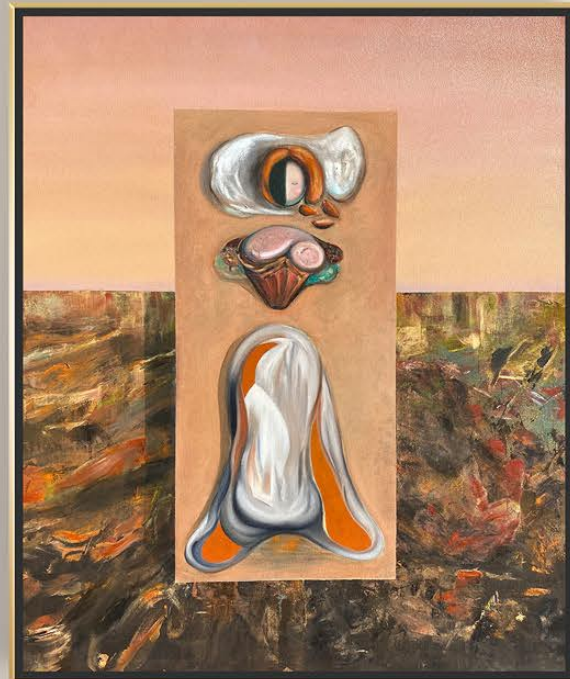


STORIES OF OUR TIME II  
**RAW FANTASY**



**JC TROUBOUL**

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## THE ARTIST

Born in 1985, JC Trouboul is a Spanish artist, painter, and architect. Jc Trouboul studied architecture in Barcelona. His love for architecture, art, and design influenced much of his later works. Once he completed school, he moved to Miami, where he started his own architecture and urban development company.

He grew up with his family in a Masia, a typical Catalan farmhouse outside the city of Barcelona. He grew up battling a rare autoimmune sickness that causes chronic high fever and weight loss as well as eventual body paralysis. During 2013–14, in Miami, he suffered a strong episode of sickness and spent a year in hospitals. To express the emotions, feelings, frustrations, and sadness he experienced then, he used figurative portraits on oversized canvasses as a way to capture and express his passion. Thereby, his first paintings were born. Trouboul discovered his innate talent for painting in 2015 and that painting alleviated the symptoms of his illness. A few months later, he had the opportunity to display some of the paintings at a local exhibition at the Art Basel Week in Miami. His first exhibition was titled 'Heroes'.

'Heroes', his first collection, narrates the stories of the brave people he met while battling his illness, the people who surrounded him. Soon after, Trouboul moved to New York City, where he obtained a scholarship to study at the New York Academy of Arts, the prestigious art school founded by Andy Warhol. As the training at the Academy attempted to change his approach to art, he realized art schools were not made for him and decided to move to London to refine his skills by experimenting as a self-taught artist. His works have been exhibited in Miami, New York City, London, and Venice. Currently, JC Trouboul is working at his studios in London and Barcelona on the new collection: "Stories of our time II: Raw Fantasy". This collection is the second part of "Fairytales for Adults" from 2019. The first part was exhibited in Spectrum, Miami 2019, and the second part will be exhibited in 2021-22 in Barcelona, Paris, Luxembourg and Madrid.



## THE STATEMENT

“As an artist, I am obliged to capture the behaviors and events of our society as journalists do.”

I paint surreal figures on oversized canvases that represent us, the portraits of our society. I get inspired by the sculptures and paintings of the Renaissance because of their use of geometry, color palettes, and proportions. I work with a variety of mediums including charcoal, acrylics, and oils to achieve different dimensions and textures.



# THE STORIES BEHIND THE COLLECTION:

“During the worst moments of history, one thing has emerged: humanity. The collective human race, the heart of being alive.”

On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in 1914, soldiers from the German Axis and the Allied French and British forces ventured into no man’s land. They did not fight. They did not battle. Instead, they exchanged food and souvenirs, and played football. Against the dark days of World War I, they created one of the most memorable images of peace.

A hundred and five years later, another war took hold. It was a silent war against a virus that spread across hospitals, schools, homes, cities and countries. It spared not even the smallest village on Earth. Where is our reminder of peace?

With this collection, JC Trouboul analyzes and expresses how our society has been entangled in this silent war. He seeks to create the lasting image of peace, the reminder that our humanity will always emerge. “Humanity,” he says, “is a trend that will never be old-fashioned.”

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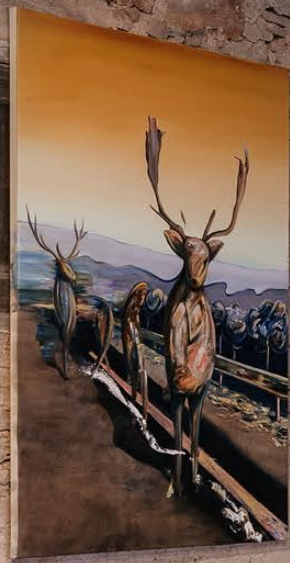
Raw Fantasy: Stories of Our Time II expresses the ways we have been affected by the silent war against the COVID-19 pandemic. How have we been involved? How have we been changed? Trouboul explores “notalgia for what we took for granted, sexual diaspora, the relationship with ourselves, mother nature invading cities, the belief in magic and luck, and the incubation of a new world.” These are the themes of this collection.

Raw Fantasy, a skinned way of our reality.



## STORIES OF NATURE:

JC Trouboul paints portraits of our society that are abstract in nature. Inspired by the proportions of Renaissance era figures, his paintings evoke the essence of marble sculptures. By presenting figures in their most bare and most abstract forms, he represents their symbolic importance.



# THE COLLECTION

“ EVERY ARTWORK SHOULD HAVE A STORY, A CONCEPT, A CONTEXT AND FEELINGS THAT TOUCH THE SOUL. OTHERWISE IS JUST DECORATION.”

## “LET’S MAKE THIS MOMENT LAST”

A young girl faces a society that’s locked itself down. Here she stands, at a podium with family and friends, as the sun sets in the West to make room for a new world on the rise in the East. A microorganism has been unleashed, bringing with it change and isolation. It should be warm and buoyant with company. But now, it’s strange and lonely. A bird whispers in her ear, “Farewell, my friend. Stay safe. Wear your mask.”

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
47 1/5” × 59 1/10” / 120 × 150 CM



## “LOOKING FOR WONDERLAND”

We are each Alice – we are all lost, we are all looking. She said to her classmate: “Time was passing slow and meaningless.” She searches for connection: “I hope you never have to think about anything as much as I think about you.” She yearns for the ease of the past: “I miss arriving at my desk and waiting for the bell to ring to run out of class with you.”

