

LA VIDA DE LA PERA
(A PEAR'S LIFE)

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“For all the pears in the world,
especially for those to come”

A PEAR'S LIFE

Well yes, they have told you well. I am a wonderful pear. Specifically, a Conference pear – although don't get me wrong, I hate conference calls. I was born in a very, very big field in a little town in Oregon called Hood River. There, I had a wonderful childhood and adolescence, which is the typical thing in my world. First I was a beautiful flower. According to my mother, I always had a very special smell. That's the little I remember about her, because in the world of pears, moms and dads leave very soon.

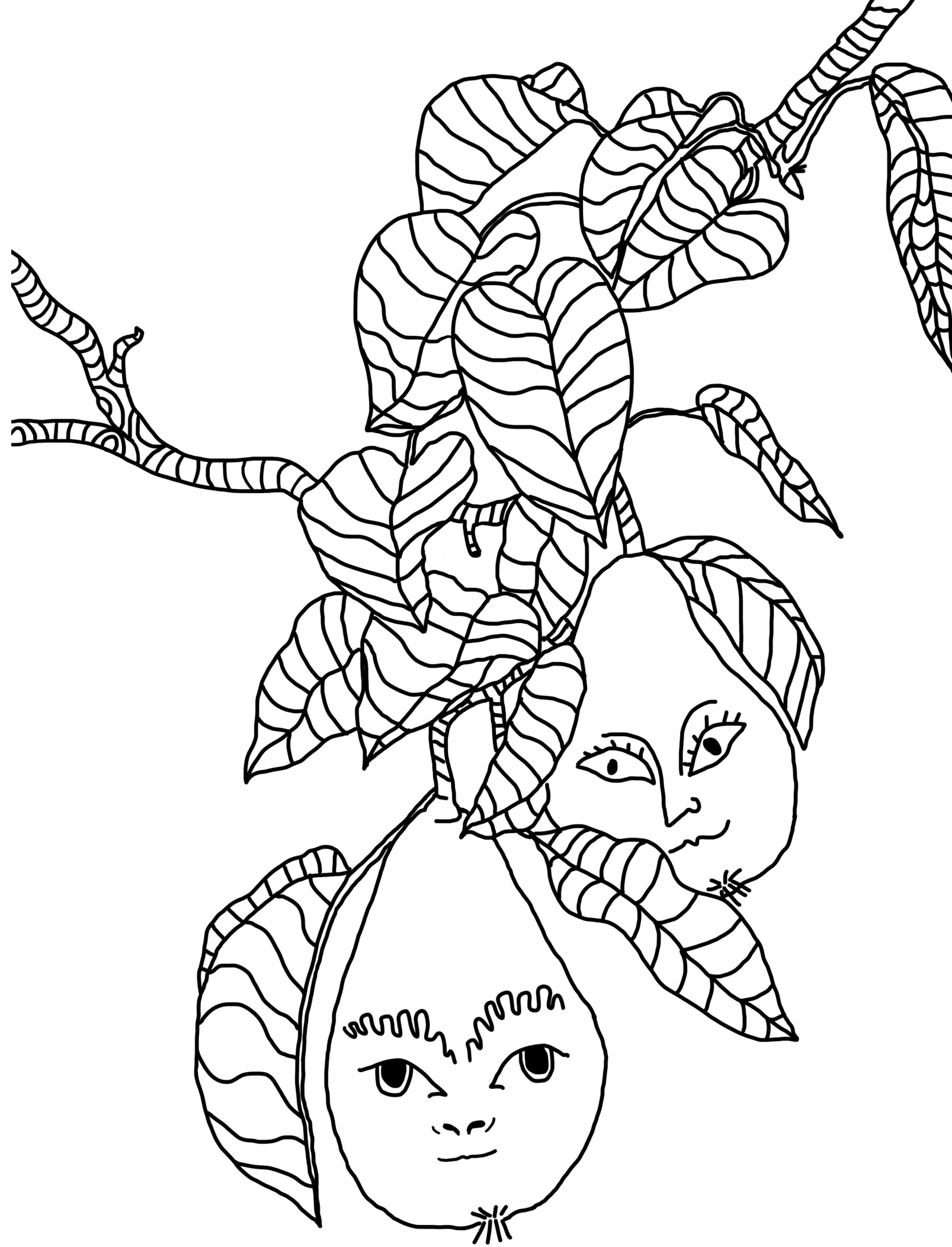


From a young age they release us into the world without many instructions. Luckily our life is quiet and we have a lot of time to learn what is really that interests us. I discovered my true passion just after reading a book about Yayoi Kusama: at that moment my obsession with art began.

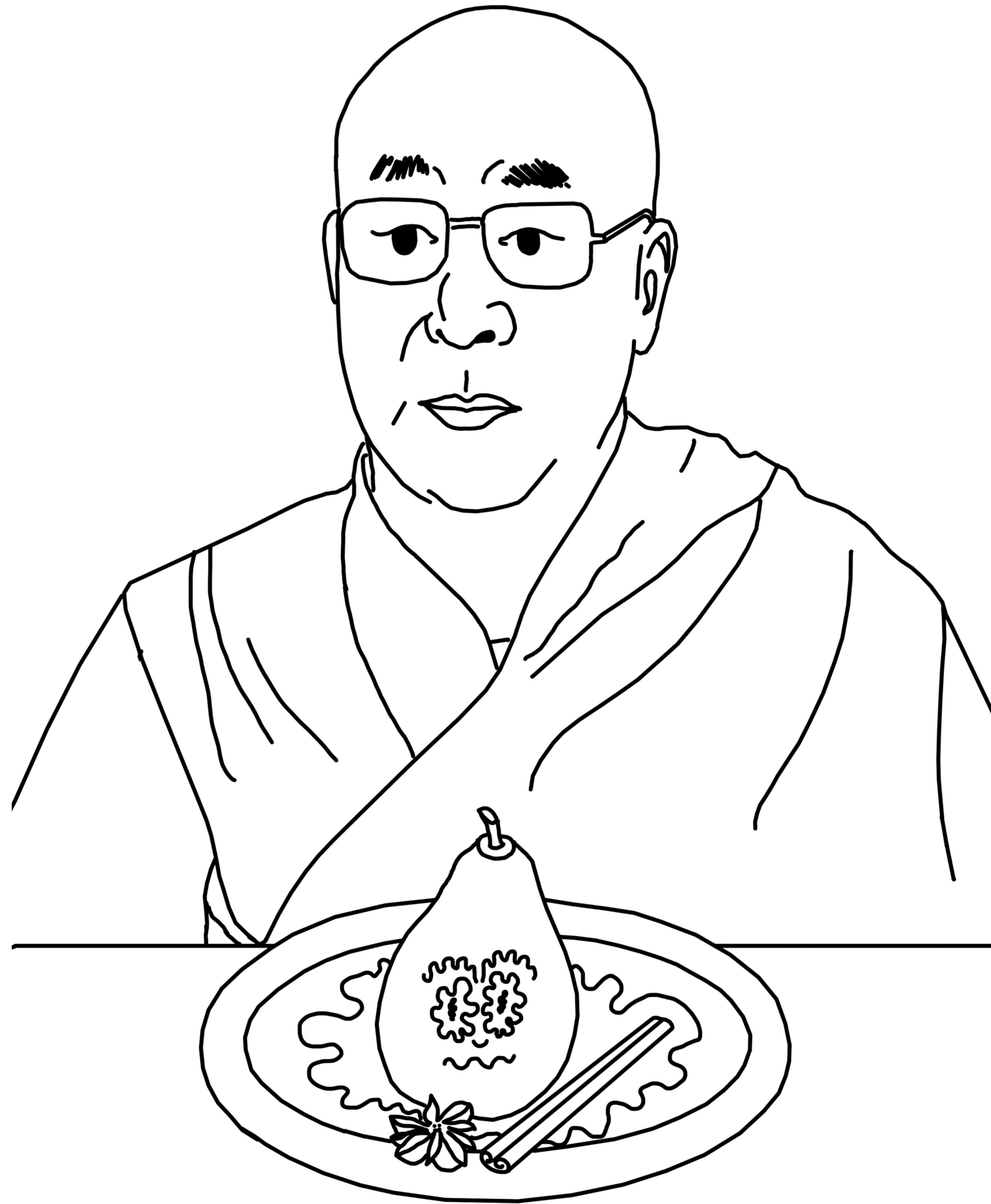
As we learn — and I mean the pear's family that lives in each tree — our body begins to change. We stop being delicate flowers and gain weight very quickly.

