

Atmósferas

Everything I paint begins with the same question: who would I be if I had never stopped creating. At ten years old I painted without thinking, without measuring the result or asking permission. That impulse stayed there waiting for years, while adult life imposed its own judgments. Painting today is the way I found to go looking for it again — not to imitate it, but to hold a conversation with it and, in time, to keep the promise I never made it.

I call my work atmósferas — atmospheres — because I am not interested in depicting a subject, but in building the entire environment that surrounds it: the feeling of being there, with no recognizable figure required. Each atmosphere comes from something that moves through me, an emotion, a place, a memory, and resolves itself with no references and no palette decided in advance.

The process itself repeats that search. I start with large brushes, fast, letting the body decide before the mind does: water, acrylic, layers that build up and areas I scrape back until I find the depth the atmosphere needs. Only afterward do the small brushes arrive, to open up focus and contrast, along with the oil pastel scribbles I never calculate, the same unworried gesture of someone who does not yet know what judgment is. On every canvas, literally, those two versions of me live together: the one who builds with care and the one who still dares to scribble without fear.

I am not trying to perfect technique, I am trying to stop being afraid of it. Every atmosphere I finish is a way of pulling the boy who wanted to be an artist out of melancholy — the one who never stopped waiting — and telling him, in the only language we share, that his dream is finally coming true.