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
27 3/5” × 35 2/5” / 70 × 90 CM

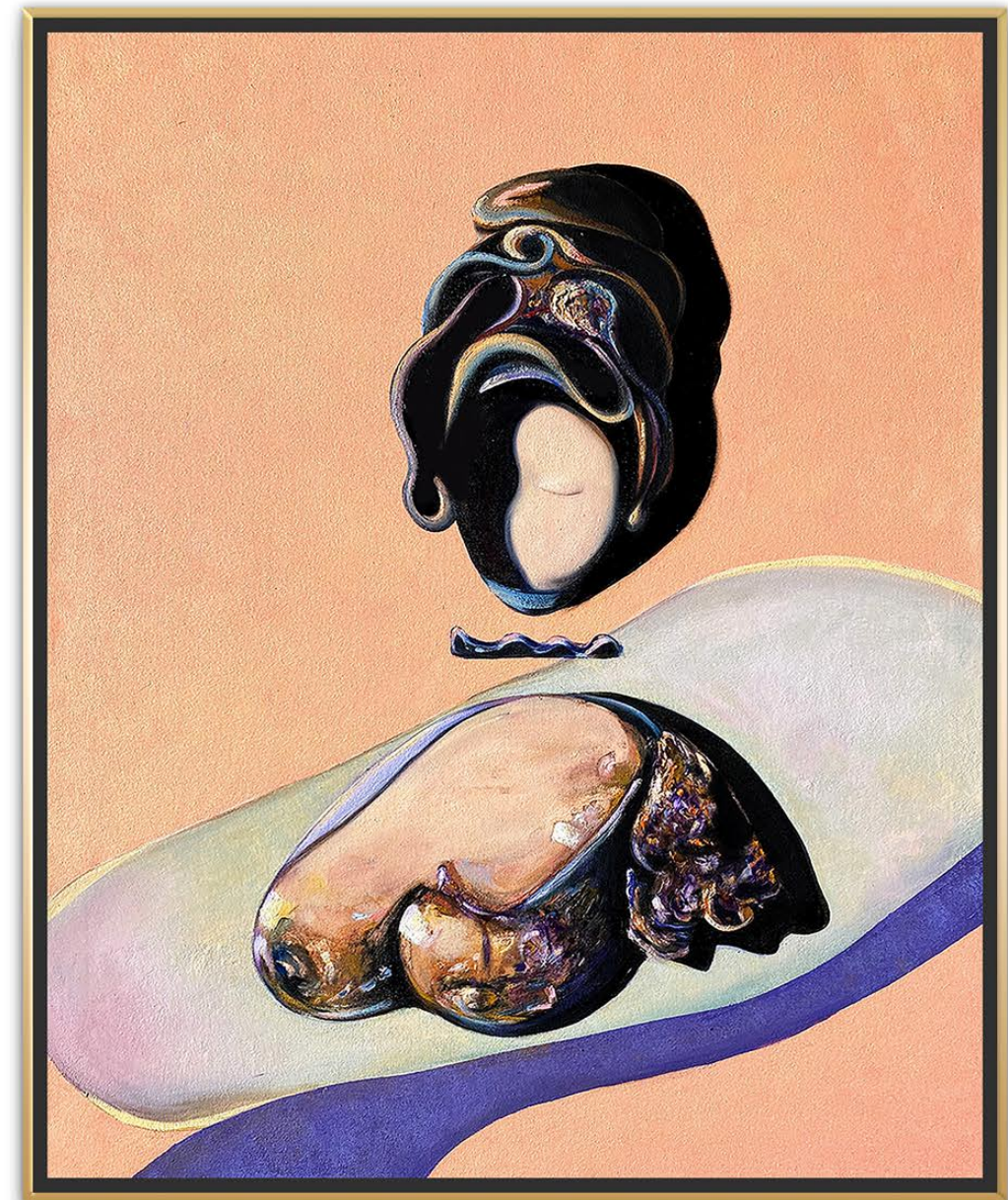




## “BELLA, BELLA”

Every morning, we wake, and we stand in the mirror, and we get ready to... do what? We are in lockdown. But we can still dream. We might be aging in this time, but we can still imagine ourselves anew. The world may change, and my reflection might change, but style is a reflection of attitude and personality – that never changes.

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
27 3/5" × 35 2/5" / 70 × 90 CM



## “SWEET DREAMS GIRL”

The microorganisms outside might be toxic. But here, at home, the air is warm. It wraps around us like a blanket, comfortable and safe. We're not at the office. Kids are not at their school. We live our lives at home in safety. Here, we watch stories through screens until we fall asleep, giving way to rest and allowing dreams to fill our minds.

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
59 1/10" × 47 1/5" / 150 × 120 CM



## “SWEET DREAMS BOY”

The microorganisms outside have driven us inside. We are without the company of friends, co-workers and peers. The isolation seeps through the air, casting a lonely blue shadow over everything. Here, it is simply too quiet and too still. The only thing that moves fast are our minds when we sleep, stirring like a child having a nightmare.

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
59 1/10" × 47 1/5" / 150 × 120 CM



## “CIRCUS”

"Alice fled isolation with her friends, shouting, "We want to have fun! We must have fun!" They went to the park, rocked a swing with their happiness, and basked in the glow of joy. But even the circus has rules for its audience. Said the government, "We cannot let loose our desire for fun – it's mayhem in disguise."

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
47 1/5" × 59 1/10" / 120 × 150 CM



## “TAKE ME ANYWHERE”

Yes, we can move – but we cannot truly go anywhere. Travel is an option that cannot be pursued. Oh, how yearning has taken the place of exploration. We are resigned to our nostalgia for adventure, missing the days when we didn't need face masks and when we could fly through the air to see new places.

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
47 1/5" × 59 1/10" / 120 × 150 CM



## “LA QUATTRO STAGIONI - SUMMER”

Inspired by the Four Seasons of Vivaldi, these four artworks talk about love, someone or something so important to us, that without that person or thing you feel nothing.

Snow White lies here, safe, in Barcelona. It is summer, and she is surrounded by warmth from the earth and the care of her family. This is the only space, a glass coffin, where she can sleep without disturbance. The microorganisms that are desperate to reach her can't make it inside. Here, she is protected.

