guides modernity: 'The construction of a self out of others.' Jean Baudrillard was talking in *Mots de passe* about objects as an elaborate system of signs and syntax that referred to a world less real than it apparently seemed when he said: 'The object has a dramatic role, it is an actor from head to toe, as much as it squanders any functionality, however simple.'

As in the theatre, where the objects of the set design imitate reality and turn it into realism, the objects with which Pep Duran works represent; they are representations, acting. (In English, another sense is introduced into the realm of semantics, with *play* as in 'to play a role' also used as in 'to play a game'. After personal research into Pep Duran's work one feels a sense of playfulness, which I'll explore later.)

Pep Duran's creative and representative method makes me think of the British novelist Tom McCarthy (1969), who is also a Conceptual artist and the founder of the INS, the International Necronautical Society. McCarthy is the author of *Remainder*, a novel about the recreation of a moment of epiphany in a person's life. A man wakes up in a hospital. He remembers nothing; all he knows is an object fell out of the sky and left him unconscious. His lawyer comes to see him in hospital and tells him he's been awarded an enormous sum in compensation and is now a multimillionaire. Despite all the money,

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he is incapable of feeling life as before. His whole body has been rebuilt, all his bones, and he feels counterfeit. One evening, at some friend's party, he gets very bored. He goes into the lavatory and suddenly, in a matter of seconds, the world conspires in such a way that he experiences the first true moment of life since he awoke. There is nothing particularly special about the moment, but it involves a group of different and simultaneous signals: the place, colours, a little crack in the wall, a man fixing a motorbike in the garden, a woman cooking in the flat below... From then on, he spends all his money on reproducing that moment, time and time again, as if in a loop. He buys a house, has it made the same as the other building, reproduces the crack in the bathroom wall, and employs actors to perform the roles of the mechanic in the yard and the cook downstairs. The recreation of a series of chance happenings – a chain of events – becomes his only reality.

Although the languages of expression are different, and not to undervalue the importance of waste (its fragmentation and reconstruction), confidence in objects as holders of corrupted memory is a feature that connects Pep Duran and Tom McCarthy. In an interview in *The Guardian*, McCarthy explained: 'One way of thinking about art, or the novel, is that the writer is the transmitter, the originator: I have something to say about the world and I'm going to transmit it. But this isn't how I see it, I see it as exactly the inverse: the writer is a receiver and the content is already out there. The task of the writer is to filter it, to sample it and remix it [note that these are concepts from contemporary electronic music, *filter, sample, remix*] – not in some random way, but conscientiously and attentively. This is what Heidegger says about poets: to be a poet is to listen before speaking; it's first and foremost a listening and not a speaking' ['In Conversation: Lee Rourke and Tom McCarthy', *The Guardian*, 18 September 2010].

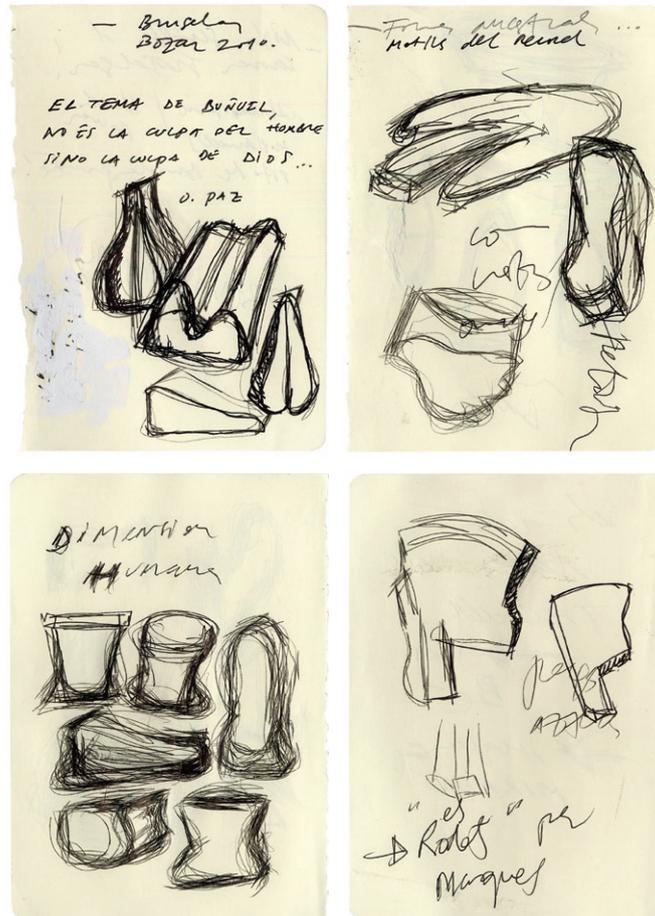
Tom McCarthy's literary referents are Beckett, Ballard, Blanchot, Robbe-Grillet, a framework of literary influences in which Pep Duran also feels comfortable.