Never try to eat a lot and fast! There is no time to savor the food and it is a great shame.

We do it because it is our duty for the great final competition. The first thing they tell us when we are born is that we must prepare to be tasted. It may seem hard, but for us it is fortunate because it helps us to be clear that we have to enjoy, while we can, what we really love. At night we love to talk about that Big Day, when they collect us. We like to fantasize about the palate in which we will end up, although that always depends on our potential.



Rumor has it that my great-great-grandfather was a dessert for the Dalai Lama, and that an eighth cousin of mine ended up being a juice for Madonna herself. I am very proud to belong to my family, although I must admit that I have always dreamed of being one of Picasso's red wine poached pears or even part of a cake for Morandi. I spend hours and hours educating and taking care of myself. Above all, I try to protect myself from the rains - I don't know if you knew, but the rain hurts us a lot.



Life for us is short but intense. Without leaving the site we are able to go anywhere.

When the great circle of light is hidden, we can see how the bright fireflies appear that are often accompanied by the large white croissant. That is my favorite moment, because it is when we can spend hours and hours fantasizing: have you ever wondered what it would feel like to wake up on another planet? Or that the dots of light in the night draw the smile of the boy you like?

Today my big day has arrived, for which I have prepared myself since I was a little flower. Sophia finally picks me. She is a wonderful lady, well entered into her 60s, with a very white skin complexion and marvelous charcoal black eyes that narrate the intense life she has had. This lady treats me incredibly well: she caresses me in the sweetest way possible before pulling me out of the three. Before, I was afraid of the unknown, but the truth is that now I am very excited about what's ahead. After she pulls me out, she gently releases me

into a wicker basket, where I finally put a face on the companions with whom I had spoken all my life but had never seen. How amazing it is to put a face to people that you talk to a lot! Suddenly everything you have speculated becomes a reality, although there is always some surprise.

From the basket to a box, and from the box to a truck. A few hours later they unload me in a warehouse. They make me pretty, they groom my beautiful butt and put me in a box with other pear colleagues.



Once there they put us on another truck, this time smaller, and a much longer and darker journey began. I fall asleep at least fifty times and when I wake up, I am in a place surrounded by all the pears in the world, some of them look a lot like me! It is a wonderful place, an Eden, run by a man named Noha. I don't have the opportunity to get to know him much because right away they pick me up and put me in a bag and take me on a trip again. Oh my Gosh, I am so nervous!!!



At last I will know what my final destiny is. I am really nervous!!! Will it be the house of a painter? Of a poet? I would love it to be Ed Ruscha's, or at least his assistant's.

Suddenly, in the middle of my mental wondering, I am pulled out of the bag and I find myself in a large kitchen with a huge painting hanging on the wall. By the way, they should tell these people to change the bags, because they are ugly and uncomfortable!

