

# CATALAN INTERNATIONAL VIEW

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## A EUROPEAN REVIEW OF THE WORLD

### SELECTED BIOGRAPHY



### AMÈLIA

**We walk slowly through the places and times lived in, as if our scenery is constantly transforming within a travelable picture where the speed of change produced by knowledge is fused with the slowness with which we are able to alter our feelings<sup>1</sup>. The sequence of the text on Amèlia and her work goes from the outside towards the inside, as if it were a trail left by life in its passing. When her world opens up to the exterior we start on a course that progresses backwards, where the sea at night (black) and by day (white) appears, or to put it another way, the step from black to white that joins two conspiratorial looks in front of the sea; Sa Riera, on a summer's night, and Tossa, on a spring morning on the terrace of Can Claudi.**

Step 1 – Chairs, rooms, seas ...

First was an empty chair; the absence of a person. Later she would position two which, almost always, had their backs to each other, continuing the same theme of lack of communication; the fact of being alone in company? Sitting outside the beach bar Can Claudi in Tossa, with its chairs sunk half-way into the sand, we look at the sea... The chairs do not turn their backs on us but settle at the ideal point for dialogue, at that angle where looks are exchanged and then disappear on the horizon. She, protected from the sun by one of her black hats, avoids the direct sun and our conversation is dampened by the racket around us. We though, continue our own journey well away from the people sharing the scene around us. It is as if the beach bar has developed into an unfolding of scenes replete with different thoughts, actions, gestures and concerns; the place takes us all in to create an unlikely harmony. Amèlia has already emptied herself mentally and, with her gaze fixed on the horizon, transports me to the loneliness of her paintings. Of all her dreams the one that frightens Amèlia most is the one about the sea... The sea darkens with the dread of a profundity that we can neither see nor understand. You prefer the passion of a storm, but you only paint the suspect calm of ambiguous existence, of apparent peace. Again the theme of lack of communication, because, as I have heard you say so many times, you can never again trust anything which completely surrounds you, either from the past or the future. And so, one thing leads you to another and from associations it is possible to draw out your interior world.

Step 2 – Trees, life, distance...

Now your tread stops in front of this tree which, misshapen by the fierce winter winds, tries to hold up the branches remaining to it... Sitting under the arcade, our looks cross and nature reappears in our conversation. Another element in your work that has always caught my attention is the symbology of the tree between chairs, a tree that is always alone... The movements in an interior space, right between two absences - the two empty chairs turned away from us - form the apex of a triangle with the roots leading out to you. The recurrence of death in the interpretation of your works should be contested; each viewer should read them to find answers to their own questions. For me there is always a path towards life, although there is the unseen dominating presence of fear, the fragility of the fractured instant struggling to grow in the shadows with no chance of

ever seeing light. Many of these living and nonliving elements are reminiscent of aspects from when you practised informalism, because the state of mind became an arch of thought where changes, the formal evolution of the work, are always joined at the same base.

#### Step 3 – Locks, bolts, doors...

To stay or not to stay; doors, closed or ajar, connect your own every-day labyrinth, the house where you live, full of rooms and doors articulated on an angular plan on the corner of the building, with the interior world which reflects your work, always marked by absence, silence and mystery. The closed world. The keyhole kept your emotions at a safe distance, but we could also say that blocking the gaze is no more than a transition to an uncertain future. In a visual way Amèlia is telling us you cannot put liberty under lock and key, as Virginia Woolf did in her essay *A Room of One's Own*. By the same token you are interested in the individual perspective of the paintings themselves because the initial idea is extremely important, you see it like this and not according to one of the dictates of convention... You represent things according to a thought, a dream; always an imagined thing after seeing a mental image... Yesterday and today come together not only due to an underlying unity but an interior life that is vital to you at every stage of life...

#### Step 4 – Deepest night

Clear-sighted in darkness. Amèlia's nights and canvases which are nights for light to be discovered. You enjoy the nights when you do not sleep, when you take the notebook that nobody will ever see, so that no-one will discover the mystery held within every work of art. 'A light rather than a force', as Sansot2 tells us, and life in tiny drops, as our infinitesimal steps see out the light of day while we slowly make our way along the dark street that swallows us up in night; one of the many nights that point to the path of ideas or illuminate Amèlia's pictorial scenes with mystery.

**Glòria Bosch**