The previous existence of objects (loaded with experience) also makes the artist into a collector, although what is collected is infinite. One gets the impression that Pep Duran has learned over the years to distrust objects that have been found. Talking about this one day, he passed me a statement by Claude Lévi-Strauss, according to which 'objects that are found have got so much of a past – such a heavy load – that you can barely go anywhere with them'. This idea was taken up by Baudrillard in *Mots de passe*: 'To begin with,' he said, 'communication is achieved through objects, but later the excess weight blocks communication.'

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Sketches by Pep Duran for *Retaule laic*, 2010.

But let's get back to the secular altarpiece. Pep Duran believes that the scene (or stage set) with a history behind it requires a symbolic sublimation, an iconic representation, and thus it can take the extra step, and pass from the anecdotal to the substantive. Objects, which are a fundamental part of his work, become abstract shapes. 'Shapes are transmitters of meaning,' Octavio Paz said when talking about Duchamp, says Pep Duran.

So when we approach the secular altarpiece, we see that the shiny white is nuanced: firstly, the sixty monoliths are assembled as a graduation of whites (a white made of whites, we said), and secondly they all display the relief in distinct ways. You could say that we are looking at a big palimpsest of arche-

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Working process for the installation by Pep Duran at the Capella MACBA. Ceràmica Cumella, Granollers, January-February 2011. Photos by Toni Cumella.

typal shapes, *representations* of a Platonic matrix. Secular relics in a sacred space, today's votive offerings... What kind of shapes are they? Pep Duran replies: 'Shapes without shape, undefined, synthesised.' Why? 'Because shapes are the moulds of memory.'

In Granollers, while Pep Duran and Toni Cumella reviewed the shapes and worked out how to combine them with the stoneware plates, I wandered around the studio and entertained myself by trying to find a meaning in the moulds, created earlier at Claudi de José's workshop. Some seemed like the letters of a secret alphabet, the combination of which would truly create a new language. Others changed according to the angle of view and turned into a mysterious

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*trompe l'œil*. 'Ceramics,' Toni Cumella had told me, 'is a process of alchemy, combining craftsmanship and modernity, the handmade and the technological.' This made me think of something Pep Duran said along similar lines: 'I look for surprise through the destruction of shape, creation out of superimposed errors.' On a table, I came across some of the artist's notes with drawings and outlines of possible shapes. I read a few headings:

- double well
- secret shapes
- crockery
- primal
- case
- amorphous
- iron
- utensils
- ...

Don't ask me why, but Pep Duran's sketches made me think of primal shapes, atavistic, mineral, of the natural world. My thinking led me to the animal bones used in prehistory as tools and weapons and from there to the opening of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the film by Stanley Kubrick. I remembered the shape of the white bone of a cow, hurled up into the air by a hominid, which took on the form of a spaceship that then seared its way through the universe. All of which is observed by a monolith. And that is some chain of associations.

