

Empordà

NU



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**A poetic
and sentimental guide**

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INTRODUCTION

The book you hold in your hands is not a tourist guide to the best places in Empordà, nor will you find any recommendations for the best restaurants or best wine. Neither is it a book of erotic photography, nor a compilation of drawings or poetry. Others will do it better with more knowledge.

We could define **Empordà Nu** as a sentimental guide, as well as, a poetic route through this magical land. If we look at it from a more vindictive point of view, it would be a defense of the beauty of all human bodies and their contact with nature. It can also be read as a normalization of nudity as a form of artistic expression, fleeing from the sexualization that forces us to censor, especially on social media, down to a female nipple.

The basis of the project is **photography**. A dialogue between eyes behind a lens and a body (or bodies) in front of it, with the luxury of a spectator, the earth, and an active subject. **Poetry** has served as a guiding thread, going beyond what is seen with the naked eye, getting carried away by the sensations that were released and dissecting them within each element: the wind that draws the landscape and drives our hair crazy, the wild water that salts our skin, the earth where we sink our hands to feel the deep smells, the stones of the past reminding us how small we are and the metal, in opposition, talking about a future, with dystopian overtones. And the **drawing**, this time under the black stroke of the ink, leading the way.

The initial idea was to focus on very recognizable **locations**, those that would come to mind when you think of the Empordà, but as the project progressed we found places that we did not expect, perhaps not so attractive to tourists, but with a lot of history behind them. At the same time we ended up adding **concepts**, such as wind, water, land or forests, where the location was not the most important thing, a fact that allowed us to add nuances and opened up many possibilities.

The result: thirty-six locations and four concepts divided into five elements, forty writings and their respective original drawings, thirty-four bodies dedicated to the cause and almost four hundred photographs. All this is a sum of efforts where all the voices have sounded under a choral score. An inner and outer journey of discovery that we hope will inspire you to discover this land for yourselves.

Have a good trip!



Cover: Ester Ribot and Kenya Bates at the High Cave of Vitaia
Back cover: Violeta Vinyallonga at the castle of Montgri

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ELEMENTS

AIR

CAPE OF CREUS 10

Abrupt promontory of 672 m in elevation, buttress of the eastern Pyrenees. Privileged enclave for the study of rock metamorphism. Declared a natural park in 1998 thanks to its geological richness.

HIGH CAVE OF VITAIÀ 22

Suspended 50 m above the sea, like a spectacular viewpoint. It has a ceiling height of 3.8 m and a small sandy platform with a 5 m slope.

RONDA ROAD FROM CASTELL COVE TO ESTRETA COVE 28

Stretch of road with a great landscape value among pine trees, sculpted by the wind, rocks and virgin beaches.

THE TRAMUNTANA 34

“From beyond the mountains”. Strong and cold wind which uses the north of the Pyrenees and the southwest of the Massif Central to accelerate.

WATER

ROQUES PLANES 40

Nudist cove of almost 35 m. Of rocky seabed. The left side is occupied by flat rocks that give it its name.

GOLA DE TER AND MEDES ISLANDS 46

Confluence of the Ter river with the sea. With privileged views of Montgrí and the Medes islands, an archipelago formed by seven islets that house an underwater landscape of extraordinary value.

SEAWALL AND JONCA COVE 52

Urban element, destined to shelter the port and the beach of the town from the storms of the sea. It is 510 m long and is made of reinforced concrete. Nearby is Jonca cove.

THE ALBERA SEA 60

Far from the tourist noise. Nexus of union between the Costa Brava and the Costa Vermella. Cliffs of blackish and grayish tonalities that remember to a lunar landscape.

ILLA ROJA COVE 66

Nudist cove, known as one of the most beautiful and largest in Catalonia. It owes its name to a rocky island that turns red in the morning and at sunset.

S’ALGUER COVE 72

Small pebble beach with a rocky bottom, sheltered by old fishermen’s houses.

