

Fanum Naturae / Almost Only Blue

In 1460 the shōgun Ashikaga Yoshimasa planned the construction of a pavilion surrounded by a large garden for his retreat and rest. A place dedicated to the interiorization and perception of beauty, where man's relationship with nature would be one of veneration and gratitude. This construction would had to be covered in silver, thus emulating another temple built years ago by his grandfather, which was informally known as the Temple of the Golden Pavilion or Golden Pavilion. Due to different conflicts of the time, although the building was built in its entirety, it was never finished with the silver coating as it was projected. Nowadays it is a Buddhist temple with its totally exposed wooden construction. There is no hint of the initial intention of being wrapped in silver. However, since the Edo Period it is known as Ginkaku which means "Silver Pavilion".

A few months ago, I started a series of works focused on the silver pigment, motivated by the mental image of this temple surrounded by an oriental garden. I imagined the fluidity of silver dressing a beautiful construction in the middle of an environment designed for enjoyment, meditation and communion with nature. I just started painting, like so many other times. In the process of this learning of the characteristics of silver on canvas and its behavior, other pigments began to bloom. Secondary nuances that had more and more prominence. And so, when the weeks went, between all the nuances, the blue showed up.

To be honest, I have always tried to avoid blue. The reason has been none other than a personal prejudice derived from a simplistic reading of the painting. The relationship of fluidity and the color blue, provoke a first perception of the seascape and the sky that I have always wanted to prevent. A sight of the sea, on the other hand, outside the studio, I have had tattooed in my eyes since years.

In Ibiza island, from a very specific point, the observation of the inexhaustible tremulation of the sea, has become my particular tantra. A meditation established in the vision of the minimum, a minimum in constant movement. A place, where the succession of consecutive instants impossible to retain, invites to our reason to emerge goes to a certainty of the ungraspable in a constant calm full of uncertainty. A place where I find the pure awareness of the time's shape.

So, although my relationship with the landscape for many people is obvious, I identify myself more accurately with nature, a much more internal concept and not visible with a naked eye most of the times. What we call landscape, for me, is an accumulation of innumerable elements interacting with each other creating a visible surface. This visual conglomerate is really made of multiple elements that build themselves individually and internally. Atmospheric, geological and vegetal elements that don't constitute landscape by themselves in isolation. Starting from this idea of nature, as movement and internal construction, I try to make that my painting, my movement on canvas and the flow of ink on paper, behave as one of those minimal elements that belong to the landscape. I try to meet with the painting and we both become one.

I don't have a conception of painting as a representation of an outer space. In my case, the act of painting is the place. A place of active interiorisation. The impulse comes from an internal movement whose immediate consequence is an external physical manifestation. Something like the sap that constantly flows and pushes a plant creating a visible outer shape.

In this period of time that I have called *Fanum naturae* / almost only blue, the process, as it usually happens in painting, becomes learning and encounter. Almost as if it were a face-to-face confrontation with an enemy that was always with me, the encounter with the blue one has appeared irretrievably. I also admit that in these paintings, my interest in thinking about the importance of water in my work has returned. An awareness of a continuously present water that constitutes all my painting.

This exhibition, after all, is nothing more than a sample of sectioned time. Fragments of time that have been lived in the studio, that somehow contain the intensity and lightness of a beauty that escapes from the hands and floats in an intuitive understanding. An intuition and succession of circumstances, which after a period of four years of absence, is able to emerge and define a singular period.

And so, it is, that a small painting that was isolated by its peculiar color somewhat different from all the others, now, it crosses an ocean and says whispering; - "almost only blue"-.

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