

Cătălin Pîslaru
mirrored waves, dashed rocks.
03.05.2024 - 15.06.2024

Dear Visitor,

I decided to write to you myself. How could I trust them to talk about painting?

Last winter was long and, in the studio, the fresh mixed colors were my only source of light.

Now that the works have left it I feel comfortable to tell you more about them. I realize that after finishing a painting I get to experience around seven seconds of pure happiness before self-criticism ruins everything. It happens regardless of the size of the work, which is why I decided to make twenty small paintings. I had one hundred forty seconds of joy.

I was always tempted to explore tempera as a medium. I was excited like a child by the deepness of the pigment and its opacity that I ended up neglecting the drawing and, this once, the brush strokes are not familiar with my usual ideals. Please forgive me for that... and yes, I chose to work on paper this time as I find it more tolerant of watercolors. The paper block had exactly twenty sheets, but my enthusiasm and sincerity were only enough for nineteen paintings. Don't you find it absurd?

In the end I thought it was right to exhibit all of them, even the loveless one, but I can't reveal which one it is. I realize that I can't lie in drawing and that makes me very vulnerable. You asked me in the past about the reference of my shapes and their meaning, however to answer this question I would have to betray my intuition and my memory. I confess that my religious approach to painting made of daily perseverance makes me feel closer to the unknown. You might ask about the title `mirrored waves, dashed rocks`. Well, I guess the repeated gestures of nature regardless of time and space might hide eternity, like the way the Magnolia tree I see on my way to the studio. This year its flowering period lasted two days longer than usual.

Yours, Cătălin

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