EL GOLFET COVE 78

Located at the foot of the Cape Roig Gardens, it is one of the great unknown of the area.

MONTGÓ COVE 86

Facing east. Northern exposure of the Montgrí massif and surrounded by steep cliffs.

BRAMANT COVE 92

Natural pool surrounded by rock walls about 10 m high. One of the most romantic of the Costa Brava, popularly known as *the cove of lovers*.

LLARGA COVE 98

Small cove located between Aigua Xelida cove and Marquesa cove, surrounded by almost vertical rock walls and pine trees that defy gravity.

CAPE ROIG COVE AND PEDROSA COVE TIP 104

Cape Roig cove is one of the most personal of the area thanks to its characteristic copper-colored islet. Nearby we find this point of flat rocks.

COVES OF ESTRETA COVE 108

Several coves (Roca Bona, cape of Planes, Estreta...) under this denomination, of difficult access and in one of the most natural environments of the Costa Brava.

THE WATER CYCLE 116

The Ter, the Muga, the Fluvià... water transports life making its way to its inexorable destination, the Mediterranean Sea.

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Ancient quarries formed by a magnificent complex of cavities, some up to 10 m deep, excavated in the rock.

CADAQUÉS 132

The easternmost village of the Iberian Peninsula and, for many, the most beautiful of Catalonia. It lived facing the sea, separated from the rest of the region, until the end of the 19th century.

PERATALLADA 138

One of the best preserved medieval architectural nuclei in Catalonia. Declared a historic-artistic site.

AIGUAMOLLS DE L’EMPORDÀ NATURAL PARK 144

Natural park formed by different freshwater wetlands and dunes. It is an important reserve for migratory birds.

RONDA ROAD FROM S’AGARÓ TO SA CONCA 148

One of the most beautiful stretches of the Ronda road with a length of 1.5 km, surrounded by the most characteristic Mediterranean flora of the Empordà.

THE SMALL TRAIN ROUTE 154

The greenway that connects Palamós and Palafrugell, the old route of the train that connected Girona and Palamós.

SANT SEBASTIÀ LIGHTHOUSE 160

Built in the 19th century, it rises 169 m above the sea. It is the most powerful lighthouse in Catalonia.

SANAMOLLS 166

Association dedicated to the dissemination and practice of organic agriculture and alternative therapies, located near the Aiguamolls de l’Empordà.

OLI DE VENTALLÓ 172

Camps of olive trees, some of which are thousands of years old, which give rise to an oil made using the most traditional techniques combined with modern technology.

CA LES ESTANYOLES 178

17th century Empordà farmhouse located in Llofríu. It is currently used for accommodation and activities in the area.

THE WORK OF THE LAND 182

Wheat, apple trees, vineyards, sunflowers, cork... Our origins and also a more sustainable future.

BOSCURIA 198

Monumental trees, unique paths and unforgettable corners to get lost and escape from civilization.

STONE

EMPÚRIES AND SANT MARTÍ D’EMPÚRIES 212

Archaeological site where the remains of a Greek city coexist with those of a Roman city.

THE CASTLE OF MONTGRÍ 224

Military fortification built between 1294 and 1301 by King Jaume II, at the top of the Montgrí massif.

THE CASTLE OF VERDERA 230

It is a medieval fortification located 672 m above the sea in the Rodes mountain range.

NORFEU TOWER 236

Watchtower built in the 16th century to guard against frequent attacks by corsairs and pirates.

DOLMEN OF THE THREE FEET 242

Rectangular chambered slate tomb from the late Neolithic period (2500 BC).

SANCTUARY OF THE MARE DE DÉU DEL MONT 246

Marian sanctuary of the bishopric of Girona, located on the peak of the Mont mountain range.

PEDRALTA 252

The oldest tilting stone in the Iberian Peninsula and one of the largest in Europe.

MONASTERY OF SANT MIQUEL DE FLUVIÀ 260

Benedictine monastery from the 11th century. Nowadays, only the church and some remains of the old monastic dependencies survive.