### *A rally, or the building of meaning*

An altarpiece naturally leans you towards contemplation. 'The Capella's space draws the pieces together magnetically and gives them meaning. It's an organic process,' says Pep Duran. In the case of Gothic altarpieces, for example, those who contemplated them received a lesson about the world. They felt drawn, in turn, by the impact of splendour, attractive and full of references, which made use of faith in a process that could be called organic. The shapes Pep Duran has chosen aspire to an individual and at the same time cosmogonic method, one that rummages through everyone's past to construct meaning – a meaning that can also be changing and even contradictory. I don't want to get involved in interpretations like a critic would. Neither do I want to try and construct a *single meaning of the visit*, as if this were a diagram of a museum, because

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that would run contrary to the circular (and cyclical) nature of the installation: there's neither start nor end, as I've said. Visitors choose which of these forms take them beyond memory and which combinations of this new alphabet constitute a new language and have something to say. Contemplation of the secular altarpiece creates a private story for each individual, an unrepeatable combination – a genetic map – that translates into a personal and non-transferable chain of events.

I mentioned earlier the element of play in this driving force, it being an approach (humorous, ironic, distant) as valid as any other. Playful experimentation as a method reminds me of the literary games that Oulipo (Ouvroir de Littérature Potentielle) set up in France, and particularly the exercise in constraint of *logo-rallye*. The game, played by Raymond Queneau in one of his *Exercices in Style* goes like this: with a certain number of words, either chosen for you or selected at random, you have to write a coherent text that contains every one of them and also tells a story. Thus, starting out with pre-existing words (which have their previous life) a new narrative is created that gives them another meaning. The idea being that the visitor, looking at the secular wall, studies the shapes displayed and the grammar that ties them together, and then assembles their own individual story as if it were a *logo-rallye*.

Constraint is the opposite of inspiration. In this dynamic of the game, an inheritance – a continuity – of Surrealism can be felt. In his *Manifeste pour un théâtre avorté*, Antonin Artaud talks of 'the magnetic fascination of dreams, of those dark layers of conscience that are what worry us in our spirit, [which] we want to radiate out and triumph on stage, although we must lose ourselves and risk the ridicule of colossal failure' [*Œuvres complètes*, II, Gallimard, 1961, p. 23].

The attempt to generate a narrative out of fragments, clues or intuitions is perhaps also allied to the memory of a dream on awakening: the images and details from the dream that have stuck in our minds are retained, and before all their fantastical essence is lost, a coherent story is assembled and then interpreted in consciousness. It is no coincidence that among Pep Duran's notes for this project this sentence of Francisco Ferrer Lerín's appears: 'Dreams are the second world you inhabit.'

When talking about the objects he often uses in his works, Pep Duran has frequently defined them as 'retrieved materials'. He's also referred to 'forests of broken images, demolition material'. The manipulation of shapes, the 'resemantisation', the continual transformation of hybrid elements to saturation point – 'the process wall', as Manel Clot defined it – seeks a new life that eliminates or at least shadows the previous. The construction of meaning sought in *A Chain of*

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*Events* would seem incomplete if we were only to consider the secular altarpiece. The forms exhibited need a counterpoint that deconsecrates them.

'I cannot think of death as more than the going out of one room into another.' This quote from William Blake, noted down by Pep Duran in his sketches for the project, attests to the need for such a counterpoint. The visitor will find it in a part of the piece a step away from the altar, at the side of the Capella. We are intimately confronted, face-to-face, with dark-coloured walls, the height of a human being – 170 centimetres tall – made out of enamelled plates of materials that look like scrap and rubble. There are glimpses of dust, mud, ash, gold, blood and moss. Each plate forms a great palimpsest that is the space of destruction, where worms and maggots have made their nest, where nature's forms announce decadence and death to be the inevitable result of a Dionysiac banquet. The basic forms we saw in the secular altarpiece are still present in this wall. And what's more, now they are not distant and only for viewing. Now we can touch them.

