

CATALAN INTERNATIONAL VIEW

A EUROPEAN REVIEW OF THE WORLD

SELECTED BIOGRAPHY



MIQUEL RASERO

I did that drawing when I was about to turn twenty. At the time I wanted my work to make each day a new adventure. I had no plan, although things were getting serious. Could any connection be established between my drawings and what was happening to me? I do not think I was very realistic, but it was perhaps the only way out I had to hand, before being shipwrecked... I had probably seen things by Bacon, maybe Munch's *The Scream*. I do not remember when I first came across *Songs of Death* by Georg Trakl, but in his short biography I found the magic aura which at that time made me think I was not alone in the world. This also happened with other texts in which a misfit could find ways out via creation, anguish, pain... I was looking for tools for survival.

Miquel Rasero

I see *The Architect's Dream* from 1998 and a drawing from 1975 as if they were only one of many return journeys where chronology has disappeared, where the experience of each step has changed but not the registers that cross them, the human touch that unites the circus clown with the architect. While the clown hides behind a complex weave of symbolic registers, between the magic sarcasm of Ponç and the expressionist scream of Munch, the figure which really stands out is the one who asks us in amazement how to get out of there and throw himself into the world, free from the restraints that hold him back. The place where my gaze really coincides with yours is not only the open mouth, struck dumb perhaps by the colour of anguish, but the hand that crosses space and, as if it were a window, timidly grasps at the exterior... Does he feel excluded from the world? I take another step and wonder if it is not really the other way around and, since he fears us, does he also fear holding out his hand to us?

Glòria Bosch