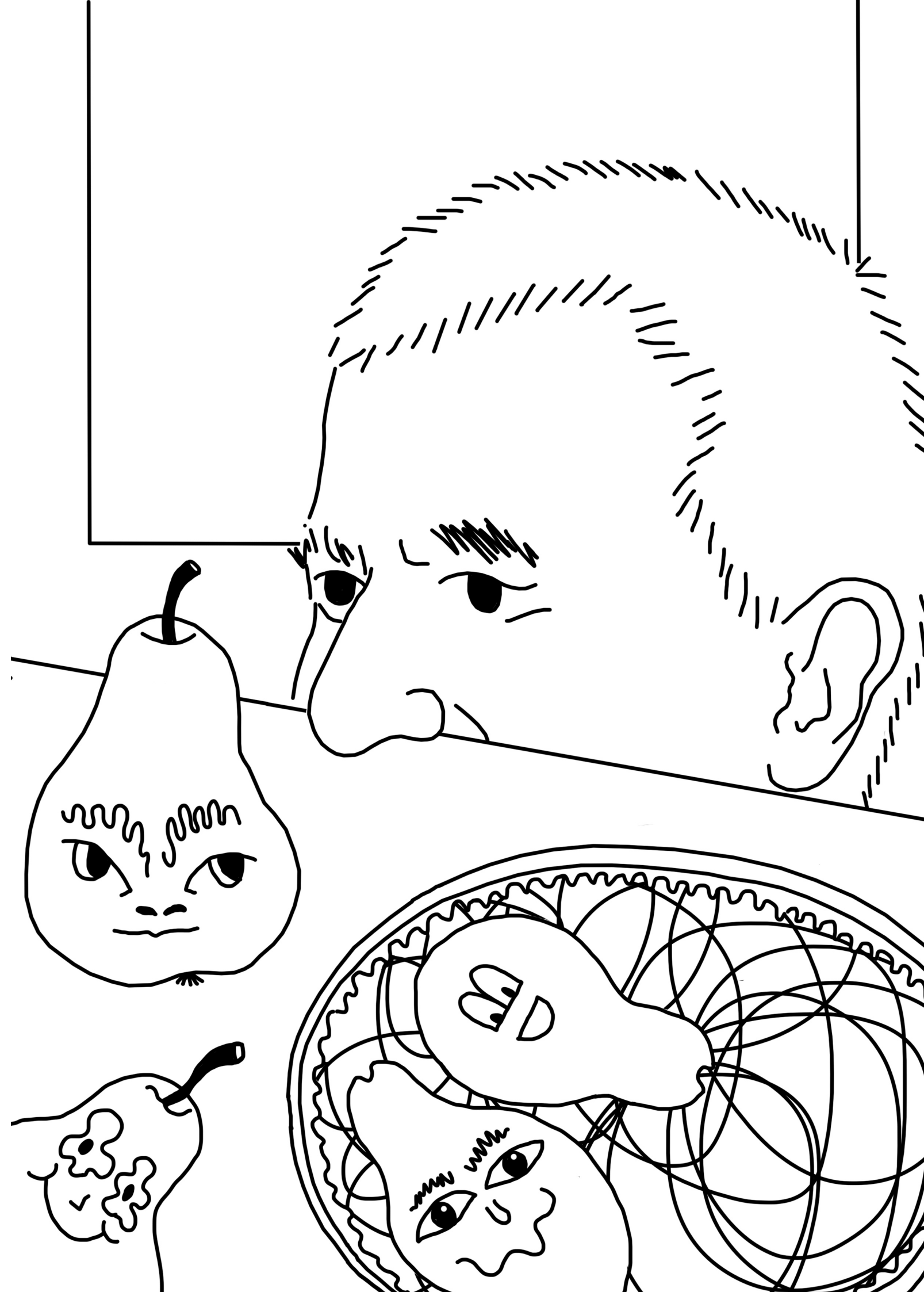
Am I seeing an Anselm Kiefer? I'm not sure. I am very happy because it seems that I have ended up in an interesting place.

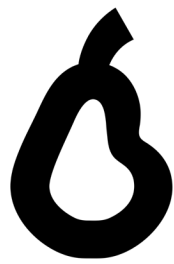
They start to groom me and put me on top of a puff pastry. The woman who quietly prepares me is suddenly interrupted by a manly voice saying, "Olivia, what's for dessert? I'm hungry".

- Mr. Gagosian, I have cinnamon pear tart, your favorite.

- Oh great! Thanks a lot.

I can see how the oven closes and I think: “Gagosian, Gagosian, Gagosian,…” What does this name sound like to me? Does it sound familiar to you?





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