The contrast with the immaculate white is accentuated when I think of an iconoclastic procedure, in every sense of the word. Take a medieval altarpiece, cut it up, take off the battens and frames, feed all the sacred images into a shredder, all the saints, virgins, apostles, books, heavens of blue with their golden-winged angels and the crimson hues of the cardinals' coats... We mash the whole lot up together in a modern machine and then collect the residue. With these pigments we could colour the side wall: a deathly memory of dusty golds and aged blues, the grazing of time, holy images left to the mercy of dung and putrefaction...

The materials that make up this human-scale version of the monolith form part of the transformation; they are the reprieved agents. Working with ceramic artist Toni Cumella, Pep Duran has looked for a palette of pigments that make reference to destruction. Then, using objects from his infinite collection, which the artist has destroyed in the creative process so that everything has yet more meaning, he has awarded them forms *through exhaustion* that can be understood as anti-forms, the moulds of the objects' souls.

We said at the beginning that Pep Duran's work forces us to enter into a loop. Both extremities of this wall of destruction fade back once more into white, as if the space in which they find themselves is starting to strip the paint off them, to transform them yet again. A few words by the poet Francisco Ferrer Lerín, engraved in the stone as a statement of their proclamatory character – 'caustic letters that indicate the end of the universe' – place us in the land of return. To his eyes, the shapes are 'marzipan figures', 'the almond dolls are leeches in blossom'.

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A secular chapel is a place of disaffection, where religious worship is no longer possible. Our time is a time of disaffection. Old churches, hermitages and chapels are now bookshops, discotheques, theatres, stores and museums: motives and emblems for the great debate over destruction and conservation. If we become trapped in the chain of events that transforms the Capella MACBA, perhaps we need to cast a spell to get out of it. There are the words of the poet engraved in the stone. There are also – and it doesn't hurt to try – these premonitory lines by T. S. Eliot from the *Four Quartets*:

Here is a place of disaffection  
Time before and time after  
In a dim light: neither daylight  
Investing form with lucid stillness  
Turning shadow into transient beauty  
With slow rotation suggesting permanence  
Nor darkness to purify the soul  
Emptying the sensual with deprivation  
Cleansing affection from the temporal.  
Neither plenitude nor vacancy. Only a flicker  
Over the strained time-ridden faces

