

MOTIVATION

I paint human faces, and I have decided to write about my motivation in order to nourish it and maintain it alive. My painting must be a consequence of living in this world. I can not ignore what affects me, although I know I can forget it. I can not forget what occurs to others in the measure that I know them, although I know I can come to not understanding them. I try to understand. I try not to forget.

I lack a descriptive memory and for this reason I paint expressions. For this reason as well, *The Color of our Steps* is not an account of facts, but an essence. When I started to paint, I feared the lack of memory for details. Simply by observing expressions, I have acquired a memory of the required way to structure a human face. Now, in contrast to the past, I fear an excess of memory because I feel motivated to paint peoples' expressions, and I know that controlling the form stimulates and evokes descriptive features. Nevertheless, granted by something eternal, even if I might repeat an expression when faced with resemblance, I relegate to the model the original, the authentic, the unique facial feature which I have faith for.

Looking through a prism that doesn't capture details, I have seen the world go around and around, and people, countries and traditions fall apart; I have seen that human beings, ever since their original primitive form, create new systems of happy life. I have understood that beyond the eyes of a blind there must be a clear world, and that something that will eventually emerge through history exists in each of us.

I knew that solely the face of the blind achieved on a canvas could represent a paradigm for a clear conscience. The smoky lenses and yesterday's walking stick would not explain much today. Without previous explanation, they could even reflect the image of a seer. I don't ignore that the caudal on which a blind relies carries endurable interests within. They can even be projected beyond the mere effigy; but I am not the proper painter to express it. A different motivation triggers me and I deny the shuffling of concepts in my paintings. Understand that my decision is absolutely personal. I'm not trying to set a standard, for someone will achieve endurable messages by shuffling concepts.

Art, science and craftsmanship linked to man, have been and are still themes that leave a testimony of space and time in history; but I am only trying to capture the expression that is kept alive after many histories. Everything is a means of expression just

as a face is. Everything is coordinated, shuffled, contrasted, loose; it all achieves the message when interpreted by an artist.

The painter has an undefined sky before him, it is a matter of confining oneself. I respect scientific creation, which improves our existence on earth. Science is perfected day by day. This triumph makes me smile before the caricaturesque spectacle of yesterday's things applied to the man of always. In this way I applaud the essence of science, which advances at each instant.

No, I don't know how to explain on canvas things that could put a person in ridicule. My interest is to sublimate that person; but I want to explain such things and I realize that I can indeed write them; for when I say a piece of newspaper, tomorrow it will no longer be the paper painted today; it will still be a paper that periodically publishes news.

Before the evident fact that I used to have less memory in the past and that now I structure the form of expressions better, I don't discard the possibility of someday expressing in painting the compendium of things that structure today's motivation. Nevertheless, I am sure that I must not acquire this faculty through descriptive memory alone. I am not interested in details that distract attention. I want to work with and for the man of always.

I am devoted to human faces because I consider that humankind encloses the enigma of eternity by synthesizing the objective of creation, and I see the form of the expression of this enigma in others, that's why I paint people one by one. If a different light were to come, I would also explain it, hopefully more briefly. Today, if I had painted the first story of *The Color of Our Steps* without the physical presence of "General Bum Bum", I would have had to write much more to narrate his painting to you. Hopefully, some day I will encounter him face to face, paint him, achieve it and we can then forget about this book, since to me the essence of art is in expressing the enduring.

The color of our steps

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ISBN 84-400-7042-X