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39" × 47" / 100 × 120 CM



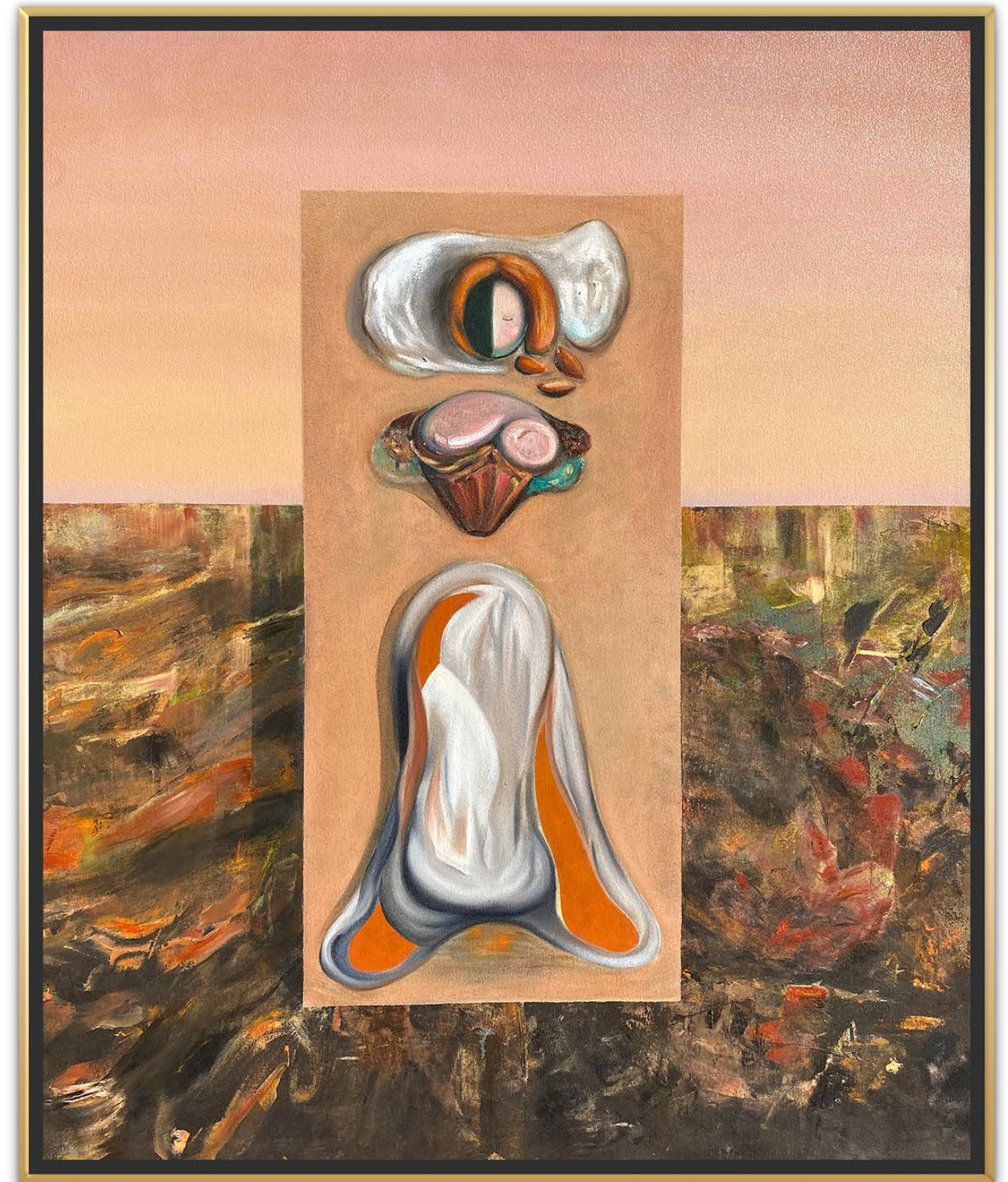
## “LA QUATTRO STAGIONI - AUTUMN”

Inspired by the Four Seasons of Vivaldi, these four artworks talk about love, someone or something so important to us, that without that person or thing you feel nothing.

We all must rest, like the earth every year. In the autumn, we bid farewell to the fruits of spring and summer, seeing them towards their annual sleep. Snow White, too, has bid farewell to the friends and family who have flourished in her life before, in America. Now, she must lock herself down in quarantine, harvesting what she can from earlier memories.

"Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower"

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
39" × 47" / 100 × 120 CM



## “LA QUATTRO STAGIONI - WINTER”

Inspired by the Four Seasons of Vivaldi, these four artworks talk about love, someone or something so important to us, that without that person or thing you feel nothing.

The earth is asleep with frigid ground and freezing air. Even here, in Africa. It's cold, and somehow lonelier than ever for Snow White. It's hard to move at all during this season, harder still to fight. But fighting is necessary even if microorganisms disturb our slumber. Soon enough there will be warmth, and it'll bring with it glimmers of hope.

"The light of winter is the poetry of patience"

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
39" × 47" / 100 × 120 CM





## “LA QUATTRO STAGIONI - SPRING”

Inspired by the Four Seasons of Vivaldi, these four artworks talk about love, someone or something so important to us, that without that person or thing you feel nothing.

Snow White has awoken! In South Asia, she's been found by her prince. He kissed her – not on her lips but her arm, and it's allowed her to wake again. Now, she can return to the world beyond her glass coffin. She is armed with protection and she can begin a new chapter with her prince.

"The beautiful spring came; and when Nature resumes her loveliness, the human soul is apt to revive also."

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
39" × 47" / 100 × 120 CM



## “PALE VENUS”

Our bodies were just as alone in lockdown as our minds felt. We let them go, let them relax, let them take up more of our space. That was okay on the couch, quarantined to our own judgments and self-perception. Now, the doors have reopened, and our bodies roam outside, subject to the world’s opinion of their new looks. “Retreat to the couch,” our minds say, “for it’s not nearly as aggressive as it is out there.”

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59 1/10” × 47 1/5” / 150 × 120 CM



## “RABBIT 1”

A rabbit that crosses your path carries fortune. They're a fertile animal, giving birth to new creations, just like new ideas and new opportunities. They're prosperous, like the rewards we reap with a stroke of good luck. When Alice followed the rabbit, she arrived in Wonderland, surrounded by vibrance and imagination. Did she know where she was going? Did she know if anyone would be there? The rabbit makes promises in abundance. They remind us of luck – so long as we are wise enough to trust it.

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
47 1/5" × 59 1/10" / 70 × 90 CM



## “RABBIT 2”

A rabbit that crosses your path carries fortune. They're a fertile animal, giving birth to new creations, just like new ideas and new opportunities. They're prosperous, like the rewards we reap with a stroke of good luck. When Alice followed the rabbit, she arrived in Wonderland, surrounded by vibrance and imagination. Did she know where she was going? Did she know if anyone would be there? The rabbit makes promises in abundance. They remind us of luck – so long as we are wise enough to trust it.

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## “RABBIT 3”

A rabbit that crosses your path carries fortune. They're a fertile animal, giving birth to new creations, just like new ideas and new opportunities. They're prosperous, like the rewards we reap with a stroke of good luck. When Alice followed the rabbit, she arrived in Wonderland, surrounded by vibrance and imagination. Did she know where she was going? Did she know if anyone would be there? The rabbit makes promises in abundance. They remind us of luck – so long as we are wise enough to trust it.