Jordi Puntí

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### TEXT FOR THE INTERVENTION BY PEP DURAN AT THE CAPELLA MACBA

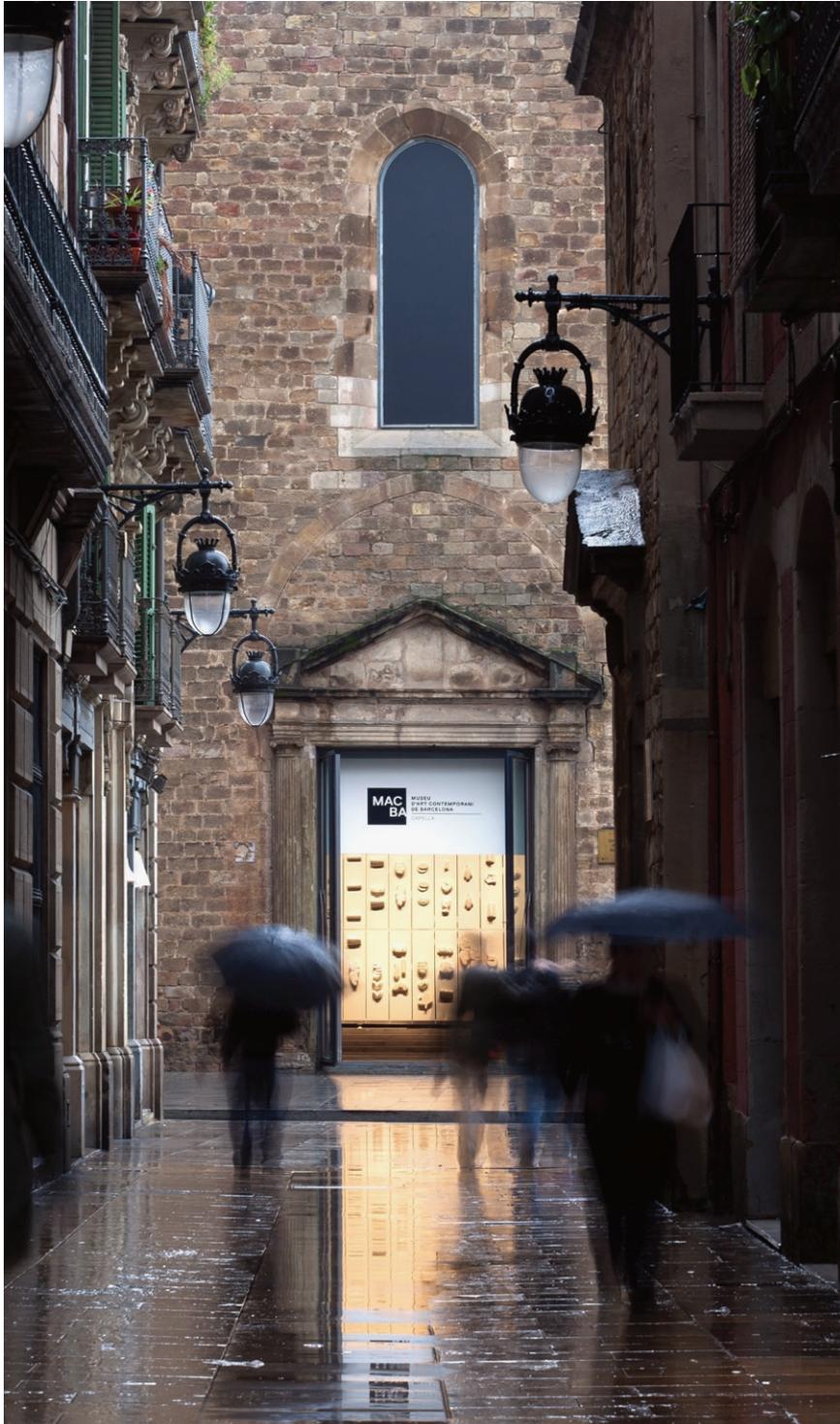
Unusual are sacred places which do not include a monster stationed at the entrance; it is the dual aspect of the symbol, the conclusion of lightning's movement. Now, here, a stream of white blood; it springs from the cruel leaning altar, travels down the gloomy nave, turns the corner kissed by Jean Bodin and acknowledges the marzipan figures before ending in the sagacious sacristy where Mothering Mud dwells, that Living Desert of the obstinate Walt Disney, where poisonous beings sprout from rejected reality. There is a frieze, moral and healthy, like a brake on a bison, on an appeal by flesh and hide, which stems the flow: caustic letters which indicate the end of the universe. For no apparent reason white returns, the colour of the candidate for gatekeeper of the city of Constantinople, which, in the painful year of 1544, saw a gathering of a hundred and fifty mothers and hares in the wooden markets and behind the willow bushes. Blood is life, in fact the vehicle of life, the life of metals and the portent of rain. Yes, someone observes that the almond dolls are leeches in blossom. The Knight Durante dies, or perhaps is struck down dead.