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BALL OF MOVING THE WORLD 266

Metal sphere of 23 m in diameter and 150 tons from the *Moure el Món* show that presided over the port of the Forum of Cultures in Barcelona in 2004.

DOUGLAS DC-6 270

French *Securité Civile* aircraft modified to work as a water bomber and crashed in 1986, causing the death of its four occupants, while working in the area of the Albera mountain range.

RADIO LIBERTY 276

Former radio station promoted by the United States government during the Cold War. It made its last broadcast in 2001 and is currently in a dilapidated state.

WALTER BENJAMIN MEMORIAL 282

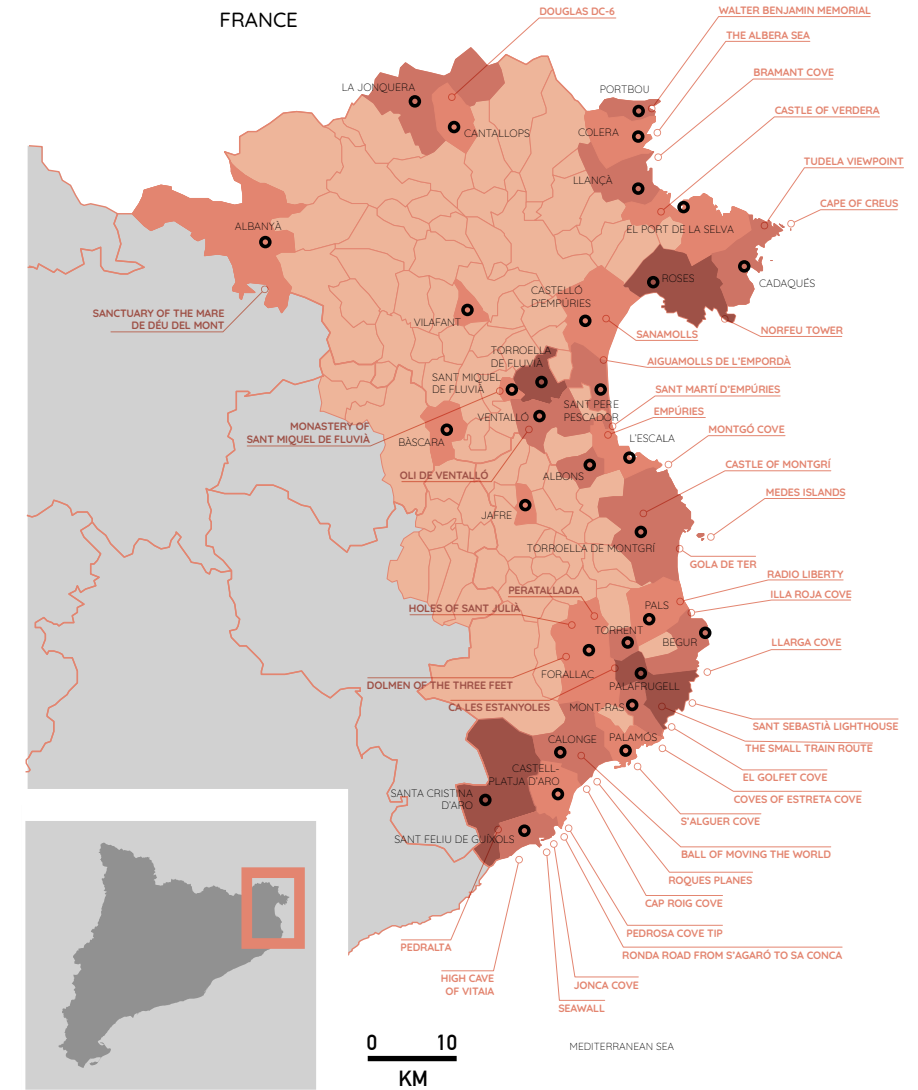
Passages is the name of the memorial that the Israeli artist Dani Karavan realized in Portbou in homage to Walter Benjamin on the occasion of the 50th birthday of his death.