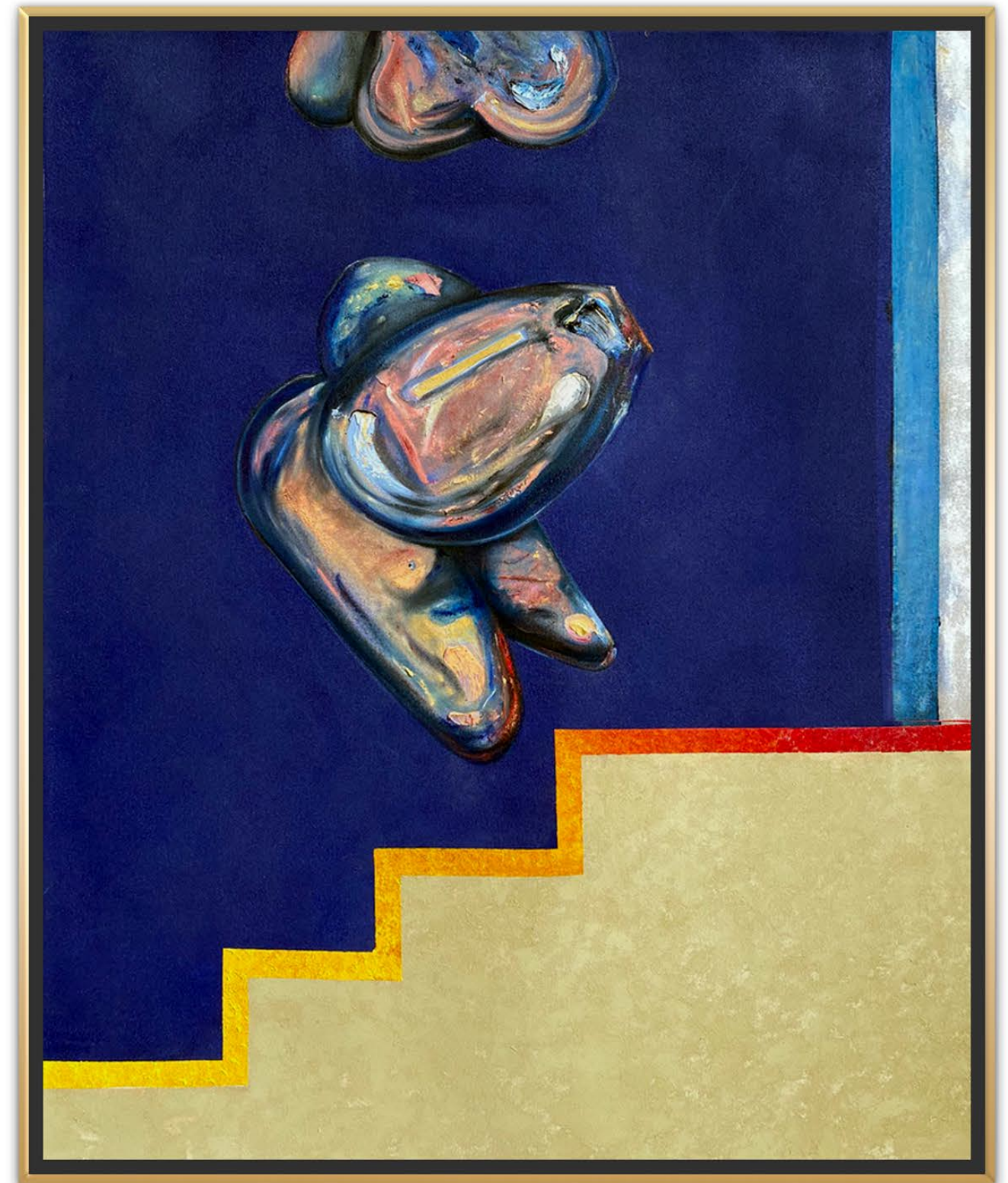
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## “BEFORE MIDNIGHT”

Cinderella is on borrowed time. Even when she looks as beautiful as she does, having the time of her life with a man she adores. When the clock strikes midnight, she must return home before curfew. But human nature doesn't want to be confined, and neither does Cinderella. She wants to be free. For now, she must settle for a kiss at the top of the steps before the clock chimes.

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## “PODIUM”

Who doesn't want to dance with every ounce of vitality they have? There's freedom on the dance floor. There are new people, too, whose bodies are craving life itself. But not everyone in the world is free because there's a hierarchy in place, even on the dance floor. So few of us have the luxury of dancing.

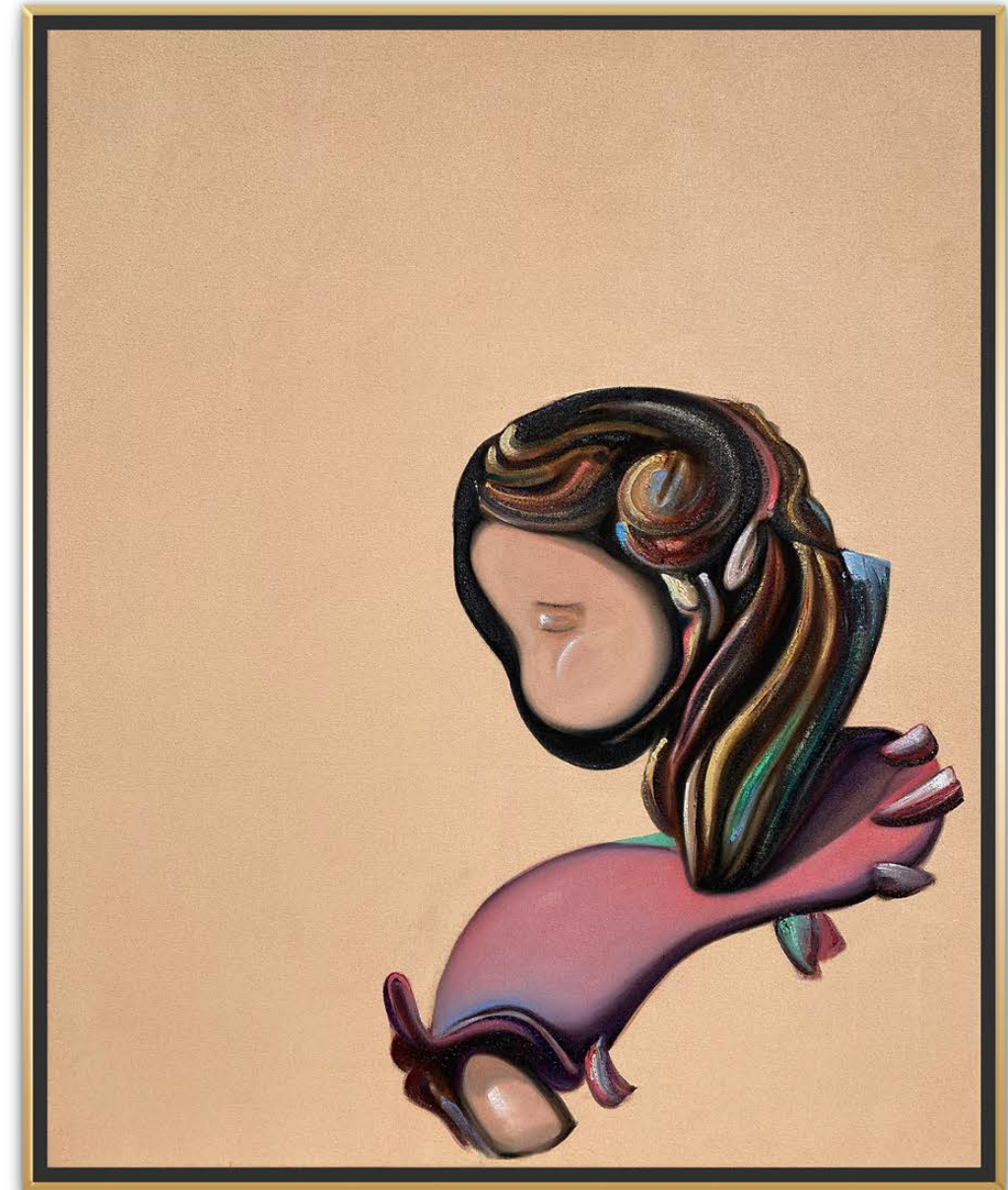
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## “BECOMING WONDERLAND”

We're still Alice. Like she's said, she can't go back to tomorrow because she was a different person then. We're no longer lost but found. We followed the rabbit! And as promised, we ended up in Wonderland. The passage of time wasn't as meaningless as it seemed. Now, the world is full of life. It welcomes us, inviting creation and possibility.