Francisco Ferrer Lerín

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Pep Duran, *A Chain of Events*

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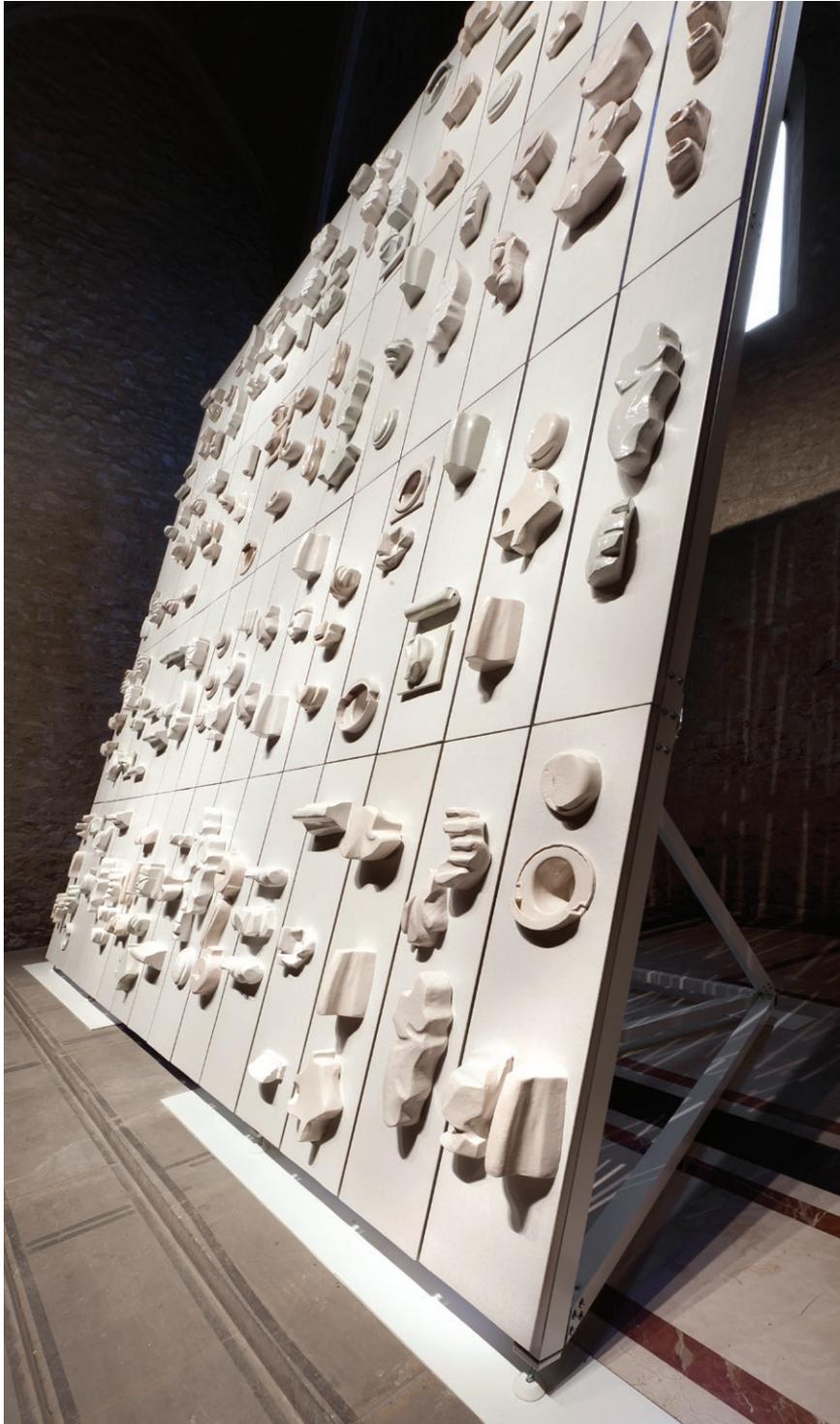