TUDELA VIEWPOINT 288

Two large iron cubes that frame the landscape of the Tudela site, at cape of Creus, and remind us that this space had been occupied by the buildings of the *Club Mediterranée*.

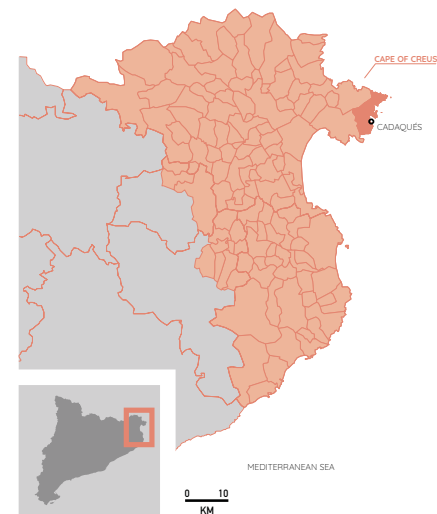
SKIN

MAP



CAPE OF CREUS

Models: Paula Aragón, Laureline Denis-Venuat & Quentin Guidotti
Photos and drawing: Enric Boix
Text: Raquel Tasa



Cape of Creus is located in the northeast of Catalonia, in the Alt Empordà region, and is the easternmost point of the Iberian Peninsula. It is part of the foothills of the Eastern Pyrenees or Albera mountain range.

It is a steep promontory and was the first natural area in the country to be declared a marine and terrestrial natural park. It has an area of 13,886 ha, of which 10,813 are terrestrial and 3,073 are marine. Its maximum altitude is 672 m at the peak of Sant Salvador.

The effect of the Tramuntana wind has caused the appearance of capricious erosion forms and has transformed the landscape. Geologically, it is a privileged enclave to study the metamorphism of the rocks, clearly distinguishing the different degrees by zones.

Where the Pyrenees begin. Where the Pyrenees end.

Five hundred million years later I step on these stones, fractured, sinuous, perforated, black, gray. Two hundred and ninety million years later, I step on the white and orange ones, under an impossible blue. Silence.

Wind. The wind blows almost always, dragging the saltpeter, penetrating the stone, carving impossible sculptures. Impossible for a smaller, more human hand. This is a place for the gods, where only they can dwell. The wind of madness rises, sweeps, transforms everything in its path, pierces even the hardest stone, subdues the tree, caresses the low bushes, propagates them, gives birth to them.

Sun. Scorching, merciless, reflecting on the sharp-pointed, knife-edged rocks. Another sun brought them to the surface, the sun of fire and of the fracture of one plate facing another, failing, folding one on top of the other, dancing noisily. Breaking. Creating itself.

Rain. Raging torrents. Rain pouring without permission into every crack, every hole, carrying pieces, granules, what was broken and what was firm. Furrowing new paths, creating new lives, killing others. In its wake: renewal, change.

I tie myself to the stone, close my eyes, barely smile. A serene seduction, in case while the darkness fills me, a god walks nearby and desires me.

I let go, tying myself to the jutting shales, gray, folded, fractured. How long ago? Three hundred million years ago now, the plates shifted. There was no one to see it, no one like me, no one human.

I walk, I show myself, I am, while the pegmatites scratch my feet, barely break my skin, wanting to drink my blood, just a few drops. White, orange pegmatites. This is the only place in the world where they show themselves. Like me, only here. Their crystals formed while serenating the heat, still penetrating the earth, scratch me, burn me. Magma cooled. It was fire and now... now they are crystals entangled in the stone.

Waves of migmatite —white, gray, orange— have created static waves. What was once fluid is now still. I move, I wiggle, the curves of my body are recognized in each still movement, in their coldness of now, they find the scorching breath of what they were.

Everything is still. Now. Everything is still. Silence. Now, all is silence, just the distant murmur of the waves. After the crashing, breaking, burning, breaking, crashing, settling. Now. Silence. ♦