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
27 3/5" × 35 2/5" / 70 × 90 CM





## “UGLY UNICORNS”

Once upon a time and a whole world away, there were unicorns in the sea. They sank ships with their horns as humans sailed along the surface. We have a name for them now – narwhals. But there are still so many things we have not discovered, have not named. Legends are still waiting to be written about the magic we haven't yet seen.

MIXED MEDIA, OIL ON CANVAS. 2021  
39" × 47" / 100 × 120 CM



## “WILD JUNGLE”

Our co-inhabitants on earth couldn't believe their freedom. When we were locked down, they were able to roam wildly. They traveled the lands and roads and buildings we share with them. While we were away, they played. We mingle with them again – but are we mingling with animals or is it merely ourselves again?

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## “WHITE LIGHT”

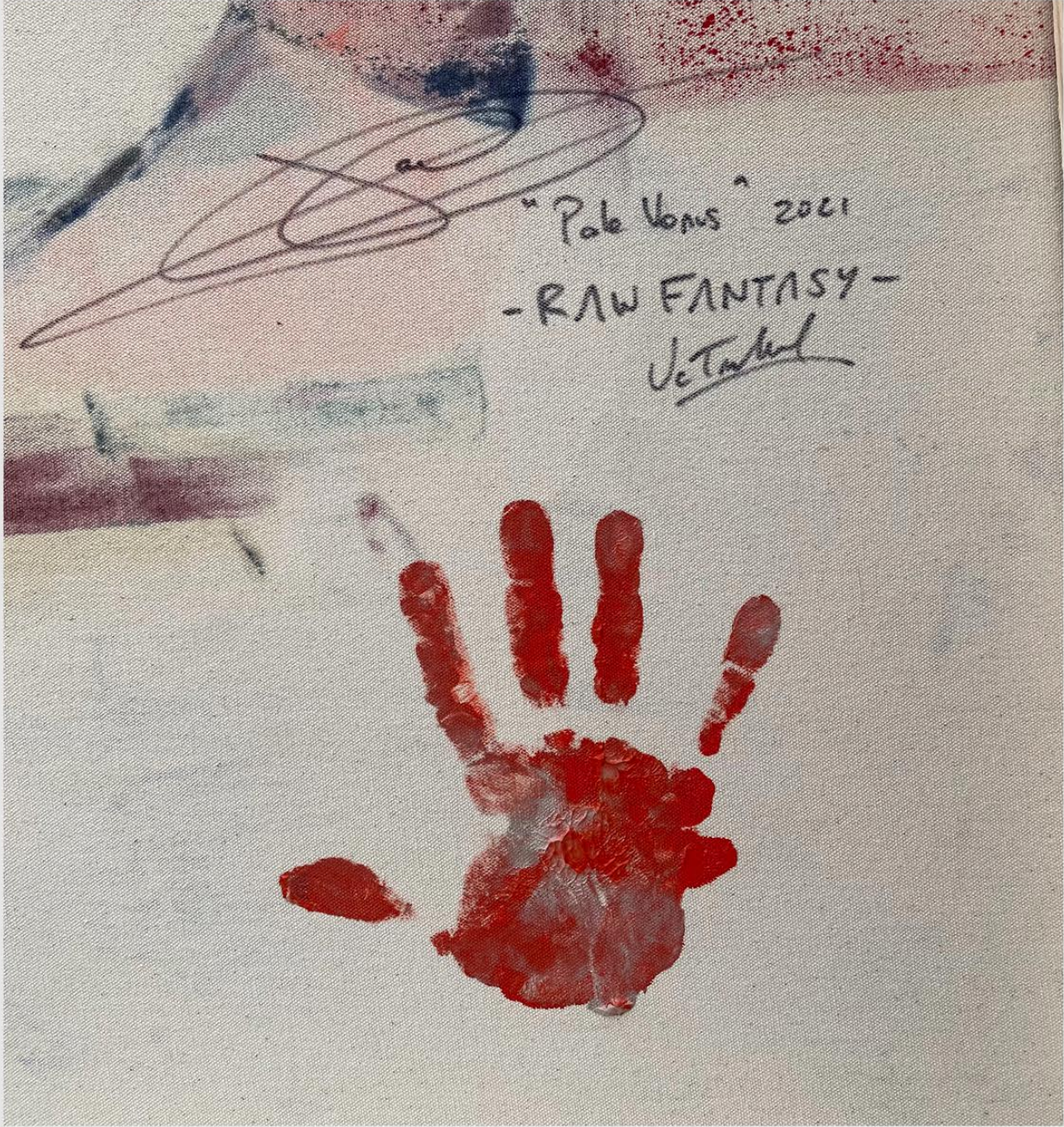
The new world we call home couldn't contain everybody. Only some of us made it to Wonderland. We remember the souls who, in their final moments, were cradled in the maternal arms of a nurse. A nurse who had all the mechanical tools she could find to delay this event but was ultimately overpowered by death itself.

