

ALFONS BORRELL

“Do not look for originality, look for yourself”

Alfons Borrell, Sabadell 22.XI.16

Borrell's work was modern when it was born and still is. And it is so because it is radically honest; it exposes his vulnerability, with the playful fragility I recognize in Alfons when I finally visit him in his studio.

-Sometimes I get anxious- He tells me.

I point out to him how the ultramarine of the scarf he is wearing is the same as that of his paintings. –A woman was about to buy it at the store, and in the end I did it myself, isn't it beautiful? We both laugh with the childish laughter that I always find in the ageless people. Alfons is, as he tells, an anguished man, but it seems to me that he is also the child who feeds the fishes in the morning and who the birds visit. In his studio, he shows me his latest work and the work process, a process that reveals a constant, concentrated, ground level activity; the sublimation of the disquiet, that seems to impregnate him when the evening is falling, feeds back, in an inverse way, an inner youth.

A black-and-white photo hangs discreetly in one of the studio's shelves behind Alfons' chair. The picture was taken fifty years ago, but the woman who appears in it has an absolutely contemporary look: she has short hair, she smiles while talking to someone at an opening. Her fine features do not have time either. She is Rosa. She died 35 years ago and Alfons still evokes her in emphatic appearances of this colour in his paintings. Borrell presents a refined pictorial language, which constantly fluctuates between tension and outburst, exposing in itself a vulnerable horizon. We speak about limits, thus, about horizons constantly evoked, destroyed, newly established, newly transgressed.

And the colours which he has been faithful to for many years: orange, blue, green. Without concession. Alfons talks about his feelings and emotions. They are not soft dreams; you have to be brave to express yourself like this (the courage to show a wound). I think of the bold gesture of his drawing. His fragility has strength. The stroke as a moment of affirmation in an emotional sea. A coherent attitude from his origins, in those enigmatic, tense drawings of 1959: broken angles, broken

boundaries, extreme conciseness, drawings that could have been made right now.
The sensitive precision of a watchmaker should be needed to get this far.

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