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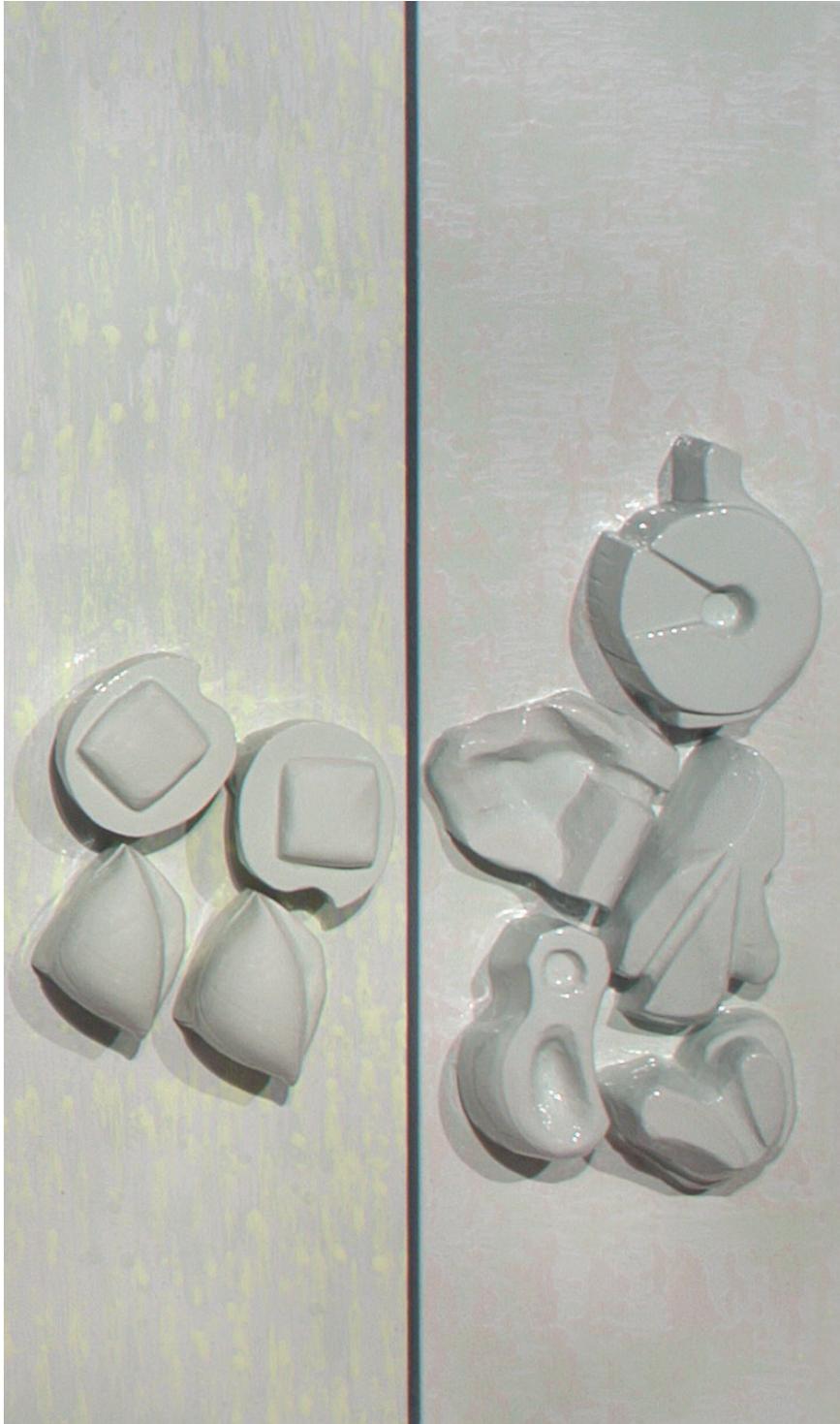
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## Video