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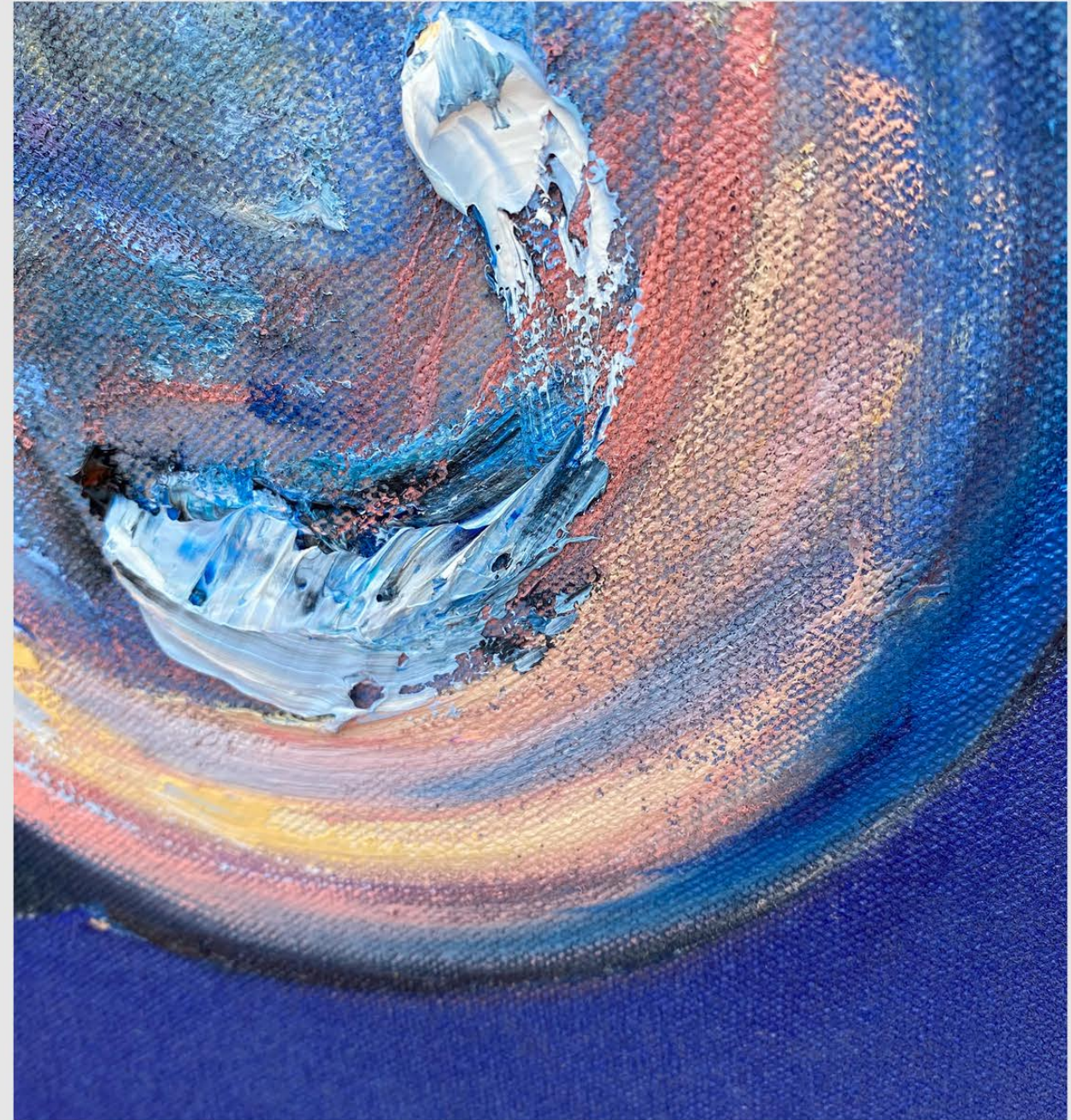
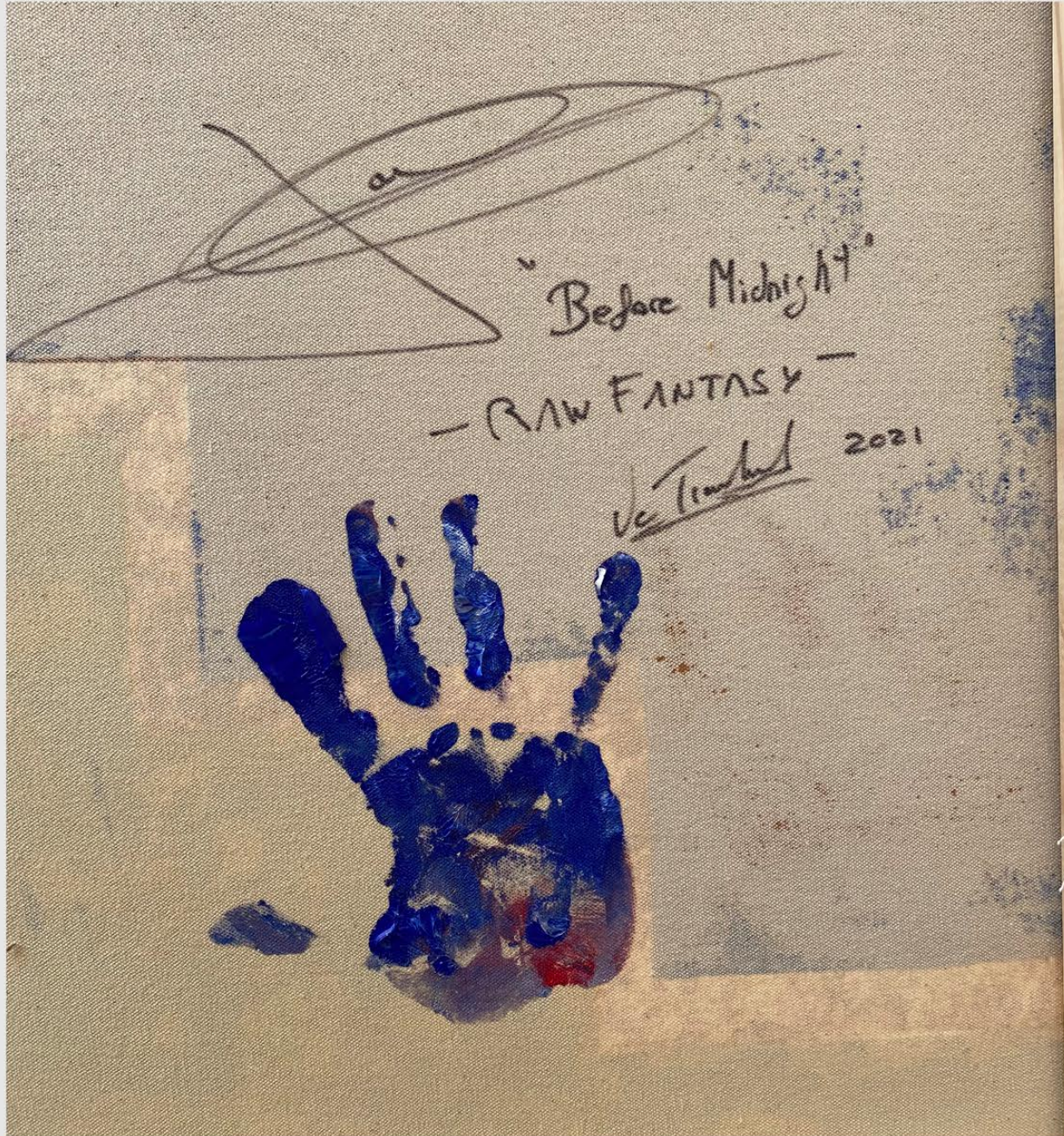
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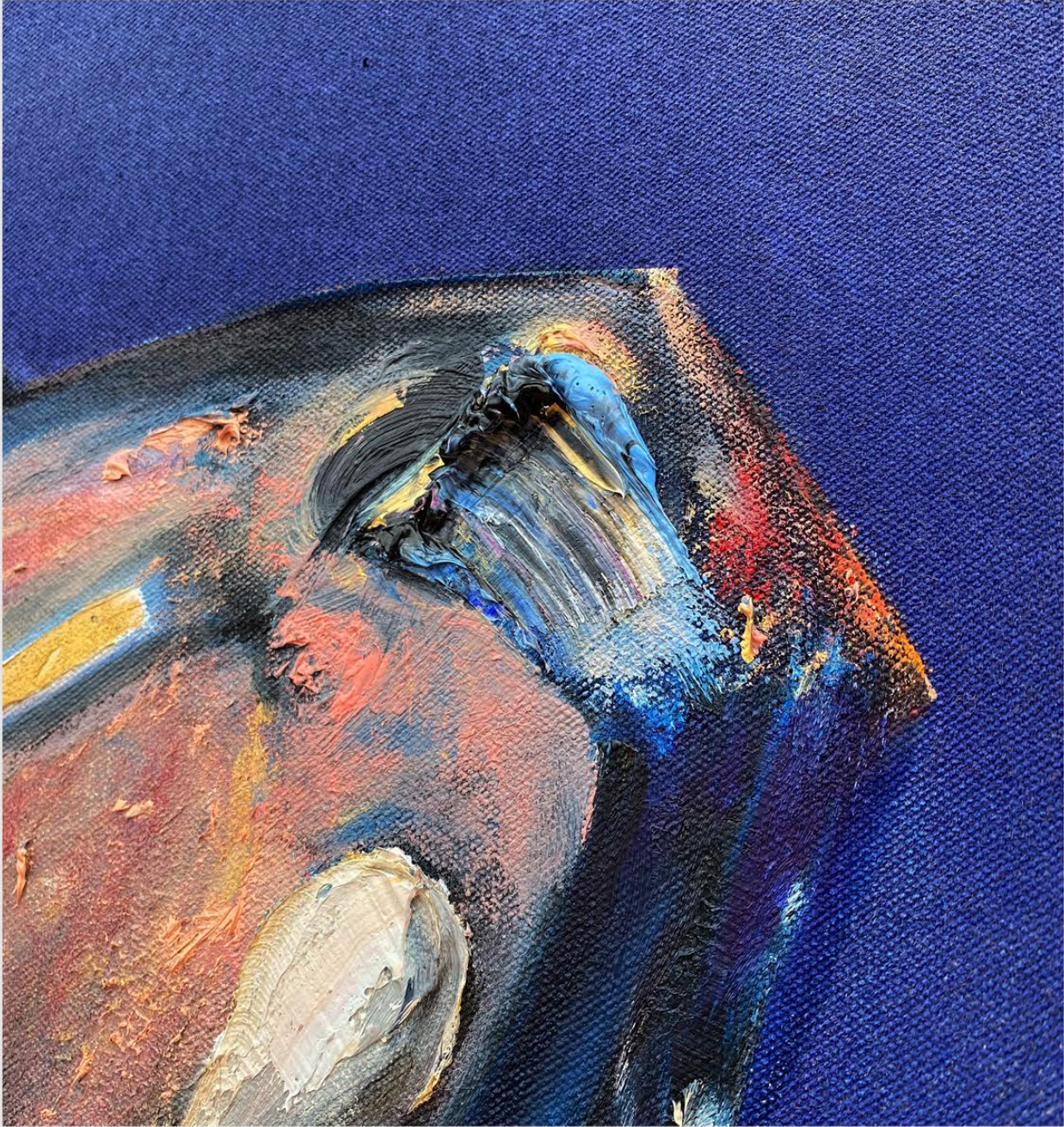
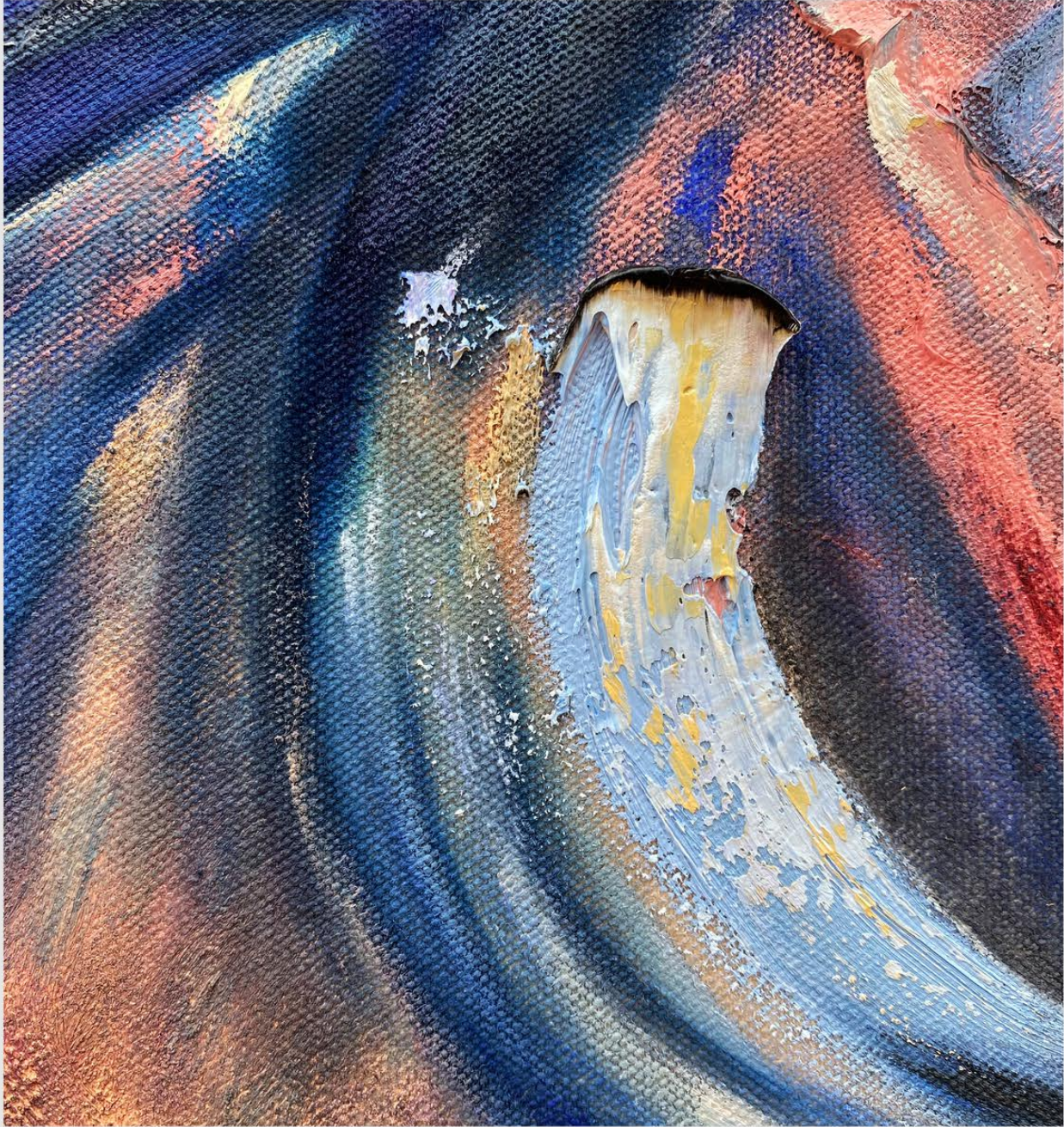
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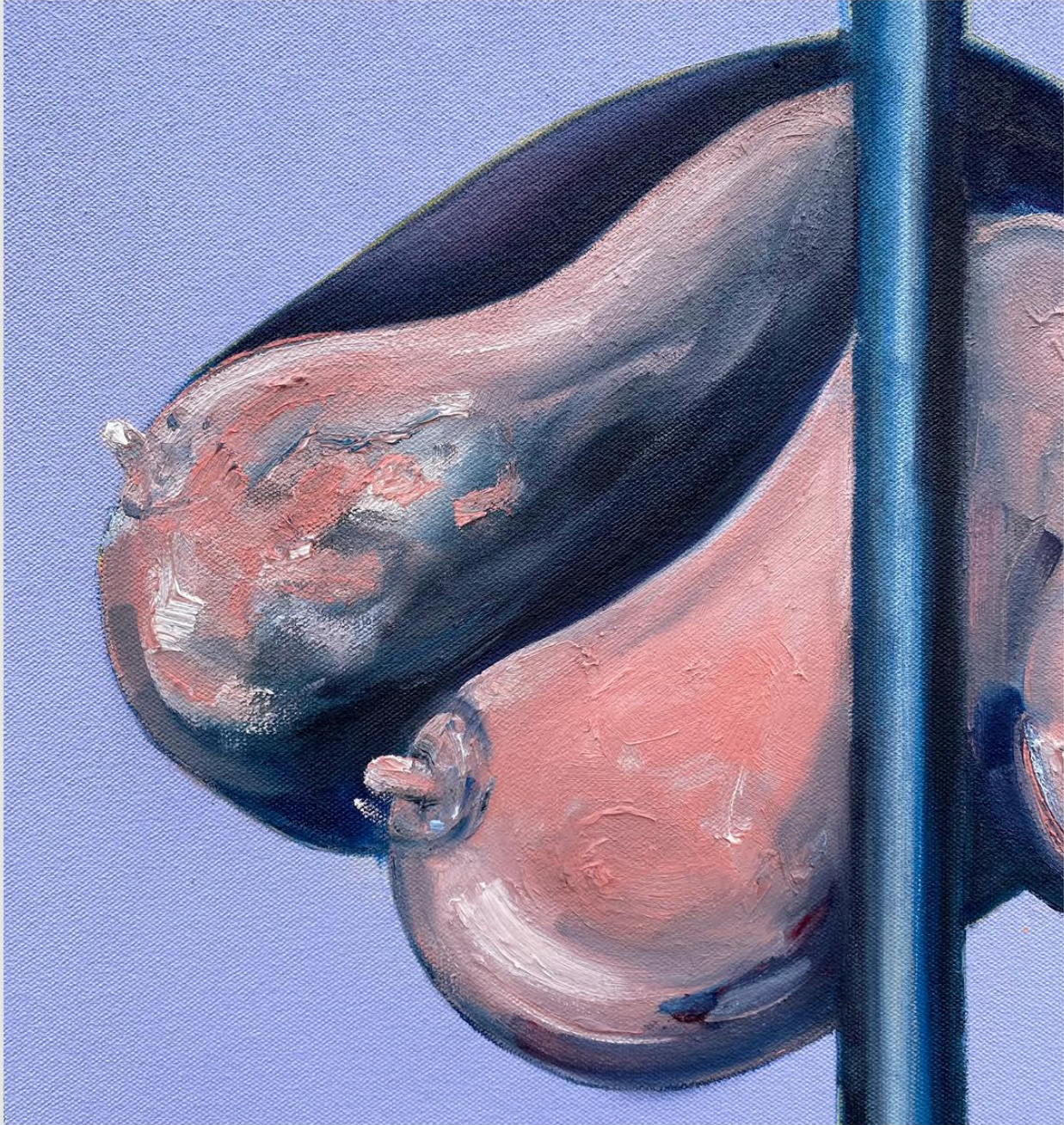