Interview: Pep Duran. *A Chain of Events*

<http://www.macba.cat/video>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XmMr28aUCAo>

<http://vimeo.com/20786891>



## Audio

Conversation between Pep Duran and Jordi Puntí

[http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p\\_action=show\\_page&pagina\\_id=33&inst\\_id=30112](http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p_action=show_page&pagina_id=33&inst_id=30112)

Guided visit

[http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p\\_action=show\\_page&pagina\\_id=34&inst\\_id=29880](http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p_action=show_page&pagina_id=34&inst_id=29880)

Radio programme: *SON[ ]A #122: Bartomeu Mari, Chus Martínez, Pep Duran and Jordi Puntí speak about the installation at the Capella MACBA ' #03 Pep Duran. A Chain of Events'*

[http://rwm.macba.cat/ca/sonia?id\\_capsula=809](http://rwm.macba.cat/ca/sonia?id_capsula=809)



## Photographs

Photographs by Rafael Vargas of the installation by Pep Duran, *A Chain of Events*, at Capella MACBA

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## Other links

*Esotro*, 1999

MACBA Collection. Consorci Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona. Long-term loan of the artist

[http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p\\_action=show\\_page&pagina\\_id=29&inst\\_id=24154](http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p_action=show_page&pagina_id=29&inst_id=24154)

*Cadira inútil o cadira deixalles*, 1983

MACBA Collection. MACBA Collection. Government of Catalonia Art Fund

[http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p\\_action=show\\_page&pagina\\_id=29&inst\\_id=17273](http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p_action=show_page&pagina_id=29&inst_id=17273)

*Untitled*, 1984

MACBA Collection. MACBA Collection. Government of Catalonia Art Fund

[http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p\\_action=show\\_page&pagina\\_id=29&inst\\_id=18120](http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p_action=show_page&pagina_id=29&inst_id=18120)

*Updated*, 1997

MACBA Collection. Fundació Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona. Private Collection long-term loan

[http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p\\_action=show\\_page&pagina\\_id=29&inst\\_id=18940](http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p_action=show_page&pagina_id=29&inst_id=18940)

*Objecte deshabitat*, 1995

MACBA Collection. Consorci Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona

[http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p\\_action=show\\_page&pagina\\_id=29&inst\\_id=19378](http://www.macba.cat/controller.php?p_action=show_page&pagina_id=29&inst_id=19378)

(Accessed March 2011)

**Pep Duran** (Vilanova i la Geltrú, Spain, 1955) has always worked from the perspective of stage design, allowing him to develop proposals and projects centred round a particular way of understanding construction, representation and space. His work mixes and interrelates the real and the fictional through the construction of stage devices. Pep Duran's work has been exhibited in numerous galleries in Barcelona (Metrònom, Joan Prats, Carles Taché, Alejandro Sales), Madrid, Valencia, Santiago de Compostela, Turin, Cologne, Nice, Copenhagen, Florence, Lisbon, Berlin and Amsterdam, among others; as well as in various art centres such as the Fundació Joan Miró, Barcelona; Koldo Mitxelena Kulturunea, San Sebastián; and the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London. His project *Sin escenario* (Without a Stage), 2009–10, realised in collaboration with the SEACEX, has been seen in the Museo de Arte, El Salvador; the Museo de Arte y Diseño Contemporáneo, Costa Rica; the Museo de Arte Contemporáneo, Panama; and the Centro Cultural de España, Mexico. Duran's work is represented in the MACBA Collection; the Fundació 'la Caixa' Collection; the Fundació Suñol and the Fundació Vila Casas, Barcelona; and Artium, Euskadi, among other institutions.

*Retaule laic* (Secular Altarpiece), 2010–11  
60 stoneware panels with inlaid and enamelled reliefs.  
Structure of aluminium. 6,89 x 6,14 m

*Peça escrita* (Written Piece), 2010–11  
40 stoneware panels with inlaid, textured and enamelled reliefs. Three fragments of a poem by Francisco Ferrer Lerín in ceramic relief. Structure of aluminium. 1,67 x 8,47 m

Works produced in collaboration with Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona (MACBA)

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#03 Pep Duran. *A Chain of Events*  
3 March - 5 June, 2011

#### Exhibition

Curator: Chus Martínez  
Assistant Curator: Anna Cerdà  
Registrar: Denis Iriarte  
Conservation: Xavier Rossell  
Architecture and general services: Isabel Bachs, Eva Font, Alberto Santos

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