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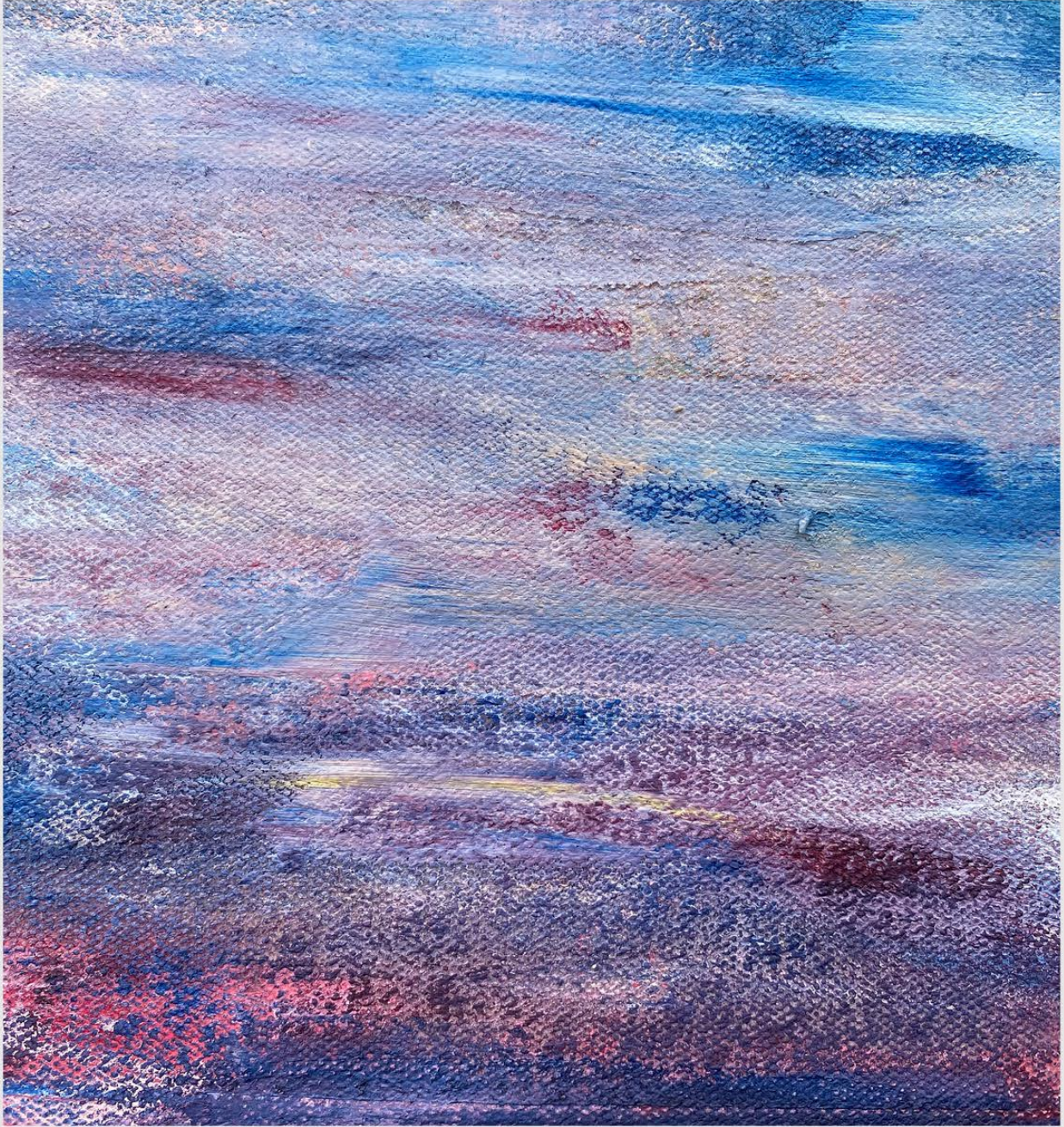
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